



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

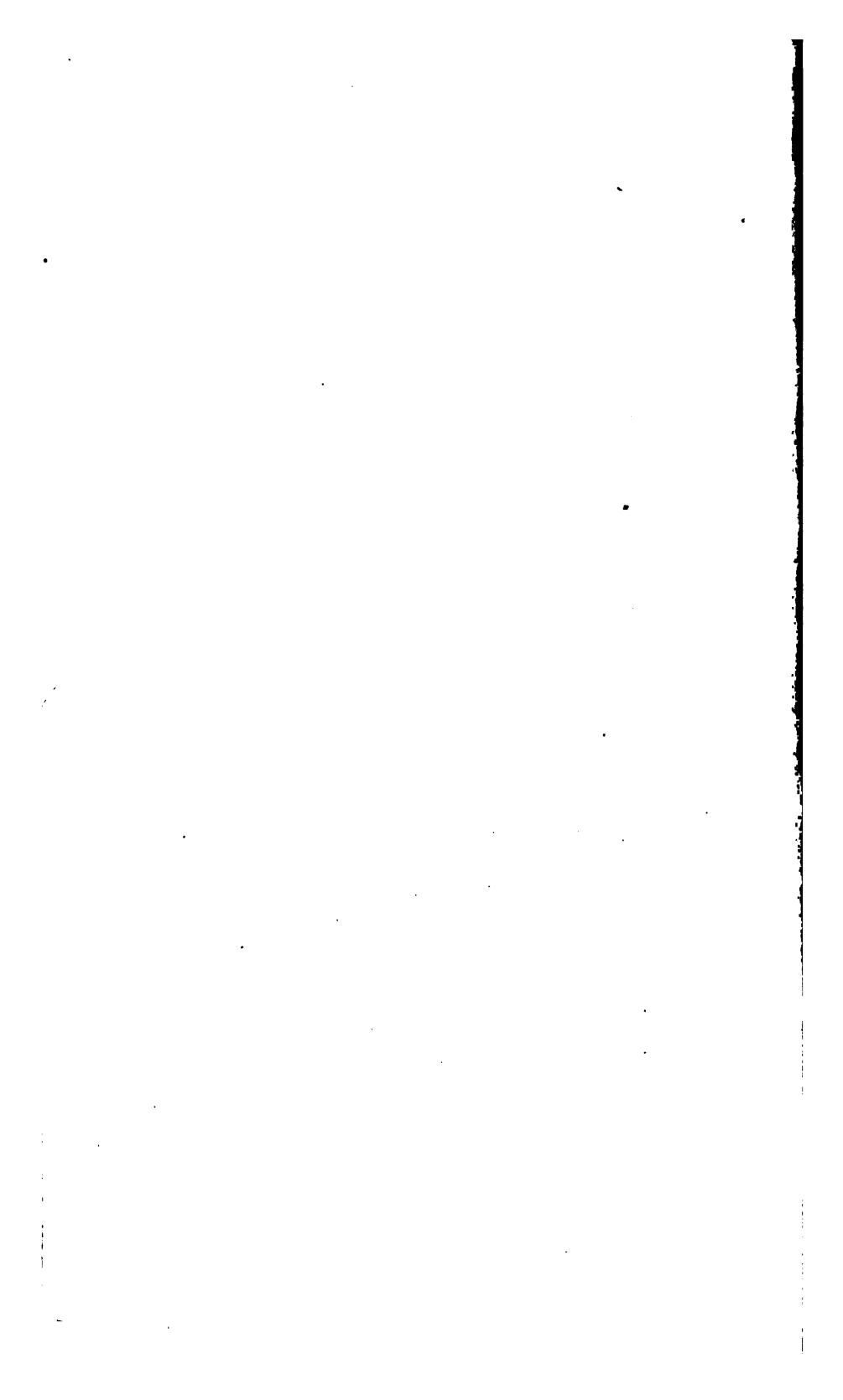
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

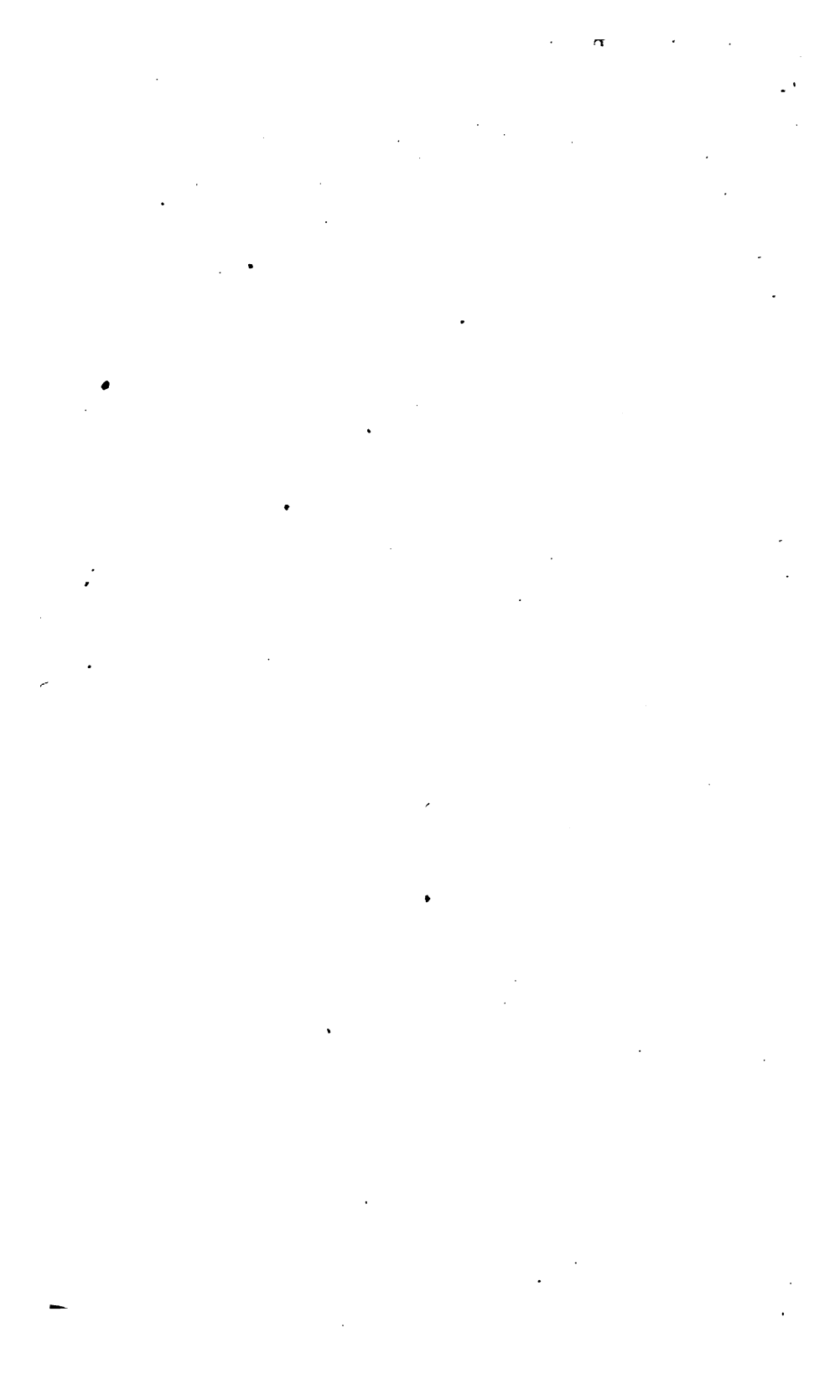


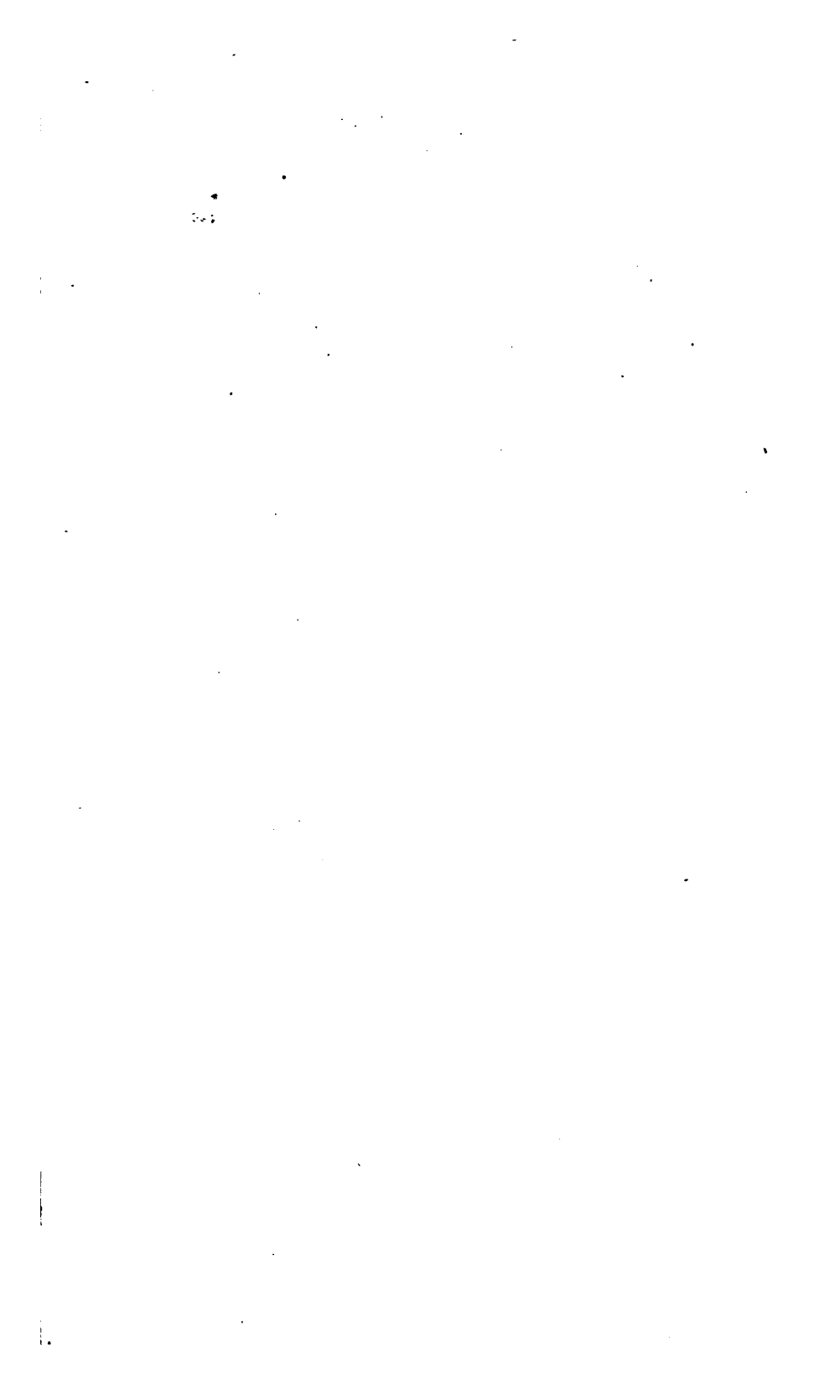
YV-







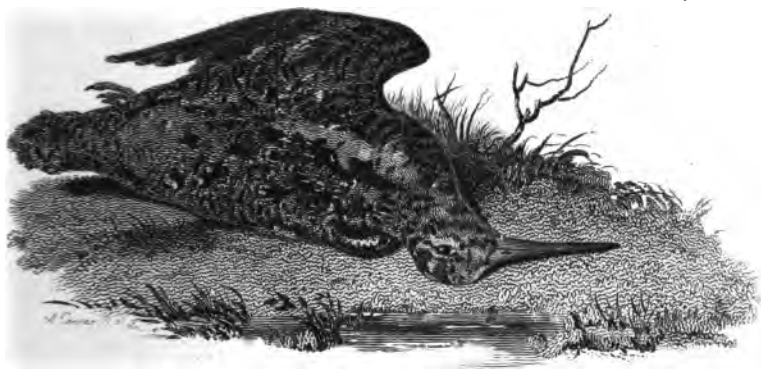






NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

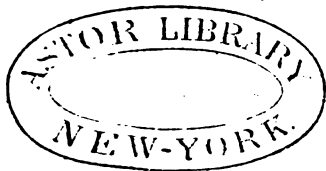
THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE,
OR
Monthly Calendar
of the Transactions of
The Quail, The Chase
AND
EVERY OTHER DIVERSION
Interesting to the
Man of Pleasure, Enterprise & Spirit.
VOL. 19, NEW SERIES.
or Vol. 69, Old Series.



LONDON.

Printed for J. Pittman, 18, Warwick Square.

1827.



NOY W30
21807
VIA 801

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

NOV 18 1841
CLERK
VIA RAIL



James Wadsworth, R. A.

Published by J. B. Rouse, New York.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX, N. 2.

NOVEMBER, 1826.

No. CX.

CONTENTS.

James Ward, Esq. R. A.	1	Laudator Præsentis Aevi, in reply to Nimrod	23
First and Second October Meetings	3	Summerying the Hunter	23
Count Veltheim on Summering Horses abroad—advocates Nimrod's System— the Custom of turning Cavalry Horses to Grass abolished in Continental Ar- mies—Russian Cavalry—General Ben- ningesen—Mortality in Horses in India occasioned by giving them green Food— not customary in Germany to turn to Grass—Restraint from Pasture not cruel —Frequent Changes from the Stable to Pasture most pernicious—Advantages of Feeding Cattle and Sheep in the Sta- ble—Conclusions drawn favorable to the System	9—14	On Mellot Trefoll, as Food for Horses and Cattle; and on various Subjects	27
The Gazington Pack	14	Two Letters on the Practice of Firing Horses	33
Horse Provender	14	"The Devonian" on turning out Horses to Grass	39
Sir John Fagg, on the Road	17	The Old Forester on various Subjects—the Breton Bldets—Travelling in America— Cowps Regatta, &c.	38
Modern Coachmen	19	Sport at Holywell Hunt Meeting	41
New Patent Saddle	21	Doncaster Races, concluded	42
		Bettings on the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger ..	47
		On Wheat, as an economical Food for Horses	47
		SPORTING INTELLIGENCE	49
		TO CORRESPONDENTS	56
		RACING CALENDAR	1

Enbellished with,

I. A Portrait of JAMES WARD, Esq. R.A.

II. DEATH OF THE STAG, from a Picture by RUBENS.

JAMES WARD, Esq. R. A.

Engraved by Mr. THOMPSON, from a
Painting by J. JACKSON, Esq. R. A.

MR. Ward, whose portrait is here given, was, we understand, a pupil to his brother, Wm. Ward, the eminent mezzotinto engraver, in which profession he excelled. He then made several copies and imitations of his relative, the celebrated Morland, many of which may easily be taken for the originals of that artist; but his genius, like a good horse, was not inclined to run second when it was able to be first, and finding out his strength, he gave a loose rein to his own abilities, beating Morland and mezzotinto many lengths.

We have subjoined a list of some of his works, the talent and beauty of which must be in the recollection of our readers, most of them having been publicly exhibited; and it will, therefore, be unnecessary for us to offer a comment on the subject.

Portrait of Nonpareil, the favorite charger of His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth, with an emblematic back ground.—Portrait of Monitor, a remarkable trotter.—Portrait of Soothsayer—all in the King's possession. Portrait of Moses. Duke of York. Battle near Boston, Lincolnshire (see Exhibition Catalogue).

John Broadhurst, Esq.
A Group of Cattle, large as life.—Portrait of Walton in action.—Por-

trait of Smolensko.—Portrait of the Norfolk Phenomenon.—A Gentleman and his Keepers loading a mule with the sports of the day.—A Snow Piece. *Mr. Ward.*

Dray Horses drawing a butt of porter from a cellar.

Duke of Bedford.
An old Hunter and Pony.

Duke of Newcastle.
An Italian Greyhound.

Lady Agnes Buller.
An old Hunter starting at a flash of lightning.

Sir Mathew White Ridley.
A Copy after a celebrated picture by Georgione, now in the Louvre, Paris. *Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

A Group of Horses. *John Allnutt, Esq.*
A Group of Cows and Cow-herd.

Mr. Ward.
Group of Brood Mares.—Portrait of Princess Royal.

Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart.
A favorite Pony.

The Hon. Cecil Jenkinson.
Grouse Shooting.

Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.
A Greyhound in five different positions.

Lord Granville.
A pair of Coach Horses.

Lord William Russell.
A favorite Horse.

Marquis of Huntley.
A Fox-hunt.—Ralph Lambton, Esq. on his favorite hunter, and pack of hounds, engraved.

Ralph Lambton, Esq.
Portrait of a Cossack War-horse in a field trot.—Portrait of a Persian Charger.—Portrait of Copenhagen, the Duke of Wellington's Waterloo Charger.—Portrait of Bonaparte's Waterloo Charger Marengo.—Portrait of Count Platoff's Charger, with some of his distinguished Cossacks.

Duke of Northumberland.
Portrait of Leopold.

John George Lambton, Esq.
Portrait of Syntax.

Ralph Riddel, Esq.
A Spanish Blood-Hound.

—*Lyon, Esq.*
The Battle of Waterloo, an Allegory, painted for the Directors of the

British Institution for Chelsea Hospital, 35 feet long by 21 high.

Chelsea Hospital.
The Pool of Bethesda.

John Knight, Esq.
A Zebra Cow and Calf.

Marquis of Hertford.
Portrait of the Rev. Dr. Busfield, engraved.

Dr. Busfield.
Portrait of Sir John F. Leicester, Bart. &c. &c. reviewing his troops on the sands at Liverpool.

—The Fall of Phaeton, a sketch.—Tabley Tower, with cattle.—Asses waiting the return of fishing-boats.

—Dogs of the Dalmatian breed.—Ferrets catching Rabbits in a rabbit-hole.

Sir John F. Leicester, now Baron de Tabley.

Portrait of Judgment, a favorite hunter.

Lord Deerhurst.
Portrait of a favorite Hunter.

Hon. John Coventry.
Portrait of an Italian Greyhound.

Sir Thomas Heathcote, Bart.
Portrait of a Spaniel. *Lord Darnley.*

Portrait of a Child.—Portrait of Eagle, a celebrated racer, engraved.

A Lioness and Heron, engraved.—Portrait of Granadilla, brood mare, and Skyscraper colt.—A Farrier's Shop, engraved.—Airing of the Hounds, engraved.—Portrait of Master Garle, whole length.—Portrait of Master Garle with his favorite Dog, whole length, with numerous others.

Thomas Garle, Esq.

Also, several in possession of his brother, *John Garle, Esq.*

A Spaniel at the Tomb of Ellen, engraved.—Swans, &c. &c.

Peter Coxe, Esq.

Two large Oxen.—An Arabian Charger.

Viscount Clive.
Spaniel disturbing Ducks.—Spaniel sitting up begging.—An Arabian Charger.

The Earl of Powis.

The Earl of Chesterfield upon his favorite Shetland pony.—His Lordship's Sisters, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Georgiana Stanhope, decorating a tame Fawn with a wreath of Roses—large as life.—Bradby Cedar. *The Earl of Chesterfield.*

Copy from the Bath of Diana, by

Titian, now in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford.

Mr. Ward.

Goodall Seat, Craven, County of York, large scale.

Lord Ribblesdale.

A Dun Arabian.—A Grey Charger and Spanish Pony.—A Spaniel.

Lord Londonderry.

A Portrait of Walton, engraved.—Portrait of Phantom, engraved.

Sir John Shelley.

Portrait of an Old Hunter, engraved.

Lord Maynard.

Portraits of Blackthorn, a Brood Mare, and Old Jack, a favorite Pony.—Asses, &c. &c. in a Cavern.—A Bell-Ewe, and Lambs.

Edward Munday, Esq.

Banker, an old celebrated Hunter, greeting an old Fox-hound.—Theophilus Levett, Esq. upon a favorite Hunter, with the Fox breaking covert from the Osier-bed at Wichmor.—The Deer-stealer, with various others, &c. &c.

Theophilus Levett, Esq.

Portrait of the Rev. Thomas Levett.—Cock shooting.

Rev. Thomas Levett.

Portraits of Luke and Kate Kenny, remarkable aged characters of Alderwaslin.

Joseph Hart, Esq.

Spanish Ass and Foal.—Primrose, and Foal by Cryer.

Mr. Ward.

Portraits of a Son of the Earl of Mulgrave, with his favorite Pony.

Lord Mulgrave.

A Straw Yard.—A Cow and Calf, with Sheep and Goat.

Sir Richard Hoare, Bart.

Portrait of a Terrier.

Sir Abraham Hume, Bart.

A Sand Pit.

Sir Charles Blunt, Bart.

The condemned Calf.—A Bull bait.

Not known.

Cattle in a Storm.—Public House Door, with Huntsman and Hounds, engraved.—The Mother, a Haymaker, contemplating her Sleeping Infant.—The Bird-keeper's repast, engraved.—The Industrious Cottagers, engraved.—Reapers, engraved.—Gleaners, engraved.—St. Donat's Castle, with Bulls fighting.

—Fern Burners, engraved, with various others.—The Mouse's Position, engraved.

Dr. Daw.

Four Pictures, the Progress of a Leg of Mutton, engraved.—Buying the Sheep.—Buying the Joint at the Butcher's Shop.—Delivering the Joint at a Cottage door.—The Family saying Grace at the Dinner Table.

Not known.

Rustic Felicity, engraved.

Late Mr. Simpson.

[We must defer the remainder of the List till our next Number.]

THE NEWMARKET MEETINGS.

SIR

IT has been matter of surprise to me how an author can sit down and write a book about nothing at all, when I, who have the fine field of Newmarket Heath before me, and, "in my mind's eye," the whole subject of the First October Meeting, really don't know how to fill a single sheet: but such a cloud at present hangs over turf affairs, that it gives pain rather than pleasure to record the little occurrences of the two Meetings I have witnessed at Newmarket.

On my way thither I generally call at a large town in the neighbourhood, where landlord, waiter, hostler, boots, bystanders, and inhabitants, are all sporting people, according to their several capacities; and my general salutation is, "Well! what sport for the week?"—"Lord, Sir," was the reply to my last inquiry, "we never hear the name of a horse mentioned, or of a guinea being betted in the whole place; and were it not for seeing you and another or two, we should not know it was meeting time." And I must own, that, when I arrived at Newmarket on the Saturday, I found it in a similar state—"sweet and garnished,"

but not a guest within. However, towards night the rumbling of a few carriages convinced me I had not mistaken the time; but they were so few in number I could not help asking myself and others the causes of this miserable falling off. The first that presented itself was the lamented illness of the Duke of York, whose kind, condescending, affable, friendly, amiable, and cheerful disposition brought many, many followers, and what he had in perspective probably many more. No Duke of Rutland down—no morning and afternoon shooting—no housekeeping at Cheveley—no columns of curling smoke mocking each other in their ascent from the numberless chimneys of that noble mansion—no savoury scent from the kitchens of the Palace, Lord Foley's, Lord Seston's &c. &c.—enough you will say to cast a gloom over any thing or every thing—added to which, though there were plenty of horses, there was not one good one in the whole town, compared with times of old.

Five races were set down for the first day; the Trial Stakes to begin with—seven started; and worse I never wish to see in the hands of my enemies; however, they look pretty to strangers while they are running, and, to those who bet for betting's sake, make quite as good sport. A four-year-old of Colonel Wilson's by Tiresias, dam Spianing Jenny, unexpectedly won; and, should it be libellous to abuse a horse, I don't know where I shall hide myself—he is a great coarse, ugly, diseased, ill-tempered beast; what the other six must be to be worse than him, I must leave you and your readers to imagine; but it looked like a race at last, between Orion, the second, and the winner. The others of course declined, it

being only a Trial Stakes, as soon as their chance was out.

The next was a match between Lord Anson and Mr. Chifney, both descended from great men in their way; but the sailor was more than a match for the jockey. Pigmy carried 8st. 6lb., Ina 8st. If the weights had been reversed the little one would have won, though with a year's disadvantage in age. Sam Chifney rode the loser most beautifully, but angrily at last, when he found he could conceal his defeat no longer, which, to the last hundred yards, he had done most successfully.

The Grand Duke Michael Stakes, worth upwards of 1000l. was the third prize. Of the twenty subscribers, ten came to the post; amongst them high sounding names, but with low pretensions, if we look at the past and present as the only source of turf knowledge—Problein, Bolivar, Monarch, with others, and last, though not least, The General. Here certainly was a Hobgoblin in his way; whether he was so haunted on former occasions we must leave it to Mr. Farquhar, and a very few others to determine. It was a pretty good race, Hobgoblin first, and Colleger second.

The Duke of Grafton's Paul Jones beat Lord Anson's Heroine easy, giving seven pounds, with the appearance of being able to give seven more.

Rachel, Mantua, and Mr. Thornhill's Morel filly, ran for a nice little stake of 900 sovs. which the Duke of York's Rachel won, but with the others close up, and the pace moderate.

TUESDAY. — Mr. Wyndham's Whalebone filly, dam by Teddy, beat Colonel Syng's Number Nip, for 100 sovs. (as the list says); but I declare I would as soon risk

a hundred on two racers picked out of the filberts after dinner, as these equally un-racing-like animals.

The second race, four subscribers of 100 sovs. each, but two only started, was won by General Grosvenor's Spite, in spite of her bad temper, which, if not soon curbed, will doom her to a fate from which neither her good looks nor another good quality—fine action—can save her.

The Duke of Rutland's Adeliza, 8st. 9lb. beat Lord Anson's Noureddin, 7st. 11lb. This was a well-made match, well run, and closely contested. Pedigree had a good deal to do here. Adeliza was beat a considerable way from home, but the pride of her family becoming alarmed, she struggled on, and won a race by stoutness which she had no chance of doing by speed.

Fifty Guineas, free for horses of all ages, for which four entered, but two only started, Chateau Margaux and Mortgage, over the Beacon Course. This was a race of great interest, and consequently considerable betting; both horses being considered by those who knew them, or fancied they did, the best at Newmarket for running a distance. Nothing particular occurred; the horses kept well together, the jockeys rode well, and, what is singular in so long a race, both horses became distressed at the same moment; but Chateau Margaux, from having the least possible advantage in stride, just won, though in such a state of exhaustion and tremor as I never saw exceeded except once. Mortgage recovered first, and there are some who still think him the best horse: I, however, am not one of those; Chateau Margaux is the finest animal, with more length,

and a finer stride; above all, what *has happened* may happen again.

Mr. Greville's Fawn won a Stakes of 15 sovs. each, the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. Seven others started. I did not hear of any one claiming the winner, and indeed he must have been a bold man who would take the three best at the money.

This and the St. Leger, if it must still be called so, were the only races of the day (*WEDNESDAY*). To the latter there were eighteen subscribers of 25 sovs. each. Six only started, two of which belonged to the Duke of Grafton, and were of course favorites, viz. Problem and Goshawk—these, no doubt the best of the six he named in the race; but so poor a figure did they cut that his Grace's stud must no longer be considered invincible, nor his judgment and great management better than that in use amongst other people. Lee-way and Monarch left the other four as soon as any thing like strong running was made, which ended in a severe struggle and dead heat between the two; after which the Stakes were divided—a poor pitiful way of ending the St. Leger, if it was meant that the one of Newmarket should rival Doncaster.

THURSDAY (and the ending of the first week), we had five smart races. For the Town Plate Der-vise came in first, closely followed by Lap Dog—Hobgoblin and another beat clean off. A strong opinion seemed to prevail, and was handed about with little ceremony, that the rider of Lap Dog (Arnul) was "ridden out of the race" by Buckle, and that had he made more play he could not have lost it; but till it can be ascertained what he felt at the time, it is better to say, *perhaps!* or something equally satisfactory.

Rufus beat Fawn a match, giving her twenty-one pounds for the year—the pace pretty good.

Lord Exeter's Captain Candid colt, out of Advance, beat the Duke of Grafton's Saracen—the rate very slow. The Advance colt tried to bolt at least twenty times, and won at last running amongst the crowd. He is so decided a skulker, that Robinson has long refused riding him.

A filly of Mr. Greville's beat Mr. Pettit's Vivian Grey. No match could be better made or better conducted. Stumps (named from a celebrated cricket match, and not for bad legs) and Rufus ran the Round Course for the King's Plate. Stumps made very good play, and was never caught. It was whispered about that all was not right; or, as fighters say, "Rufus called bellows to mend!"

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

I was agreeably surprized, on arriving at the Coffee-house gates on Monday morning, to find such a splendid assemblage of the nobility and people of fashion. As far as my opinion goes, in conjunction with others equally capable of judging, we have had nothing equal to it for many years.

The first race was for a Stake of 100 sovs. each, 60 forfeit, and won by his Majesty's Elizabeth beating Problem; the latter a decided favorite on account of the distance, it being Ditch In, and a severe course. It proved, however, on trial, that Elizabeth had better speed and equal stoutness, finishing her race in a most pleasing style.

Redgauntlet had a match with Scandal for 200 sovs; the latter so great a favorite as to beat down all before her in the way of

odds. This was the second race and so delighted were those who remembered Scandal in the spring, and had got a good stake upon her, that, like the man in the fable, they sold the skin before they killed the bear. Long faces of course, when they saw Redgauntlet running in a very handsome form, and Scandal as if her legs were tied.

Tarandus and Pastime ran a match also for 200 sovs. It may be said of Tarandus, as Sadler said of his balloon, "it's all up with him?" Pastime beat him quite in a canter.

Paul Jones beat Black Swan in a match for 300 sovs.—a remarkably fine race, and it seemed impossible for the judgment of man to place things in a finer state for competition; allowing Paul Jones, at the same time, to be the better horse, not only for winning but for giving five pounds.

The fifth race was the Garden Stakes, once much thought of, but dwindled down to five horses this year, and two of those, the supposed best (Reformer five years old, and Camel four years), paid forfeit. Bizarre took the lead, followed by Wings and Swiss Guide. Bizarre had won a mile from home, and came in quite at play, and at least fifty yards first.

The sixth and last race of the day was considered a very eventful affair, as bringing together the most prominent characters of their class. Lap Dog won the Derby, but Dervise had a few days before beaten him; Lamplighter, although not quite in the dark, had done little towards throwing light on the subject; but he now shines as superior to the others, as gas to a rushlight, and may safely be called the best three-year-old in

the South. Lap Dog was second, and Dervise last.—So thoroughly were they done up before they had gone half way, that it is impossible to say which of the two was best in the race.

The first race on *TUESDAY* was a match between the Duke of York's Woful colt out of Frogmore's dam, and the Duke of Richmond's Starch. It was a smart race till the weights began to tell, when Starch took the lead and won cleverly. He was patiently and well ridden by Arthur Pavis.

This was followed by a match of much bustle, betting, and noise, between Lionel Lincoln and Cramer, the latter expected to lead of course; but, either from want of *rosin*, or being *out of tune*, Lionel had to finish the *duet as a solo*, after they had gone through two thirds of the piece *harmoniously* together.

The third race was a Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, very well made except the weight upon Logic, which was out of all bounds (10st. 7lb.) The lightest weight won, Lord G. H. Cavendish's Allegro colt; 7st. 3lb.; Lord Verulam's Helas, 7st. 8lb., second, with three or four others well up: the race between the first two was particularly fine.

The next two races should be looked at with particular attention, as amongst them were many who will have to contend for great honours next year. The first was called the Clearwell Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds, 17 subscribers. There appeared to be about ten, as well as one could count them in running. They came all abreast for a long way, ending in a capital well-contested thing. Mr. Haffenden's colt, by Waxy Pope, dam Bella Donna,

first, but, to appearance, at all he could do, unless the jockey finessed a little, which I am not disposed to believe: Lord Lowther's Flounce second, with the others too near to make the winner a good one, unless he had something in store, which I could not discover.

The next and last race was a 50l. Plate for two-year-olds.—About the same number started as for the last; and for young ones they got off well together, when the mighty Tom Thumb (who won the July Stakes), with all his might, just won—Dilly's filly by Gainsborough, dam Matilda, a good second, with, it is said, but a short preparation—the Mouse filly third, and the rest not far behind, I think we may fairly conclude, that out of the twenty in the two races intended to figure away next year, not more than one (if that) seems calculated to swell the pages of history with his exploits, unless very great improvement takes place. Tom Thumb is too small to improve much; but, like Lap Dog, who is also small, he may have a good stake or two given him at Ascot, Brighton, or elsewhere. Unfortunately he is not in the Derby.

On *WEDNESDAY*, through bad management, we had only one race, and that the worst ever seen. Spite was brought out again, and, I should think, for the last time, unless as "first turn" at an inn. She would not even try, but suffered Vivian Grey to beat her a hundred yards without an effort on either side.

We had on *THURSDAY* the most extraordinary day's racing on record, consisting of eight matches and stakes; and had Rigmorole kept out of the way, every one of them might have been won more than

seventy yards; indeed they were so ridiculous, I cannot describe them, but must refer your readers to the Calendar part of your work. What can be said of one horse cantering fifty or a hundred yards before another at a pace not sufficient for common exercise? Whether it was match or sweepstakes, it was all the same, except Rigmarole and Logic, and they ran in more than that distance before the rest.—Rigmarole was claimed by the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope at 200gs. and afterwards handed over to Mr. Gully. She is a stout, true, honest creature, and honestly worth 500gs. to any one who has a stud of horses.

FRIDAY's racing began by Mr. Dilly's Crony beating Mr. Edny's Caprice colt. One of them shewed a little speed at starting, but it was so soon over, and ended so badly, that it was any thing but racing.

Lord Verulam's Upas won a Stakes worth near 400 sovs. rather easy; Lord Exeter's Pantina filly second, who received from the jockey a little unmerited punishment, something like applying medicine to an incurable disease: the pace, like the horses, very bad.

The third race was for a Stakes worth 75 sovs.—a sum just about equal to the worth of the three that contended for it; indeed the conditions expressed the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. The Duke of Grafton's Selim filly, dam Rowena, won very easy, but that pleasing sound of "I claim the winner," never reached his Grace's ear.

The Prædergast Stakes of 50 sovs. each, twenty-one subscribers, was won by his Majesty's or the

Duke of York's filly by Waterloo, dam Belvoirina; and had his Royal Highness seen it, I am sure it would have done him good. She is a most beautiful little creature, and her style of running quite captivating: Lord Exeter's Brother to Attica, a good second, and Mr. Thornhill's Morel filly, a good third: both these were favorites, and backed for large sums. The pace seemed very good, and the race was thoroughly and truly run. This squadron, of which they put one in mind when running, are two-year-olds, and all candidates for fame next year; but I must further remark, they are too near together to have any thing superlative amongst them, unless we except the winner; as she was neither touched nor called upon, it is impossible for a bystander to say what she had to spare. Young Dick Boyce rode her with a patience and judgment equal to a veteran jockey.

We had next a match of no common order, between Enamel, a very good four-year-old for a flat course, and Babel, the winner of the Oaks last year; thirteen pounds allowed her for being a year younger. If a person could look on this with indifference, I should say of him what Shakspeare said of the man who had not music in his soul. In Abingdon Mile Bottom the filly began to shew symptoms of distress, but so good was she that she continued struggling to the end, and Enamel compounding a little by the weight telling upon him, one of the finest races ever seen was finished by a dead heat.

Thus ended a most beautiful week's sport, without the least accident, disaster, or even a wrangle.

COUNT VELTHEIM, ON SUMMERING HORSES ABROAD.

SIR,

I Perceive, from your declaration at the conclusion of the January publication of your interesting Magazine, that you do not dislike receiving communications on sporting subjects from abroad, being of opinion that they are not without interest to your readers. This encourages me to forward the following lines, and the more so, as, through the medium of my friend Mr. John Lawrence, you have received already several other communications, which I transmitted through that gentleman.

I first beg permission to join in the general sentiment, which has so loudly expressed itself in England, and to congratulate you upon the essential improvement your useful and entertaining Magazine has experienced within these few years, more particularly through the writings of your celebrated correspondent NIMROD. Although many subjects, which the latter has discussed with so much profoundness, and in such an agreeable manner, cannot be of so much interest to Germany as they are to England, (racing and hunting seldom occurring with us, the latter being even in its dawn only,) yet every breeder and lover of the horse cannot but acknowledge the value of his principles and experience in the breeding of horses in general, and the treatment of hunters in particular. This occasions your Magazine to be read through all Germany, every new Number being sought after with eagerness. My bookseller, Mr. Perthes, in Hamburgh, takes care to procure your Magazine for me and his other subscribers in the most speedy manner.

VOL. XIX. N. S.—No. 110.

I had intended to forward you this letter, together with some remarks founded upon an experience of many years, on the abolition of the former system of managing hunters in England in summer, and on several other objects referring to it, when, in the February publication, I found a very friendly invitation from Mr. J. LAWRENCE to break my silence, and renew our correspondence. I, therefore, embrace this opportunity to return him my sincerest thanks for his remembrance, assuring him, that, besides several avocations, the death of my old friend, Professor Emperius, in Brunswick, by whose assistance I translated my communications into English, and whose memory will doubtless continue to live in the remembrance of many an Englishman who frequented the College during the last forty years, had occasioned this interruption. Even now it is through accidental assistance only I can get these lines translated into English, there being few persons, though proficient in the language, who are sufficiently acquainted with the technical terms of hunting and the turf.

But my old friend and correspondent Mr. J. LAWRENCE will excuse me, if, according to the maxim, "*Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas,*" I now and then feel obliged, in the following lines, to enter into opposition with him, and to agree with his adversary NIMROD. I have, however, so high an opinion of his veracity as to be confident, that, if his age and health permitted him to keep hunters, and practically to try NIMROD's management of them, he would most likely be soon led to the conviction of its superior utility, and would not

B

hesitate to pronounce it loudly in your pages.

Public opinion having so universally expressed itself in your Magazine in favour of NIMROD's system, to pretend saying any thing more about the matter might be deemed pouring water into the ocean; but many of your readers, and perhaps NIMROD himself, will not find it uninteresting to know what is thought of it in other countries; and I may at the same time succeed in adding some proofs (founded upon experience, and taken from the analogy of other species of domestic animals, which I have not yet seen mentioned anywhere) to the confirmation of the *main* principle—the foundation of NIMROD's system—namely, “that in general it is better during summer to continue feeding a horse in the stable, if it be accustomed to it, than to put it to grass.” And this I hope to be able satisfactorily to prove.

In the greatest part of continental Europe, the opinion formerly more or less prevailed, that it was beneficial, if not necessary, for working horses to refresh their blood and strengthen their sinews, from time to time, by pasture. Hence it was the custom in many countries every year to turn out alternately one part of the cavalry horses to grass, and in the mean time to send a proportionate number of the troopers on furlough. I will not pretend, however, that improvement in the health of the horses was always the sole consideration; perhaps a regard to economy was not lost sight of; but, be that as it may, this custom was abolished, for aught I know, several years ago, in all the armies of the European continent—the Turks only excepted, who,

perhaps, still practise it in its full extent—experience having every where shewn that the evils of that system far exceeded the advantages; the horses turned to grass requiring a long time to regain the strength requisite for service, and also consuming a disproportionate quantity of oats, or other hard food, to attain that end.

General Bennigsen, in his interesting work on light cavalry, relates various striking instances of the great disadvantages occasioned formerly by green food or pasturage, in the Russian cavalry. Several officers of horse, who served in the English army in India, have likewise unanimously assured me, that the *main reason* of the service in India consuming so many horses (though they could perform much less than those of Europe) was not the heat of the climate, but their being obliged to give the horses green food a great part of the year. Several defenders of the green food and pasturage system in Germany have supported their theory, principally by reference to the Cossacks, who, in their opinion, in general turned their horses to grass, or nourished them with green food; and to which they attributed such great power in supporting fatigue; but this opinion I can prove, from my own experience, to be without foundation, since, during the campaign of 1813, when I often had Cossacks quartered at my house, I found they fed their horses with oats in abundance; indeed, all the Russian cavalry are accustomed to give their horses a greater allowance of oats than, perhaps, any other nation in Europe. Several officers of the Cossacks have, at the same time, assured me, that although their *breeding* studs are continually

grazing in the deserts, yet all the horses which are once stabled for the service are constantly fed with dry hard food; and that particular cases only, or the entire want of it, could induce them to take to pasture, which always caused a quick decrease of vigour; and that they could be brought but very slowly to their former strength.

Finally, I may, I hope, be permitted to adduce something from my own experience, having for nearly thirty years past constantly had, at my country seat, from seventy to eighty horses, partly saddle, partly coach, draught, and breeding horses and colts; and that, from my predilection for horses, I have always bestowed particular attention upon them. For a long time it has not been customary on well-managed estates in this part of the country, to turn horses to grass in summer, or to give them green food in the stable, with the exception of brood mares and their foals. It is now practised only by the most indigent peasants in the sterile tracts of North Germany, partly from their unwillingness to let the commons lie unused. It has, in general, not taken place in mine.

Our farriers, however, being here and there still of opinion that, in disorders arising from having been over-heated or from immediate labour, horses would find benefit from pasture, I have in such cases resorted to it; but I can give the positive assurance, that I do not remember a single instance of its having had a beneficial or lasting effect: on the contrary, it has very often occurred, that some horses have become broken-winded, which were not so before, whilst others have been afflicted with watery

swellings above the hock—and that they all experienced, even when put to wholesome and abundant pasture, such a decrease of vigour, that nearly a whole year was necessary to restore them to service, by nourishing them again with dry food. I must, however, expressly observe, that I am speaking here of those horses only *which are really employed*; and that I hold pasture to be proper for breeding mares and colts, not only on account of the stronger flow of milk occasioned by green food and other circumstances relative to it, but from other causes which have no immediate reference to the matter in question—not excluding hard food, however, under peculiar circumstances.

After all my experience of the advantages of keeping horses in the stable, I must frankly confess that I, as well as several others of my countrymen who visited England, found it a difficult matter to comprehend why the English, who, with regard to the breeding and management of horses, doubtless serve as a model to the rest of Europe, should continue to turn their horses to grass in summer—thus risking an abatement of their vigour—while in autumn and winter they require from them such hard and fatiguing labour. NIMRON'S theory therefore was, from the beginning, of the highest interest to me, and I am quite confident that a great melioration has been effected by it.

I will now say a few words on the charge of cruelty to the horse, with which several of NIMRON'S adversaries have reproached him, but in which I can in no manner agree. In discussing this question, I hold it necessary previously to distinguish what kind of treatment

horses intended to be turned to grass have received. If horses reared in wild studs, as for instance, the supplies for light cavalry, which in most German armies were drawn from the Ukraine and Moldavia, &c. are to be accustomed to food and attendance in the stable, they will find it as great a constraint (considering their being used to seek their food in summer and winter in the open air, which hardens them against every change of the weather, and fills them with terror at the approach of a human being), as a savage of New Holland, or of any other uncivilized nation, would feel, if compelled to submit to the laws of European civilization. And yet experience has taught us, that even those horses, when accustomed to attendance and hard food in the stable, profited considerably by it, and did not regret the pasture. Such horses also as are bred in England, and in civilized Europe in general, although they may have been at pasture in summer, have enjoyed attendance in the stable through the winter, and are therefore without fear of man—even those learn very soon to prefer the latter condition to the former. But when an old hunter is fully accustomed to the stable and hard food, he becomes in proportion as unfit for the enjoyment of pasture, as the civilized man does for the freedom of the American wilds, and the means of subsistence which he meets with there. I consider it, therefore, a much greater cruelty to deprive a horse of the comfort of having its skin carefully and daily cleansed from sweat and filth—of receiving regularly abundant and nourishing food—of being sheltered by a stable (not cold but airy) from the heat of the sun and

gusts of rain and wind, as well as from damp mists and cold dew at night, together with the comfort of a soft litter, and, above all, of being free'd from tormenting flies and such like vermin—conveniences to which it was accustomed—to expose it to all these privations and hardships, to resist which its former treatment has made it unfit, and by which it is now the more sensibly affected. That these are no idle phrases, but practical truths, is apparent, and long experience has to my mind evidently proved it.

Let us consider the great difference between the quality of the skin and hair of a saddle-horse which has been well treated in the stable, and that of the common horse of a poor German peasant, which is forced to seek its food in every weather, having neither litter in the stable, nor enjoying the comfort of being regularly cleaned; we shall find a striking contrast between them when summered together at pasture. The peasant's horse, having long coarse hair and a thick hard skin, commonly covered with filth besides, suffers very little from flies, defending itself also without effort against their assaults, by means of its long thick tail and mane, to which may be added its phlegmatic dull temper. It is likewise screened in some measure from every influence of the weather by the above-named advantages. The saddle horse, on the contrary, deprived of all these means of defence, with tender and thin skin, fine short hair, nearly without a tail and mane, and with its mettlesome and irritable temper, is pursued by swarms of flies, which are soon aware how easily they can penetrate, and leave bloody marks of their eagerness. Fear of its

tormentors does not allow the horse a moment's repose: it runs about till strength fails, looks for shelter every where, rubs itself against all objects, stamps with its feet, and is, in short, in a continual anxiety and restlessness, refusing food till absolute necessity and the extremity of hunger require it. If such a horse, can possibly make shift to reach its stable again, it will certainly leave no means untried to effect it. I have met with innumerable instances in my pasture grounds, which lie near the stable, of such horses leaping several times a-day over a barrier of five feet, and surrounded with a broad ditch, solely in order to get to the stable. If they were led back to the pasture, they placed themselves near the gateway leading to the stable, in dull despair, their heads bent to the ground, taking only so much food as was indispensably necessary, and which of course, in a short time, deprived them of all strength. Even my brood mares and foals, which do not, out of pasture time, enjoy such a perfect tendance in the stable as the saddle and coach horses, start at full gallop from the remotest parts of the field, as soon as they hear the well-known whistle of the groom, and follow him joyfully back to the stable, if there should be accidental occasion for it. The picture could be more highly coloured, but *verb. sat.* ! It only remains for me to remark, that if an Englishman should find the colouring too glaring, it does not appear so in Germany, where, as well as on the whole Continent, flies are in much greater number than in England, and where the sun is more seldom hid, and is consequently less sup-
portable.

I now put the question to every impartial person, whether, after what I have here stated, it be more cruel in summer to keep a hunter in the stable, or to turn it to grass?

A frequent change from artificial treatment to pure nature, and *vice versa*, must have a pernicious influence even on the internal organization of an animal body. I will support this assertion by a few examples from the analogy of other races of domestic animals, which have occurred within my own experience, and which may perhaps be more worthy of mention, as I believe they occur not very frequently in England: I allude to the practice of feeding cattle in the stable in summer, almost universally introduced within the last thirty or forty years into the more improved farms in Germany, and to the like management of Merino sheep lately established here and there, which latter, however, owes its origin to the purpose of producing more dung. With both sorts of stock, and particularly with the former, experience has already sufficiently shewn us, that, besides the above-mentioned principal aim, a great many other advantages have been gained—by having produced a larger and more perfect breed—a number of distempers having also disappeared—and the cattle remaining a much longer time serviceable. My own experience of thirty years can prove all these assertions: a farther discussion of them is therefore unnecessary.

With respect to feeding sheep in the stable in summer, I was hindered by locality from making a trial myself; but the experience which has been made of it in Germany, and presented to the

public, offers also here the *same* results.

A neighbour and friend of mine, Baron de Cramm, one of the most scientific sheep-breeders in Germany, has a breeding flock of Electoral-Merinos, inferior to none in Saxony Proper, and which was sufficiently testified by all the English wool merchants who visited the great wool market at Magdeburgh last year, adjudging the highest price to its wool. The Baron assures me, that, since the introduction of feeding sheep in the stable in summer, his Merino flock have not only yielded a sensibly higher produce, but also remained safe from a multitude of distempers and accidents, which formerly had frequently befallen them at pasture.

Now, if all these favorable results take place with races of animals, whose *soft* parts only, such as wool, flesh, fat, milk, &c. can be of use to us, they must doubtless occur in a much higher degree with the horse, which is to serve us chiefly with its *solid* parts, that is to say, its muscular system; for it is obvious that pasture especially nourishes and expands the soft parts only, and relaxes and dries up the solid parts, particularly the sinews and muscles. That this state of nature is not adequate to animals destined to great artificial efforts, has been fully proved by NIMROD; and nothing remains for me to add, except the single remark, that it is an incontestable fact, that no savage, in his state of nature, can equal in efforts of strength an European (a British sailor, for instance), who is artificially and strongly nourished, and accustomed to labour besides. All the reports of seamen and voyagers agree in this.

I have said enough on this subject; and I hope, if I should have been already too diffusive and tiresome, that you, Mr. Editor, and also your public, will shew some indulgence to a German, whose countrymen besides bear commonly the charge of not so easily abandoning a topic which they have once taken hold of.

Yours, COUNT VELTHEIM.
Brunswick, March 20, 1826.

GAZINGTON PACK.

SIR,
HAVING seen in one of your Numbers a paragraph touching the Gazington pack of hounds being the unlawful destroyers of many foxes bought from the countries of the neighbouring hunts, I beg leave to say that they last season hunted but three brace, of which they killed two brace; one fox was taken unhurt, and hunted two or three times. I am happy to add, that Butler, the keeper of the pack, has given his word that he will hunt no more foxes. The Duke of Beaufort has kindly promised to give them a few deer if they hunt no more bagmen.

If you will insert this in your amusing work, you will oblige your constant reader,

AN OXONIAN.

Oxford, Sept. 27, 1826.

HORSE PROVENDER.

SIR,
I Beg you will do me the favour of inserting a few remarks, which I have copied from the *Taunton Courier* of September 13, in the *Sporting Magazine*, as I have a wish to hear the remarks of some of your correspondents on

the subject. In doing so, you will much oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

"To the Editor of the Taunton Courier.

"SIR—When the scarcity of horses' provender will render their maintenance as expensive as it seems likely to be this winter, a man can scarcely do his countrymen a greater service than by pointing out a plan, by which their expenses may not only be lessened, but their cattle kept in better condition.

"Having received innumerable letters from gentlemen who keep horses, requesting a description of my plan of feeding, I shall save much trouble to myself and others by laying my system before the public. Having pursued the plan above seventeen years, I am able to appreciate its full value; and being perfectly satisfied of its superior excellence, I hope to continue the same as long as I keep horses. Most people who know me will allow, that my horses enjoy no sinecure places, and few people can boast of their cattle being in better working condition, or more capable of laborious undertakings, than mine. The loft above my stable contains the machinery for cutting chaff and grinding corn. From this loft, each horse has a tunnel communicating with the manger below, and a tub annexed to each tunnel in the loft, for mixing the ingredients which compose the provender. There should be no rack in the stable, because this may tempt the groom to fill it with hay, and thus by overloading the horse's stomach, endanger his wind, to say little of expense and waste; and it is a well-known fact, that if a horse

has his rack constantly replenished with hay, he consumes and spoils upwards of thirty pounds per day; whereas, in chaff, his utmost allowance is ten pounds in twenty-four hours. The manger with which the tunnel communicates should have cross bars of firm oak, placed at a distance of ten or twelve inches from each other, to prevent the horse from wasting his provender in search of the grain it contains, and this space between the cross bars allows the horse plenty of room to take his food. The chaff-cutter I make use of is manufactured by Mr. Willmott, a very ingenious mechanic, who resides about five miles from Taunton, on the road to Wiveliscombe. He also provides corn-bruiscers upon the best construction; and any person keeping three or four horses will save the prime cost of his machinery the first year of its trial, and the horses themselves, thus fed (to use the language of horse-keepers), will always be 'above their work.'

"When the provender is thoroughly mixed in the tub, previously weighing out each ingredient, the mixture should be given in small quantities at a time, many times in a day; and at night, enough is thrown into the tunnel to last till the morning. This process will be found of very little trouble to the groom, who will only have to go into the loft six or eight times a-day. As the component parts of the provender are weighed out separately for each horse, we are certain he has his just proportion; and I have hereto annexed my scale of feeding in four classes, for it sometimes so happens that some of the ingredients cannot be procured, and at other times, that it may be better

to substitute others ; but whatever grain is given, it should always be bruised, or coarsely ground, and carefully weighed out ; for by weight alone you can judge of the quantity of farinaceous substances the horse consumes ; it being well known that a peck of oats varies from seven to twelve pounds ; consequently, if the provender was mixed by measure, there would be frequently an uncertainty as to quantity. Wheat varies from sixteen to twelve, barley from thirteen to ten, peas from seventeen to

fifteen, beans seventeen to fifteen per peck ; and as wheat, beans, peas, barley, and oats, are equally good, and a very trifling difference in price, when the specific gravity is taken into consideration, I am equally indifferent which grain I use ; but I should always select boiled or steamed potatoes for hard working horses, to be a component ingredient, whenever they can be procured. As I call all ground or bruised grain, of whatever description, farina, so it will be distinguished in the scale.

FARINA	First Class.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.
	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
Consists of bruised or ground beans, peas, wheat, barley, or oats.....	5	5	10	5
Bran, fine or coarse pollard.....				1
Boiled or steamed potatoes, mashed in a tub, with a wooden bruiser.....	5	5		
Fresh grains.....	6			
Hay cut into chaff.....	7	8	10	8
Straw or reed, in chaff.....	7	10	10	8
Malt dust, or ground oil cake.....		2		2
Salt	2 oz.	2 oz.	2 oz.	2 oz.

“ By the above scale, it will be seen that each horse has his thirty pounds of provender in twenty-four hours, which I maintain is full as much as any horse ought to eat, and more than some can eat. The two ounces of salt will be found an excellent stimulus to the horse's stomach, and should on no account be omitted. When a horse returns from labour, perhaps the groom will see the propriety of feeding him from his tub more largely, in order that he may be sooner satisfied, and lie down to take his rest.

“ Whenever oat-straw can be procured, it is generally preferred, and some like to have it cut into chaff, without thrashing out the oats : but this is a bad plan ; for in preparing a quantity of this food, unequal proportions of oats will

be found in each lot ; so that one horse will have too large a portion, whilst others have less than they ought, although the portions are accurately weighed. The only certain method then is, to let the grain, of whatsoever description, be weighed separately from the straw, and the keeper of horses will soon satisfy himself that his cattle are in want of nothing in the feeding line.

“ Many people object to potatoes, and think them unfit for working-horses ; but from many years' experience, I am enabled to recommend them as a constituent part of the thirty pounds, and am convinced that it is as wholesome and nutritious a food as can be procured for labouring horses, which are called upon sudden emergencies to perform great tasks,

as has been abundantly proved by Mr. Curwen, M.P.*, who kept above one hundred horses on potatoes and straw, and always found that their labours were performed better on this than on any other food.

"HENRY SULLY.

"Wivelscombe, Sept. 11, 1826."

SIR JOHN FAGG ON THE ROAD.

SIR,

I Was much pleased with NIMMOD's account, in your last Number, of those gentlemen who pride themselves in being adepts in the art of driving. He has handled the subject with that perspicuity and exactness so generally to be found in his valuable letters. It being in my power to say a few words on one individual, whose whole heart and soul is centred in the whip, I take pen in hand to trespass a few moments on the patience of your readers.

The individual to whom I allude is Sir JOHN FAGG, living within a few miles from Canterbury, and who may justly boast of as neat a turn-out as any in East Kent. The *tout ensemble* is imposing at the very first glance. The worthy Baronet, in his entire establishment, appears to preserve the "*modus in rebus*," and aim after the attainment of a *neat* equipage, not a *gaudy* one. Greys are his favorite colour, and the resplendent brass, together with the smooth shining leather, speak volumes in praise of the industry of his domestics. No small share of labour must be expended in preserving such extreme neatness. The vehicle Sir John is in the habit of driving is a landau, with a

dickey, or rumble-tumble, behind, in which sit the two servants, whose appearance seems to testify that they are by no means unworthy of such an honour—for the neat kerseymere breeches, with boot tops white as snow, are all in a piece with the rest of the equipage, whilst their agility and quickness when wanted by their master, is a plain proof that they are of the "right sort." Nothing, I think, is more disgusting than to see a lazy rascal creeping down from a carriage, as if afraid of breaking his stupid pate, and with mouth wide open hesitating to perform the wishes of his master. How different is the conduct of these agile fellows, who, when approaching a gate or any thing of the kind, are to be seen jumping with readiness from their seats, although their master may be tooling away at the rate of ten miles an hour. Sir John, I understand, is a good master; and thus it is that his servants are so attentive to his wishes. In short, that which to others would be considered a toil, is to them a pleasure.

Sir John Fagg has a great partiality to cattle of a moderate size, deeming horses of about fifteen hands one or two inches more capable of going the pace than others of a larger stamp. I think that he has proved his opinion to be a true one, not only from theory but from practice, for his team, which now consists of small horses, can go their nine or ten miles an hour, and keep on at the same rate without any appearance of fatigue; indeed, he preserves his cattle in such rare condition, that with great difficulty are they to be "sewn up." He drives mares or

* See Curwen's *Agricultural Hints*, 1809.

geldings just as they may chance to come in his way; and he has the science of putting them together in a proper style. As a naval officer manning his vessel for a voyage would not presume to leave the port till every the least article was provided; so, neither would the worthy Baronet think of mounting his box till every buckle, every rein, was drawn together in its proper place: thus it is that he is capable of holding his cattle as it were in his little finger; thus it is that he astonishes the gaping crowd by his skilful management and easy workmanship. No one can pronounce that person a "good whip" who has only been seen jarveying along a turnpike level road—it is *in a crowd* when the point is to be fairly decided; and certainly any one who has had the opportunity of seeing Sir John in this predicament, must be assured of the fact, that he is no mean adept in the art. The worthy Baronet, when on the box, is the entire cut of a coachman: he sits erect, and appears conscious of the power he possesses over his team. In the style of his tackle he follows the system of stage-coach proprietors: chain pole pieces, rattling bars with a low plain pole, is the order of the day: his method, indeed, of coupling his horses, is a plain proof that he well knows what is "the thing." There is a right way and a wrong in every situation of life, and it appears to be his sole ambition to jarvey on in the right road. This admirer of "the Road" is often to be seen on "the bench," and appears to make his cattle work for what they consume. That this principle of his is good, appears from the well-known fact, viz. that the brightness of his harness is never defaced by soap la-

ther, although they may have trotted by fourteen or fifteen mile-stones at no slow pace. The Baronet's own coachman may also be considered by no means an unskilful artist, but he is seldom to be seen on the box, as Sir John is one of the "right sort," regarding neither wind nor weather: he therefore never allows his coachman to drive him, but always takes the ribands in hand, whether wet or dry. Thus it is that he knows the different qualities of his cattle, and which is the proper situation for each.

The present age, I lament to say, is much too refined. By many persons the gentleman who takes a delight in the style of his team, and in the "rattling of the bars," is considered a rough unaccomplished clown; but greatly indeed are they mistaken, for no doubt the character of the coachman and the polite gentleman may be blended. Is it not far better for the English gentleman to be living at his private domain (which will be the case with him who takes pleasure in the science of the whip), and spending his income in his own neighbourhood, to the benefit and comfort of the poor of his parish, than to be sauntering in Hyde Park, or wasting his estate within the walls of a gaming house? Most certainly it is. What a happiness would it be for the country at large, if Noblemen of the present age would but be of my opinion! But, Mr. Editor, times are changed: I can only say I lament the misfortune; and wishing long health and happiness to Sir John Fagg and his friends, remain yours sincerely,

AN AMATEUR.

Canterbury, September 25, 1826.





THE DEATH OF THE STAG.

An Engraving.

THE subject before us is by the powerful pencil of Rubens, and is a good specimen of those kind of subjects for which he was so justly celebrated. In it we see the energetic and desperate attack of the dogs opposed to the dying convulsive struggle of the stag, who seems to have given a *coup de grace* to the dog behind. We think the game displayed by the white dog admirable. Rubens must have been a close observer of nature, or he would not have been able to have depicted the stern of this dog. His *forte* seems to have been action and energy, and the subject before us fully bears out this assertion; and though his detail is not at all times correct, he gave such a vigour to his designs, accompanied by such bold and powerful execution—added to which the unrivalled splendour of his colouring—that he has left all competitors at considerable distance. Indeed, from a contemplation of the many works left by this great genius, we must exclaim with the Immortal Bard, “Take him for all in all we shall not look upon his like again.”

MODERN COACHMEN.

“Q. What can little T. O. do?

A. Drive a phaeton and two.

Q. Cannot little T. O. do more?

A. Yes! drive a phaeton and four.”

SIR,

I Perceive that some of my former observations on stage coachmen have called forth the displeasure of your correspondent NIMROD. As he is a pleasant and powerful writer, and generally well acquainted with his subject, I con-

fess that I again enter the lists with him with some degree of apprehension as to the result of the contest; for what opponent can read his description of the preparation for the *start*—“the reins thrown across the off-wheel horses’ loins, with the ends of them hanging upon the middle terret of the pad, and the whip also thrown across the backs of the wheelers”—without feeling, in anticipation, the whip across his own. So sublime, indeed, is his picture of the coachman, that I have sought in vain for any thing equal to it in the volumes of “The Great Unknown.” Having paid this proper tribute to taste and genius, I proceed *seriatim* with my remarks.

With regard to the long list of *Ge-ho-logicals*, I must confess I have mixed so little with the *beau monde* of late years, that Mr. Jobson, of Shrewsbury, is the only one in the catalogue of whom I have any knowledge. To his good qualities, even from the time when he was post-boy at the Royal Hotel, Birmingham, I am ready to bear testimony, as he was as celebrated for his civility as he was for his flaxen curls and general neat appearance. I am quite willing to take NIMROD’s word in behalf of the characters and qualifications of the rest; and also to admit that the modern stage coachmen are much superior to their predecessors in point of personal appearance and language. It is to their superciliousness to passengers who happen not, *miserabile dictu!* to know how to *handle the ribands*, that I object. That they should be civil to amateur whips of *gentle and noble blood*, is by no means surprising, when we know that the fee from these gents for being allowed an opportunity to break the

necks of their fellow passengers is never under a crown, and seldom less than gold. Now what chance has an humble eighteen-pence, given by a plebeian hand, against such powerful claimants to coachee's civility? None whatever, as every day's experience amply proves. Now, as I am not very ambitious, I trust I have philosophy enough to bear with the "coachman's contumely," without wishing to make "my *quicquid* with a bare bodkin."

I shall therefore make no farther remarks on this point, but shall proceed to what NIMROD calls "working a coach," in which I know, from my own experience, there is much to reprehend on the score of *flash* and foolhardiness. Of the accidents that daily, or rather nightly, occur, the public never hears of one fourth, except from trials in Courts of Law for damages. These accidents generally happen at some distance from London, and the editors of the provincial newspapers, in which the coach proprietors regularly advertise, dare not insert any account of them under pain of losing their custom.

It is fortunate for the generality of passengers, that they know not the danger of galloping a coach with three tons weight in and out, down hill, with no wheel locked, at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour; the whole resistance of the wheel horses depending on the security of a small leather strap and buckle at the top of the hames, these modern coachmen deeming it *infra dignitate* to drive with breechings. From NIMROD's knowledge and experience he cannot but be aware of the truth of this statement; yet, in his essay of last month he says (speaking of a man who worked the Worcester day

coach), "I have often been pleased to look at him taking a full load down Broadway Hill without a wheel tied, sitting as much at his ease as if he were blowing a cloud." Now as I happen to know the state of Broadway Hill at the time to which NIMROD alludes, I am inclined to think that the pleasure (if he felt any) arose from the comfortable reflection that he himself was not one of the party. In defence of this custom of galloping down hill with the wheel untied, it is urged that it is a great saving of time, inasmuch as the *momentum* carries the coach some part of the way up the opposite rise. The improved state of the roads is also brought into the scale; but this latter circumstance rather increases the danger, because the surface being hard and smooth, the wheels meet with none of that resistance they would do in a heavy road. Now, however well pleased the young and thoughtless may be at going at the present rate of stage coaches, it is certainly a hard case that passengers of a more moderate turn and advanced age have now no choice, but are obliged to hazard their existence at the sovereign will and pleasure of the driver, who, in answer to any remonstrance that may be made to him, coolly tells you he is obliged to "keep his time." With regard to gentlemen drivers, although I confess I have in my younger days occasionally *handled the ribands*, I most assuredly would not submit to any such risk; and if my objections were disregarded, I would, notwithstanding the popular odium of such a measure, lodge an information against the coachman, although I am well aware the fine would be paid by the pupil. At

the same time, I must allow, that as far as personal appearance on the box goes, it would be sometimes so difficult to determine which was the coachman and which the gentleman, that the informer might run a risk of fixing on the wrong man. How this happy equality is produced, whether by the descent of the *Corinthian*, or the ascent of the coachman, I shall leave to NIMMON to determine.

I have no objection to driving amusement; but I never could see the necessity for a Nobleman appearing in the garb of a coachman, or for his vehicle (I beg NIMMON's pardon, *drag*) being constructed in exact imitation of a stage coach. I have some recollection of the patrician coachmen of former days, and I certainly, however I may be pitted for want of taste, considered their appearance and costume as much better adapted to an aristocratical state of society than that of the present day.

These remarks may be unpalatable, but I confess I am a great stickler for the maintenance of the respective grades of rank and dignity. Woe to this country when all classes shall concentrate in one spot! That various sorts of machinery are at work to produce this fearful crisis, cannot escape the observation of any man of serious reflection. I shall now conclude, by assuring NIMMON that I entertain the highest respect for his attainments and talents; that I have even been highly diverted with the essay upon which I have ventured to criticize; but that I know, that what appears very pleasant and harmless upon paper, is not always so in experiment and practice.

I am, your humble servant,

JAMU.

NEW PATENT SADDLE.

SIR,

IT is now some time since I sent you a prospectus of a patent saddle, which is now come out in a perfect state; so much so, that I have been induced to purchase a second, as have several of my friends.

I am inclined to think it will be generally adopted by sportsmen, and all other men of good taste, having (on minute inspection) obtained the patronage of his Majesty, Prince Esterhazy, the Marquis of Anglesea, Dukes of Dorset, Grafton, &c. Lords Rivers and Westmoreland, Sir George Quinton, Sir H. Torrens, and numberless other military and sporting gentlemen. I therefore conclude you will have pleasure in informing the readers of your very useful Magazine, that all which was anticipated of the utility of its principle is most fully borne out upon trial.

I do not pretend to say it is more (nor less) elegant in appearance than other saddles; but I feel most confident of the comfort it affords to the horse, both from the equal pressure of the smooth steel pannels on his back, and *their* non-interference with the action of his shoulder, particularly going down hill; the *safe and happy action* in that respect very few horses having attained, and in this consists its unerring merit, in my opinion.

The patentee is a professional gentleman, and not a sportsman, and has therefore great credit for contriving to make his saddle sit easy. He must have consulted M'Adam's principle of road making, as, like them, by preserving a smooth surface on the steel

pannel, they can never gall; and I am convinced that the patent saddle and M'Adam's roads will be a mutual comfort to every horse and horseman.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,
JOHN LOCKLEY.

Pershore, Sept. 25, 1826.

LAUDATOR PRÆSENTIS ÆVI, IN
REPLY TO NIMROD.

SIR,

I Am much obliged to NIMROD for his remarks on my observations concerning the Southampton Union. Far from being offended, I am gratified by the notice he has taken of my sentiments, particularly since he has commented on them in such a delicate and gentlemanlike strain. That individual who cannot endure reproof, or who disdains to receive instruction from those endowed with better reason or abilities than himself, should not drag on his existence in a civilized country. One of the advantages of society arises from the power it affords us of gaining instruction the one from the other, and, therefore, as I before stated, I am thankful to NIMROD for his *attempt* to instruct me. Paper war I consider to be a bad practice; nevertheless, without any malevolence or spite towards NIMROD, I now sit down to answer his remarks on my letter, which you was so kind as to insert in your last Number.

First, then, NIMROD says, "that if he cannot praise he does not condemn." Surely it is incumbent on every one to give praise where it may be due, and to reprove when it appears necessary; otherwise what spur would there be for the practice of virtue? what discouragement for the perpetrating of wickedness? As punishment, so also is reproof,

(which by the bye is a lenient method of punishment,) the prevention of crime. Such being the case, I consider myself justified in my expressions concerning the Southampton Union; for I deny wishing to create prejudice against this coach: I merely stated the fact of the Union being less steady than other coaches. I never said it was unsafe, or warned persons from travelling by this said coach. If I had so acted, my language might certainly have created prejudice against the parties. The only argument I made use of was this—"That if the *coachman* was half as steady as his teams, the thing would be better." Now NIMROD, in his answer to me, appears to have deviated from the subject, and to have rested his sole argument on the civility of the coachmen, and the good appointment of the teams. The truth of this was never disputed; on the contrary, I maintain that the horsing of the Southampton Union is excellent, and many of its teams would doubtless do honour to Sir Henry Peyton's establishment, or any other gentleman's. It was the method of *driving* only which called forth my censure. The *cantering* system, I again repeat, I detest to see; no coach, let it be ever so well built, can preserve its equilibrium so well when the horses are in the canter or in the gallop, as when they are in the trot. The Telegraph, I believe, performs the same distance in the same space of time as the Union; but this coach never presumes to gallop, excepting on any great emergency, or when the impetuosity of the steeds will scarcely allow force of hands to restrain them.

Fowler, indeed, is blameless in every other respect but in driving.

He is entirely the cut of a modern stage coachman—neat, active, civil, obliging. He is a pattern to all others in his line of life. Let him keep his horses better together, and he will then be as perfect in his station of life as human nature will allow.

Messrs. Wignell and Steers I am not so well acquainted with, but since NIMROD gives them a good character, I readily believe him, and wish them well.

Great indeed would be my sorrow if my sentiments should prove in the slightest degree detrimental to the welfare of any individual, especially of any one who may chance to move in a sphere more humble than mine own. We are all human; all sprung from the same parents, Adam and Eve; all subject to err both in word, thought, and deed: in my opinion, therefore, it is the duty of every one to advise and reprove any individual, be he friend or foe, whenever he is found to deviate from the rules of decency and decorum. In this way have I acted with regard to the Southampton Union, and I will adhere to this same principle as long as it lies in my power to subscribe myself, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant.

LAUDATOR PRESENTIS ÆVI.
Canterbury, October 5, 1826.

SUMMERING THE HUNTER.

SIR,
IF the following observations appear worthy of your notice, you will much oblige me by committing them to print:—

Much has been said during the last year or two respecting the proper management of hunters during the summer months. From

what I can collect from the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, the prevalent opinion seems to be in favour of what is called the summering the hunter in the house. But because a particular system happens to gain considerable popularity, it does not necessarily follow that it must be absolutely right. I have given the subject the consideration that the humble powers of my mind are masters of, and I cannot yet bring myself to coincide with this novel doctrine. I have now kept horses for ten years, and the system I adopt is this—viz. I turn four horses into a space of about three acres, with a yard and shed adjoining, to which they may retire as nature dictates. This shed the animals invariably occupy during the heat of the day, and at night and early in the morning I have constantly seen them take that exercise in feeding which is necessary to health, and which a simple stall and confined yard cannot afford. A gallon of corn per day to each, and some good old hay, keeps up that solid firm flesh which is so apparent at the close of the hunting season, and the little grass that horses devour is a fine substitute for the constant laxatives which a groom must administer in the house to keep the bodies cool and prevent inflammatory complaints. The benefit that accrues to the feet of horses from adopting this plan must be incalculable, as Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE, whom NIMROD in the plenitude of his popularity so sharply criticizes, has so amply testified.

One argument used against turning a horse to grass is, that he hardly ever escapes some accident; upon my plan I never experienced an accident in my life. Another complaint is made—viz. that he

either comes up with what is called a grass cough, or soon turns a rank roarer. Our knowing stud grooms have not yet discovered the real truth. With due submission I affirm it to be this—viz. that the dew of heaven is not the source of disease, but that most grooms make too sudden a change, and bring their horses from a pure natural atmosphere, into a hot, unventilated, and consequently unhealthy stable, where every key-hole and every crevice visible is stuffed with hay or straw. And for what purpose? Oh monstrous! Why, for the purpose of producing a fine coat! Hard labour and strapping will effect this. To this practice a man may be an eye witness every day of his life; and what animal on earth, whether human being or horse, can undergo such treatment as this without the most pernicious consequences resulting from it?

The reader, perhaps, had better refer to Mr. White's clever book upon Farriery—a man, who formed a sound judgment not only by theory, but by a long extensive practice. Nine hunting stables out of ten are never ventilated at all; at least such I found to be the case in the country where I was hunting last season (one of the crack ones too), and (not to mention names) nearly all the horses in a celebrated hunting establishment were more or less affected during the months of November or December, with sore throats, bad eyes, or inflammation. I went through these stables, and there was little proof required to ascertain the cause—the unpleasant sensation to my eyes and nose told me, as well as the large drops resembling water, which hung upon the doors, ceilings, and walls.

The best mode that I can find

for ventilating a stable properly, is to run a large twelve-inch-square pipe through the hay loft to the top of the roof, and then to finish with a cupola, the sides of which are composed of feather-edged boards about three quarters of an inch a part from each other. On this plan I can find no improper draught, and your stable is comfortably warm with a free circulation of pure uncontaminated air.

Going back to horses at grass, NIMROD, in the last Number of the Magazine, quotes the concluding words of Sir Bellingham Graham's letter, "God help the horses that are at grass this summer." The Baronet would not relish being told that he did not ride well up to his hounds ten or twelve years ago, when I suppose all his hunters had their regular run at grass during the summer. To shew that I have good cause for forming these opinions, I can only, in addition, positively declare, that not a single hunter of mine has been heard to cough since he was taken into the stable.

If men differ at all, they ought to differ without any feeling of animosity: this I trust I have done; and, apologizing for having troubled you thus much, I will conclude with a hearty wish that success and prosperity may attend every fox-hunting establishment in his Majesty's dominions.

Your obedient humble servant,

A FRIEND TO THE CHASE.

October 4, 1826.

IMPROVEMENTS IN GUNS.

SIR,

I Can no longer delay what I have for months intended—that of addressing a few lines to you on the subject of improvements in

guns. I am not one who sits down to put his thoughts on paper merely for the sake of killing time; for my time is fully occupied otherwise: but being a sportsman ever since I was twelve years old, when my father used to make me carry a gun on the moors, I cannot give that healthful, nerve-bracing, delightful, and manly amusement of following the trigger up, and must submit my opinion of the great alterations, and "changes ever new" which gun-barrels, and the mode of igniting the charge, have gone through since I levelled a piece; and venture to suggest a method which from experiment I find (taking all in all) the greatest improvement. I care not a straw what your pigeon-shooters set down as gospel. I have a friend who shoots admirably at pigeons, and grouse perhaps; but when we are together, it is pretty easily ascertained who floors most snipes, partridges, landrails, woodcocks, and wild ducks. Pop-shooting will not suit these latter gentry; you must wait, and follow your bird. Snipe shooting I am fondest off.

I agree in most inferences drawn by your correspondent, A MEMBER OF THE BURTON HUNT, in his "Hints on town and country gun-makers:" but I wish to carry the observations farther, and give him the reason for the faults he finds with percussion guns. I admit, to a steady hand accustomed to flint—(a man should be either accustomed to flint or percussion)—there is not so much to choose; for if a sportsman has a well-finished flint gun, with not too small a touch-hole (which is no detriment), and takes care to dry his powder on a warm plate (*upon which he can just bear his hand*) every morning before he goes to

the field, and then with a pricker insures the touch-hole being well filled each time of loading; there will be no very considerable difference in quickness of firing. But this is too much trouble. With ordinary caution a flint gun will hang a little occasionally: it shoots quicker sometimes than at other times. But all this is known to the sporting world. Now come my "perils of war." Your correspondent hints, that percussion guns do not kill as far as flint, "on account of the whole charge not acting:" in this he is perfectly correct, so long as he confines himself to those percussion guns where the pivot (*the peg upon which are fastened the copper caps*) goes into the centre of the barrels. These guns do not always shoot so far as they ought to do; and because the whole charge is not always ignited, very often to a fine ear a second explosion takes place about the centre of the barrel. And how does this happen?—I shall raise a host of gun makers about me—Because the construction of the breeches are now so far altered, that they are *spoiled*.

It is impossible to make a gun, which is constructed with a simple single pivot running into the centre of the breech, shoot always strong and always the same, unless it can be ascertained that the percussion powder contained in the cap is exactly of the same strength: because the very force of the percussion powder will sometimes dislodge the charge in the barrel a small way before the bulk of it explodes. All those breeches (which I have seen) with pivots running directly into them are made, without an antichamber, in the shape of a common funnel, and they cannot with safety be made other-

wiss, or with an antichamber; because if they are, the recoil is so great, and so much powder explodes out of the pivot from the antichamber as raises the cock, blows the splinters of the copper caps into your face, and often into your eyes. I suffered a little from placing a pivot in the centre of the antichamber.

What then is to be done? Certainly not an air hole on the side of the breech where the old-fashioned touch-hole remained! No, the only proper way of having percussion guns to fire regularly well and strong (although I admit not the quickest of all quick plans) is, to have a breech made (as every one ought to be for the sake of the strength of the screw which affixes it to the barrel) like a funnel, where the body of the charge of powder lies: then an anti-chamber behind that; and a tube through the side from the anti-chamber: and upon this tube affix the pivot. This is no new plan: it is the way single guns were originally made to shoot with copper caps; but, take it all in all, it is the best plan.

Then as to the size of the guns—bore can make no difference; otherwise, when the pivots are set on without an anti-chamber, any one, by firing first a wide bore and then a narrow bore with the same charge, will soon be convinced that the whole charge does not always properly ignite: because the wide bore will shoot harder; whereas if the whole charge were ignited, the narrow bore would shoot much stronger, as they do in breeches with the anti-chamber and thimbles.

The best gun that ever I handled, and will kill the farthest—and I have some of my grandfather's and great grandfathers' old duck guns, and also H. Nock's hard

shooting guns—was one of Forsyth's double-barrelled detonator, eighteen bore; which I easily altered on the plan of the tube and pivot I mention—save one single gun of my grandfather's of a barrel of peculiar construction. All guns should have, to shoot hard, "a shot bed." You cannot make a barrel with a fair charge of powder, perfectly cylindrical, kill more than twenty-five yards or so; but if the borer will make them in the bore a little wider just where the shot lies, and for about three inches farther, gradually diminishing to the size of the original bore at the muzzle, they will kill almost any distance. The gun which I say shot so hard was about three feet long, had a patent breech in it, was bored wider where the powder and shot lay, and gradually diminished to about a foot of the muzzle, and then was bell or wide muzzled. Those who adopt my plan of having a tube from the side of the breech, and a pivot upon that tube, should make their madding of good stiff card or hat, cut out a size larger than the bore, so as to fill it well, in order that the powder may be forced home to the cap; otherwise they may miss fire occasionally. I have also to complain that the charge now generally put at the top of modern powder flasks is quite too small. The proposition of percussion requiring less powder than flint is humbug or moonshine altogether. Never let a shooter put in less than will fill one of old H. Nock's patent breeches of a single gun, and then, with straight powder, he will be sure of his bird within fifty yards. These experiments have cost me many a penny, many an hour's sleep, and they may be good hints to young sportsmen. If you think

them readable, and worthy insertion, I freely give them.

An Old Sportsman and Old Subscriber.

ON MELILOT TREFOIL, AS FOOD
FOR HORSES AND CATTLE,
AND ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

SIR,

MANY years since, I either extracted from the *Iliad*, or noted the extract of some other person, I have forgotten which, giving the following high commendation of a plant, which was supposed to be the same with the common mellilot of this country, for a long time past viewed in no other light than a weed, troublesome and difficult of extirpation. I have not leisure, at this moment, to refer to the text in Homer; but it seems, the plant was cultivated on the domains of Menelaus, and particularly for the use of his breeding studs of horses, as most salubrious, and best adapted of all other grasses or plants to that purpose. Achilles also is recorded to have fed with this plant, as a remedy for "stiffness in horses from inaction." Among the moderns, Dr. James, in his *Dispensatory*, gives a high character of mellilot, as tonic, warming, and cleansing—Dr. Willich also, in his *Domestic Encyclopædia*, and Linnaeus, under the terms *Pan Succus*. M. Gilbert, in his *Traité de Prairies Artificiels*, warrants that "mellilot, green or dry, is eaten by horses, and all cattle, asses, goats, sheep, and pigs." The late Mr. Young appeared very desirous of promoting the culture of this plant, adverting to it in various parts of his *Annals of Agriculture*, and reporting that it will grow on all soils—on some to the height of

more than six feet; that all live stock affect it, and that horses and deer are particularly fond of it. He says, horses eat up this plant, woody stalks and all, though not hungry—a fact which I witnessed a month since with a high-fed horse. Mr. Young saw a plant of it growing on a lime-stone quarry, soil not three inches deep and without moisture, standing alone, a perfect shrub, still finer and more luxuriant than any vegetation near to it. A horse in a field of clover was observed to select and prefer this plant, eating it up greedily, stalks and all, to the very root.

This *trifolium* (*Melilotus Officinalis*, or, as the Italian botanists have it, *Trifolium Caballinum*), Ray affirms, was formerly cultivated in England for kine and horses, as it is at present in Germany, and in Switzerland for sheep. It used to be too abundant in Essex, in the fen districts, and in the vicinity of Hull, as a weed on the corn lands. It succeeds well on poor sandy loams, reaching the height of two or three feet, and flourishing in heat and drought, when the natural grasses are all burned up; and has been found three or four feet high on poor dry sands, retaining its verdure very late in the season, being also a hardy plant, defying the rigours of winter. Nevertheless, it loves shade, and in France is cut green in the woods for cows at Michaelmas. The flowers abroad vary in colour, but in this country are almost invariably yellow, of a sweet aromatic scent, and open in June—the seed ripening in July and August. There is a similar scent in the whole plant, stronger when dry. Water distilled from the mellilot flowers has been held to

improve the flavour of other substances, and bees are very partial to those flowers; whence a plantation of melilot near to the hives is of great use, to those industrious insects, by reducing the labour of research. One or two yellowish, roundish, and smooth seeds are found in the pods.

It is curious that, although it has stood somewhat high among my hobby horses to attempt the introduction of this plant as a regular article of culture, ever since my residence in Hants, which is no short portion of time, I have neglected to set about it actively and in earnest. In truth, this vacillation lies between my friend Mr. Gibbs and me; for it must be full twenty years ago when I first requested his effective assistance in the matter, and we have been talking about and about it ever since, until the present year; when, to my great satisfaction, he shewed me a melilot plant in the Nursery at Brompton, assuring me, that next season I may rely upon his intention to have a piece of land planted of sufficient extent for an experiment. To those who may choose to make trial of this plant, Mr. Gibbs will be able to give the necessary information, and to supply the seed. He inclines to prefer the Siberian seed. The plant in his nursery is, I believe, three years old. Melilot was formerly recommended as proper for brood mares and young stock, both as cleansing and extremely invigorating; thence I beg leave to place my *protégé* under the more effectual patronage of Mr. Wilson, who possesses such an extensive breeding stud; and who has, I understand, within the last two or three years, laid down, in a good style and successfully, to

grass, between twenty and thirty acres of land at Bildeston. I crave the same liberty of recommendation with NIMROD, as it is likely the trefoil may prove the heartiest green food which he can give to his hunters in the summer season; and without intending a joke, among the wonders of this wonderful shrub, I have been informed this very day, that it is equally efficacious with fenugrec, or any of those nostrums, in making a horse's coat fine!

No man living, I take it for granted, has seen this plant cultivated in our country. I should, in course, sow the seed in rows, with wide intervals for the hoe. A field of these on a good sandy loam, averaging, perhaps, at the height of five or six feet, and in full flower, would make a picturesque and beautiful rural spectacle. A Mr. Salter, in Norfolk, formerly introduced the plan of dibbling oats on poor unthrifty grass land. Would it not be more profitable to *salter* such poor land with melilot? An immense quantity of it apparently might be grown upon an acre of land, and animals eat the whole plant, stalks and all, green or dry; whence it might succeed as hay; and particularly as the fine scent is retained in that state. Granting this mass of borrowed information, and conjecture, and hope of mine, should prove sterling, and be honoured when due, the new-old trefoil would be a mighty help to the provident farmer in a drouthy season like the last—both during the season itself, and with a prospective view to the following winter and spring—affording hay for the one, and green meat for the other; and that for every species of live stock; for my client is a

universalist. Equally so, in regard to soils; for the tenacious weed melilot, with all humility, embraces and fructifies the most poor and lowly, whilst it proudly towers upon and adorns the richest. We have it growing in the hedgerows, by-ways, and woods, of our Middlesex clays. Some classic has decreed honour to him who shall cause two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before. Stimulated by the promised reward, I am ambitious of a small slice of that honour, as the re-introducer of a long neglected but useful plant.

Another Hampshire fancy of mine, I trust, will not be quite neglected, since it has been lately noticed, so many years after date, in the Bath papers, I believe in the newspapers generally, and recommended by Sir John Sinclair. It is, to make stacks in autumn of straw (oat-straw to be preferred) and grass, natural or artificial, in alternate layers, the straw at bottom. The straw in a few months becomes impregnated by the juices of the grass, and thence tender, with some condition in it, forming a species of half-bred hay, the stack of which may be cut in the usual style, and given very advantageously to straw-yard horses, cattle, and sheep, helping to eke out the winter store.

In the August Number, p. 273, there is an energetic and just condemnation of the barbarous and, with extremely few exceptions, equally useless practice of FIRING, by a CHESHIRE EQUESTRIAN. This practice, however, farriers, and those farrierly inclined, will never consent to give up, having more distinct notions of it as a promoter of business to themselves, than as a cure for lameness in the

horse. E. P. details the most rational mode of cure for all curable cases: but when a horse is actually "broken down," as we phrase it, the expectation of cure is simply that of raising the dead. Further, when the contractile power and elasticity of the muscular and tendinous fibres are strained beyond a certain point—and in every horse there is that certain boundary, more or less critical—the full natural and firm elastic power can never be restored. The horse, indeed, may have the general appearance of soundness, and be even capable of considerable exertion; which, however, will never fail to reduce the imperfect tone of the fibres, and bring back lameness; which again may be partially remedied by rest and proper treatment; these alternations going on to the end of the chapter. This chapter I have more than once diligently and practically read through to the last verse.

THE OLD FORESTER has been most sedulous in his exertions, and has given a most satisfactory detail of every thing of consequence relative to the horse in France. He speaks somewhere (I write from memory) of the small *muzzles* (doubtless he meant to say) of some of the French horses, and of the large and elevated crests of the mares. Many years ago, and I suppose because the Godolphin Arabian had a small muzzle, *that* was looked upon as an indication of the highest degree of racing blood; but seeing so many high-bred and good cow-mouthed racers, I soon gave a cut to that notion. We have had some few Godolphin-crested stallions; indeed very few—and it is singular that the elevated crest of the foreign mare is never propagated (in the mares) of this

country. In his P.S. (Oct. No.) he speaks of the Spanish horses. The chief evidence, however, of their introduction into this country, seems to be, of a number saved on the coast of Scotland from ships of the Great Armada, wrecked on that coast. The superior, or blood species in Spain were the *Jennets*, a small breed, originally Barbs. Some few English turf breeders, among them Dr. Bracken, tried them as stallions, but without any record of their success. They became, in course, mixed with the indigenous Spaniards, improving that breed, in which they have been long since merged.

To make a question of "What constitutes the English thorough-bred racer?" is an attempt to raise the dead indeed. That subject was quietly put to bed, many years since, and not one idea of novelty, or to the purpose, has been of late elicited. It is a common, but not a judicious or safe practice, to write without reference to that which has been already written. A reputed winner, stallion or brood mare, of regular prizes, by custom of the turf, is always accredited as "thorough-bred"—that is to say, their performances, or use, demonstrate a sufficient quantity of South-Eastern blood; and it has long been well known that a single occasional or accidental dip of common English blood may not mar the racer; but beyond that turf-breeders have never yet ventured to proceed. Indeed, nature seems to have decreed that no horse, below seven-eighths of blood, shall be able to contend with the full-bred racer. I have never yet read, or heard, of a reputed runner only three parts bred. Thus Sampson's stock, though at first with some repug-

nance and objection, were received within the pale; and such would have been the fortune of the stock of the last Driver, had he proved a successful stallion. Thus we see the absurdity of the idea of horses having a Sampson cross in their blood being admitted to start as *cocktails*! Having, for reasons which I assigned, introduced the old story of Sampson, generally known on the turf long before my time, though it fell to my lot to be the first publisher of the particulars, the question arises, should not his portrait (I am not aware that it is already there) appear in the *Magazine*? A good drawing, a correct and excellent likeness, was taken of Sampson, the time and the then state of the art considered. I have an engraving of him, but no doubt the original portrait is in existence. My old man assured me Sampson was master of twenty stone.

Keeping racers idle and unproductive until five years old, is another well-worn, if not quite thread-bare, topic. Exclusive of the serious fact, that turf-breeding is matter of pecuniary interest, as well as of pastime, it would be absurd indeed to keep a rabble of bred things, at such an enormous expense, to that age untried. Money enough in all conscience is kicked down upon the turf under the present system. I always admired the motto on Mother Brown's job coach, furnished, it was said, by George Selwyn—*Medio tutissimus ibis*. As a medium, then, let us change the training and work of our promising young racers, for those of less severity. Thence no detriment to them will arise, even if trained yearlings, which by the bye is unnecessary, their second year being sufficiently early. We may safely transfer to the subject

of the turf the old adage, *Pocula non sat*; for if your horse be not foaled a racer (and multitudes of the highest bred are not such), all the waiting and training that life will allow will not make him one. Although the five-year-old plan has, in a few instances, been actually essayed, to be however soon relinquished, it has been generally fortuitous when running has been delayed to that period. *Holipoe*, I was informed, was taken in hand at the usual time, and his training and starting were delayed until five years old, either by his being constantly amiss, or from some other preventive cause. But all the arguments in favour of the five-year-old plan are mere sieves, and in direct opposition to unimpeachable experience. The great majority of our best racers have been early trained and early raced, unnecessarily severe as that training has ever been and still is. Nor can we complain that these early measures impede the growth of our race horses, since we have so many of them upwards of sixteen hands high.

Doncaster Races, last Number.

—That must be an *OBSERVATOR*; who else could set such jewels in print? If such a thing can be, it is a good substitute for being in person at Doncaster; and so far I for one am amply content. I had backed *Mulatto* in my own mind, not only from what I heard of his condition, but from the short distance he had to travel. This writer has done the North-Country jockeys *brown*, and is far above any apprehension of the hornet's nest; still awarding them due justice for common sense, and keeping their nags in good heart and sufficient strength to carry them through the piece. It is a quality

of the highest importance in a training groom. But his lament over poor *Confederate*, and his advice that "humanity be extended to that most noble animal the race-horse," evinces a superior mind, and entitles him to the highest honour in all those from whom it is worth a man's while to accept honour. I had heard from another quarter of an excess of savage and sickening brutality, exercised upon one of the horses at Doncaster. When unsaddled at coming in, my informant told me, with a grin and the utmost *nonchalance*, "that the horse was so whipped and spurred that he, the spectator, wondered his guts did not come out—that he was ripped from shoulder to flank, as if it had been done with a butcher's knife." I shall not put down in black and white the reward I wish, from my inmost heart, to such operators, proprietors, and calm observers. It would be a precious one—feeling taught by example. These atrocities of barbarism and ignorance are a foul blot on the age and country we live in, and it is not thus we shall succeed in humanizing the Muscovite. Will no new Sir Charles Bunbury arise, young, active, beneficent, with sufficient influence and fortune to stem this torrent of beastly, degrading, and unnecessary cruelty—to protect an animal, the great source of our profit and our delight, and to earn the enviable honour of merciful and fair treatment, through his means made customary and the order of the day upon the turf?

At page 365 of this account, I could not resist a smile. Providence, indeed, was well set to work to get up a fine day for the benefit of a congregation of horse-couriers. Does not the circumstance of Tar-

rare *suddenly* throwing out a splint near the tendons indicate over-training, and defect of previous observation? I address this to his noble and benevolent proprietor. And what is the ground of that prejudice against Catton's stock?—Is it a Sampson cross? How is it that the question relative to the pedigree of *Filho da Puta* hath not yet been put to rest?

The first page (same Number) of "NIMROD on the Road," cannot fail to mark him with distinction as a man of discernment, above vulgar prepossessions, and of right moral feelings. I have once or twice before ventured to suggest some danger to him on this subject; from moral considerations, his intense predilection considered. The truth is, he has more than once driven his team to the very edge of the precipice; but he has now made a most complete and satisfactory *amende honorable*. I regret the want of leisure, at this instant, to proceed beyond the first page. His essays on the Road are among my hobby-horses.

P. 429, (*ib.*) I really overlooked my exposure by A NOVICE; and he, as well as NIMROD, appears to have mistaken me, who, in the very letter in question, decried the folly of exposing a horse in the "fly season." My meaning is this—if a horse *must* be abroad at such a season, he will, as I and hundreds beside have observed, be more harassed by the flies at the commencement, or at first turning out, than afterwards. His skin, which at first is thin and open, will thicken by degrees from the accretion of dirt and sweat, and in consequence of being moistened by the dews of night. The case is parallel with a horse turned off for a winter's run; he is always most

sensible of cold at its first access, until habit and the astringent effect of the air upon his hide render him case-hardened. Such is my "dotage." Not that I boggle or kick at the word—for Billy Cobbett *rules* that every man becomes a driveller after seventy; and who shall dare to gainsay the dicta of Billy? The last, indeed, was a season, in which no man in his wits could think of keeping his hunters abroad late. Hunters cannot well be stripped and turned off too early. Good hard hay and corn must then be the substitutes for grass, and the horses may be safely housed and preparing for work before the fly shall be ready, in number or strength, for their annoyance.

Page 433, (*Ibidem.*) I rejoice to find NIMROD a drill-husband, and hope the width of his rows, at any rate, borders on the orthodox. Six-inch drilling, from lost labour, I take to be bad broad-casting. The latter part of NIMROD's observations and instructions, how to raise a luxuriant crop of wheat, will cause some farmers to smile, and others to frown.—If spaying fillies has not succeeded of late, it was not so in former days, when it was disused from other and probably sufficient causes. I have had formerly, by a London cutter, three young sows out of six killed under that operation; whereas in Hants I never lost one, though I kept fifteen breeders. Our old cutter in that county, Cordery, must by this time be gathered to his fathers, who served the Basingstoke and Aldermaston districts in that capacity, I was informed, two centuries ago. His son and successor, I trust, yet lives, though now an old man. I have much to say on the commonly-received notions respecting hard meat, and its effects on the

horse, and something on the subject of racing weights.

American Horses, page 411.—These accounts remind me of the old story of the Arab trial in the Desert, where the horse is ridden one hundred miles without drawing bit, and then plunged over head and ears in a river. Perhaps neither Arabian nor American miles are measured with English accuracy. Let us witness their performances *here*. I wish the American Eclipse had been sent to Newmarket at four years old. We have hacks enough here, that would travel fifty or sixty measured miles per day during a month, but they would not be the better for it.

The article on "Stage and Posting," (*Ibid.* page 424,) is rational and most commendable for its humanity. It is a disgraceful spectacle in a nation of horsemen to see a huge thundering fellow, perhaps of fourteen stone, upon a poor post hack, which has all that weight to carry as well as to draw, and likely enough a cripple beside. In 1796 I proposed a light chair or box, in front, instead of this shameful trespass; and I had the satisfaction to see it adopted by some few postmasters; but the improvement was soon discontinued, on the plea that the too-near approach of the post-boy to their persons offended the fastidious delicacy of passengers.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

TWO LETTERS ON THE PRACTICE OF FIRING HORSES.

SIR,

IN the Number of your Magazine for August, *EQUESTRIAS PRIMUS* holds forth, in no gentle terms, against all people who, un-

VOL. XIX. N. S.—No. 110.

der any circumstances, have advised or performed the operation of firing. He sets out with saying, "If the animal be battered by hard road-work, till every fibre of the leg be in a state of inflammation, the vessels so relaxed as to be incapable of perfectly retaining or transmitting their proper fluids.....he is forthwith to have burning irons applied to cauterize his already too inflamed limbs." It needs no one risen from the dead to tell us, that this writer has a sovereign contempt for the "dogmas of the schools," or he would not have talked of inflammation and relaxation existing in the same part at the same time; "but let that pass." No competent veterinary surgeon—and I conceive the question ought to rest with them—would ever dream of firing, or applying *any* stimulant to a horse's leg whilst in a state of inflammation. All inflammatory symptoms should be allowed to subside before *any* excitant is made use of; and if there are people ignorant enough to fire an inflamed limb, be the sin upon their own heads. The abuse of any operation is no argument against its utility; if it were, there are few that would not be brought into disrepute, when they fall into unskilful hands. Probably the above remarks of E. P. are meant to apply to my observations upon firing post horses (June Number); if so, I wish to inform him, that in no instance was the iron ever used till all evidence of inflammation had ceased to exist, nor till gentler means had been found of no avail.

E. P. next says, that, by firing, "the muscular fibres, which ought to slip glibly over each other," become "agglutinated by the exudation of fluids not proper for their

E

lubrication, &c. &c." Attend, ye physiologists! a new light is broken in upon you; for E. P. tells you the muscles slip glibly over each other, and any pressure must "impede muscular action;" whilst you in your ignorance say, they are bound down by fasciæ, to prevent their slipping about, and that their power may be increased! Muscles act by an innate contractile power, and have neither slipping nor sliding motion, and are lubricated with fluid to keep them in a fit state for action, that they may not become rigid. Does E. P. know, from facts, that the internal economy of muscles is altered by firing? Mere assertions go for nothing. But where did he meet with any one so ignorant as to fire a horse over a muscular part? It is no remedy for muscular diseases, nor did I ever hear of its being applied as a mean of cure in such cases. It surely cannot be necessary to tell him, that, with the exception of a few minute fibres, the use of which is not known, there are no muscles below the knee or hock.

And now for the very bone of contention. He says, "I fearlessly throw down the gauntlet to the abettors of this cruel and destructive treatment, to shew me on what anatomical or physiological principles they can defend the delusion:" from which I presume he wishes to have explained the curative action of firing. Whether it be possible to convince *him* of the way in which firing acts as a medical agent, I am not able to determine; yet I take it, the *modus operandi* of his own remedy, mercurial plasters and bandages, is dependent upon the same principles as the one he has so positively condemned. It is a law of the animal

economy, that parts possessing but little vascularity—as ligaments, tendons, &c.—are not so prone to become diseased, as those that have a more liberal circulation of blood: but when diseased action is set up in such parts, it is tedious in its course; and after inflammation has gone down, a strong stimulus is frequently required to excite healthy action in them. It also generally happens, that when a horse receives a considerable injury to a tendinous or ligamentary part, effusion of lymph takes place, which, interfering with the functions of the part, requires stimulation of the absorbents for its removal. Firing occasions inflammation upon the skin—thus acting as a counter-irritant—stimulates the absorbents, and excites in the ligaments or tendons that action which is essential to their restoration to a healthy state. So far then its action is similar in principle, but stronger in degree, to that of blisters, mercurial plasters, with bandages, &c. &c. If, therefore, they are of use, firing cannot be prejudicial; and although I do not advocate the use of the iron as a mere stimulant—as I believe it can be done without—yet I wish to shew that there is nothing unphysiological in its application. It, however, sometimes happens that when ligaments or tendons are exerted beyond their power, either from sudden or continued causes, they remain in a state of debility, and cannot perform their accustomed functions without being supported from without. This is well shewn in ourselves in sprains of the wrist or ankle. How many are there that, after such an accident, cannot for months, years, nay even their whole lives, make strong exertion of the part, with-

out first applying a bandage round it! For these cases in the horse we have no substitute for firing; no other bandage can be so accurately applied; no other bandage can be usefully applied at the time it is most wanted, when the animal is in action.

E. P.'s observations about producing inflammation of the nerves, blood vessels, &c. and their being more or less unable to right themselves again, is nothing but assertion. There is no evidence of the functions of any of these parts being injured by the operation; and I only wonder this acute pathologist had not said, that the heat produced by the application of a hot iron to the skin coagulated the blood within the vessels supplying the limb, and so the circulation became destroyed.

Being a dear lover of peace, I will thus far agree with E. P., that it is right to try gentle means first; he shall turn out, "with all appliances and means to boot," a twentieth part of laudanum and all; and if at the end of two months the horse comes up sound, I will say as positively as he does, that such horse ought not to have been fired. But suppose he does not become sound by the run, &c.—and that this now and then is the case, I think E. P. will not deny—what is to be done? Why, if there is *ostensible* disease of the ligaments or tendons—but not without—fire, and you will often effect a cure.

I have before observed, that it is from its too indiscriminate use, from its being applied unnecessarily, and in cases in which it can do no good, that firing has been brought into disrepute; but that it is an important and valuable

operation in proper hands, and will often succeed when other means have failed, I know from authority far higher than that of EQUESTRIS PRIMUS, or a wiser man—from EXPERIENCE!

I have now, Mr. Editor, "said my say;" and nothing but very cogent reasons will bring me out again upon this subject; and perhaps you will exclaim "Enough—no more!" M.

September 25, 1836.

SIR—"I hope I don't intrude," as Paul Prysays; but seeing in your Number for August a letter signed EQUESTRIS PRIMUS, the object of which being evidently calculated to excite unjust prejudice against the operation of firing horses, induced me, even at this distance from the metropolis, to trouble you with my ideas on the subject. Whether they will be acceptable either to you and those who read your highly-interesting Numbers or not, is yet to be decided on. EQUESTRIS PRIMUS says, "I insist upon it that firing in every case must do a most serious injury, and increase the ailment it was meant to remedy;" and recommends, as a substitute, rest and lotions, as equal to the removal of most causes of lameness during the inflammatory stage; and that a mercurial plaster over the diseased parts will effectually promote absorption after the inflamed state of the limb has been subdued. Now, with respect to his treatment during the existence of inflammation, I with pleasure confess it to be very judicious; but I want to know, and shall be happy of the information, how a mercurial plaster is to supply effectually the long-established

use of firing, properly performed, followed up by the action of the following blister:—

Cantharides, in powder, 2 drams.
Oil of turpentine..... ½ ounce.
Hog's lard 1 ounce.

(The above medicines are to be well incorporated, and rubbed on the diseased parts immediately after the operation has been neatly performed.) And I feel no hesitation in declaring it as my decided opinion, that if chronic lamenesses, produced either by ligamentous, tendinous, cartilaginous, or osseous causes, do not yield to its influence, to mercurial plasters it never can! It would be an object of the highest importance in point of humanity, if the lenient treatment proposed by EQUESTRIIS PRIMUS should be found to render firing and blistering unnecessary; and rely upon it I would not be the last to adopt it. But from a conviction that it never will, nay cannot, be the case, I should be doing an injustice to my feelings on the subject if I did not declare it. I am satisfied, that firing and blistering are both oftentimes employed unnecessarily; but that it *must always do an injury*, is what I shall not quickly believe. I willingly appeal to any practical veterinarian (and I wish some one would give us his opinion), whether or not he has ever seen firing and blistering succeed, even after other proposed remedies had failed? And I boldly assert, that man's practice must be limited indeed, and his observation on disease still more so, who does not pronounce the operation of firing, judiciously employed, an highly beneficial one.

I am, Sir, &c. MUNGO.

North of Devon, Sept. 5, 1826.

THE DEVONIAN ON TURNING OUT HORSES TO GRASS.

SIR,

I Had begun to flatter myself that the argument of whether the hunter should or should not be summered in the stable, had ceased, and that Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE, if he still entertained his deep-rooted aversion to the system laid down by NIMROD, would have at least allowed those who were convinced of its utility to have continued their plan without any further opposition or observations on his part. I find, however, that I have been greatly mistaken; and in your last Number we are again favoured with a few more remarks on this topic. No new light has been thrown on the subject—his letter being merely a *mélange* of his former prosaical lucubrations, accompanied with the usual quantity of invective against NIMROD, THE OLD FORESTER, and others, who unfortunately differ from him in opinion. His assertion, that nine-tenths of the hunters of the present day are summered in the field, I conceive to be far from being the literal case. For my own part, I never yet met with any one, who, having once kept his hunters in the stable during the summer, was ever again induced to resort to the old grass system.

Mr. LAWRENCE remarks, that the additional expense is considerable. I beg leave to refer him to your Number for January, where he will find that this *enormous expense*, which is to deter modern fox-hunters from summering their horses in the stable, is—for six horses, in nine weeks, 13l. 18s., or 2l. 6s. 4d. per horse. Besides, I maintain, for a person who is rather short in his number

of horses, this system of economy to be decidedly injurious, as, from practical observation, I have been able to ascertain, that, among horses of ordinary *and equal* capacity, four of them that have been summered in the stable are capable of doing, with ease, as much work *as six* that have been "*deriving the manifold benefits of ranging at liberty, and at ease, and stretching themselves upon cool and refreshing mother earth.*" I can only assure Mr. LAWRENCE that hunters, treated in the latter manner, are very apt, towards the end of a *severe run* in the early part of the season, to repose themselves *at liberty on the mother earth*, in a way highly distasteful to the rider, whatever may be the feelings of the horse.

Since he avows himself so fond of facts, I can afford to give him one. Having purchased an Irish mare, whose legs evinced very improper treatment, I was strongly recommended to give her a summer's run, by way of refreshing and fining them down. I was determined, nevertheless, upon trying a very different experiment, and kept her in a loose box during the whole summer. Her legs were first blistered; wet bandages were afterwards constantly applied, and alteratives occasionally given. The result has been most fortunate; and her late owner happening to see her a few days ago, declared that, while in his possession, she never had been in such blooming condition, and that her legs were completely restored.

Two other instances, very nearly similar, have come under my observation in this neighbourhood. Many and serious are the internal injuries sustained by horses, (and which their owners often are at a

loss to account for,) that are brought on entirely from severe work when not in real condition; and however early a horse may be taken up from grass, no liberties can be taken with him, or in other terms he will not be quite up to the mark until the season is pretty far advanced—an inconvenience of by no means a slight nature. The grass system, however, is strongly recommended on the plea of economy; but I sincerely trust, and am moreover perfectly confident, that sportsmen of the present day act in a more liberal manner, and that they do not allow their better judgment to be blinded by a *false* and ridiculous appeal to their humanity, founded on principles equally fallacious both in theory and practice.

Mr. LAWRENCE affirms, that *he has already proved that the hunters and hounds of days long past achieved as great things in the field as our highest-famed of the present day!* If, as I conclude he does, he means to refer to the comparative speed of fox-hounds, might I be allowed to ask him whence the frequent complaint among old sportsmen, that fox-hunting in the present age partakes a little too much of racing? It has been positively asserted that Mr. LAWRENCE never was a fox-hunter, and that at any rate he has not been seen at a covert side for thirty years. Such being the case, NIMROD is perfectly justified in saying that he is totally unqualified to give an opinion on the subject.

One word to the *Fox-hunter Rough and Ready*. Let him not suppose, that because a man has been accustomed to hunt in the land of milk and honey, as he is pleased to term it, he is incapable

of getting over a bad country, when either chance or the *dura necessitas* may place it before him. One who is really devoted to the noble amusement of fox-hunting *must* and *will* get to hounds, whatever are the obstacles he may meet with; nor has that person a right to the title of *workman*, who can only get over a particular style of country.

I am, Sir, your very obedient,

A DEVONIAN.

Brenton, October.

THE OLD FORESTER, ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

SIR,
PRAY, Mr. —, said a lady who was sitting next me at a dinner party last week, "do you not occasionally contribute to the *Sporting Magazine*?" On my nodding assent, she continued, "if you have any thing for the next month I shall make Mr. P. take the *Magazine* in for the future." As I never refused the request of a beautiful woman, and NIMROD having, with his usual kindness and liberality to a brother contributor, offered me part of his box on the *reviewing road*, I take up my pen to answer certain of your correspondents for this month's *Magazine*. Allow me, first, to pay my humble tribute of applause to the masterly letter of the BREEDER OF COCKTAILS, which I read over three times running, and have nearly got by heart. What a valuable addition would such descriptions be, joined on to the letter press of the "Winners of the Great St. Leger at Doncaster!" Where a man's heart is really in the work, he cannot help writing a

good letter. Such is the case of a BREEDER OF COCKTAILS: whenever he touches on horse racing, he does it *con amore*, and of course a capital letter follows.

PHILO-EQUUS hopes I shall not feel hurt at some remarks of his on a late letter of mine, where I mentioned the great capability of enduring fatigue of the Breton bidets. I will not say *all* would do so; but I make no doubt there are very many of that race capable of continuing for a month at a certain number (say fifty to sixty) of miles per day without failing; but then they must go their *own* pace, which is a kind of amble, which gets you on at the rate of five miles an hour, and out of which pace very few Frenchmen ever get. Those among the French who are in the habit of making long journeys on horseback, start very early in the morning, often at day-break, continuing the journey with but little delay, except from taking a dram here or there, till noon; they rest during the heat of the day, and resume their journey in the cool of the evening. The nags are thus always kept going *within themselves*, always having a pull left in them, which is the great art of riding or driving horses on the road. They can go much faster if wanted, as I found on my return to Dinan from St. Brieux, having gone the last stage, between seventeen and eighteen miles, with ease in an hour and thirty-five minutes, with the thermometer at 80 odd *in the shade*—though, taking the weight of a French saddle at *twenty-eight pounds*, I must have rode nearly thirteen stone. To save myself from the charge of cruelty (which there is one of your correspondents quite ready to do with me), I should add, that my finger

was more used to my horse's mouth than my heels to his sides.

In speaking of travelling in America, an officer of the 70th regiment, lately quartered in Upper Canada, told me the other day that few people have any idea of the rate of winter-travelling by public conveyances in North America on sledges, or as they call them sleighs, drawn by four horses, and carrying eight insides, together with one on the box with the driver. Between Quebec and New York they average nearly a hundred miles a day, stopping for breakfast and lunch. They sleep all night on the road, resuming their journey very early in the morning, and halting about six in the evening, or earlier, for the night. They change horses frequently, the ground being hard frozen snow, on which the draught must be very trifling indeed. Abundance of very excellent food, and a good bed, await the traveller at each inn: though not served up with any of the refinement of some of ours in England.

I feel much flattered at the manner in which I find myself quoted by your excellent and most able correspondent Count VELTHEIM; whom I one day hope to have the pleasure of meeting in his own country, should chance direct my steps towards the North next year. As it is my intention to take a review of this year's racing in your Number for December, I shall postpone further remarks on his letter till that period.

So Mr. J. LAWRENCE is again, as he most delectably terms it, *jumping a rejoinder*; and, as usual, having exhausted himself in a vain

attempt to refute the new system of summering the hunter, has a quiet kick at me. Comparisons, they say, are odious; and to none do they seem more so than to Mr. J. LAWRENCE. This modern Duncius* of sporting literature will be attended to, when the lucubrations of his friend Major Cartwright shall be adopted by Parliament (annual of course), and the reveries of Jerry Bentham be *understood*: and *his* mode of summering the hunter supersede that of NIMROD, when the *fox-hunters* of Leicestershire and the pheasant preservers of Norfolk exchange *counties*, but not till then.

Leaving this ungrateful subject at a distance, only brought on me by the irascibility of your worthy but sometimes mistaken old contributor, I pass on to the Few Lines of NIMROD. In reminding me of Mr. Knight's experiments in fillies, I have to add his reasons for putting so hazardous an experiment to the test. Among neat cattle, Mr. K. observed, that the male being rendered incapable of increasing his race approached nearly in form to the cow; while the *sterile* heifer came more nearly to that of the bull; and for working purposes being hardier than the ox. His idea was, that the same would take place with regard to the mare; and he felt confirmed in his opinion, by observing some of the best mares having turned out barren; citing Victoria as a strong instance in point. Mr. Charlton, partly convinced by his neighbour's argument, tried the experiment on two fillies, by Friday—one a sucker, and the other a yearling; they, however, soon died, and he consi-

* An ancient critic who abused Pope, whose irascibility increased by age, and wrote against works which he could not know the merit and meaning of.—OLD FORESTER.

dered his other blood-stock far too valuable to again try the experiment.

Being as great an enemy to thin potations as ever *Falstaff* was, I can readily sympathise with Nixxon's unhappy plight at Abingdon. Something of the same kind occurred some years ago at a race ordinary at Hereford, when the late Duke of Norfolk was one of the party: his Grace, as well as the rest of the company, finding the *so-called* wine quite undrinkable, very quickly summoned the worthy host of the hotel, and filling him a half-pint bumper of the Day and Martin he had sent to the guests, addressed him gravely thus:—"Mr. B., the company and myself are so delighted with the *exquisite flavour* of the vintage, that we have drank your health, and have now sent for you to return thanks, and drink ours in return in a bumper." In vain did the culprit attempt to excuse himself: the Duke was perempory: the poor wretch could only get down half of the precious liquid. He felt the rebuke; the obnoxious stuff was ordered away, and succeeded by the best wine in his cellar. I am sorry to hear that in merry England now, Abingdon is not the only place where sour "*vin du pays*," as it is termed in France, is substituted for good claret, which is an infamous shame. Very decent claret, at seven shillings a bottle, ought to be had at any inn—duty and the interest of the money included—and then afford a handsome profit to the landlord. But, thanks to Mr. Robinson, men may drink *La Fitte* or *Chateau Margaux* in their own houses at little more than five guineas a dozen, by importing directly from Bor-

deaux. I mention this, for the benefit of all thirsty sportsmen; and also, on the authority of a letter I lately saw from one of the first houses in Bordeaux, that this year's vintage will be superior, if possible, to that of last.

Cowes Regatta, which you have slightly touched on, under the head of "*Aquatics*," went off with the greatest *eclat*, notwithstanding the lateness of the season. Mr. Maxse, as your readers will have seen, was, as he always is in Leicestershire, first in the throng, though it required some persuasion on the part of his friends to induce him to enter for the Cup. Captain Lyons, of the Navy, who had assisted in building the *Miranda* at *Itchin*, not *Southampton*, came express (in her) from Guernsey, on purpose to assist in sailing her. Large sums were won and lost on the race, the *Arrow* being first favorite, and long odds offered against the *Miranda*. When only a few miles from home (the distance sailed being nearly eighty miles, including the tacks made by the different vessels), the *Arrow* had the temerity to cross the *Miranda* on the larboard tack, and had not Capt. Lyons taken the helm just in time, she must have been run down; as it was, the two vessels became entangled, and a scene of much violence took place from the excitement of the different crews, blows being interchanged. The gallant Sir James Jordon, who was on board Mr. Maxse's, had a narrow escape from a dreadful blow aimed at the back of his head by one of Mr. Wild's men with a *handspike*, as the two vessels were touching each other; he avoided the blow by ducking his head; and hitting out right and left, *à la Spring*, floored

the rascal with such tremendous violence that Captain Lyons told me afterwards he thought the fellow was done for. Finding, however, at the end of twenty minutes, that the Harriet had got (by means of their falling foul) considerably a-head; the Miranda dropped astern as the only means of extrication, by which the Arrow gained nearly a quarter of a mile; notwithstanding which, such was the superiority of the Miranda as a sailor, that she passed her very soon and won the cup cleverly. To give your readers some idea of her size, I need only mention her being one hundred and forty-seven tons; her main boom is sixty-seven feet long, and in a wind in fine weather she can set *two thousand five hundred yards* of canvas. She cost nearly *eight thousand* pounds: the annual expense of a vessel of her size, is about twelve hundred pounds.

The Yacht Club will be increased in force considerably next year. The Duke of Portland, Lord Belfast, and Mr. Weld, are each to build cutters of upwards of a hundred and ten tons; the latter gentleman, in consequence of his late defeat by the Harriet, was so disgusted with the hitherto victorious Arrow, that she is now for sale—price 5000l. The Lemingtonians, where the Arrow was built, were quite done brown in the last day's match, having rashly betted two to one on her. The Cowes people, on the contrary, were half mad with joy, Lord Belfast's vessel having been built at, and fitted out, from that town. Aquatics, however, are now over for the season: fox-hunting is just commencing, and many of the R. Y. C. are exchanging the round jacket and trowsers for the white top

VOL. XIX. N. S.—No. 110.

boot and red coat. That they may enjoy as much sport on land this winter as they have had during the summer months on the water, is the very sincere wish of

THE OLD FORESTER.

October 16, 1826.

HOLYWELL HUNT.

SIR,

I Send you an account of the sport at Holywell Hunt, which was most brilliant, and am, yours,

A SPECTATOR.

October 20, 1826.

On Tuesday, for the Taffy Stakes, 25 sovs., 6 subscribers, one mile and three quarters, Colonel Yates's b. c. Paul Pry beat Mr. Mytton's Bowsprit by Rainbow.—Sir T. Mostyn's br. c. St. David, by Filho, beat Sir T. S. M. Stanley's Tiresias c. for the Chieftain Stakes—5 paid.—A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each for two-year-olds, was won by Mr. Grosvenor's b. c. Gros de Naples beating Mr. Mytton's Harriette Wilson and two others.—The Mostyn Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 25 subs, was won by Brutandorf, named by Mr. E. M. Lloyd, Mr. Stanley's Arachne second; the others not placed.—A Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, was contested by Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. St. David, Mr. E. G. Stanley's ch. c. by Blucher, and won by the former.

Wednesday, the Coursing took place, when four brace of dogs ran for the Greyhound Cup; and the decisions were as follow:—Mr. E. Lloyd's blk. b. Latona beat Mr. Hesketh's blk. and w. d. Hopeless; Mr. E. Lloyd's blk. b. Larkspur beat Mr. Mytton's bl. b. Morrel; Mr. Mytton's blk. and w. b. Fly beat Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Madoc;

F

Mr. Mytton's yel. b. Fly beat Mr. E. Lloyd's blk. d. Lottery.

Puppy Cup.—Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Marcus beat Mr. Mytton's red b. Ruby; Mr. Mytton's bl. and w. b. Catch beat Mr. E. Lloyd's blk. b. Linnet.

First Tie for the Cup.—Blk. and w. Fly beat Lottery—Larkspur beat bl. and w. Fly, and *won the Cup.*

Puppy Cup.—Marcus beat Catch, and *won the Cup.*

Matches.—Mr. Lloyd's blk. and w. puppy bitch Linnet beat Mr. Mytton's bl. and w. puppy bitch Catch—a severe course; Mr. Lloyd's blk. puppy dog Lascar beat Mr. Mytton's bl. b. Morel; Mr. Lloyd's bl. puppy dog Laughter and Mr. Mytton's fawn puppy bitch Ruby—undecided.

On Thursday, the Champagne Stakes was won by Cain, named by Lord Grey, beating Brutandorf, Longwaist, and Autocrat—nine drawn.—Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Basilisk, by Blucher, won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, one mile and a half, against Mr. Mytton's b. c. by Rainbow, and his b. f. Louisa by Orville—three paid.—For the Halkin Stakes of 200 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, Little Bo-Peep, named by Colonel Yates, Sir T. Mostyn's St. David, and Mr. Mytton's Bowsprit started, and came in as named.—The Hawarden Castle Stakes of 10 sovs. each, two miles, for all ages, was won by Paul Pry, named by Colonel Yates, beating Mr. Mytton's Longwaist, Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. by Filho, and Mr. Stanley's Autocrat; three drawn.—Sharp-shooter, named by Colonel Yates, won a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 5 subs. beating Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Bradford—three

not placed.—For a second Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added by the Club, four started, viz. Sir T. Mostyn's Invalid, 7st. 12lb.; The Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 9lb. named by Mr. E. Mostyn Lloyd; Sir W. W. Wynn's Wenlock, 6st. 12lb.; and Mr. F. R. Price's Susan, 8st. 4lb. The first heat was won by The Miller, and the two last by Invalid.

DONCASTER RACES.

(Continued from 286 of our last Number.)

CERTAIN whispers were abroad that the sons of a Noble Peer got hit hard by backing Bedlamite and the Dragon, and judging by what I saw, I incline to think the rumour was not unfounded. Time will shew the truth. It is certainly to be lamented both in a moral and national point of view, that gentlemen in the present day stand the gain and loss of such heavy sums, too often to the utter ruin of themselves, if the result is unsuccessful; and sometimes gaining, by one event, a sum infinitely beyond any expectations they justly ought to entertain from patrimonial estates.

Belzoni was purchased by Mr. Dilly for six hundred guineas, and at this moment, in truth, he costs nothing, having cleared the purchase by beating the Duke of Leeds's Masquerade colt on Thursday. Mr. Dilly was desirous of dividing the forfeits with the Duke, but so meanly was Belzoni thought of, by the Duke's people (judging by his running in the Leger), they declined the proposal—nay, jocosely talked of giving fifty pounds to Belzoni's owner to start him. Euxton, the property of the late Sir W. Gerard, was disqualified from starting, owing to the death of

his owner; he was brought to the hammer, and purchased by Mr. White for six hundred guineas.

The St. Leger Course, by a judicious alteration, has been shortened about sixty yards.

The Corporation Plate was won by Mr. Holdsworth's Magistrate horse, His Grace, beating another of the Catton family, second, but the public mind had not got over the great excitement which the St. Leger occasions; and this race did not create any interest. The Renewed Doncaster Stakes was otherwise, there being twenty-nine subscribers, when Fleur de Lis, Actæon, Zirza, Brother to Jack Spiggot, Crowcatcher, and Lottery came to the post. Most of these horses were also named in the cup to be run on Thursday, and that being a great betting race, general expectation was on the alert: they came in as I have placed them. Fleur de Lis won quite easy. Her symmetry is perfect, and beyond all question at the present day she is decidedly the best mare in England. It is a little singular when Lottery does not come first, he almost invariably comes last; this looks a little like management, but his condition does not warrant his appearance at the post this season.

Wednesday being the general settling day, but few races were appointed. The business of the morning at the Rooms went off pretty smoothly—most men shewed and paid up. Of late years a system has been acted upon, which cannot be too much deprecated, and that requires reformation in the sporting ring. Men losing more money than they are able to pay, by making their peace with one or two of the principal legs, their creditors, are permitted to shew, consequently receive from

those who ought never in justice to pay. By this means opportunity is afforded them another year of making a desperate attempt at retrieving past losses, and if the thing comes off all right, the legs receive a further dividend, and the community is literally plundered; for payment with such people is foreign from their thoughts in the event of matters going against them. It therefore behoves the juveniles to be cautious with whom they lay out their money.

The racing on this day did not commence till nearly three o'clock. Fanny Davies beat Tickhill cleverly for the Foal Stakes, a mile and half; and the only grumbling I heard during the Meeting was, Why was not she started for the Leger?—she would have won or been thereabouts:—and after winning the Filly Stakes on Friday, the St. Leger Course beating eight others, the grumblers gave more vent to their complaints, especially as it *was* stated that the race was run in the same time as the Leger. I did not time them, but I do not believe the assertion, nor do I think Fanny Davies would have had a place had she shewn on the great day.

Actæon and Florismart made as fine a race for the Doncaster Racing Club Stakes, two miles, as ever was seen. Florismart went away, as it appeared, rather against Clift's inclination: the veteran got him together very soon; they were close to each other till they reached the Red House, when Actæon got up to Florismart's head: it was neck and neck, and nothing but hard racing all the way home, Actæon winning by a head only. It was as fine a contested race, as any I have seen all the year.

The Alderman being entered for

the Four-Year-Old Stakes promised great sport, but Memnon was allowed to walk over. Public curiosity led people to the rails, as though another St. Leger was about to be run. Scott, as much as possible, gratified their wishes by giving all a view of him. It must be admitted he is a clever racing-like horse; accident gave his owner the St. Leger last year, for you may be assured he cannot beat Fleur de Lis.

A very stout mare, Purity, by Octavian, beat Conjurer very easy. The All-Aged Stakes of ten sovereigns each, with twenty-five sovereigns added by the Corporation, the St. Leger Course: it went off like a sun-shining shower, without thought or interest.

Thursday was quite a day of bustle and anxiety; there was, I think, more betting than on any other day during the Meeting. Bedlamite walked over for the Gascoigne Stakes, thus putting two hundred and seventy pounds in Lord Kennedy's pocket without trouble. On the race between Belzoni and the Masquerade colt the betting was very brisk indeed—seven to four, and two to one, on the Duke were the regular terms of business, and there were more bettors than takers. Dilly wisely put Scott on his horse, who had always rode him in his previous races. It was a slow run race, and exactly suited Belzoni, who won towards the last in a common canter. The odd-bettors looked very blue, and blessed their unlucky stars.

The next race, for Two-year-olds, brought out some of the horses that contended for the Champagne, with the addition, amongst others, of Matilda and Lunacy—the latter in the Oaks next year. She was made first

favorite on the present occasion, as was to be expected from her high family connexions, being out of the Alderman and Bedlamite's dam. There were six or more false starts before the youngsters could be got together; when they did go, it was at a pelting rate—Matilda in front, with Lunacy and Popsy abreast, close behind; nothing but the three ever had a chance. Bob Johnson brought the beautiful Matilda through her troubles, and will, I dare say, afford her his protection next year. Mr. Petre's stable promises well for next year's St. Leger, having, besides Matilda, Granby, a colt of considerable promise, a sight of whom I got in his stable on the previous Sunday morning.

The Stewards do the thing well here: the Gold Cup, value two hundred guineas, is a present from them, and proved as good a specimen of their taste as their liberality. Were I one of the *Virtuosi*, you would have a full description of the Etruscan form and embossed pedestal, but that is out of my way. Twenty-four of the first-rate horses of the North were entered to contend for this tempting and elegant prize; but five only appeared when called, viz. Fleur de Lis, Mulatto, Humphrey Clinker, Jerry, and Helenus. Disappointment was somewhat felt, as there had been some blundering about entering Memnon for this race, which would have decided whether he or the mare were best. Helenus made first running, the mare and Mulatto being close in his quarters to the bottom of the hill, when Fleur de Lis took the lead. Shortly, up came Clinker and Mulatto: it was a beautiful sight to the Red House. Here again the mare came in front, and the re-

mainder of the race was well contested by Mulatto with the mare, till within a few yards of home, when Nelson shot a-head, and won on the mare, with some difficulty, about half a length. Jerry is very bad; he was last. Great events are sometimes achieved by accident; without a strong turn of good luck, he could never have won a Leger.

Friday's racing was capital. Memnon had his work to do to beat Florismart, and three others—four miles—winning only by a head. Had Confederate been there I think it would have been otherwise. Linnet beat Garcia a match for three hundred easy. Garcia fell just after passing the post, but Templeman was not seriously hurt. Mr. Russell's Whisker filly, that ran second for the Champagne, beat a young Sharpshooter of her own age, sacking for her liberal owner five hundred sovereigns; the two were not worth the money. In the next race—one mile—Brother to Fanny, to the surprise of all, beat Bedlamite, who had been freely backed at three to one. In this race Paul Pry was in his old place, last. Fanny Davies went a clipper over the Leger Course, beating eight others (all, I believe, named in the Leger), the Three-year-old Filly Stakes. I heard Mr. Houldsworth was afterwards sorry he had not brought her out for the St. Leger.

The last, and one of the severest races of the Meeting, was a Hundred Pound Plate, which was won by Lord Kelburn's Purity, after running five two-mile heats, beating Brownlock, Thales, Ridsdale's Oiseau colt, Crowcatcher, and Sir W. Milner's Tramp colt. Every heat was well contested, the fourth a dead heat, beating Purity and

Brownlock. The fifth was only won by a head; it was a true trial of constitutional strength.

It would be folly in me to comment on the assemblage or distinction of personages who attend this Meeting, as not only your readers, but pretty nearly all the world, know that the whole of the Nobility and Gentry, not merely of Yorkshire, but of the North of England, attend; each vieing with the other in the splendour of their equipages: to enumerate them is therefore out of the question, nor would it be amusing to your sporting readers; but one character struck me so forcibly, and his set-out was so unique, that I must shew him up, though I cannot do him full justice, or give complete effect to his singular set-out—it was no other than the self-styled 'SQUIRE and BANKER of Rawcliffe, James Hirst. This eccentric man, many years ago, avowed his hostility to all Government measures, as far as regarded the levying of imposts, and by every means consistent with human ingenuity avoided the payment of direct and indirect taxes. Anecdotes I have heard on this head that would fill a small volume: they will not, therefore, bear detail in the *Magazine*. Your readers bearing this in mind, shall have him and his set-out as I saw it: his drag much resembled the carriage of a chaise, with four large light cart wheels of equal size, but of more rude workmanship than any timber carriage ever seen. The body of the vehicle was composed entirely of hazel sticks, platted and secured with strong cord; it had a head imitating, and of the height of, a phaeton, but covered with the most miserable patched check servants' bed furniture. A curtain of similar materials shaded

his visage from the sun. The seat was also as high as the oldest fashioned phaeton ever seen. His servant (or groom, as I heard him described) was seated on the bottom of the body of this Robinson Crusoe carriage, with his feet near the horses' hocks, and drove one horse, going at the rate of nine miles an hour. He makes a constant practice of attending at least one day in every Doncaster Meeting, and has done so in this or a similar conveyance for years, *even beyond the memory of man*. He is eighty-seven years of age, of very agreeable countenance and prepossessing manners, with long white hermit-like beard and hair; fair complexioned. His hat, of large dimensions, is composed of lamb-skin; his coat the same, with an upper benjamin, also of lamb-skin, after the manner of the B.D.C., thrown over the back of his carriage. He wore a pair of plaid trowsers. I know not whether to say he had on shoes or boots: they were perfect non-descripts, with soles made of cork, an inch thick, and shod with iron. This singular character has been a great sportsman in his time, and not liking to pay the tax on horses, at one time drove two mules, sometimes accompanied with a wolf, secured by a chain under his carriage; at others by a fox, both of which followed as orderly as would a dog secured in similar manner. He hunted several seasons occasionally with the Badsworth hounds, riding a BULL, which he had trained to carry him. He taught a pig to find his game, and stand when shooting, and on such occasions was accompanied by a boy on a mastiff dog, carrying a sort of pannier or game-bag. He was esteemed a good shot, and is now a would-be banker, and, to the

extent of his business, he does it better than most men of that trade. His notes contain a device of all I have described, and are issued by the groom at six-pence each, but are only payable for *five half-pence*. The signature and his age written (I am almost ashamed to say better than I can) by this old man of 87 are signed as for the Governor and Company of the Escumhorn bank of Rawcliffe. He pays them regularly on presentation by any curious passing traveller, and I am told has a fund of amusing anecdote, with, of course, a few *tough ones*, well worth the difference at which his notes are issued and taken in at the Bank. He has for many years had his coffin in his house, which is fitted up and used as a cupboard. He is as eccentric in every thing as all I have here described. On one occasion, when his stack-yard was on fire, though it was so contiguous to his house that the whole was in danger, he sat with great composure, and could not be prevailed upon to move, either to secure his own safety or property, his observation being "he was satisfied to die when and as Providence shall ordain." As the Rawcliffe notes would not go down at the Rooms, you may be sure they were not in great demand. I shall send you one with this.

I had intended giving you some account of Mr. Petre's horses, and the hounds lately under his management; but my letter has got to such an unusual length, I must for the present decline doing so, and it may be as well I should, finding that NIMRON commences his Sporting Tour for the season, with these hounds, early in the month of November. What he writes on these subjects is *authority*—my attempts

are to occupy a tedious hour or two: you are to judge whether my observations may amuse your readers.

A BREEDER OF COCKTAILS.

New Doncaster, Sept. 25, 1826.

BETTINGS ON THE DERBY, OAKS, AND ST. LEGER.

SIR,
VERY few of the chief supporters of the Turf were at the Room to-day, but most of the leading speculators were in attendance, and at intervals some brisk betting took place. The Brother to Middleton and Elfrid are equal favorites, each horse being backed for 500, but Middleton had rather the call. The Catharine colt was thought a good deal of, and, barring the first two, 6 to 4 was freely laid that he beat any thing; in all probability he will eventually become first favorite. The Duke of Grafton's stud is quite in the back ground, 12 to 1 being laid against him: in fact, they were but cursorily mentioned. Several of the non-favorites were brought forward, and one betting man laid 1250 to 50 each against twelve of them. The Oaks was very slightly noticed, scarcely a bet being offered. On the contrary, one or two of the outside ones for the ensuing St. Leger were heavily backed, 3000 to 100 being taken many times over about Nevalis. Reviewer was not so good a favorite, the odds being more freely laid than taken. Matilda and Popsy bid fair to be rising favorites, 20 to 1 being repeatedly offered to be taken, and 5 to 4 that Popsy beats Moonshine. Nonplus is going, it being hinted that his legs are queer. Many other horses were brought into the market, and

on the whole there was more betting than was expected.

Yours truly,

Z. B.

Tattersall's, October 23, 1826.

DERBY, 1827.

- 14 and 15 to 1 agst Middleton.
- 15 to 1 agst Elfrid.
- 18 to 1 agst Catherine.
- 18 to 1 agst Trumpeter (Bella Donna).
- 20 to 1 agst Tatler.
- 20 to 1 agst Cressida.
- 25 to 1 agst Brother to Dauntless.
- 25 to 1 agst Paramour.
- 25 to 1 agst c. out of Dahlia's dam.
- 25 to 1 agst Protestant.
- 25 to 1 agst c. out of Snowdrop.
- 30 to 1 agst Chieftain.
- 30 to 1 agst Gramarie.
- 30 to 1 agst c. by Antar—Tawny.
- 30 to 1 agst c. out of Augusta's dam.
- 50 to 1 agst c. out of Sir Haldibrand's dam.
- 100 to 1 agst Vivian Grey.
- 100 to 1 agst c. out of Kemp's dam.
- 7 to 1 agst Mr. Wyndham's stud.
- 12 to 1 agst Duke of Grafton's stud.

OAKS.

- 12 to 1 agst Belvoirina.
- 15 to 1 agst Zeal.
- 15 to 1 agst Translation.
- 20 to 1 agst Sister to Recruit.
- 20 to 1 agst Brown Duchess.
- 20 to 1 agst Morel.
- 20 to 1 agst Shoveler.
- 30 to 1 agst Rowena.

ST. LEGER.

- 15 to 1 agst Reviewer.
- 18 to 1 agst Matilda.
- 18 to 1 agst Popsy.
- 20 to 1 agst Granby.
- 20 to 1 agst Moonshine.
- 25 to 1 agst Emma.
- 30 to 1 agst Nonplus.
- 30 to 1 agst Nevalis.
- 30 to 1 agst Sancho Panza.
- 30 to 1 agst Hartsbury.
- 30 to 1 agst Manuella.
- 35 to 1 agst Romeo.
- 35 to 1 agst Lunacy.
- 35 to 1 agst Alcizidora.
- 40 to 1 agst Moth.
- 60 to 1 agst Sister to Barfoot.

ON WHEAT, AS AN ECONOMIC FOOD FOR HORSES.

SIR,

OWING to the almost total failure of the oat and bean crops this last season, and the particularly high prices these two sorts

of grain are now bearing, and that they will be higher before the winter is over is probable, it is incumbent upon every one that has any thing to do with the consumption of either to be as economical as possible. Now, it strikes me, that wheat given to cattle, either as bread or paste (but if paste it must be allowed to ferment), would make a very excellent substitute; and that it has never been given to cattle before, has been, on account of the much greater value it has always borne in proportion to other grain, before this season. In the first place, a ton of wheat meal only costs half the price a ton of oat meal does; secondly, half the quantity of wheat meal would go as far, owing to the much greater support the same weight of wheat gives to what the same weight of oats does. Now, perhaps, I may be told of the numerous instances in which horses have died from eating wheat; but it must be recollected it was dry wheat, which will kill a human being, an instance of which I will relate:—A stout healthy servant maid, who, every time she went into her master's barn, filled her pockets with this grain; in the course of a day or two she began to complain of shortness of breath and difficulty of breathing, and actually died at the end of a fortnight. A man kept on wheaten bread a whole month feels no bad effects from it; indeed, no food is so wholesome: then why should not cattle thrive upon it? That horses would eat bread is very certain, and become particularly fond of it too. In this age of experiments I am surprised it has never been tried. I have no doubt of its superseding linseed cake for feeding cattle, than which it is more

than four times as cheap. At the place from which I am now writing, hay is selling at from 8 to 10 guineas a ton; beans at 56s. per quarter, eighteen stone; oats at 33s. per quarter, twelve stone; and wheat at 50s. per quarter, eighteen stone: so that any person will see the necessity for economy in the three first articles, which are all dearer (as food) than wheat; the latter at 50s. is at least 10s. per quarter under a remunerating price to the farmer; and, if the feeding of cattle on wheat (bread and paste) could be made general, it would raise the price of wheat a little, as well as save other fodder.

Notwithstanding your very excellent correspondent NIMROD speaks so decidedly against the practice of clipping hunters (page 187, *Supplement* to Number for January 1826), I had two clipped last season, and the extra work they did, and the fine condition they afterwards arrived at, will certainly induce me to resume the practice again. They are both long-coated brown horses (the worst colour, I consider, for getting fine); and after they had either of them trotted a mile, the coat was sure to curl and stare you in the face, after a day's hunting. They were not even dry next morning on the ribs, &c.; and if rubbed dry, they broke out again immediately; but after being clipped, I could not bring them into the stable otherwise than perfectly dry. They undergo the same treatment, and are kept in the same stable as two other horses (bays), than which none are finer in their coats. One of the brown horses I have had six years, and never been out to grass during all that time, and have tried all sorts

of management to get him fine in his coat during the winter season, but all to no purpose; it is not to be done.

I very much approve of NIMRON's system of summering hunters in the stable, as I find not only my veterinary surgeon's bill much diminished, but my horses in general are in much better condition at the beginning of the season. One case I will state:—Two years ago, I turned out a horse to grass the first week in May: he had not been out ten days before I perceived him lame in one of his fore feet. I blistered him four times during the summer, and at last had recourse to a seton through

the frog, all which did not do him the least good; he continued very lame until the first of October, when I had him taken up from grass, still lame. He stood in the stable on some dry litter a fortnight; the frog became hardened and dry, and from that day to this he has been quite sound; but I am of opinion, that if he had been out at grass up to this time, he would still have been unsound. Perhaps, some one of your numerous correspondents would oblige me by his opinion on the subject of the former part of this letter.

I remain, yours truly,

TAILLIG.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

WE are led to believe that a very pretty hare-hunting country, about sixty miles west of London, would be given up to a gentleman who would stipulate to hunt it a certain time. A pack of clever harriers would be given him, with a subscription of 200l. per annum.

There has been a great change in the hunting establishments of the northern extremity of England. Mr. Baillie, of Mellerstain, has given up his hounds and country, and is succeeded by the late Lothian pack (Mr. Baird's), who are to hunt it four days a week, making their debut the first week in November, from the kennel of F. Sitwell, Esq. of Barmoor Castle, Northumberland. Mr. Baillie's hounds and horses were sold by auction in the North, on the 14th of October, and fetched nearly 2000l.

A Fox-hunting Club is about to be re-established at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the model of that which was so popular in the late Mr. Corbet's time. Mr. Hay takes the

VOL. XIX. N. S.—No. 110.

field in that country this season, very strong in hounds and horses.

The Turf.

Col. Warrington, His Majesty's Consul at Tripoli, has made his R. H. the Duke of York a present of two beautiful Arabian stallions, which are safely arrived in London.

Mr. West has sold Shakspeare to Mr. Payne for 1200 guineas.

Major Yarbrough has sold his brown colt M'Adam, by Tramp, to Mr. Portland, for 550l.

Tarrare has recovered from the accident which he received after having won the Leger; he will not, however, appear in public until the August meeting at York.

We understand that his Grace the Duke of Portland has determined upon quitting the turf altogether.

His Majesty has given 100gs. to be run for by hunters on the last day of Ascot races, 1827. Each horse must have had eight runs with His Majesty's stag-hounds, from October 22, to March 26, both days inclusive, and

G

be identified at the time of entering by His Majesty's huntman. No horse, &c. to start for this plate that ever won a plate, match, or sweepstakes; but receiving forfeit not to be deemed winning.

Doncaster Races.—The following is a comparative statement of the value of the different races, after deducting the winners' stakes, run for in 1825 and 1826.

	1825.	1826.
Sturwilliam Stakes	£110	£110
Four-year-old Produce	250	300
Handicap Stakes	170	110
Championship Stakes	675	675
King's Plate	110	110
Matches	700	200

TUESDAY.		
Two-year-old Produce	150	400
Great St. Leger	2175	2350
Doncaster Stakes	240	300
Coronation Plate	50	50

WEDNESDAY.		
Foal Stakes	500	300
Four-year-old Stakes	140	150
All-Age Stakes	105	60
Gold Cup	350	45

THURSDAY.		
Two-year-old Stakes	580	500
Gascoigne Stakes	240	270
Sweepstakes of 200	300	400
Old Stakes	100	210
Match	500	110

FRIDAY.		
Filly Stakes	380	360
Sweepstakes of 20	350	320
Sweepstakes of 25	50	250
Plate	110	100
Matches	200	800

£5,535 £8,080

The present year's meeting thus appears to have exceeded last year in value by 143l.

In the Doncaster paper we find the following:—"We notice with considerable pleasure the exemplary conduct of a gentleman on the turf, prior to the late Doncaster races. Mr. Watt, the owner of Belmont, on the success of whom great expectation had been fixed, was repeatedly importuned to sell him, and had even the immense sum of ten thousand pounds offered for him; but Mr. W. rejected every application, and did so under an impression which reflects the highest honour upon his name and character. Mr. Watt wished the horse to run, and being resolved that he should run fairly and honestly, he would not

allow him to go out of his own possession till the race was over, on which so much money was pending. He did so, and after the race sold the same horse for six hundred pounds—thus having, in the spirit of the most incomparable integrity, made a pecuniary sacrifice of 9400l."

The receipts of the Lincoln race-stand for the three days were about 150l. The new line of course has afforded high satisfaction to all persons, as well those connected with the turf as general spectators. The race balls were well attended. The stewards for next year are G. T. Corbett, Esq. of Blisam Hall, and Wm. Hutton, Esq. of Gate Barton.

Dover Races.—After a lapse of fourteen years, the races at this now-fashionable watering place have been revived. Though they were got up in a hurried manner, they gave promise of good sport next year. There was a Town Plate, a Visitor's Plate, an excellent Handicap, and several Matches. The course was well attended, and on the whole the racing excellent.

The turf, it would seem, increases in its attraction in Russia. In the foreign papers we find the particulars of some races run at St. Petersburg on the 24th of July, which, if it were not for the names of the owners being Russ, we might almost fancy to have been an English Meeting, one of the horses only appearing to be a native. —Nitrogen, by Comus, beat Mina, by Orville, and a mare called Lisitzn, for a Sweepstakes of 1500 rubles each. Edward, by Comus, beat Sharper, by Octavius, for 2000 rubles. In a third Sweepstakes for 1000 rubles each, Streatham, by Blacklock, beat Mina and Mr. Grosvenor's Infante. filly. In two matches also Mr. Gisborne's Yoxall beat Colonel Orloff's Lyra; and Mr. Gowrieff's Toledo received forfeit from Mr. Gisborne's Needwood.

STUD SALES.

Mr. Shard's stud of hunters were offered for sale on Monday, the 8th October, and with them the last remaining lots of the Devonshire stag-hounds. The latter were all sold at

from two to three guineas per couple, one lot to go abroad. Portraits of two of this breed of hounds will shortly appear among our embellishments.

At the annual sale of full-blood stock, at Biddenston, October 7, though less numerously attended than on former occasions, the following prices were obtained:—a two-year-old filly by Smolensko, 180gs. *Foals*—A chestnut colt, by Nicolo, 94gs.; a chestnut filly, by Nicolo, out of Young Rhoda, the dam of Malden, 86gs.; a bay filly, by Wrangler, 89gs.—After the sale a large party of Mr. Wilson's friends sat down to a sumptuous dinner, and were most agreeably entertained during the evening by the comic powers of Mathews.

The following horses and brood mares, the property of Lord Verulam, were sold at Newmarket on the 10th of October.—Laurel Leaf, by Stamford, dam by Pot8o's, covered by Wasterer—90 guineas.—Mirage, by Phantom, out of Willow, by Waxy, covered by Comus; an untried mare. This mare was to be sold for 20 guineas, but as no one advanced upon 10, Mr. Tattersall ordered her away, it being supposed she was touched in the wind; but on the subject being mentioned to Mr. T. he gave his word to the contrary, and had her brought back, when she was knocked down at 35 guineas.—The Modern, by Selim, out of Tredrille, by Walton, out of Page Jean, by Waxy, out of Prunella. He won the Biddlesworth this year, and is engaged in the Port—450 guineas.—Alpine, 2 yrs, Brother to Arbutus, by Walton, dam by Wizard, out of Lisette. This colt is too large to be got into condition this year, for which reason his forfeits are paid. His only other engagement is in the Derby; but a slight error having been committed in stating his pedigree when nominated, it is a query whether he will be permitted to start for that stakes—only one out of the 20 subscribers to the Derby withholds his consent. Alpine is a very promising colt—145 guineas.—Number Nip, 2 yrs, by Whalebone, out of Edie Deans' dam. Engaged in a sweepstakes, Friday, Craven

Meeting 1857, 120, h. st. (a Suba.) and the Derby—145 guineas.—Helen, 3 yrs, by Woful, out of a Meteor mare. He has won several times this year—240 guineas.—Upas, 2 yrs, by Abjer, out of Laurel Leaf—240gs.

On the same day the following were sold, the property of General Grosvenor:—Sparkler, a black colt, 2 yrs, with engagements—100 guineas.—Bay colt, 2 yrs, by the Flyer, out of Moonshine, with engagements—340 guineas.—Bay yearling filly, sister to Nooroddin—in the July and Oaks stakes—100 guineas.—Moonshine, covered by Emilius—185gs.—Myrtle, by Abjer, out of Mite, by Meteor, covered by Troy—200gs.—Troy, 2 yrs, by Filho da Pata, out of Briceia. His stock is very large and promising. The condition stated that he would not be sold to go abroad at any price—320 guineas.

The following account of a sale of part of the celebrated Underley Stud (Mr. Nowell's), consisting of yearlings, will show the increasing estimation in which racing is held, the prices for yearlings being remarkably high. It will also be seen that Sir John Shelley is again forming a stud.—*Two-year Olds, training*—Black or brown colt, by Comus, out of Young Caprice, by Waxy, out of Caprice by Walton—not sold.—Chen filly, by Comus, dam by Election, out of Fair Helen, by Hambletonian—not sold.—*Yearling Colt Foals*—Bay colt, by Walton, dam by Election, out of Fair Helen, by Hambletonian—to Sir John Shelley, for 840gs.—Bay colt, by Walton, out of Amy, by Muley, out of Aquilina (Morisco's dam)—to Sir J. Shelley, for 820gs.—Chen colt, by Walton, out of Johanna Southcote (Leeway's dam), by Benningbrough, out of Lavinia, by Pipator, out of Dick Andrew's dam—to Mr. Payne, for 200gs.—Bay colt, by Heveller, dam by Walton, granddam by Shuttle, out of Miss Grimston, by Weazle, out of an Ancestor mare—Damascus Arabian, &c. &c.—to Mr. Gully, for 90gs.—Bay colt, by Merlin, dam by Dick Andrews, out of Donna Clare—to Mr. Payne, for 220gs.—Bay colt, by Walton, out

of Miss Witch, by Sorcerer, her dam Rosetta, by Young Woodpecker—Equity, by Dunganon—to Mr. Russell, for 200gs.—Bay colt, by Walton, out of Eliza (dam of Lord Palmerston's Conquest), by Rubens, dam by Walnut (Tumbler and Aladdin's dam)—to Mr. Gully, for 260gs.—Dark grey colt, by Mr. Hankey Smith's Arabian, out of Epsom Lass—to Mr. Pettit, for 30gs.—*Yearling Filly Foals*—Bay filly, by Walton, out of Rosanne, by Dick Andrews—bought in at 410gs.—Chesnut filly, by Walton, dam by Cato, out of Omphale (Sister to Blucher)—not put up.—Bay filly, by Reveller, out of Young Caprice, by Waxy, out of Caprice, by Walton—to Mr. Gully, for 175gs.—Ches. filly, by Moses, out of Harriet, by Selim, her dam Slipper, by Precipitate—to Mr. Edwards, for 50gs.—Bay filly, by Buffalo, out of Bequest, by Election, out of Legacy, by Beningbrough—not sold.—Bay filly, by Aladdin, out of Rantipole (the dam of Rigmarole), by Selim, dam by Volunteer, grandam by High-flyer—to Gen. Grosvenor, for 96gs.—Chesnut filly, by Godolphin, out of Sweet-pea, by Selim—not sold.—Bay filly, by Whalebone, dam by Driver, out of Fractious, by Mercury; her dam by Woodpecker, out of Everlasting, by Eclipse—not sold.—Total of the eleven lots sold, 2101 guineas.—Mr. Payne, who purchased lots 5 and 7, is a gentleman of very large fortune, and who is, at an immense expense, forming a complete racing stud, having lately purchased The General, Shakspeare, Babel (late Lillias, the winner of the Oaks this year), &c. The turf will have a liberal and spirited supporter in this gentleman.—The sale was directed by Messrs. Tattersall.

In the forthcoming Houghton Meeting, Rufus, Cramer, Bolero, Goshawk, Norman, and Demon, horses all in training, together with the stallion Partisan, the mare Rebecca, and several others, are to be brought to the hammer by Messrs. Tattersall.

The extensive stud at Hardwick, near Sedgefield, Durham, the property of a Gentleman, with their en-

gagements, consisting of horses in training, three and two year olds, and yearlings, brood mares, hunters, half-breds, and colts, are to be sold by Messrs. Tattersall, on the 16th of November. Abron, Mustachio, and Dauntless, are the three first in the list.—Eighteen couple of dwarf foxhounds are also to be put up at the same time.

NEW HORSE COLLAR.

A Correspondent requests us to notice a frame elastic cork collar for horses, for which the inventor, Mr. Musselwhite, saddler, of Devizes, has obtained a patent. Our correspondent states that many have been sold, and its utility allowed by scientific men to surpass every other. One objection, however, having been urged to it, namely, its weight, the patentee, by means of a *clip*, has reduced it to 2lbs. less than any other collar, and which also supersedes the incumbance of hames. The collar is described in the "Repertory of Patent Inventions" of September.

STEEPLE CHASE.

Mr. Molony has paid forfeit to Captain Standen, for the steeple race which was to be run from Woodstock to Gravenhill Wood, in Oxfordshire.

TROTTING MATCHES.

The task of trotting in harness twenty-eight miles in two hours, was performed by Mr. Rogers' Traveller, over a seven-mile piece of ground on the Huntingdon road, driven by his servant, 7st. weight. It was for 200 sovs., made some time ago, leaving the owner the liberty of starting him within a given time. The horse was backed just before starting at even, and at 5 to 4. The ground was done as follows:—The first 7 miles were performed in 28 minutes and 59 seconds; the 14 miles in 2 minutes under the hour; the 21 in 1 hour and 28 minutes and 10 seconds; and the whole distance of 28 miles in 1 hour, 59 minutes, and 4 seconds. The horse performed the match well, making only two breaks the whole of the distance. At the completion of the match, a gentleman named Phillips undertook to gallop his mare 7 miles in 18 minutes, which he per-

formed with ease in half a minute within the time, riding 12st.—5 to 4 against time.

On the 2d of October, a match for 200 sovereigns was attempted on the Staines road, by a gentleman named Bullock, who undertook to produce a mare to do fifteen miles in an hour and three minutes, in a lofty vehicle driven by a youth, weighing seven stone. After completing ten miles in forty minutes, the mare got on the fret, and she lost by 200 yards.

We observe in the daily papers, besides the above, several other matches, which present no feature of peculiar interest.

ARCHERY.

The Royal British Bowmen, under the direct patronage of the King, held their last meeting for the season on the 6th of October, at Eaton Hall. Of the Society, which is limited to 220 in number, not less than 197 were present, including ladies and gentlemen. When the shooting had terminated, the company retired into tents, where a sumptuous dinner was provided for the guests, who amounted in number, as before stated, to 197. One rule of the Society enacts, "that the dinner to be provided in the tents shall consist only of cold meats (bacon and beans, and vegetables excepted), and in order to reduce the expense of the table as much as possible, that there be allowed only one row of dishes, and those dishes placed lengthways along the table; and that the wine be confined to port and common white wine only. A penalty of five pounds is annexed to a breach of this rule. It is hardly necessary to add, that the munificence of the noble host subjected him to the above fine, and would, of course, tend to the augmentation of the Society's funds. This part of the entertainment was sumptuous beyond description. All the dishes were served up in massive plate; and upwards of forty gold cups, won by his Lordship's horses at different places, ornamented the tables. Soon after six o'clock, tea was served up, after which the company retired in different directions to dress for the ball and supper, which concluded the festivities of the day. The

dance was kept up until four in the morning.

Bury, Sept. 27.—A Society has been formed in this neighbourhood for the promotion of Archery—a pursuit which history must always render attractive to the English, and which possesses a charm in modern times of a different kind from those attached to it in antiquity: we allude to its affording a healthful, innocent, and graceful recreation, in which the fair sex, the best "embellishers of life," may share. Such scenes have been witnessed in the shades of Rougham, Barton, and other parks, near this town, during the past summer, and on Thursday night, as a termination of the season, a ball took place at our Guildhall, which was attended by about 180 persons of gentility. On Friday morning, the members of the Society assembled in the picturesque old Vineyard of the Abbey, that the ladies might shoot for two prizes, a bracelet appropriately ornamented with an arrow, and a chain. The number of the fair combatants was between twenty-five and thirty, and the elegance and air of an adept with which many a one delivered her shafts, was a pleasing sight, though their experience has been too short to admit of very great precision, or to teach them Locksley's nicety of "allowing for the wind." The first prize was won by Miss Cockledge; the second by Lady Henry Churchill, and the sport concluded about four o'clock.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A Lancashire man, named Wallace, undertook to go 105 miles and back on the Worcester road, in 72 hours, for 100 sovs. He commenced his task early on Tuesday, the 17th of October, from Tyburn-gate, and won his match tolerably easy, fifty minutes under the given time.

Isaac Crompton, groom to Captain Prescott, started on the 18th of October, backed by his master for 100 sovs, to go on foot from Oxford-street to Aylesbury, in five hours and twelve minutes. He won the match easy with four minutes to spare. The distance was rather over forty miles.

A novelty was presented to the ci-

tists of Old Eber, on Wednesday, September 28, in the performance of a pedestrian feat, out of Micklegate Bar, by a female, sixty years of age, who undertook to walk forty miles in ten successive hours. At half-past eight o'clock in the morning, the fair heroine appeared at the starting place, at Holdgate-lane-end. Half a mile was measured along the high South road, and in this course the lady performed her task. She wore no hat nor shoes. She set off at a brisk rate, evidently shewing her consciousness that she was mistress of her work. The following is the time occupied in accomplishing the task :—

	h.	m.	sec.
The first ten miles	2	2	50
Second ditto	2	16	0
Third ditto	2	16	0
Fourth ditto	2	9	0
	8	43	50

She finished her engagement at half-past five o'clock, having an hour to spare.—On the 2d of October, at four in the afternoon, she commenced to walk ninety miles in twenty-four successive hours, without Bootham Bar. The first three hours she walked five miles an hour, and continued at nearly that pace for a considerable time afterwards, until at length the crowd increased so as to impede her progress very much. The eighty-sixth mile was done in twelve minutes, and she accomplished her task at seven minutes past three o'clock in the afternoon, having completed it within fifty-three minutes of the time allowed, in the presence of an immense number of spectators. When walking the last mile, a new cap, a blue ribbon, and a white apron, were presented to her by a gentleman, in which she walked home nearly a mile; he also gave her a sovereign. A box was placed to receive contributions, which amounted to a considerable sum.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Duke of Norfolk has lately added eight large Nova Zembla owls to his collection at Arundel Castle, which has already been described in this Magazine.

Rooks.—Rooks are commonly supposed to be influenced by an affection for certain localities, but in the fol-

lowing fact it appears they are also capable of that individualising affection which fixes, by a process of moral discrimination, on man :—“ A Gentleman rented a small farm in the county of Essex, where he had not resided long before some rooks came and built their nests on a number of trees immediately surrounding the premises. They multiplied in the course of three or four years, so as to form a considerable rookery. About this time, however, the farmer was induced to hire a larger farm, which obliged him to change his residence and forsake his rooks; but, to his great surprise and pleasure, the whole rookery deserted their former habitation, and followed him to his new abode, which was about three quarters of a mile off.” It should be added that this gentleman was distinguished for his kindness and attention to the lower animals in general.—*Zoological Journal*.

Three white partridges were discovered early in September, in one covey, on the Earl of Clarendon's manor, near Wootton Bassett; one was shot by Captain Horsell, the other two by J. Cox, gamekeeper to Viscount Basingbrooke; and, extraordinary to relate, two of the birds, being only winged, are now living and doing well; one in the possession of Captain Horsell, the other in that of Cox.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Among the projects which the French Ministers have in contemplation for the ensuing Session, is one upon the game laws. It is said, that the duty upon a licence to carry arms will be raised to 100fr.; it is now but 30. The right of sporting will be confined to estate owners possessing a certain number of acres. Sporting will be entirely interdicted in the vicinity of forests, plantations, and enclosures, where the Royal Hunt takes place, and this alone will embrace a very wide circle.

Sir Tyrwhitt Jones met with a serious accident on the 12th of October, whilst shooting upon one of his manors, near Shrewsbury, a spent shot having entered his right eye,

the sight of which he has entirely lost.

An extraordinary successful shot took place early in last month, in the neighbourhood of Bicester. While two gentlemen were out with their pointers and guns, one of their dogs made a point as if at something on the opposite side of a hedge. It was at first supposed to be a hare; but presently a covey of partridges sprang up, and as soon as the first bird appeared over the hedge, one of the sportsmen discharged one of the barrels of his gun, and, without stopping to examine what was heard falling with rustling noise into the hedge, turned about, and discharging the other barrel of his piece brought down the only bird that was escaping. On returning to examine the result of his first fire, he found within the hedge, not only the bird at which he had aimed, but eight others besides.

WRESTLING.

This scientific and truly English pastime has been introduced to the metropolis within the last few months. A great number of matches have been played at various grounds in the neighbourhood of London, and some of the best players of Cornwall and Devon have been among the exhibitors. On one of the occasions the wrestling was confined to London mechanics; so that we may expect the science to be cultivated near home.

The Championship.—The *Exeter Affair* of the 24th of October gives the following account of a match between Abraham Cann and Polkinhorn, the former the Devonshire and the latter the Cornwall Champion:—“We lament to announce that a dispute has arisen, Polkinhorn and his umpires claiming the championship, and Cann and his umpires and committee contending that the last fall, which was so proclaimed, was only a *fall*. We have no time to express our opinion, and as we have this moment received an express from the scene of diversion, we give only the following:—

“Round 1.—At three-quarters past twelve o'clock the men ~~set-to~~, having cordially shaken hands; each care-

fully eyed his man, when Cann grasped Polkinhorn with his right hand in his neck, and fixed his left on his shoulder; Polkinhorn having secured his hold, a great deal of exertion was used at the mode of proceeding; in five minutes a close had laid a foil on the ground.

“Round 2.—This round was evidence of skill on the part of Cann; and decided advantage in strength in Polkinhorn, who with a desperate effort, contrived to throw Cann again. —*Cries of foul!* having, as is supposed, unfairly handled his man.

“Round 3.—Each man had now found out he had enough to do, and that caution must be the order of the day. Polkinhorn walked his adversary round the course some time, when Cann seized him with an Herculean hold, locking his leg within Polkinhorn's, turned his back upon him, and failed in all his might to floor his weighty compeer. Cann came down, which, after a deal of dispute, was proclaimed a fall. Shouts of applause; bets in favour of Polkinhorn.

“*Second bout.*—This comprised six rounds, all of which were most cautiously and uninterestingly disposed of. In the sixth round Cann having well punished by kicking, which Polkinhorn not once attempted, he again locked himself as before described, and threw Polkinhorn with a tremendous surge, a back fall, subsequently disputed, and decided by the toss of a half-penny only a foil—Cann contending for its correctness, but placing himself in the hands of the committee.

“*Third bout.*—This was concluded in two rounds, when Cann was thrown on his side, and victory shouted for Polkinhorn, who throw up his jacket in triumph, and left the ring. Here a dispute was again introduced. Cann waited for his opponent nearly an hour, and his umpire refused to pay the stakes of 300 guineas. Polkinhorn was now called for, but not appearing, Cann was to be awarded the prize; at least such was the language of the authorities when our express left. There was an agreement for 300 guineas, signed by Cann and Polkinhorn, which was read to the peo-

ple assembled. The Triers were Mr. Rundle, of Oakhampton, and Mr. Snell, of Exeter. For Cornwall, N. Grose, of Bodmin, and Mr. Higga, of St. Malvern."

The Committee have since decided it to be a drawn match, and have returned the stakes to each party.

Dugilism.

That this manly science has been for a long while on the decline, no one disputes—it is evident from the dearth of good matches lately made. Spirits of Broughton, where are ye fled? The Johnsons and the Perrins, the Mendozas and the Belchers, the Springs and the Cribbs, are ye all gone to the realms of peace and quietness? Are there no descendants, no chips of the old blocks?—Or is it, that the vexations and the crosses of this life have made ye succumb to a more powerful opponent?—*Death's Doings* appear to have *flooded* you all, and touched the *bellows*. Where are your *castors* now?—Cannot ye come to time?—But stop—a new era breaks forth—the big ones are "going to work again."—The match is made—Jem Ward has *condescended* to fight Peter Crawley for a hundred! and—the Championship!!!—Ward, assuming, as he dees, the rank of Champion, for a long time maintained the dignity of his fistic rank, by refusing to fight for less than two hundred pounds; but at length, finding that Crawley was unable to meet him in these "hard times" upon such hard terms," he resolved, rather than have his courage questioned, to meet the bold Peter upon his own terms, and to come to the "scratch" for the stake in question. The an-

nouncement of Ward's intention produced no small commotion in the milling circles, and Tuesday the 17th October being named to settle preliminaries, Belcher's *Castle* was besieged, long before the hour of meeting, with a strong detachment of the *Fancy*. Some contended, that Jem had descended from his "high estate" to fight for a paltry hundred; while others praised a determination which was evidently dictated as much by a feeling of honour as by a desire of gain. The backers of the men retired to a private room to draw up the articles; and on their return the *State Paper* was read over amid thunders of applause: all suspended their "cloud-blowing lobers," and with unanimous assent the health of both men, with the usual accompaniment, "May the best man win," were drunk with enthusiasm. The articles specified the fight to take place on the 2d of January, half-minute time, in a 24-foot ring, within 100 miles of London; the men to be in the ring between the hours of twelve and one. Each put down 10l. towards the stakes, and the remainder is to be made good by deposits at several sporting houses; the last at Belcher's on the 19th December; and in case of failure all the deposits to be forfeited.—As far as we hear, this will end in a fight; but, in these times, there is no "certainty of any thing."

FIGHTS TO COME.

Gaynor and Bishop Sharpe are to fight again, and a third deposit is made. Ned O'Neale and Phil Sampson fight on the 13th of December. Young Dutch Sam and Dan Mackenzie, for 100l. on the 19th December, within thirty miles of London.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In our next, which will be the double Number to the volume, we purpose bringing up a great arrear of Racing Meetings, which have accumulated through the increase of Racing, and the quantity of other matter which has pressed on us. This must also be our apology for unavoidably deferring till then many valuable communications received this month from Correspondents, including, among others, the following:—"Letter from M. de Burgsdorff to Count Veltheim"—"On the powers of French Horses"—"Second Letter from Anti'Arab"—"Hunting in Hampshire"—"John Bull on breaking Dogs"—"Champion and Coursing, by Anti Puff"—"List of Stallion Greyhounds in the South"—"a Letter on Coursing Rules, and on the Proposition for an Annual General Coursing Meeting"—and two Communications from "Nimrod."

The Portrait of Philip Payne will also appear next month.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. N.S.

DECEMBER, 1826.

No. CXI.

CONTENTS.

Newmarket Third October, or Houghton, Meeting	58	Elegy, written in a Grass Field	103
Phillip Payne	61	Road Anecdote—the Alert Brighton Coach	104
Gallant Leap with the Berkeley Stag-Hounds	61	Louth Coursing Meeting	104
Amesbury Coursing Meeting	62	Improvements in Guns, in Reply to An Old Subscriber	105
Anecdote of the Squirrel	63	Ashdown Park Coursing Meeting	108
North Devon Stag Hounds	64	A Trip to Cambridge	109
Drayton Coursing Meeting	64	Malton and Wensleydale Coursing Meetings	112
Causes of the Scarcity of Game—Hints for its Preservation—Duty of Gamekeepers ..	65	Mr. Best's Greyhound Bitch Vanity	113
Tiverton Races	67	Singular Precocity in a Setter Puppy	114
On Rye, as Food for Cattle	69	The Field Sports of France	114
Mr. Sully's Letter on Horse Provender ..	69	THE ROAD—by Nimrod:—Coach Lamps—Roads—Coaches—Use of the Whip ..	115
Another Letter on the same Subject	69	On the Hunter, and on various other Topics	117
Newtown (Montgomery) Races	70	More Stallion Greyhounds for 1827	134
On Summering the Hunter, and on Breeding	73	Altcar Coursing Meeting	136
The King's Arms, Rye House, River Lea	73	A Retrospective Glance at the Sport afforded by the Turf during the present Year 1826—Observations on Count Volheim's Letter on the Origin of the Thorough-bred Horse—Causes of Degeneracy in Blood Stock—How to prevent Disputes in Hunters' Stakes—Cocktail-Stakes not calculated to improve the Breed of Hunters—Advice to Owners of Race Horses—Evils of High Betting—by The Old Forester	136
Death among the Hunters; or his Summons to Dian's Court	74	Bettings on the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger Stakes, 1827	140
Coursing Rules, and Suggestions for Trials of Puppies	76	SPORTING INTELLIGENCE:—The Turf—Stud Sales—the Chase—Natural History, &c.	151
A Letter from Baron de Bursdorf to the Editor	77	TO CORRESPONDENTS	160
Observations on Posting	79	RACING CALENDAR	17
Second Letter from Anst Arab, on our Breed of Horses, &c.	80		
The Blood of Champion, and Coursing ..	83		
On the Powers of French Horses	84		
Training the Pointer—Norfolk Dogs	86		
Fox-hunting in Hants, and other Subjects	88		
List of Stallion Greyhounds for 1827	90		
A Few Lines from Nimrod	91		
List of Mr. Ward's Pictures (continued) ..	102		

Embellished with,

- I. PHILIP PAYNE, Huntsman to His Grace the Duke of Beaufort.
- II. TWO STAG-HOUNDS, lately belonging to the North Devon Pack.
- III. THE KING'S ARMS, on the RIVER LEA.
- IV. VANITY, a Greyhound.

NEWMARKET THIRD OCTOBER,
OR HOUGHTON, MEETING.

SIR,

I Am sure you will receive with as much pleasure as I send the following account of this Meeting; particularly when I tell you there was not the least falling off in the splendour of the company, the freshness of the turf, the crowded list, or any thing else that tends to gladden the heart or delight the eye of a lover of horse-racing.

We began on the *MONDAY* with a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each. General Grosvenor's Spite (less spiteful than usual) won very easy—Lord G. H. Cavendish's Ridicule filly second. Now, if Ridicule comes from Ridiculous, she is properly named; or from Reticule, a certain appendage to a fine lady, it matters little—"there is nothing in that:" but bad as was the one, and uncertain the other, nothing else started.

The second race was a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, five subscribers, and won by Mr. Hunter's colt, by Gustavus, dam by Scud, Cwrw's dam; Mr. H. Scott's filly, by Gustavus also, her dam Harriet, second—a very fine race. It is but justice to remark here, that these are amongst the first of the progeny of Gustavus (who it will be remembered won the Derby himself) who have started; and that a son of Blacklock and one by Waterloo were left in the rear.

The Scrub Stakes of 100 sovs. each—three to the post, and three paid—was won easy by Lord Anson's Nouredin; Wamba second, who shuffled most shamefully. What more can be said to the truth of breeding, when a son of Merlin and Penelope bolted?

Redgauntlet won a Match of

200. sovs. against Mr. Payne's Bachelor, quite easy, and a very spirited thing it seems, looking at the weights—Redgauntlet 10st., Bachelor 7st. 4lb.; but it is to be feared, that Bachelor, though young, is like an old maid—he is very thin, neither happy in himself, nor promoting it in others; and, for raising your expectation once, disappoints you at least *three times*: he is by Irish Hollyhock.

The Duke of Richmond's *Starck*, 8st. 7lb., gave 5lbs. and a *stiffener* to Lord Exeter's Atticus—very smartly done up to the head, but with nothing to spare.

The Duke of York's *Rachel* beat quite cleverly the Duke of Grafton's Norman, even weights, for 200 sovs. the Ditch Mile. This Norman is no great "warman;" he looks like a Frenchman, but runs like a Dutchman.

One third of the 25 sovs. Subscription, over the Beacon Course, beginning at five-year-olds and upwards, was won easily by Lord Wharnccliffe's *El Dorado*, five years old, 8st. 8lb. *Stumps* had the temerity, as a four-year-old and carrying the same weights, to start against him; for which rashness he was caught out behind the wickets.

TUESDAY.—The Duke of Rutland's *Adeliza*, four years old, 9st. beat Mr. Payne's *Babel* (the winner of the Oaks), three years old, 8st. 11lb. These weights were tolerably fair, though a little in favour of *Adeliza*, who won by half a length in good racing form.

Mr. Greville matched His Majesty's *Maria*, half sister to *Elizabeth*, against *Tom Thumb* (the winner of the July Stakes), on equitable terms—the sum 200 sovs. which *Maria* won in a common canter.

The fourth race was a Handicap Plate of 100l., Ditch In; in the formation of which, there is a considerable display of knowledge. Mortgage, the winner, is made to run with Dumps, two years older than himself, at the same weight, giving Wings, a four-year-old (the age of himself), 12lb., receiving but 8lb. for the year from Sligo, a good fair nag. This, besides the fears occasioned to others, places Mortgage amongst the first class of Newmarket horses: yet, if words and actions could be made to agree, there are people in the North who fancy they could find something there that is able to give him a stone: should they try it, they may probably be taught to know what a mortgage really is. Sligo ran second, but was beat easy.

Fifty Pounds, for all ages, weights beginning at a feather for two-year-olds; three, 7st. 5lb. &c. &c. the last three miles of B. C. Heroine first, Rigmarole second; four others, two of them feathers, no where. Those who ought to know assert, that, had more running been made, Rigmarole could not have lost, as she is very slow but very stout; this, perhaps, is not known to her new master—or, what is quite as probable, he does not choose to believe all he hears.

Lord Lowther's Muleteer, 9st. beat Crusader, 7st. 10lb. Two-year-old Course. The former must be at the very "top of the tree" at this distance, or Crusader rated far too high, as 18lb. is a great weight to give at this time of the year between a three and a four. It must be allowed also, that Muleteer looks as if made on purpose for such things.

Lord Wharnccliffe's Pastime made quite *fun*, and played with Lord Exeter's Enamel, receiving 6lb.—

Ditch Mile—Enamel neither looking pretty, nor running well.

Colonel Wilson's Lamplighter, 8st., most brilliantly shewed Redgauntlet over the Ditch Mile, receiving 12lb. only. This will throw a great light on the subject, if well looked upon, as Redgauntlet knows many secrets.

Subscription Plate of 50l. for two and three-year olds, the former 6st. 7lb., the latter 8st. 10lb. the winner to be sold for 350gs. to any one in the Plate who should demand her, the winner first entitled, &c. Mr. Dilly's Gainsborough filly, dam Matilda, first; the Duke of Grafton's Mantua, second, who claimed the winner. Twelve others started, if a start it could be called; for such a scramble I never saw, nor, to my recollection, such a disreputable set.

Fifty Pounds, for three-year-olds and upwards. Amongst these may be reckoned the grandees and dons of the day—Shakespeare, who *ought* to have won the Derby, first; Hobgoblin, second; Lapdog, who *did win* the Derby, third; with others of note, but without a chance. *Cliff* rode the winner, and, though far advanced in years, equal to any thing in his younger or best days, and obtained for himself a name that will last as long as England is true to herself—namely, Shakespeare's Cliff.

THURSDAY.—Colonel Russell's *Clown*, by Orville, dam Pranks, 9st. beat Mr. Pettit's Vivian Grey, 7st. 7lb.; and, however unpleasant the feel of being "pricked by a hobnail," many were doomed to bear the smart, which they did with uplifted eyes and silent patience—a *credit* to some, but no *credit* to others.

The second race was a Handicap

of 10 sovs. each; the Two-year-old Course—the weights adjusted with a good deal of fairness; but the ground at this time from the great rains, and the turf from much use on this part of the Heath, became very adhesive, making every pound above what could be carried with ease tell double. Tarandus first, carrying 8st. 4lb., a weight he is “just master of;” Reformer, 9st., second, who ran well; but 10lb. is no trifling consideration in addition to the above, with horses both of a year; Palais Royal, a year older, carrying a stone less, third; with five others in situations more calculated to excite pity than create hopes.

Monarch, 7st. 3lb., beat Sligo, 9st., for 150.—Ditch In. Here the weight told as in the former race, though it is no more than the old one ought to give if good, and what some people think he could have given had a little alteration been made in the running.

Subscription Handicap Plate of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards, D. I.—Eleven entered for this Plate, five of which were afterwards drawn, frightened, it is supposed, at Hobgoblin, who won, carrying at the same time more weight than any of the other young ones. His style of winning was so good, and the rest so completely told out, that the judge, contrary to general practice, placed the whole of the six that started.

Rachel, 8st. 4lb., beat Norman, 7st. 13lb. the last race on Thursday.

Seven good matches on *FRIDAY*, besides the Audley End Stakes—always an interesting race, partly from being a course seldom run, and partly for being a finish—a now-or-never sort of thing, where the well-known and the unknown generally meet on tolerably fair

terms. To be regular, however, we must begin with the matches.—Orion beat Adeliza at even weights—a very fine race; Orion had just the turn of speed in his favour—a fine match.

Goshawk, for his new master, Mr. H. Scott, beat by a length Lord Wharnccliffe's Crusader, even weights—the pace good and the riding good—Robinson and Arnul as well matched as the horses they rode.

Bachelor brought Nonsuit such a pace over the Two-year-old Course, as did not suit Nonsuit, who, to suit himself, bolted, which just suited Bachelor.

Maria, 6st. 12lb., beat Recruit, a year older, 8st. 5lb.; by which exploit she won 500 sovs. for our Most Gracious Sovereign, and instantly became first favorite for the Oaks next year. Arthur Pavis rode her, and won very easily, against Robinson's finest riding.

Mr. Ramsbottom's Hollyhock colt beat Mr. Dilly's Wamba, easy. This race did not create much interest or much betting. Not so the next match, between Bizarre, 9st. 2lb., and Shakspeare, 7st. 9lb., across the Flat for 200 sovs. It was a fine “set to” in Abingdon's Mile Bottom; where the young one totally defeated him, and won easily at last. On looking at Bizarre, it certainly appears that he is not calculated to run through dirt, or carry weight, which latter however he does admirably at times: he is small about and under his hocks, and in several essential points he is particularly delicate.

Lionel Lincoln, 8st. 3lb., beat in handsome style Lord Exeter's Enamel, 8st. 7lb. for 100 sovs. across the Flat. The four pounds, the muddy course, coming out very



PHILIP PAXNE.



often, and a short time ago supposed not quite well, may account for this defeat.

The Audley End Stakes was a curious race. About two hundred yards from home, Heroine was twenty yards first, *rode by a boy*, when The Alderman came gradually up under good management, and just won, entirely from Heroine being drove to a stand-still; four other first-rates quite behind. There is a practice among young fox-hounds before they go out of kennel in a morning, for some one with a whip to give each of them a few cuts, calling out at each application "war hare!" How would this apply to young jockeys, just before putting them up? Suppose the groom was to take that pretty little *coaxing* instrument they are so fond of using themselves, and between each well-laid stripe say, "Patience, boy! patience!" They might learn this also at the same time, that those who *feel* know how to *pity*.

There were six races on Saturday; but the rain fell in such torrents, the ground was so wet, and the horses so bad or uncertain, that it is impossible to describe them.

Yours, OBSERVATOR.

Norfolk, November 4.

PHILIP PAYNE.

Engraved by WEBB, from a Painting by W. SMITH.

THE accompanying portrait of this celebrated huntsman, on an old favorite horse which had carried him many seasons with his hounds, we present to our readers, pursuant to a promise given in vol. xvii. p. 261.

Philip Payne was, first, whipper-in to the Earl of Thanet, under

Richard Tandy; he went thence to the late Lord Darlington, in the same capacity, under Mark Beauchamp, where he lived four years; he then went to the Earl of Lonsdale, with whom he lived twelve years as huntsman. He hunted the Cheshire hounds two seasons, and then went to the Duke of Beaufort in 1802, and has consequently been in his Grace's service twenty-four years.

GALLANT LEAP WITH THE BERKELEY STAG-HOUNDS.

SIR,

I Am a Cockney, and, in spite of the laugh against us, I now and then venture out in a steady, shy sort of a way for a day's hunting; but now, thanks to a Brother Cit, I shall hold up my head, look bold, and perhaps ride rather bolder than I have done; and it may be that I shall even *mount the scarlet*, as I like the look of it in the field, and, moreover, I find many red coats in a not much better place than myself. At all events, for once in my life, I was as well up and in the same place with the rest of the field, as you shall hear—always saving and excepting my worthy unknown brother. But, Mr. Editor, I think that you will be growing impatient of my preamble; so I will, as a great Lord says, by way of getting quickly to the end of a long story, begin at the beginning.

It was on the 14th day of October in the morning—and a fine morning it was—that I, leaving my counting-house, went out with the Berkeley Stag-hounds: the meet was at Uxbridge Common; whence, after a short and sweet thing of about a quarter of an hour, the hounds ran in to the deer

in that neighbourhood, and he was taken.

The Hon. Grantley Berkeley, with the desire which he always shews of giving to his field a good day's sport, informed them that he should return home to Cranford, and turn out a fresh deer. He did so; and the deer, after a circuit, took the country towards Osterly Park, entered the Park, and was there run in view at a fast pace for some time; and fine galloping it was over the turf for we London Gentlemen, all anxious to be first, to talk it over after dinner. But, alas! why do folks make deer fences in their parks to spoil our sport, and take away the delightful feel of nothing to impede our progress, and make them so high and stiff too? but, Mr. Editor, here were we in this most awkward predicament, flanked by eight-feet walls, and a deer fence in the front of, I should think, not much less than six feet of good stout timber: the pace became sensibly slower, not of the hounds, but of the horsemen. One looked to the right, another to the left; but no escape to be seen. I had not an idea of what was to be done in such a case, unless ye men in scarlet or men in yellow (the colour of the Hunt) lie over! and shew us how it ought to be done. "Bravo!" cry all;—"beautiful! safely landed, and up with the hounds: there he goes alone."—"Who is he?" cries Tattersall, with his glass to his eye, "some out-and-out Meltonian I suppose! No! a Cockney, I declare, in a plain coat has set the field; what say you to that, Leicestershire men?"—of whom I hear some were present; but not one followed. All, however, in justice allowed that never was a

better or more gallant leap taken at the end of a day by man or horse, or done in cooler or better style—for there was no second thought. The pace was kept to the hounds, thereby heading the field by some lengths. The horse (which strikes me must be a good one), steady in his bridle, without whip or spur, topped it by some inches.

Thus, Mr. Editor, do allow us Cockneys to reap some credit from the exploit of our brother, and do, I pray of you, publish to the world, that NIMRON blood can flow in Cockney veins.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A LONDON SPORTSMAN.

AMESBURY COURSING MEETING.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

MATCHES.—Mr. Lawrence's white dog Logic, by Lamplighter, out of Lark, beat Mr. Mills's blue dog Manfred, by Rex, out of Rosemary; Mr. Dansey's blk. d. Draco, by Bertram, out of Ruffle, beat Mr. Bayley's blk. d. Roman, by a Grandson of Lubin, out of Racket; Mr. Biggs's bl. and wh. d. Brigand, by Bertram, out of Prettymaid, beat Sir John Hawkins's blk. b. Helga, by Bulow, out of a Sister of Rhoda; Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Dinah, by Newby, out of Drizzle, beat Mr. Heathcote's wh. and blk. d. Hosein; Sir John Hawkins's blk. b. Mus, by Crib, out of Old Mouse, beat Mr. Bayley's blk. b. Mouse, by ditto, out of ditto; Mr. Mills's blk. d. Marmaduke, by bl. Rector, out of Redrose, beat Mr. Lawrence's bl. b. Lisette, by Lucifer, out of Lyra; Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Baron, by Bertram, out of Ruffle, beat Mr. Biggs's br. d. Belon, by Bertram, out of Rebecca; Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Dee, by Newby, out of Drizzle, beat Mr. Heathcote's wh. and br. b. Homespun, by Hawk, out of Harebell.

Stonehenge Stakes.—Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Ladybird beat Mr. Bayley's bl. d. Marmion; Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Dame beat Mr. Mills's blk. b. Martha; Sir J. Hawkins's blk. d. Hydrus beat Sir E. Antrabus's blk. and wh. b. Ann; Mr. Heathcote's wh. and blk. d. Hudibras beat Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Bourton.

Dyke Stakes.—Mr. Lawrence's blk. and wh. b. Lerida beat Mr. Heathcote's wh. and red d. Herald; Mr. Biggs's red b. Bellefleur beat Mr. Mills's red b. Minion; Mr. Bayley's blk. d. Monarch beat Sir J. Hawkins's blk. and wh. d. Hymen; Mr. Dansey's red. b. Deborah beat Sir E. Antrobus's blk. b. Helen.

Matches.—Mr. Dansey's bl. b. Dauntless agst Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Banquo—off; Mr. Dansey's blk. d. Dorset agst Mr. Mills's bl. b. Mirza—off.

Cup—Second Day.—Mr. Mills's blk. d. Marmaduke beat Sir J. Hawkins's blk. b. Mus; Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Baron beat Mr. Biggs's bl. d. Brigand; Mr. Dansey's blk. d. Draco beat Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Dee; Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Logic beat Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Dinah.

Stonchenge Stakes.—Sir J. Hawkins's blk. d. Hydrus beat Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Dame; Mr. Heathcote's wh. and blk. d. Hudibras beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. d. Ladybird.

Dyke Stakes.—Mr. Dansey's red b. Deborah beat Mr. Bayley's blk. d. Monarch; Mr. Lawrence's blk. and wh. b. Lerida beat Mr. Biggs's red. b. Bellefleur.

Tidworth Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Banquo beat Sir J. Hawkins's blk. b. Helga; Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. d. Hosein beat Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Dauntless.

Druid Stakes.—Mr. Mills's blk. d. Merriman beat Mr. Heathcote's red and wh. b. Herald; Sir E. Antrobus's red and wh. d. Alert beat Mr. Mills's bl. d. Marmon.

Matches.—Mr. Bayley's blk. d. Ronan beat Sir J. Hawkins's wh. and blk. d. Hymen; Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Bourton beat Mr. Mills's blk. b. Martha.

Cup—Third Day.—Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Logic beat Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Baron; Mr. Mills's blk. d. Marmaduke beat Mr. Dansey's blk. d. Draco.

Stonchenge Stakes.—Hydrus and Hudibras divided the Stakes.

Dyke Stakes.—Mr. Dansey's red b. Deborah beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. and wh. b. Lerida, and won the Stakes.

Tidworth Stakes.—Banquo and Hosein divided the Stakes.

Druid Stakes.—Mr. Mills's blk. d. Merriman beat Sir E. Antrobus's red and wh. d. Alert, and won the Stakes.

Cup—Last Tie.—Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Logic beat Mr. Mills's blk. d. Marmaduke, and won the Cup—Marmaduke the Guinea.

Matches.—Mr. Mills's bl. b. Mirza agst Mr. Heathcote's wh. and br. b. Homespun—undecided; Mr. Mills's blk. b. Martha beat Sir J. Hawkins's wh. and blk. d. Hymen; Mr. Mills's blk. d. Monarch beat Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Bourton; Sir J. Hawkins's blk. b. Helga beat Mr. Mills's blk. b. Mus; Mr. Bayley's blk. d. Ronan beat

Mr. Biggs's br. d. Belon; Mr. Biggs's bl. d. Brigand beat Mr. Dansey's blk. d. Dorset.

The foregoing list is drawn out upon the plan recommended by A COURSER in one of your late Numbers, and, I trust, may be worthy of insertion in your December Magazine.

VERAX.

ANECDOTE OF THE SQUIRREL.

SIR,

THE following occurrence lately took place in a farm-yard near this town, and which was communicated to me by an eye-witness. The wife of the narrator, having one day last summer missed several young chickens, was induced to watch them with more than ordinary attention, and was much surprised at seeing the depredator make its appearance in the farm-court in the act of attacking them; the hen naturally endeavored to protect her brood, and, on shewing fight, the thief adroitly evaded her by running up a gate-post; on her moving off with her offspring, it was seen to descend and again endeavour to catch the chicken, which, after several minutes spent in this sort of warfare, it succeeded in doing, and was instantly shot by the husband, who had also witnessed the affair. It proved to be a bitch squirrel, that evidently had young in a wood hard by. Having always considered the squirrel as an animal entirely herbivorous, I shall feel obliged if any of your numerous readers can inform me of ever having observed a similar circumstance, as it will form a hitherto-unnoticed trait in its natural history. I am, yours, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

Dulverton, Nov. 8, 1826.

STAG HOUNDS.

Engraved by WEBB, from a Painting
by MR. COZENS.

SIR,
SEVERAL Numbers of your interesting Publication for the present year having contained engravings of hounds denominated stag-hounds, I send you the portraits of *Governor* and *Famous*, two of the late North Devon pack (by Mr. W. Cozens, a very promising young artist from Essex, and who deserves every encouragement). By giving them a place in an early Number you will convince your numerous readers, that, until now, what may properly be called a real stag-hound has not made its appearance amongst your pages. These dogs resemble the old English blood-hound, and, from their great muscular powers, are admirably adapted to the laborious task they have to perform during a stag chase. Although they have a heavy appearance in comparison to the fox-hound, yet are they possessed of equal agility and swiftness, as has frequently been evinced during a moor-chase. These hounds, now the property of Sir T. D. Acland, were well known to the frequenters of the North Devon stag-hunt—alas, now no more! O! Devonian, what a stigma in this respect attaches to thee! and such a one, it is to be hoped, as will soon be blotted from thy history.

The bitch was bred by Lord Fortescue, by that well-known old hound Finder, out of Frolicsome, and is now nine years old. Governor, who is now six years old, was bred by S. T. Lucas, Esq. the then master of the late pack, out of Gaudy, by Labourer, both bred by Lord Fortescue. He stands twenty-six inches high, and, although

possessing considerable powers, was inferior in this respect to many of the late pack. The name of Acland is so associated with the best days of the noble and ancient sport of stag-hunting, that one is led to hope, that to the proprietor of these hounds (a third only being now left amongst us of the late ever-to-be-deplored pack), will be the honour of raising another, which will equal, if not surpass, that which is now lost to us for ever. Yours, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Dulverton, Nov. 11, 1826.

DRAYTON COURSING MEETING.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1826.

CUP and Goblet.—Mr. Burgess's b. and wh. d. Beppo beat Mr. T. Umbers's b. and wh. b. Fly; Mr. W. Umbers's b. and wh. d. Roscius beat Mr. Wedge's wh. d. Nimrod; Mr. Collins's b. d. Fencer beat Mr. Sharp's f. b. Lovely; Mr. Chamberlain's r. d. Mundy beat Mr. Carter's r. d. Rocket; Mr. Johnson's b. and wh. d. Nimble beat Mr. John Reeves's b. d. Tinker; Mr. Taverner's b. d. Driver beat Mr. Sanders's b. d. Bulow; Mr. Ballard's f. b. Bashful beat Mr. Chamberlain's brin. and wh. d. Cannon; Mr. Burgess's b. p. d. Bolivar beat Mr. Sanders's b. and wh. d. Nimble.

Cup and Goblet—Second Class.—Mr. Burgess's Bolivar beat Mr. Taverner's Driver; Mr. Burgess's Beppo beat Mr. Ballard's Bashful; Mr. Chamberlain's Mundy beat Mr. Collins's Fencer; Mr. Johnson's Nimble beat Mr. W. Umbers's Roscius.

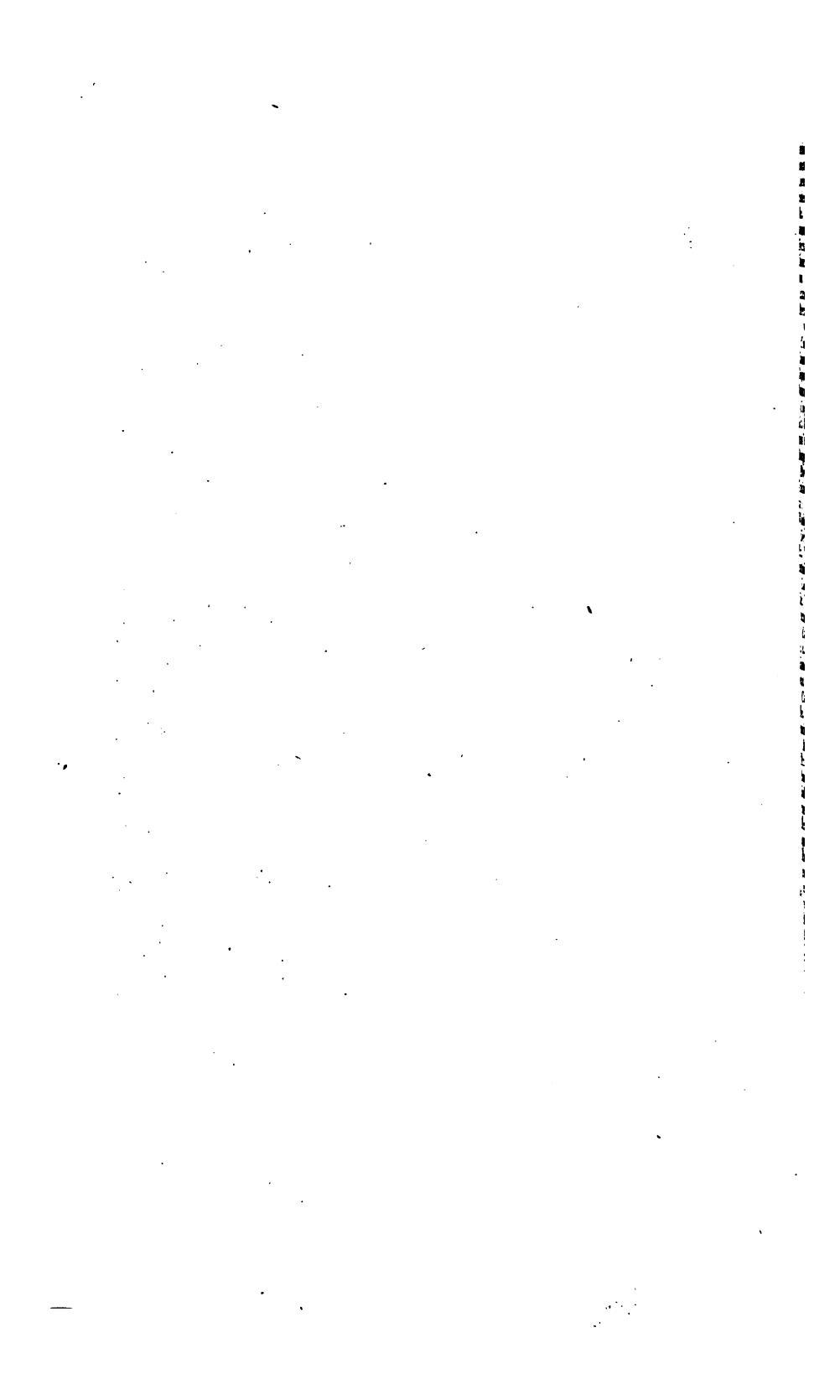
Drayton Stakes.—Mr. Collins's b. d. Tartar beat Mr. Carter's b. and wh. b. Fly; Mr. W. Umbers's b. d. Sweep beat Mr. Chamberlain's b. and wh. d. Wander; Mr. Chamberlain's brin. d. Monk beat Mr. Johnson's wh. b. Lady; Mr. Wedge's b. t. d. Topper beat Mr. Sanders's b. t. d. Major.

Landley Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Chamberlain's b. and wh. d. Lottery beat Mr. J. Reeves's b. p. d. Spring; Mr. W. Umbers's w. p. b. Nettle beat Mr. Sharp's f. p. d. Ambo.

Matches.—Mr. W. Umbers's Jasper beat Mr. Carter's Jupiter; Mr. Carter's Presto agst Mr. Sanders's Snipe—undecided; Mr. Carter's Boss beat Mr. Cham-



STAG HOUNDS.



berlain's Crab; Mr. James Reeves's, Jun. Rocket beat Mr. Taverner's Trip; Mr. Carter's Fan agst Mr. Collins's Hebe—undecided; Mr. Burgess's Bellona beat Mr. Chamberlain's Swallow; Mr. Huskisson's Rocket beat Mr. John Reeves's Myrtle; Mr. Sharp's Rattler beat Mr. Chamberlain's Crab; Mr. Ballard's Blossom beat Mr. Wedge's Roscius; Mr. Johnson's Topper beat Mr. John Reeves's Myrtle.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

Cup and Goblet—Third Class.—Mr. Chamberlain's Mundy beat Mr. Burgess's Beppo; Mr. Burgess's Bolivar beat Mr. Johnson's Nimble.

Cup and Goblet—Deciding Course.—Mr. Chamberlain's Mundy beat Mr. Burgess's Bolivar, and won the Cup—Mr. Burgess the Goblet.

Drayton Stakes—Second Class.—Mr. Umbers's Sweep beat Mr. Collins's Tartar; Mr. Chamberlain's Monk beat Mr. Wedge's Topper.

Drayton Stakes—Deciding Course.—Mr. W. Umbers's Sweep beat Mr. Chamberlain's Monk, and won the Stakes.

Lindley Stakes—Deciding Course.—Mr. W. Umbers's Nettle beat Mr. Chamberlain's Lottery, and won the Stakes.

Caldecote Stakes.—Mr. John Reeves's b. d. Spring beat Mr. Huskisson's b. b. Handy; Mr. Collins's y. and w. b. Hebe beat Mr. T. Umbers's b. and w. d. Fly.

Caldecote Stakes—Deciding Course.—Mr. Collins's Hebe beat Mr. Reeves's Spring, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Taverner's Trip beat Mr. Ballard's Blossom; Mr. T. Carter's Fan beat Mr. Johnson's Comet; Mr. Ballard's Bashful beat Mr. W. Umbers's Spring; Mr. W. Umbers's Roscius beat Mr. Collins's Hero; Mr. Sharp's Rattler agst Mr. Chamberlain's Canon—undecided; Mr. Craddock's Cleopatra beat Mr. Burgess's Bellona; Mr. Chamberlain's Wonder beat Mr. Carter's Muslin; Mr. Taverner's Driver beat Mr. James Reeves's Rocket; Mr. Huskisson's Hazard beat Mr. W. Umbers's Jasper; Mr. Johnson's Lady beat Mr. J. Carter's Boas; Mr. W. Umbers's Hector agst Mr. Huskisson's Spring—undecided; Mr. T. Carter's Rocket beat Mr. Johnson's Topper; Mr. Sanders's Snipe beat Mr. T. Carter's Presto; Mr. John Reeves's Tinker beat Mr. Sanders's Bulow; Mr. Burgess's Beppo agst Mr. Taverner's Driver—undecided; Mr. Collins's Nimble beat Mr. Wedge's Nimrod; Mr. Craddock's Cleopatra beat Mr. Taverner's Spring; Mr. Wedge's Topper beat Mr. Barber's Randy.

The weather being fine, and an abundance of hares, there was excellent sport, and the Meeting remarkably well attended. The

concluding course for the Cup, between Bolivar and Mundy, was too short to admit of a trial.

A match was made at the Meeting in November 1825, as a trial of blood of a litter of whelps, by Captain Lidderdale's Skyrocket, out of a black bitch of Mr. Chamberlain's, against a litter by Mr. Hassal's Bergami, out of Mr. Burgess's Speedy, which was decided in favour of the latter on the first day of this Meeting, by Bellona beating Swallow—Bellona being the only puppy in Mr. B.'s possession.

CAUSES OF THE SCARCITY OF GAME—HINTS FOR ITS PRESERVATION—AND DUTY OF GAMEKEEPERS.

SIR,

I Do not mean in this dissertation, or soliloquy (whichever you like), to enter into every reason for scarcity of game on unreserved land at the present time—that subject having been more ably handled by NIMROD, and others, for me to raise anything worthy the sportsman's notice, by beating the exact same ground after such dead hands: but, although I have perused the remarks that have hitherto been offered on the subject in your interesting publication, one point, I think, still remains uncommented upon; and that is, the new invention of percussion-guns. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that game was, the beginning of this season, as plentiful as ever it was in former days, how much more thinned it must be now, when only half the season is over, than it would have been at the close of any season some twenty years back—supposing both now and at that period only the really-

I

qualified and certificated men shot! And why is this? Because every sportsman now uses a percussion-gun, and every sportsman kills *some* birds—some more, some less. He must, indeed, be a queer fowler who cannot hit a steady standing shot; and some of the chances at moor game and partridges, at the beginning of the season, are just the same as shooting at a mark with a double-barrel raised-rib percussion gun! Consequently it must be admitted, that a much greater quantity of game is killed now, by the same number of guns, than used to be with honest flint and steel.

Anciently with match locks, our forefathers (*I may say so*, for mine have been qualified eight generations back) never thought of trying to kill a bird flying; and with large flint and steel guns you may find country bumpkins in remote fenny parts who never think of shooting flying. Next came the patent breech, which made the ignition quicker, and consequently easier to kill flying. Then, the lock was let in at the side of the breech (with great perfection by Jo. Manton), which made it still more easy to shoot flying. And, finally, came the detonator, by Forsyth, and the remainder of the modern various modes of percussion, which made it the easiest of all easy things for any blunderhead or lout to kill flying, and sweep away all the feathered tribe before him.

I think a few hints to gentlemen who strictly preserve, and allow their gamekeepers to shoot, may be of use. The first that I shall suggest is, never to let their keeper have any other than a *single-barrel flint and steel gun*, as plain as possible, and of the old ori-

ginal construction; and for this reason: Every keeper *ought* to be a good shot; and in the distance he ought to travel every day, in inspecting the grounds and manors, a good shot with such a gun may kill sufficient for any one table, and there is no need for any keeper to kill more. It is well known that some of these gentry will occasionally do so; and either get a sly acquaintance (to whom the keeper's wife conveys them) to dispose of them to some neighbouring innkeeper, or the keeper himself, when out, contrives to be near the road when the coach passes, and hands the finest brace to the guard, leaving an odd bird or so for his master's table. Another advantage in allowing a keeper only a single gun is, that he will thus be obliged to look over so much more ground in the performance of his duty. These are the principal causes of the scarcity of game: and if a few other hints are attended to, we may still have abundance, as in the olden time. I would suggest that a good look-out be kept to ascertain what sort of dogs their tenants keep to collect the sheep with, and what sort of gun they keep to frighten the crows from the wheat, or to keep the blackbirds from the cherries. As to myself, if a farmer preserved his game on his land well, I should never scruple, after the end of September, to give leave for any friend of his to shoot, one day, partridges for him, which would be an encouragement he would be proud of. Next, I would never, on any account, allow any farmer to mow his grain upon an estate where the game is preserved, as game will not stay after the stubbles are mown, neither will they ever lie in those fields. The barrenness of the stubbles this

season enables me to speak positively on this head.

The difficulties in preserving game are also many. It is scarcely possible to preserve it in fields next a canal, from the constant traffic which is passing; and almost as difficult near the mail roads. The heavy-coach road is bad enough, but not quite so bad as the mail, inasmuch as the communication through the different heavy-coach offices is not so easy as the mail; and as the heavy coaches do not travel all night, the game by them is a night longer on the road, which in some instances, in hot weather, would be destruction. It is also difficult to preserve game where there are much-frequented bridle ways, or foot paths, through the estate.

To conclude:—A keeper should be also thorough master of destroying those four-footed vermin that live upon game, such as weasels, &c., and hawks. He should never go over the grounds without having his little ground-terrier with him, and his mastiff or blood-hound for night protection. If in these observations one new hint should be given, by which the object I have in view be attained, it will amply repay the labours of, Sir, yours,

A FOWLER.

TIVERTON RACES*.

SIR,

THE various attractions which Tiverton boasts of, independently of its local beauties, render it a very desirable and pleasant place, even to those who are totally unconnected with the Sporting World; and still to increase its

attractions, its spirited inhabitants have established annual races, which promise fairly for succeeding years to afford much sport to the lovers of the Turf.

We have reason to regret that the munificent patronage of the inhabitants of Tiverton failed this year in attracting a greater number of horses. The course approaches in one place to the margin of the river Ex, and is distant only one mile from Tiverton. It was thronged on the 25th and 26th ult., being the days of the races, with beauty and fashion, which, together with the melodious notes of a band of music that paraded the race-ground, and the romantic scenery around, rendered the place delightfully enchanting.

FIRST DAY.

A Gold Cup, value 100gs. for horses not thorough-bred, two-mile heats, Gentlemen riders:—four-year-olds, 10st. 6lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six, and aged, 12st.—The winner to be sold for 100gs. if claimed.

Mr. Bayly's b.g. Small Hopes, 5 yrs, 1	1
Mr. Worth's g. g. Witchcraft, 5	
yrs old.....	2 dr.
Mr. Bult's ch. h. Cottager, aged... 3	dr.

Won in a canter.

A Silver Cup, given by the Ladies, value 50gs. for Yeomanry horses, two-mile heats.—The winner to be sold for 50gs. if claimed.

Mr. Selwood's blk. h. Orator Hunt, aged.....	1	1
Mr. Burt's b. m. Redlock, aged.....	2	2
Mr. Bult's ch. h. Cottager, aged.....	dis.	

The winner was claimed.

A Purse of Sovereigns, for galloways not exceeding fourteen hands high, two-mile heats, was won cleverly by Mr. Stone's black mare Lady Sweate beating three others.

* An apology is due from us to this Correspondent, for so long delaying its insertion—the MS. having been mislaid.

SECOND DAY.

The Tradesmen's Silver Cup, value 70gs. for horses not thorough-bred, two-mile heats.

Mr. Baillie's br. h. Naughty Tommy walked over the course.

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25l. added from the funds, for horses not thorough-bred—two-mile heats (Handicap)—Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Bayly's b. g. Small Hopes,	5 yrs old, 12st.....	3	1	1
Mr. Bart's b. m. Redlock, aged,	10st. 10lb.....	1	2	
Mr. Smith's blk. h. Orator Hunt,	aged, 10st. 6lb.....	2	3	

This was an excellent race: the mare jumped off at starting, and was not headed from first to last. In the second heat, a sheet would have covered the three horses throughout the two miles—Small Hopes winning by a neck. This was so severe a race, that the beaten horses could not come again, from sheer exhaustion.

A Purse of Sovereigns, for galloways, was won by Mr. Selwood's Creeping Jane beating three others—rode in excellent style by the lad Punny, whose walking height is only 68lbs.

A Pony race concluded the diversions of the day.

The whole arrangements reflect the highest credit on the Steward, J. Worth, Esq. of Worth House. The delight and satisfaction his conduct and arrangements as a Steward gave to all, are a higher panegyric than if I was to occupy page after page of the *Sporting Magazine* on the subject.—The ordinaries were well attended.

The race ball was at the Angel

inn (the Angel is certainly the most appropriate place for *Angels*). Mrs. Worth, being lady patroness, brought a greater number than usual into the ball room. The Sylph-like form of a female in the mazes of the dance is one of the finest sights I know of.

A sumptuous dinner was given to the distinguished Sporting characters present by that never-failing patron of Sporting in all its branches, T. Hole, Esq. of Tiverton, and concluded the diversions of the week.

A liberal subscription has been entered into for next year, under the auspices of J. Clichester, Esq. of Calvarleigh House, the Steward elect. Fourteen have put down their names to the Calvarleigh Stakes of 5gs. each, for horses not thorough-bred—two-mile heats—King's Plate weights. There will be a Gold Cup value 100gs. by subscription of 10gs. each, the surplus in specie, open to all horses, Cocktails receiving 14lbs., with other Plates and Stakes as usual*.

Some person *fabricated* a story, and caused it to be printed in a provincial paper, that two distinguished young ladies, in the vicinity of Tiverton, rode a race around the Tiverton course on one of the racing days. I cannot refrain from advising the fabricator to bear in mind, that there is such a thing in the world as *cudgel sauce*; and by his referring to Shakspeare's Play of *King Henry the Fifth*, he will find an account of *Fluellen* administering it in its true meaning to *Pistol*, whilst the

* From a List which another Correspondent has kindly sent us, we perceive that there are eleven Subscribers to the Worth Stakes on the first day; and that a match for 50 is also to be run the first day between Mr. Bayly's b. g. Small Hopes and Mr. Huntly's c. m. Landscape. On the second day there is to be the Tradesmen's Silver Cup, a Handicap for the beaten horses, and a Hurdle race for Hunters not thorough-bred—a four-foot rail to be extended across the course, and any horse breaking the rail to be distanced—Gentlemen riders.

latter was eating his leek. Perhaps his tale may be made more palatable by the same sort of sauce.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

OBSERVER TERTIUS.

P.S. The Gentlemen of Tiverton will have plenty to do this hunting season. Mr. Worth's fox-hounds promise well.

Tiverton, Oct. 15, 1826.

ON RYE, AS FOOD FOR CATTLE.

SIR,

IN your last Number I observe TAILLIG recommends wheat as food for cattle, in bread or paste.

I would venture to call the attention of your numerous readers to the use of rye, as a substitute for oats for horses. I have seen it used in many parts of the Continent for horses, who had *hard work*, as *preferable* to oats, and *half* the quantity serves. I have lately tried it myself, mixed with chaff; and I have no hesitation in saying my horses have improved in condition since I did so. It is also much cheaper than oats at present. I should be glad to hear the opinion of some of your able Correspondents on this subject.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

GREEN HORN.

Near Montrose, Nov. 13, 1826.

MR. SULLY'S LETTER ON HORSE PROVENDER.

SIR,

I Am very glad you thought Mr. Sully's letter worthy a place in your valuable publication, or I should not have seen it. I am now feeding according to his plan, and hope to be able, by the next month, to give you an account of the effect it has on London horses subject to laborious quick work. At present, I have no doubt but it

will answer well; and, if so, the saving is a valuable consideration at this time of *oat monopoly*; for we are fed, as fowls, by handfuls.—If these lines deserve a corner in your interesting Miscellany, you will have the goodness to insert them, and you will oblige

Yours, NORSEY.

Hackney, 23d November, 1826.

ON THE MOST ECONOMICAL FOOD FOR HORSES.

SIR,

AS the selection of the most proper and economical food for horses must at all times be a subject worthy of attention, it is particularly so at the present moment, when the prices of the usual articles of diet are out of all ordinary proportion to that of others, which undoubtedly may be substituted with infinite advantage.

I perfectly agree with your Correspondent TAILLIG, that wheaten bread (I know nothing of paste) is a most excellent substitute for oats as food for horses; not only on the score of economy, but more particularly on account of the great superiority it possesses in point of nutriment over any kind of grain that has not undergone the process of making into bread; as will be sufficiently shewn by the following comparative table of the nutritive properties of various articles of diet—being the results of experiments by MM. Percy and Vauquelin, two distinguished French chemists, endeavouring to ascertain the quantity of nutritive matter contained in each.

Lentiles contain 94 nutritive parts in 100

Peas.....93

French Beans...92

Common ditto...80

Rice.....	89
Bread	80
Butchers' meat, 35 on an average	
Meal	34
Potatoes	35 dry matter
Carrots	14
Spinach	14
Cabbages.....	8
Turnips	8

Thus we see that the nutritive quality of meal is increased in a double-fold degree by the process of baking, &c., the expense of which is a mere trifle, and the advantages of it to all horses required to undergo great labour must be considerable.

The next point worthy of consideration is, the kind of bread that would be the most preferable. In my opinion, it would be the best made in the form of biscuit; not only by reason of horses being the fondest of that kind of food which is the hardest, but also on account of its being somewhat stronger than any other form of bread—a circumstance well known to the trainers of pugilists and runners, whose stamina require to be brought to the greatest possible degree of perfection. If a little salt is incorporated in the paste before baking, it would make it more wholesome and better relished.

Peas and beans, in ordinary seasons, would be the cheapest food for horses, on account of the amazing quantity of nutrition contained in them; but, in consequence of their tendency to induce plethora and inflammation, they can only be given in small quantities as a sort of condiment.

With respect to potatoes, mentioned in the above list, I should think the meaning of "dry matter" to be the state in which they are in when they have been boiled or steamed until they become light and mealy. Raw potatoes, pro-

bably, may contain about 17 parts nutritive in 100.

I conceive mangel-wurzel to be equal to carrots in point of nutriment, but more profitable to the grower, in consequence of the much greater weight produced from the same quantity of land.

If you consider the above communication, or any part of it, worth inserting in the *Sporting Magazine*, you are at liberty to use it as you think proper.

I am, yours, &c. LECTOR.
Malton, Nov. 23, 1836.

NEWTOWN RACES, MONTGOMERYSHIRE, 1836.

BY inserting the following in the next Number of the *Sporting Magazine*, you will greatly oblige a subscriber,
B. T.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4.

The Gentlemen's Plate of 50l. added to a Subscription of five sovs. each. — Five subscribers. — Two-mile heats.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. *Alecto*, by Filho da Puta, or Hetman, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Moseley)..... 1 1
Major Gore's ch. f. Vitula, by Catton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 2 dr.
Mr. Mytton's b. c. by Amadis, 3 yrs old dr.
Two paid. Won easy.

The Hunters' Stakes of five sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added.—One mile and a half, heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Deakin's ch. g. *Cock Robin*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. (Cheawass) .. 1 1
Mr. Pugh's br. m. *Cara Sposa*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 2 2
Mr. Devereux's br. m. *Mademoiselle Mantura*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 4 3
Mr. O. Wynn's b. g. *Idris*, by Alexander, aged, 11st. 11lb. 3 4
Mr. Lewis's ch. m. *Actress*, by Ditto, dr.
Mr. Powell's gr. c. *Nick Nack*, by Gimcrack dr.
Mr. Bristow's br. f. *Blossom*, by Acastus, 4 yrs old dr.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5.

The Town Plate of 50l. free for all ages.—One mile and half heats.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. <i>Alecto</i> , by Filbo or Hetman, 8st. 12lb. (Moseley).....	1	3	1
Major Gore's ch. f. Vitula, by Catton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.....	4	1	2
Mr. Mytton's b. c. by Amadis, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb.....	5	2	3
Mr. Flintoff's b. c. Haphazard, late Flounder, 7st. 12lb.....	2	5	4
Mr. Leafie's b. f. Harriet, by Hit or Miss, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.....	3	4	5

The All Wales Stakes of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred, and foaled in the Principality.—One mile and a half heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Gough's b. g. <i>Pavilion</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb. (Portman).....	1	1
Mr. Pugh's br. m. Cara Sposa, by Fyldener, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.....	2	2
Mr. Wynn's b. g. Idris, by Alexander, aged, 11st. 11lb.....	3	3
Mr. Devereux's br. m. Mademoiselle Mantura.....	dr.	
Mr. Pryse's br. m. Blossom, by Acastus.....	dr.	

A Handicap Stakes of three sovs. each, with 30 added by the Fund.—One mile and a half, heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Bristow's b. m. <i>Lydia</i> , by Poulton, thorough-bred, 4 yrs	2	1	1
Mr. Pugh's br. m. Cara Sposa, 5 yrs old (broke her leg).....	1	0	0
Mr. Davies's b. f. Auricula, 4 yrs old.....	3	2	2
Mr. Tongue's b. g. Tyn rhyd, 4 yrs	4	4	dr.

Three paid.

UNCOMMON CIRCUMSTANCE— COPPER CAPS.

SIR,
THE following circumstance is so extraordinary a one, and at the same time affords such a caution to gentlemen who shoot with copper caps, that you will, I have no doubt, consider it worthy of a place in your Magazine.

I had returned from shooting in consequence of a flood of rain, which was so violent, that, on attempting to discharge my gun, both barrels missed fire. I therefore gave the gun to my servant to draw the charge. Before proceeding to do so, he took off the

caps, and threw them away; at the same time letting down the hammer on the nipples. He then drew the shot and the wadding of the powder, and shook out some of the powder. Having done so, he again, with the worm, endeavored to loosen the remainder of the powder, in order to get as much of it out as possible before he proceeded to wash the gun; and with this view he was working the ramrod round, when the gun exploded, and drove the ramrod between his fingers into the ceiling of the room, fortunately without injuring him in the slightest degree.

The only way I can account for this is, by supposing that a small particle of the detonating powder must have passed from the cap through the nipple, into the chamber of the gun, when I attempted to fire it; and that the friction of the worm must have ignited it. Be this as it may, it will always serve as a caution to me, and no doubt to such of my brother sportsmen as read this—never again to attempt to clear the powder out of a barrel on which the copper cap has failed, by using friction either of a worm or otherwise. The safest way will be always to pick a little dry powder in through the nipple, and fire it by a fresh cap.

I remain, Sir, yours,

A SPORTSMAN.

25th November, 1826.

A DAY WITH THE HERTFORD- SHIRE FOX-HOUNDS.

SIR,
I Shall not apologize for troubling you with the particulars of a good day I witnessed with the Hertfordshire fox-hounds on Monday last from Hare-street. We had a very respectable field, and some good nags; the hounds were in

beautiful condition; and the men appeared particularly neat, being in their new liveries and caps for the first time. A man more fitted than their master to be at the head of a pack of subscription fox-hounds is not to be met with in any country. His kindness to ALL, his cheerfulness and condescension, and his great anxiety to afford sport, are scarcely to be equalled.

We met at half-past ten; when we immediately went about two miles off to Turk's wood, which we drew without finding; we then went on drawing all the other coverts between that and Bearden Park with no better success till getting to the latter place. Here we found a little before one o'clock. After two or three ineffectual attempts to get away, being always headed by the foot people, the fox at length made his point good, and went away in grand style, and a better burst for about five and twenty minutes up to another wood called Hales Park, is not often to be seen. Nor was I disappointed in the horses rode in this country, as they perfectly justified the good opinion I formed of them when we met in the morning. I must not forget to point out one in particular—a mare rode by a gentleman from Heyden: she was in the best form for a hunter, and, as I should think, nearly if not quite thorough-bred, appearing very like a Vivaldi. She is about fifteen hands high, with such hind quarters as are seldom to be met with, and a head and neck fit to go before an Emperor: had she been better rode, and allowed to go at fences, I have very little doubt she would have beaten the whole field. Next to this little animal appeared another mare, about the same size, but perhaps more remarkable, for I think she could not be less than

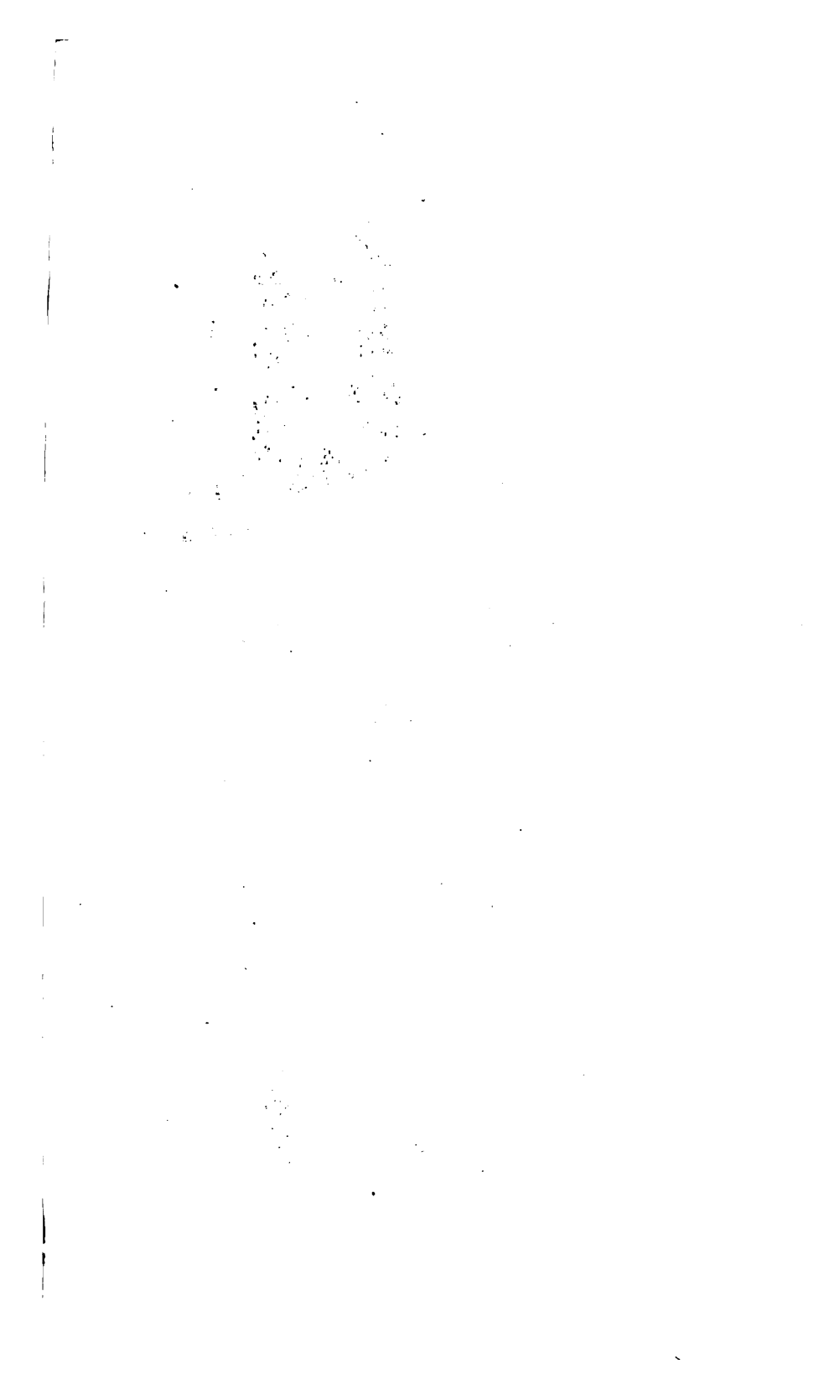
from twenty-five to thirty years old, her head being actually grey from age; she, however, went in first-rate style, and in a first-rate place, being very seldom headed. Her owner, Mr. Rains, of Stortford, has, I am told, refused large sums for her, although she is very much blemished from bad broken knees. She was rode in a way to please all sportsmen, with a steady hand, good eye, and plenty of nerve.

Mr. Parry, one of the principal subscribers to these hounds, rode very like a sportsman, going straight, and in a good place all the time. I was not a little surprised to see amongst the first horses, and sometimes taking the lead, a very small horse rode by Mr. Hayn, of Royston; and on inquiry I learnt, what indeed I suspected from his bad colour and bad coat, that he was an Irish horse. I was at first led to suspect this from his superior manner of leaping, which we all know is peculiar to the Irish horses. This little fellow does not stand more than fourteen hands and a half, and is only four or five years old, but he was not to be shook off by any one. A better rider I never saw, possessing a fine hand, a beautiful seat, and, I am told, as much nerve as any man in England.

I was also much struck with a strong bay horse, rode by a gentleman from Royston; as well as with a good-looking grey and a young brown horse, ridden by gentlemen-farmers. In fact, I have no hesitation in saying, that there is a greater proportion of good horses in this Hunt than in almost any Hunt in the kingdom. On the whole, Mr. Editor, I was more pleased with this day than any other I have had this season.

NIMROD THE SECOND.

Jermyn Street, Nov. 25, 1826.





THE KING'S ARMS, RYE HOUSE, RIVER LEA.

Published by J. Pinner, Warwick Square, London, Decr. 1866.

ON SUMMERING THE HUNTER,
AND ON BREEDING.

SIR,

I Have always perused with much pleasure the interesting letters, or rather tours of NIMROD, that have adorned your valuable *Magazine*; but I beg leave to differ with him partly on one subject, and that is, *summering the hunter*. I will now make a few remarks on this subject, which I hope may not altogether be despised. *Imprimis*, I think it is by far the better plan to *summer hunters in the stable*, but to turn them out early both in the morning and evening, for a few hours; by this they are much refreshed, and likewise the exercise they then take suffices.—It is my opinion, that turning out a hunter to grass for three or four months in the year is very injurious to his legs, *et vero* to his whole constitution and appearance; he loses more in that time than he can recover for months afterwards.

I have heard some persons assert, that if a horse be a little touched in the *wind*, turning him out to *spring grass* will prove a cure; but I have never found it so: on the contrary, I could mention two or three instances of persons doing so, and the horse, after having been out for three or four months, becoming completely broken-winded.

One word more; *et j'ai fini*:—In the *Sporting Magazine* of last March, page 421, NIMROD mentions that a mare three parts bred is quite a little fortune to a farmer. I perfectly agree with him. Being a breeder of horses myself, I could give your readers several instances of having sold a hunter, which I bred from good mares, for 150*l.* or 200*l.* leaving me 40*l.* or 50*l.* clear profit. Certainly there are

Vol. XIX. N. S.—No. 111.

risks attendant in breeding; but in what is there not a risk? Taking it *tout ensemble*, I shall ever think it a most profitable thing, in spite of all the arguments the FARMING FOX-HUNTER can adduce against it. Hoping that you will allow me sometimes a page in your valuable *Magazine*, I subscribe myself,
*A Young Fox-hunter, and
Breeder of Horses.*

Oct. 17, 1826.

KING'S ARMS RYE HOUSE,
RIVER-LEA.*Engraved by WEBB, from a Drawing by
SMITH.*

FOR the gratification of the angling portion of our numerous readers, we have given a view of the King's Arms Rye House (near Hoddesdon), seventeen miles from London. It is a good house, with excellent accommodation, and in appearance particularly neat and inviting. The scenery adjoining is very pleasant to those who delight in rural jaunts, and is much frequented by the lovers of angling. There is a variety of fish in this part of the Lea. Good pike and perch, and sometimes very large trout, are taken; but the latter are not numerous. The New River flows within a hundred yards of the King's Arms; and in the view may be seen partly, behind the summer-house, the battlements of Rye House, which incidents and historical records have made famous. How changed the scene since the sporting days of King Charles II.! it is now a *poor-house*! It was built by Andrew Ogard in the reign of Henry VII., that Monarch having granted him a licence to impark his manor of Rye, and build a castle thereon. Mr. Shep-

K

pard, the landlord of the King's Arms, allows all parties visiting it a free range of the water. Gentlemen subscribers not using his house pay one guinea per year, or

2s. 6d. per day. Boats, rods, and lines, are provided for visitors; but it is scarcely necessary to hint to the real angler to take his own tackle.

DEATH AMONG THE HUNTERS.

SIR,

IF in your judgment the following lines are deserving notice, I shall feel honored by their insertion in your valuable *Magazine*. All the poetic world seem to be writing on "Death" and his "Doings." I wish to shew with whom and what he has *least to do*, so long as the noble exercise is followed fairly, and at the same time with spirit—I need hardly observe I allude to sportsmen, and "the chase." Of the latter I am a devoted admirer, though at present residing in a very difficult and *trying* country. Even here, however, is enough to excite the attention of the real sportsman, and we could *shew* your correspondent NIMROD a most excellent pack of fox-hounds, and as stout foxes as he ever followed, but, alas! in a country where horses ought to have wings.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

P.

October 24, 1826.

DEATH AMONG THE HUNTERS; OR, HIS SUMMONS TO DIAN'S COURT.

Who ever gave a single thought to Death,
When list'ning to the jocund sound
Of merry huntsman, or of eager hound,
Or wish'd that moment to resign his breath?

What dull mortal ever thought of Time,
As rocks re-echo'd to the bugle horn?
Or if he thought, 'twas only thought of scorn,
On which to dwell would be indeed a crime.

Aye, there is life amidst the chase,
And glory in the mad career—
Amidst these oaks Death seldom *shews his face*;
You Forest King can with Old Time compeer;

But to my tale; 'tis fashion of the times
To sing of Death in dogg'rel rhymes.

Death had been busy at a neighb'ring town,
Had heard with glee the Doctor's doleful tale;
Then journeying on, o'er hill and down,
At length descended 'midst a verdant dale.

He snuff'd, with disconcerted air, the breeze:
'Twas healthy, and he curs'd it as he walk'd:
For, save the sear leaf upon autumnal trees,
All Nature smil'd, though near the grand Destroyer stalk'd.

Frowning he stood, and in threat'ning mood
 He view'd the grandeur of the towering wood*.
 Old Time had bid him *here* repair,
 To see chaste Dian hold her Court and fair.
 There sat the Goddess o'er the glittering rill,
 The Old Man by her side;
 The gallant hunters winding down the hill,
 Were seen reflected in the tide.

It was indeed a goodly sight—
 These gallant hunters dress'd in green;
 Death's stern visage grew *more bright*;
 A *smile* upon the *cheek* of Time was seen.
 And now some favorite from the deep-mouth'd pack,
 Threading the mazes of the tangled brake,
 Has cross'd sly reynard's devious track,
 And instant dashes in the plunderer's wake:
 And as he dashes is the challenge given;
 A hundred minions burst at once to *life*,
 At once rush forward in the mingled strife,
 And with their voices is the welkin riven.

And now upon the topmost verge,
 Where lonely scrubs are mingled with the rocks,
 By rustic keen is view'd the breaking fox,
 And dogs and horses sweep in one vast surge;
 Death starts to hear the renovating cry,
 He views, disheartened, yon steed's *bright eye*;
 And now that steed outstrips the very wind,
 O'ertops the height, and leaves grim Death *behind*.

The grand Destroyer shakes his wand in vain,
 Beyond his *reach* is all that goodly train—
 To older Time he turns, in mute despair,
 Just as the Goddess deck'd the veteran's hair
 With choicest wreath, fresh gather'd from the wood;
 And there the green old Father, smiling, stood,
 Just as he did before the o'erwhelming Flood,
 Before his younger brother Death had come on earth,
 When men were hunters from their very birth.

And thus Old Time—"Haste, O Death, quick, haste away!
 Nor longer in these valleys deign to stray;
 Leave these dear groves unto the Sylvan Queen,
 Here let her hold her Court in glorious sheen.
 On rural sports Heaven sheds its kindest rays,
 And gives to sportsmen health and length of days—
 Nor must thou follow in the vigorous track,
 Nor *dare* to join the merry-mouthed pack,
 Except thou'rt mounted on an Oxford hack.
 Leave then *brave* hunters to thy brother Time,
 Nor kill such *joyful fellows* in their prime;
 Leave *them* to drop right mellow from the tree,
 Leave *them* to Dian, to Bacchus, and to *me*!"

P.

* King's Cliff, a beautiful wood, the property of C. K. Th. Tynte, Esq., and, from its romantic situation and the character of its deep solitude, the superstitious rustics have termed it "Hell;" and indeed no sportsman who is a classic, and who has read Virgil's description of the "Cuman Grove," *Æneidos, Liber VI.*, but on seeing the former would be struck with the likeness.

COURSING RULES, &c.

SIR,

IN your Number for last July, page 194, is a letter from a nameless Correspondent, proposing some coursing rules; but as they probably may be commented upon by abler hands than mine, I intend not now to go fully into the matter of the whole of them, but content myself with pointing out a few that appear to me objectionable. The ninth rule—"If one or both dogs be unsighted, owing to the hare running through bushes or hedges, so as to impede the course, it shall be deemed to end there." This is a known and acknowledged good principle, and I only allude to it in reference to the fifth rule—"If, during the course, a second hare gets up, and the dogs divide, the course to be given to the dog that follows the slipped hare." Why, I would ask, should not the course be deemed to end at the time of the second hare getting up, on the same principle as in the ninth rule? I am aware that it has frequently been decided otherwise, and I have often thought very unjustly so. Your Mr. Nameless mentions Swaffham and Newmarket; and I know that at those places, a few years ago, the Judge, previous to beginning, asked the Committee of the Society that precise question; and the answer, after some explanation, was, "at the discretion of the Judge." I recollect one case in particular, amongst many others not dissimilar, where a dog was running a Cup course, and *evidently winning*; when, giving the hare a turn, she went completely round, and again made for covert; the other of course took the lead, and just as the dog that had turned her was recovering on his legs,

a fresh hare got up immediately before him. He was always likely to take after her, but the course was given against him for it, and in favour of a very inferior dog.

The 16th rule being considered three turns, or rather three points, should be only two points, unless one of the turns constitutes a cote.

The 17th rule requires that same proviso to allow the dog the course for giving the first turn.

The 18th rule. The credit attached to a kill should depend on its being a kill of merit.

The 19th rule is altogether objectionable; in the first place, there is no actual difference in the merit of a turn, whether the hare is leading to the covert, or running from it; and in the next place, it would give a waiting dog a very unfair advantage over a fair running dog, as it is well known they *will* wait when going from the covert, and run their best *towards* it; and the fair-running dog is doing the *work* in the mean time.

Your nameless Correspondent will here see that I, at least, consider his rules *worthy of correction*.

A Correspondent in your last Number gives an account of the winners of Cups and Sweepstakes for a number of years at Ashdown Park, and amongst the rest I notice a Stakes won by Mr. Hoskins's r. d. Highlander, by Nelson, out of Madam. I should be much obliged if, through the same channel, some one would be good enough to state what greyhounds were entered for that Stakes, and their breed.

A plan is suggested, by another Correspondent, of ascertaining the goodness of different breeds of greyhounds, by four dogs from each of four different Coursing Clubs running for a Cup or Stakes at some one place, and which I

think would create much interest. I would beg to suggest, in doing so, that attention should be paid in fixing the place where they are to meet, so that the distance each dog has to travel should be as nearly equal as the case can admit of; as, I apprehend, it will readily be allowed that a greyhound who only travels ten, twenty, or thirty miles, has a great advantage over those which have just travelled a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles, whether they are conveyed in a carriage, or travel on foot.

As to the goodness of breed of this or that dog, I have sometimes had reason to think that the nature of the country where greyhounds are reared and trained—as to its being a dry open country, or a damp low country—may have some effect upon their constitutions, even admitting that their diet is much the same in each. If any experimental courser, who has a litter of six or eight puppies, would, when ready to be taken from their dam, send one half to the Derbyshire hills, for instance, and the other half to the flats in Lincolnshire, till they are ready to run, and then have *both* taken into Berkshire, for instance, for a *few weeks' training together* before they run, I imagine the Derbyshire hills would beat the Lincolnshire flats, both in fire and stoutness, if not in speed also.

There are so many who sign themselves *Old Coursers*, that for distinction's sake I will, in requesting your insertion of this, subscribe myself,

A North-westwardly Old Courser.

P. S.—There was an article in your Number for June or July in last year, I think from JOHN BULL, on the Regulations for Coursing Umpires or Triers, but I do not recollect seeing any comments

upon it in any subsequent Number. It appears to me, that there are many remarks in it well worth the attention of Coursing Societies.

A LETTER FROM BARON DE BURGSDORF TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

BEING again on a tour through England, for the purpose of buying large, strong, and unblemished thorough-bred horses, to cross with some of the blood in the Royal Prussian Stud at Trakehnen, I have met with your *Sporting Magazine* for September last, and in it the account from Count VELTHEIM “on the Origin of English Thorough-bred Horses;” in which he alludes to me in a way which would lead to a supposition as if this subject had remained quite unknown to me. A person like myself, who is so much interested in it, whose business has led him to make the most anxious and careful researches, who has read so much on it, and is in daily practice of acquiring farther information—who knows England, its inhabitants, and their horses so well—surely he ought not to be so misunderstood as to be supposed not to have known, that already, before the reign of Charles II., Oriental stallions and mares had been imported into England, but especially during that reign the commonly-called “royal mares;” and also, that, some time later, the Turkish, Arabian, and Barb mares had been introduced, through whose crossing with those stallions the most part of the English thorough-bred horses have originated! Really this is as well known as that the English cart-horse is not imported from the Shetland Islands.

On account of this being so generally known, and by History a

confirmed fact, I have not mentioned it in my pamphlet, which the Count has cited, when I spoke on this subject; but only the origin of the less-known race of thorough-bred horses—viz. of those who were produced by a continued intercourse of a female offspring from an English country mare with an Oriental stallion. The proof of this assertion, as also of the former here existing, breeding in and in, I am able to furnish with as much authentic credibility as the author of the general Stud Book. However, as the Count wishes for English testimonials, I will not be premature, and await them also for my information.

Important as, the Count is of opinion, the subject is to us Germans, I certainly do not any longer consider it so; for the English thorough-bred horse of the present day, with all its good qualities, as well as many faults, is now so sufficiently known, that it at present matters not whether it was in former times solely produced from Oriental blood, or *sometimes* also produced by an eight-fold improvement of the country race; for even the most scientific, cultivated, and experienced horse-breeders could not absolutely establish a leading system for breeding from an English thorough-bred horse of the *present day*. The questionable variety in the descent of the present English thorough-bred horse remains only historically interesting; and he who with care has searched the history of the English horses will have met with many vacancies, which most likely, from the earliest period, were so handed over to the otherwise highly esteemed compiler of the general Stud Book; but in lieu of which many a Barb or Arabian mare has been placed, of which it cannot be attested whether she has

been a natural Barb or Arabian mare, or by a Barb or Arabian out of an English country mare. A recent and very well-informed English writer also says, relating to the royal mares, *some of their produce have been so called*.

In the continuation of the general Stud Book, by Mr. Weatherby, who much distinguishes himself by a thorough knowledge of the subject, and by strict correctness, this cannot happen again; but unfortunately the Arabians are also no longer esteemed in England. That my assertion, "the thorough-bred horse was *sometimes* produced by an eight-fold improvement of the country race," stands, according to the opinion of the Count, in contradiction with the word "thorough-bred," is perfectly groundless; for we have here nothing to do with arithmetic, but solely with the propagating power of a noble or full-blood stallion, which frequently will shew itself so powerful, that sometimes (I speak from experience on a large scale), by a six-fold intercourse, as I have mentioned before, each fractional part is entirely wiped away, and a thorough-bred produce may be born. Finally, may I also ask, is in an English horse a little dash of blood, one-half, three-fourths, seven-eighths blood, and nearly thorough-bred, a nonentity? If this cannot be asserted, then the Count, and not I, must have erred.

Please to give these lines a place in your *Sporting Magazine*; for to be in a country far from my home to execute a very important and equally-difficult business, it is not pleasant to be brought before the English horse-breeders as I have been by Count VELTHEIM.

DE BURGSDORF, from
Trakhezen.

Newmarket, October 1, 1826.

ON POSTING.

SIR,
HAVING noticed an article in your last Number on *Staging and Posting*, I take the liberty of troubling you with a few remarks upon it.

Your Correspondent appears much discontented with the present state of things. I am exceedingly sorry to find he is tantalized by such feelings; surely it would be better if he could take things quietly, and remember, that in a certain degree we must yield to the custom of the times, however much we may differ from them. I always accustom myself to take things easily—to flow down the stream of fortune whithersoever it may bear me. The fickleness of the age, the caprice of fashion, I despise. I seldom trouble myself with the affairs of other people, excepting when imperatively called upon to do so, either by the strict impartial laws of the country, or by the dictates of mine own conscience. If I chance to observe any circumstance prejudicial to the welfare of the State, or the comfort of any individual, then, indeed, I open my mouth and declaim against the practice; and then do I strive to convince others of the evil, in order that it may be put a stop to. But the FRIEND TO THE RIBBONS seems to be extravagant in his wishes, and much too partial to his own opinion. The *cacoethes scribendi*, I fear, has taken hold of him: an inward pride of seeing his sentiments worthy of insertion in the *Sporting Magazine* has been the only spur to his pen, the only encouragement for the exercise of his genius. I am happy, nevertheless, to find that he is blessed with an inestimable virtue, with a virtue worthy of a man and

of a Christian: viz. humanity. He pities the fate of the post-horse, and most justly too; for I agree with him, that the labour imposed on him is unfair, and that the service of the stage-coach horse is by far the easiest.

It would certainly be a good change if the riding and driving system could be done away with; but I fear this change cannot be abolished, on account of the many obstacles in the way. For, supposing the post-boy system to be entirely laid aside, what innumerable disadvantages would arise from this *radical reform*? Thousands of individuals would instantly be deprived of the means of earning their bread. The post-boy cannot turn his hand to every thing: after a long habitude to one particular course of life, with great difficulty would he be able to resign the boot and spur, and turn his hand to any other employment.

Most men are drilled at a very early period of their lives to the service of riding and driving; and when once apprenticed to this service, they generally continue in it; nor do they resign it, unless exalted to a higher station in the stable yard. I fear that the life of a post-horse is often made more miserable than necessary, both by the inattention of the proprietors and the gross neglect of servants. Let the master inspect the stables as often as possible: let him enter them at an unexpected time, when, if any thing is wrong, he may have a better chance of discovering it: let him cast an eye now and then over the different parts of the tackle, and thus preserve an animal oftentimes from a disfigured back or a wrung shoulder: let him act thus, and he will be acting the part of a good man who is merciful to his beast, the sufferings of

his horses would in a great measure be alleviated, and they would remain longer in his service.

Your Correspondent contends that the dickey, or the box, must be less liable to danger or accident than the practice of riding and driving. Do not we as often hear of accidents by stage-coaches as by post-work? Does not the rivalry existing between two separate establishments often prove dangerous, whilst the steadiness of the post-boy (in general at least) is worthy of admiration and praise? I conjecture that the dickey, or the box, would be approved of by few. Many persons, for instance, particularly when travelling in a country unknown to them, are anxious to get a peep at every spot as they whirl along, and to see all they can. That person's optics of vision must indeed be strong, who can see the beauties of the country through the rough-coated back of a driver on the dickey. Many persons also are very fond of preserving secrecy in their sentiments. It is not every one who wishes the coachman to hear every thing he says; but this must be the case in a post-chaise with a dickey, unless the unfortunate travellers can endure to breathe a foul air with the front glasses closed. This would be as prejudicial to them, as keeping a stable of horses without ventilation, with windows closed, and with hay stuffed into the key-hole.

If a FRIEND TO THE RIBBONS can answer these objections, I trust he will do so; and consider that I respect him on account of his spirit of humanity, so apparent in his short epistle.—I shall be much flattered, Mr. Editor, if you will insert this in your next Number.

I am, Sir, &c. Ours,
Canterbury, October 16, 1836.

SECOND LETTER FROM AN^T ARAB, ON OUR BREED OF HORSES, AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

SIR,

I Intended to have written you a few lines, in continuation of my letter published in your July Number, but have delayed doing so, from a wish to see Count VELTHEIM's report concluded.

It appears to me a very able production, though I cannot exactly agree with him on some points; particularly as to there being no English mixture in our present racing stock. In this opinion I join with Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE, though I do not understand that part of his animadversions on my letter, where he talks of my satisfying myself, by training a common bred horse against a racer, and trying the result. Why, really this is too much! Who ever doubted the superiority of blood? It was only from this unquestioned superiority that we wished to learn, as exactly as possible, whence it sprung.

Supposing Count VELTHEIM to be correct in imagining the thorough-bred horse to be descended from the royal mares of Charles II. by Arab horses, the question, "What constitutes a thorough-bred horse?" is certainly answered. But this idea of the Count's I apprehend to be more than problematical:—indeed, was there not every probability against it, the difference in the general appearance of an Arab and an English racer is too striking, to any one accustomed to the former, to admit for a moment of the supposition. I allude particularly to the rise of the shoulder, in which the Arab is so deficient. The question then comes to be—our race horse having native blood in him, how many crosses did it require before

any of the original worthies were admitted into the Stud Book, which is now the received standard of our blood?

It may safely be maintained, that, admitting the high qualities of our racing stock to have been gained from the Arab, it would be quite preposterous, at the present time, to endeavour to improve it by a fresh cross. There is no difference of opinion on the point of the immediate descendant of an Arab horse and English mare having always, upon trial, proved wanting. A grand-daughter of an Arab winning the Oaks, as cited by your excellent Correspondent, **THE OLD FORESTER**, is a rare instance of a winner even in the second generation, with only one quarter of Arab blood, and cannot save the numberless sons and daughters condemned as worthless. To descend to inanimate objects, by way of exemplifying what I mean:—Let us take our oats for instance, originally procured from the natural oat, which is little better than a weed—surely the man would be deservedly laughed at, who proposed resorting to this weed, and to sow from it, neglecting the rich grain, into which ages of high culture have improved it! In like manner, I look upon the idea of having recourse to the Arab, to improve our breed of the present day, as equally absurd. It would appear that we have, by great care, and after the lapse of nearly two centuries, by crossing from Arab and Barb blood, procured a race of horses, the first in the world. This improvement has arisen from our attention to breeding, our high feeding, and from our skill in *condition*, with the consequent development of the muscles and other

bodily powers; animals in high condition naturally producing their species of a superior description, than when half starved, as the Arabian in his own country, certainly is when compared with our style of feeding. We, very probably, once derived benefit from them; but now we have a race, which surpasses them, by many degrees, in every quality, and to go back to them for improvement at this time would be throwing away the advantages we have been so long acquiring.

There is one circumstance overlooked by Count **VELTHEIM**, which easily explains why, since the time of the Godolphin, no Oriental horse in England has directly produced good racers. In those days, our breed of race-horses had not attained the perfection it has since arrived at; and, as all excellence is by contrast, the immediate descendants of those original sires then shone, where, had they lived now, they never would have been "placed." I know, with many, it is the fashion to say that our racer has degenerated. Of this there is not a shadow of proof: on the contrary, judging by old pictures, which shew them evidently to have been a coarser animal, and going on the supposition, of which there is every probability, that there is a strong dash of native blood in him, there are strong reasons to think that the English race horse is now in greater perfection than he has ever yet been. High bred horses, say eighty or a hundred years ago, were few in number, and their performances created greater wonder, and were more vaunted. The breed being now increased twenty-fold, superiority is not so easily obtained among so many

competitors. Our so soon bringing out our young horses too, and the consequent almost invariable failure of their legs before they have come to their full powers, tends to prevent any one horse rising much above his fellows. His superiority can never be fully ascertained; it is too short lived, indeed almost ephemeral. I do not see, however, that there is much reason to dread the realization of Count V.'s fears, that the breed will degenerate from this cause; as it is generally the legs, and not the constitution, that have suffered.

Before closing this part of my subject, I must beg to enter my protest against what THE OLD FORESTER says of the Wellesley, the Cole, and Malcolm Arabians being probably Turcoman horses, even though backed by the authority of Sir Harford Jones. The difference between the two breeds is too obvious to admit of any likelihood of this being the case, were they not otherwise known to be Arabs of high caste. Some of the Persian horses, from the vicinity of the two countries, are more like the Arab; but here also the difference is apparent. And now I have done with this subject, leaving it willingly to more able pens.

I have been over a great deal of ground, Mr. Editor, since my last letter to you; and, were it not running the risk of being too severe upon your readers, and my own aversion to scribble, I could give you an account of some very good grouse shooting, on Lord Stafford's estate in the North of Scotland. We had very fair sport, as had Sir Ralph Anstruther and his party, who were not far off.

Having gone by steam, I saw

little of Scotch travelling till my return; but, oh! what would NIMRON have said to have seen the fellow who drove us from Perth in blue worsted stockings and coarse greenish cords, sitting on his box with his legs crossed! To do them justice, the good people there did not denominate him coachman, but driver, which shewed some humility at least: but humility is none of their virtues; for they think themselves, their ill put together horses, weather-beaten harness, and clumsy coaches, not cleaned out once a week, the most finished turns out. Their pace too is dead slow. I afterwards sat on the box of the mail from Edinburgh to Doncaster, which is not so bad, as it goes nine miles an hour—a pace the Scottish coachmen think almost flying. Unfortunately the ignorance of these people extends beyond their box; for the man who drove this coach from Edinburgh to Dunbar told me he always saw his four black horses, which he reckoned a crack team, get as much water as they could drink, an hour and a half before starting, with *hay à discretion*, as the French *Restaurateurs* give bread to their guests.

By the bye, how comes it that there is not one fast coach leaves London down the York and Edinburgh road? They say they have heavy roads. Have not the Manchester and Liverpool as heavy, and go two miles an hour quicker? If they have heavy loads, why run the long stages they do?—This road, however, leads to Doncaster, where I saw Tarare win his race by at least twelve yards, Nelson letting him loose almost opposite the grand stand, where he sprang away from Mulatto and Bedlamite. *A prepos*, pray warn your readers

to be careful to pronounce his name *broad*, and not *Tairaire**, as I heard him called by some who ought to have known better.

May I give you some Scotch sporting intelligence, which I picked up, though I have already wandered wide from the first subject of my letter? Mr. Baillie, to the regret of Berwickshire and part of Northumberland, gives up his hounds, which, with his horses, come to the hammer in a few days. I leave it to NIM NORTH to send you a sketch of the history of this pack to the day of its dissolution, including the sporting life of its master, than whom a more deservedly favourite in that, and indeed, as I understand, in all capacities, has seldom appeared in your pages. The country now abandoned will be occupied by Mr. Baird†, with the Lothian Hounds, who are now to hunt four days a week; but it is generally thought that no one pack can hunt the extent of country he has taken in hand, in a manner to satisfy those who are at the trouble to preserve foxes for him. A sporting friend took me to see the Lothians at their kennel at Dalkeith; and I think, if they were passed in review before NIMROD himself, he would pronounce them to be tip-top among the provincials. Williamson, the huntsman, understands his business thoroughly, both in and out of kennel, and is a most gallant rider to hounds. He told me they had lost several horses

this summer; but, by this time, I suppose they are remounted, and are in the field.

But I now wish you good night, Mr. Editor, to prevent my prolixity setting both you and your readers to sleep, and am yours, &c.

ANT' ARAB.

Oriental Club, 29th October, 1836.

CHAMPION AND COURSING.

SIR,

I Have not been in England lately; and have but just seen the letters of CANDIDUS and LEPORARIUS in your Numbers for July and September.

You have a right to expect conciseness from me upon a subject of which your correspondents must long since have been weary, and I will endeavour to fulfil your expectations. I am not to be silenced by CANDIDUS's putting words and sentiments into my mouth, and then reasoning upon them as if they actually proceeded from me; or by the strong charges of ill-nature, &c. with which I am assailed by LEPORARIUS, and which I am unconscious of having merited. Did I assert, Mr. Editor, that the great grandsire or grand-sire "of a dog had very little to do with him?" And if I did *not*, what becomes of the horses and pedigrees of CANDIDUS, or for what purpose were they introduced? I was never absurd enough to affirm any thing of the sort. All I contend for is, that they have not

* I presume his noble owner called him after the Tarare in the admirable tale of Count Hamilton, and not after the stupid rogue of the name who appeared at the English Opera last season. "Et pourquoi vous sappelez vous Tarare?"—"Parceque ce n'est pas mon nom."—"Tarare, dit le Calife; Tarare, dit le Seneschal; Tarare, dirent tous les Conseillers; et Tarare (a) s'ecrierent enfin jusqu'aux petits galopins qui se jouaient dans la cour du palais."

† This veteran sportsman is known to many of your readers as owner of Cleveland, and of a far honestier colt, who appeared at the Leger this year, Sir Malachi Malagrowther.

(s) Tarare, *Anglice* Fiddle-fiddle.

every thing to do with him, and that others of the family ought to be allowed their share of contribution to the *excellence* of the composition.

It would have been fairer, for instance, to have described Brenda as having been got by Hogarth, son of Hafed; and then to have gone on to state that Hogarth was out of a Champion bitch.—Brenda is of a yellow colour, and so I am told was her dam; her sire and grandsire were both inclined to yellow; Champion we all know was black and white.

I still think it "extraordinary" that we should be told *in print* that the blood of *any* dog "must succeed." Then CANDIDUS says, "erase the words *very justly*," and "you have a plain ungarbled extract," &c.; that is, in plainer terms, take away the words in which the puff consists, and you have no puff.—But the puff is, we learn from CANDIDUS, Mr. Roberts's—No; for Mr. R.'s was a private communication; it did not become a puff till it was given to the public. I am very ready to admit that Mr. Goodlake is not a likely man to start a dog "unfit to run;" but necessity has no law.

The state of our kennels at the close of a season often enforces upon us that which we had rather avoid; and I re-assert, without fear of contradiction in the quarter whence an incontrovertible contradiction might come, that Grandison had been lame and *was* "short of work."—Wooden *was* "bought off," and the price was ten pounds. Now let me ask of LEPORARIUS, whether he has any right to talk of "ill-nature" when he imputes to a Brother Courser "hostility" to a *dead dog*, merely because he has been obliged to yield the palm to his descendants.

But have I shewn hostility in any way to this dog—any desire to depreciate him unfairly, or to sink him below his proper level?—A reference to my letter will convince any impartial man that I have *not*. I do not wish to deny that he possessed merit, though I shall always think too much has been said of him.

Why LEPORARIUS should take into his head that ANTI PUFF would be sorry to see the task of collecting and collating the pedigrees of the greyhounds undertaken by Captain Lidderdale, I am wholly at a loss to conjecture: however, to undeceive him, I shall only observe, that I believe no one can be better calculated for the undertaking; *there*, prejudice towards Champion will not operate to his disadvantage. I have always heard Captain L. described as a very honorable, worthy man, and a knowing courser; but I do not speak from any personal knowledge of him. I here disclaim, however, any intention of making an attack upon HIM. "The joke of the starling" (if joke there be) "is still staler than CANDIDUS is aware of," and in his ear will holla "Mortimer:"—"I will have a starling taught to speak nothing but Mortimer."

So much for Champion. I take my leave of him, and of you too, Mr. Editor, subscribing myself,

Yours respectfully,

ANTI PUFF.

ON THE POWERS OF FRENCH HORSES.

SIR,

IN reference to the information furnished by THE OLD FORESTER, as to the remarkable powers of small French horses, experience

enables me to confirm his statement. PHILO-EQUUS, who calls it in question, is perhaps not aware that the usual mode of travelling on the Continent is in a hired carriage drawn by the same horses; lodgings, meals, and every expense on the road being furnished by the owner for a given sum. On the high roads from Naples and Geneva to Paris, this mode of conveyance is very generally adopted. The carriages used contain six persons besides the driver, who never raises an objection to the weight of luggage belonging to the passengers. I have often seen such carriages quite full, almost covered with heavy trunks, and weighing as much as a Kensington coach loaded inside and out, drawn by two small horses at the rate of forty miles a day, and for ten and fifteen days together, over roads that would frighten an English coachman into a fever. And these little horses, on reaching the end of such seemingly-harassing journeys, appear as fresh as when they commenced them. No doubt can exist that a pair of our very best machiners would knock up on the third or fourth day of such a task; and I have always been at a loss to account for so remarkable a superiority in cattle, which here would be called cross-made little cart horses. The pace at which they proceed is, to be sure, a very slow one, for they generally start at five in the morning, travel till eleven, bait and rest till two, and then continue on the road till six or seven in the evening. These horses never felt a bearing rein, and they shuffle along with their noses to the ground, caoosing their own pace, and pleasing themselves as to the side of the road; for the

driver generally hangs the reins on a hook by the side, and amuses himself with a pipe, or in gossip with his passengers through the front window. The horses are well fed both as to quantity and quality, and are encouraged by every art to drink pail after pail of water till they look as if they would burst.

These are facts, Sir, which any English horse-keeper would call a pack of lies; but still they are facts. Again: let any one who doubts this statement inquire respecting the work done by the ponies, which drag those huge machines called Diligences, from Paris to St. Germain. These moving castles hold eighteen persons *all inside the walls*, and weigh nearly twice as much as an English stage; yet they are drawn by four little cart horses, hardly ever exceeding fourteen hands, and each team performs twenty-six miles a day at the rate of seven miles an hour, including stoppages: and as for a day's rest, it is a thing never thought of; indeed they never seem to want one, for they are nearly all stallions, and they never miss an opportunity of getting up a battle-royal amongst themselves. They may sometimes be seen galloping down the long paved hill from St. Germain, biting and striking at each other all the way, and making a noise which would be heard a mile off, were it not drowned by the crashing jingle of their tremendous load. What English horses could stand such wear and tear?

I am also certain that if the post-horses on the road from Calais to Paris were now replaced by drafts from Newman's and Bryant's stables, very few of the Eng-

lish horses would be alive by Christmas. The average weight of a French post-boy with his saddle, boots, cloak, and sheepskin, is not less than fifteen stone. The roads in question are so infamous throughout the winter, that a description of them would obtain no credit in England. There is always plenty of work, night and day. In many cases the horses are not half fed, and grooming is a word unknown in most French post-houses. Yet I have had a personal acquaintance of many years with half the postmen on that road, and know them to be as fresh and as straight upon their legs as if they had never been once overworked. Besides not getting half the corn they would eat, they lie upon dunghills, seldom touch any fodder but straw, and are coaxed to drink (immoderately by the irresistible temptation—hungry as they always are—of a handful of bran to every pail-full of water. What would Messrs. Newman and Bryant say to this? If they doubt the correctness of my statement, let the Green Man at Barnet mount his rival the Red Lion, and make a tour in France, "to fill their minds with useful and becoming knowledge." If the Green Man were to exchange his hat for a coal-skuttle, and his boots for a pair of "cast-iron coffins," and the Lion were as of old to assume the Ass's skin, they might chance to pass for a Calais post-boy on his *bidet*.*

In charity, however, to the noble Lion, I must inform his green rider, that the brutal cruelty of the French post-boy to his gallant little steed excites the disgust,

may I may say the horror, of all English travellers. He uses the butt-end of his long heavy whip handle upon all occasions; and I have often seen a pony's nose smashed by way of punishment for the giving way of some of his miserable tackle. To think only of the savage, senseless brutality of these wretches, makes me angry. So, Sir, until I can write in a good humour, I subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.

A TRAVELLER.

TRAINING THE POINTER.

SIR,
FROM unavoidable circumstances, I have but just perused your Magazine for August, in which I have read with great pleasure an article on Shooting, from a Correspondent who signs himself A YOUNG SPORTSMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL. I have often regretted, in common with many others, that some pen all-powerful as NIMBOD's has not furnished your Magazine with more information with regard to dogs, shooting, &c., and it is with the hopes of seeing something from an abler pen than mine on these matters, that I forward the following remarks to you.

Although I differ from your above-named Correspondent in some points which I shall presently name, I am sorry his remarks on the subject were so brief, as he writes in the style of one, whose opinion may be looked up to; and in differing from him, I follow merely my own experience (which very probably is not so extensive

* Pony.—There is not much difference between the proportion of a French postillion to his *bidet* of flesh and blood, and that of a common-sized lover of cleanliness to one of wood and earthenware.

as his), and which I shall be glad to have corrected by a better sportsman. I have always had doubts as to the best way of breaking pointers, nor do I think any general rule can be laid down for that purpose. You must suit your system to the temper of your dog; and not, as half the blundering blockheads who call themselves dog-breakers do, apply the whip, and use the same rating words to every dog, however different their characters may be.

I am of opinion, that dogs dropping to the gun when your bird is killed, is not requisite, although the general opinion supposes it to be so. In nine cases out of ten, I say, bag your bird as *quickly and steadily* as possible. Your dog, by running up and bringing it, or by holding it till you get up to him, procures you more birds in the season than all your crack dogs who 'down charge' the moment you fire, from fear of disturbing fresh game, while your bird, if he is winged, is obliged afterwards to be hunted up to; by which means I have often seen good dogs run up more game, and spoil more shots, than I ever saw done by following up your bird the moment he falls. Your Correspondent says he has had twelve birds on the ground at the same time. If such cases were common, I would break my dogs most decidedly on his (that is, on the general) plan; but such an instance of birds being scattered in any country, seldom occurs—I am sure not often enough to warrant a dog's being broke for it. If a bird is missed, your dog should drop *immediately*; if killed, he should get it *immediately*. In this, I think, consists a thorough-good dog, as far as behaviour 'to shot'

goes. With regard to hunting, backing, standing, sinking wind, &c. I hope at another time to send you my opinion, the result of some years' experience, on these, and all particulars with regard to shooting, if you deem the present observations worthy of insertion.

One word more, with regard to there being a scarcity of good dogs in Norfolk, as your Correspondent asserts. As to the fact of its being so, or not, I am not entitled to judge, never having been partridge shooting in Norfolk in my life; but this I must say, that, if it is so, it is, not owing to the quantity of game. I am convinced you cannot have too much game to make a dog, otherwise good, steady. Abundance of game is much more likely to make a dog puddling, and too full of point, than wild. The best dogs I ever saw in my life were in Cambridgeshire, where there was an immense quantity of birds—as many I believe as in most parts of Norfolk. If there are no good dogs in Norfolk, it is the fault of the animal, not of the country. Where birds are scarce, your dog forgets what you have taught him on his first point, before he gets a second; and it is long and long ere you can make a good pointer in a scarce country. I have seen a good deal of shooting, and many pointers; but I never saw a dozen real good ones, according to my own taste.

I am afraid I have already transgressed too far on the limits of your interesting Magazine; but you will, I hope, allow me at another time to write more fully on the subject.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN BULL:

October 25, 1836.

FOX-HUNTING IN HANTS, AND
OTHER SUBJECTS.

SIR,

B RILLIANT suns and clear blue skies have been succeeded by southerly winds and clouds. Most of the yachts are laid up for the winter, and their owners, both noble and gentle, have started for their different hunting countries. The hands which lately steered their "galant barks" between Cowes and Southampton, are now content to exchange the helm for the bridle—the pride of having the fastest sailer, for the glory of being the "first and foremost" across a country. The prize now in view is not a "Gold Cup value 100 guineas," but a fox's brush, the trophy of a hard-fought day—*Grata est vicissitudo*.

Hunting has now generally commenced; the weather has hitherto been favorable for the sport; but in the part of the country in which I have at present taken up my quarters, there is such a scarcity of foxes, that it has been difficult to break the young hounds in during cub-hunting. The cause to which this is to be attributed (the great game preserves) has been so often and so ably discussed, that it were useless and unnecessary for my feeble pen to enter upon it. A few words, however, I cannot refrain from saying. The very last day I was out with the hounds, nearly the whole of the Cabinet Council were spreading death and destruction within a mile of us. What a vexation would it be to the Noble owner, were a fox by chance to cross their path! he would be immediately condemned to annihilation, as having, perhaps, been tempted in a

hungry fit to make a meal of a well-fed pheasant, which might otherwise have had the honour of being shot at by some ennobled and distinguished barrel. But so it is; and so, it is to be feared, it always will be. On this subject *adhuc jam satis est*.

I am at present residing at Southampton, one of the prettiest towns in England without exception—beauty and fashion are its characteristics. It is a tolerable situation for hunting, as I am within reach of the Hambleton and New Forest hounds; and when Mr. Villebois is in what is called his Hursley country, the distance from his fixtures is not very great. My first gallop was with the Forest hounds; and, in my poor opinion, a finer pack can no rural country boast. To a stranger, the riding in the Forest is at first rather awkward; but it is by no means so formidable as I had been led to suppose from the representations of others. Deceitful bogs, holes concealed by the heath, deep cart-ruts, and thick woods, are certainly not very pleasant to one who has never been accustomed to this sort of work; but a quick eye, and a handy horse, and you are safe. That the Forest is a bad hunting country, as some say, I should be inclined to doubt. As yet, however, I have seen so little of it that I am hardly able safely to give an opinion; but there seems to me to be no reason why it should be a bad one. With the master of these hounds I have not as yet had an opportunity of being acquainted, but he looks all over like a real sportsman, and his management in the field seems to confirm what his looks denote.

I have been out two or three

times with the Hambleton Hounds, which, whatever their appearance may be, are by no means to be despised. I am told the sport they had last year is astonishing, considering the rough way in which they are supported; but their success is chiefly to be attributed to the perseverance of Mr. Smith, who has the management of them, and the sportsmanlike way in which he hunts them. The fences in this country are not to be hopped over, even by Leicestershire nags. I will, however, at a future opportunity, with your permission, send you my farther observations on these countries and these hounds, with, from time to time, an account of the sport they have had.

I regret to see that two of your correspondents should be so constantly "sparring" with each other, and with so little an apparent disposition to come to any agreement on the points under discussion; though, by the way, I don't know that this "paper war" is either unamusing or uninteresting. They are both resolute in their opinions on summering the hunter. At the same time I must be allowed to say, that when NIMROD condescends to quibble upon misprinted and misplaced letters, to cavil upon misquotations of Latin, he makes it appear that the argument is nearly worn out, or that he himself is tired of it. He will pardon, I am confident, this observation.

I have accurately read all that has been written both for and against the practice of summering hunters; and though I certainly agree in the main with NIMROD on the subject, yet I think many of Mr. LAWRENCE'S arguments admirable, and well

worth attention. There is one point, however, in his last letter, on which I would wish to make a remark. He says, the *additional* expense of summering hunters is considerable. I was told by a friend not long ago, when speaking of this subject, that he had made a calculation, from which he had found that, upon the whole, it cost him less to keep his horses up during the summer, than it would were he to send them to grass. "For," said he, "I have a large farm, and therefore have not to buy oats or hay: and, as I keep my horses in a straw yard, the manure they make me in the summer, which I should otherwise have to buy, is of the greatest value to me: on the other hand, were I to turn them out, the expense of keeping them at grass would be considerable." This calculation, however, ought not perhaps to be considered as a general criterion of the expense of summering horses, as it would depend greatly on the advantages each man has of pursuing this plan.

I said just now, I agreed in the main with NIMROD'S system, and I now repeat it; and, had I twenty horses, I would summer them all; yet *medio tutissimus ibis*. I think, in acting upon this plan, there is a middle course I should prefer. And here, if I beg leave to differ on one point with NIMROD, I do it, not with any idea of setting myself up as a judge in this matter, only so far as reason seems to prompt. He says, "I have this year adopted a plan I never tried before. I have not thrown my hunters out of condition at all. They go to exercise every morning, as in the winter; and I generally ride one of them about the country in the course of the day."

M

This, coming from the pen of Nixson, of course deserves attention. But it is hardly natural or probable that a horse's feet, after a winter's hard work, will be bettered by his being rode constantly in the summer on the road; indeed I should think it must be attended with the worst results. Under this system, a horse's feet cannot last long, and they must be more liable to those diseases which are so incident to this part of his frame. I write, however, under correction. As I said before, I should prefer a middle course, and it should be this. I would turn my horses into a yard, separating the vicious from the quiet, having first taken off their shoes. I would have sheds, in which were mangers and racks, and feed them upon oats twice a day, letting them be always supplied with hay, and giving them *green meat* occasionally, preferring tares. A cistern should be kept in the yard filled every morning with water, so that they might go and drink as often as they wished. This plan I have hitherto followed, and do not wish to alter it. Horses, under this system, come very soon into condition, and require but little physic; indeed I think it often happens that they are physicked too much at this time. Horses that have been summered do not require the same quantity of physic which was given them when it was the practice to turn them out to grass; and I am sure of one thing, that some horses are better without any at all previous to the commencement of the hunting season. I have a horse now which has not been physicked at the usual time these last three years, and no horse can be in better condition, or retain his health better. On

this subject there has always existed a diversity of opinions, nor do I pretend, nor am I sufficiently experienced, to set the matter at rest either one way or the other, though I am aware the purging system pretty generally prevails at present.

The stage coachmen ought to be, and doubtless are, much obliged to Nixson for making them the subject of so many of his late letters, and placing them in so conspicuous a situation before the public. Whether their being thus brought forward so prominently, will not contribute to give them too high an opinion of themselves, and tend to make them think themselves of too much consequence, remains to be proved. For myself, though no one can rejoice more in the improvement which has of late years taken place in this description of persons, yet still, I must confess, I am so friend to those who are styled gentlemen-coachmen, with rings on their fingers, &c. I never feel at my ease with them, and dare hardly ask them a civil question through fear of being "set down."

A RURALIST.

Southampton, October 16, 1826.

LIST OF STALLION GREYHOUNDS.

SIR,

BEING anxious to afford such information as may lead to improve the breed of our Southern greyhounds, I send for insertion in your next Number a list of some of the most celebrated stallion greyhounds now in use in the different parts of England. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the dogs of the more Northern counties to add them to my list; but

I trust that there may be found, among the coursers of that district, some person willing to supply the deficiency.

No authority has been given to me to say that the members of the several coursing clubs may send bitches to the dogs enumerated: but I believe that the greater part of them are open to the coursing public gratis, or at moderate prices.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STAL- LION GREYHOUNDS.

Bertram, by Factor, out of Camilla: late at Stockton, near Deptford Inn, Wilts.

Bosworth, by Claret, out of Hornby Lass: at Stockton, near Deptford Inn, Wilts.

Bozer, by Brutus, out of Belle (by Jasper): at Salperton, near Frogmill, Gloucestershire.

Briton, by Platoff: at Salperton, near Frogmill, Gloucestershire.

Brutus, by Platoff (dam by Hambletonian, out of Damsel): at Salperton, near Frogmill, Gloucestershire.

Bulow, by Platoff, out of Bounty: at Oodford, near Deptford Inn.

Hawk, by Magnet (by Bolter out of Leader): at Hursley, near Romsey, Hants.

Hercules, by Bergami, out of Laura: at Packington, near Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire.

Newby, by Tiger (by Wonder out of Susan, daughter of Snowball): at Donhead, Salisbury, Wilts.

Nivalon, by ———: at Fisherton, near Deptford Inn, Wilts.

Racer, by Champion, out of Darling (by Duke out of Spite): at Hungerford, Berks.

Reserve, by Old Rodney, out of Regina: at Bewdley, Worcestershire.

Ren, by Nathan, out of Raffle: at Eltham Park, Kent.

Ringwale, by Old Rodney, out of Rivulet: at Fisherton, near Deptford Inn, Wilts.

Skyrocket, by Platoff, out of Snowdrop (by Champion out of Buff): at Hungerford, Berks.

Vengeance, by Nelson, out of Madam: at Packington, near Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire.

Woden, by Old Woden (by Remus), out of Wilhelmina: at Diatoh, near Sarum, Wilts.

I am, Sir, &c. A COURSER.
Salisbury, October 22, 1826.

A FEW LINES FROM NIMROD.

SIR,

ACCORDING with former proceedings, I offer you a few remarks on the two last Numbers. The portrait of Mr. Marshall, by his son, is an excellent likeness, and the article accompanying it a fair tribute to his well-earned fame. The object here cannot be to recommend his talents, for they are sufficiently established; but it is gratifying to the Sporting World to know, that, when he hangs up his brush, he will be so ably succeeded. I have been acquainted with Mr. Marshall twenty years, and have been a great admirer of his art—rendered perfect by the knowledge he has obtained of his subject.

The *Fox-Hunter Rough and Ready* seems just the man for a country life, being at “all in the ring,” and no doubt a good performer in more ways than one. I agree with him, that we should not lose our manly sports. Those countries which have lost them never flourished afterwards, and why should we? Our present wrestlers differ little from those of antiquity, excepting that they do

not contend naked; and doubtless there are now many to be found who would have cut no bad figure in the lists of Olympus. A second Milo may not be found; but in one respect we might find his parallel. *No man*, it is said, could subdue his strength; but he was obliged to yield to the powers of a woman.

Page 322.—Beware of hoaxes! Does the Virginian nightingale sing in the night in this country? I live in the land of common nightingales, but I have never seen one approach close to a house. This bird is almost sacred to Solitude—

“The melancholy Philomel
Thus perch’d all night, *alone* in shady
groves,
Tunes her soft voice to sad complaints of
love,
Making her life one great harmonious
woe.”

I do not at present recur to the letter of *Laudator Presentis Ævi*, as I may have occasion to notice it again.

Did it not happen that the time will clash with my Yorkshire Tour, I would not miss seeing the matches that are to be run (*vide* p. 324) at Ashdown Park, in the week after the November meeting, as some of the best blood will be tried.

Your Correspondent *Quæstor* is quite correct in his remarks on Firing. In the present state of veterinary practice, it cannot be done away with in some cases—particularly those of bony excrescences.

Leporarius is out of my line, but the subject-matter must be highly interesting to coursing men; and there is one part of the long-tail system which comes home to all sportsmen: *I allude to the strict attention to the result of blood.*

The Instructions on Cocking, by

a practical man, are excellent and of the latest date. No animal—not the winner of the Derby—puts condition to the test like a game cock in a long battle. It even beats blood, and that is saying every thing. The minutiae of the art of training him are wonderful. They are the result of centuries of experience, and afford much food for a contemplative mind.—I would rather converse with the *Member of the Burton Hunt* about Sir Richard Sutton and his hounds, than about *guns*, and especially country-made guns. Great improvements have been lately made by the first-rate artists on these articles, and I have witnessed some of the humble imitations by country makers. It comes to this:—London makers must be wofully imposed upon if they do not furnish a superior article, for they not only purchase the best materials but the best workmanship.

As for *The Old Forester’s Trip* to Brittany, I have only this to say of it—I have read it attentively; and, though it would be saying little if said by any one else, I would rather have been the author of it, than of any thing I have written. It is not only highly amusing by the variety of scene and anecdote, but it abounds with manly sentiment and just observation. Fitly, indeed, has he selected his motto from Shakspeare, for he does not travel with headless eyes.—The Betting-room at Doncaster is a beautiful building, and, being after a model by the Greeks, is all in character.

OCTOBER NUMBER.—That hunters are brilliant in all forms, experience confirms. Treacle appears rather high on his leg, and a little deficient in thigh: but “handsome is that handsome does,”

applies particularly to the horse. Taken altogether, Treacle is one of the finest horses of the present day; with wind and pace equal to any country. At the same time Mr. Maxse purchased him, he bought a roan horse out of Sir Bellingham Graham's stables, and, I have reason to believe, gave a thousand pounds for the two.

On *The Breeder of Cocktails'* article on Doncaster, I shall reserve my remarks till I see the finish. It has always been my opinion, that the *Sporting Magazine* is not complete, without an account of our grand racing meetings from the pen of an eye-witness.

The question of what constitutes a thorough-bred horse is now got into competent hands; and between *The Old Forester* and Count Veltheim, we shall have some able discussion on the subject. Relating to the latter Nobleman, it is highly interesting to find a Foreigner participate so much in English feeling and English sports. His present remarks—so much to the purpose, and doubly valuable as founded on *extensive experience*—will be most serviceable to me when I return to the subject of breeding the racer, which I only made a beginning to under the signature of *Equus*. Here, however, is apparent the value of subjects of this nature being discussed in a periodical work, which has a wide circulation abroad. God forbid that in these enlightened days, and piping time of peace, it should ever be the policy of Englishmen to withhold from their brother sportsmen of other countries any information essential to their general good, and more especially on matters connected with the sports of the field! Neither can it be for a moment doubted, that,

from the hints, suggestions, and experience of such a correspondent as Count Veltheim; a reciprocal advantage, if not indeed a complete equivalent, may be obtained. With peculiar relation to the race-horse, however, it is our interest to facilitate the means of breeding him all over Europe, and thereby encourage the predilection of foreigners for the sports of the turf—as it would increase the market for the sale of our race-horses, and thereby encourage breeding in this country, so suited to it.

Touching the Count's invitation to Germany, and to his country seat, the only answer I can give to such an unexpected compliment is, that, if circumstances will permit me, I shall be proud of the intended honour. From the letters he has favored us with, I anticipate much assistance in my future observations on breeding the race-horse; but that will be trifling in comparison with the advantage I should reap from his conversation and friendship.

As *Philo-Equus* especially addresses himself to me, I take leave to inform him that the grand test of the powers of saddle horses is "the pace." I see no reason to doubt the accuracy of the details of feats on the road by American or French horses; because, in the one instance, four miles in the hour only were performed; and I doubt not but *The Old Forester*, when he said "you may ride" one of the Breton bidets fifty or sixty miles a day for a month—(recollect how well they are bred!)—was speaking figuratively, and he says nothing about *pace*. No people ride so fast on the road as the English, and, partly no doubt, for this reason:—Am I not personally acquainted with any man

who rode the same horse a hundred miles a day? Depend on it, it is a punisher both to man and horse. When *Philo-Equus* rates the Bagmen on a journey at twenty miles a day for "good work," I have reason to believe he is about the mark.

I do not see how it is possible very much to mend the plan of the loose places or summering or wintering ho ses, furnished by *A Subscriber*. The yards, I should say, should be one half as large again (36 feet), as then they would be large enough for exercise, but not for galloping. A north aspect is best for summer; an eastern one next; but if any particular aspect be preferred for all the boxes, it can be had by making the buildings single instead of double, which would add but little to the expense. There should be rollers to the doors, and, in all loose places, wooden bolts should be used to fasten them; they never rust, and are therefore more secure. In these horse-stealing times, a good lock on the outward door may be useful. The yards and sheds should undoubtedly be square and not oblong, for the worst motion a horse performs is that of turning. I have seen boxes with the angle of the corners filled up, like Rumfordized chimneys, when, if properly paved, it is scarcely possible that a horse can be cast. In my concluding letter on Condition I have a few interesting observations to make on loose boxes, which my present limits will not afford room for.

The Rabbit Shooting at Knowsley is good.—No wonder *Jonathan** has his hounds so steady in the winter, when they spend the summer amidst so much riot.

Even Mr. John Lawrence allows an anecdote, and even one from *Narranon*. The following, relating to battue shooting, was told me last night over a bottle of claret. At a grand battue, one gentleman was very nearly shot by his friend. He cautioned him not to shoot so much at random again—but he cautioned him in vain; for in an hour afterwards he put four shots into his cheek. "Where are you?" said the wounded man to his friend. "I am here," was his reply.—"I cannot see you for the bushes," resumed he; "*hold up your hand*." He held up his hand, and he had fourteen shots put into it, at about forty yards distance—"There," said he, "is tit for tat."

"Who is the *Fox-hunter Rough and Ready*?" said a neighbouring Parson—a great admirer of the *Sporting Magazine*—who called on me to-day; "he has been in our country, it seems, and I wish we could find him out."—"You may as well ask the man in the moon," was my reply. But if the "*bold Militia Captain*" comes amongst us again, I will, if I can, see how he looks in one of my arm chairs, with a cigar in his cheek, because he delights in fox-hunting; and if his purse is not heavy, we shall not be the less like brothers for that. *Tom Wingfield's* answer to the Militia Major was good; and the Major's question reminds me of an anecdote of a late master of fox-hounds, who was always mistaking the names of his hounds. "How can I recollect a hound?" said he. "Look at him on one side, and he has *three* spots; look at him on the other, and he has *five*!" Tom's answers are generally short and pithy; neither, like

* Lord Derby's huntsman.

the *Fox-hunter Rough and Ready*, does he always deal in compliments. A friend of mine was going well one day with Sir Thomas Mortyn's hounds, when one of the hunt exclaimed—"Who the Devil is that, Tom—streaming away so well over the country?"—"I don't know who he is," answered Tom; "but I think he's *nobody of no account*."

Our friend *Rough and Ready* complains of an attack of *cacoethes scribendi*. There is a worse sort of *itch* than that, and it is much less dangerous than the cholera morbus. The columns of the *Sporting Magazine* are a pretty good recipe for the first-named complaint—at least I find them so. Our editor, I am certain, will be happy to have him for a patient, and his readers will always thank him for practical matter.

The *Old Berkshire Courser's* suggestions of the quadrennial meetings of the best greyhounds in England, at the principal clubs, is well deserving of notice, as it would afford a fine opportunity of mixing the best blood. I sometimes think I know who the *Old Berkshire Courser* is, and the hint about the dinner in London has not weakened my conjecture. If he be the man I suspect, he is quite at the top of the tree in the *hobo* line, and an excellent friend to all other sports. Some difficulty might arise in bringing all those dogs together at the same time. For instance, where would they find accommodations at such a small place as Amesbury?

MR. JOHN LAWRENCE.—In an entertaining letter I received this day from a very facetious correspondent at Liverpool, is the following passage:—"Old John Law-

rence has thrown out a *small croak*—not in the heel, but a good bit higher up." I must also state what many of my friends have said to me on the same subject: "Why trouble yourself to notice his long-winded epistles about nothing?" My answer has been, that, if he had confined himself to the signatures of *Vox Humanitatis*, or *Bell of a Jockey*, I should, in mercy to my readers, have left him alone; but as he has avowed himself to be Mr. John Lawrence, the author of a work, which he himself tells us is read in all countries in which the English language is known, something is due to his name. To this, however, I must add the well-known aphorism, that when sounds work miracles, it is always on ignorance.

I have already said, that I should never have noticed the above-named writer, except in a casual way, had not he followed me in my course, and snapped at my heels ever since I first appeared in the columns of this work. Whether, when he first attacked me, it was a fair or evil hour for his fame, it is not for me to determine; but we should have been now at peace, had not he lately questioned my right of comment on the letters of other correspondents in the *SPORTING MAGAZINE*, after having himself commenced the part of a severe critic on mine, so far back as the September Number of 1833! On the just principle then of *tis for tat*, he must take the consequence; and by way of returning the compliment, I shall run my eye over his productions of the three or four months past*. He has led me to the encounter, and I must not flinch; but one thing I

* Page 228, vol. xviii., Mr. L. says, "Never let him (NIMROD) doubt the continuance of my humble attentions."

here, promise—it shall be *the last time* I will ever notice Mr. Lawrence's assertions on *sporting* subjects, unless it be to correct the accuracy of a statement; for it is a useless task. I had better whistle away my time; for to comment upon nonsense is labour lost.

July Number, p. 227.—It is scarcely worth while to observe, that I never took the liberty of metamorphosing the name of Mr. Majoribanks, as Mr. Lawrence has stated; but this remark may be due to common courtesy. In the same page with his bungling quotation, he holds out his hand to induce me to truckle to his opinions; but let him not cherish the idea; I cannot renounce the evidence of my senses, neither will I compromise my opinion when I know I am right. In the same page he attacks me on a weaker point—consideration for his age; and here I have a word to offer:—Had I been born at Lacedæmon, I would have been among the first to have risen in the presence of old age, as a token of common respect; but I am not one of those who think that deference is due to the opinions of a man, or to the man himself, *because he is seventy-four*: I hold the contrary, when such a man is a bundle of prejudices, obstinately resisting the opinions of others, deaf to argument, blind to improvement, not benefited by experience, and grown old in error.

Birds pick at the best fruit, and Mr. Lawrence has had his peck at *The Old Forester*. Here he sits in the scorner's chair, and for once affects to be witty. As a man of reading, I wonder he is ignorant that rivalry and praise are the incitements of genius, and the judgment of Orrery is not always recorded:—

"Poets are Sultans, if they had their will,
For every author would his brother kill."

Of Jack Oakley and Eclipse, Highflyer and Childers, we are all sick; and it is no wonder that Count Veltheim was snubbed by old Bunbury for even hinting at the latter. It must have resembled the smell of ipecacuanha to a sick stomach, for I believe Mr. Lawrence visited at Barton. His veneration for antiquity, however, is still apparent; but the days of "*Hi ritus, quoque modo inducti, antiquitate defenduntur*," are past, and we are a little more awake than we were, both in Church and State. To the title of *Pope Nimrod* I cannot be insensible, and were I to return the compliment, I should metamorphose the *Bit of a Jockey* into *Pope Joan*, for she was a good sort of old woman, I believe.

Juvenal says, there is nothing a man will not believe in his own favour. Milton calls vanity the last infirmity of noble minds; whilst another great scribe reminds us, that "our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not." Strange to say, Mr. Lawrence finds out (p. 230), that my "rules for breeding horses, with certain historical matters, are traceable to his writings." Excuse me, Mr. Lawrence, this cannot be. I never read two pages of your works, although I have occasionally met with them handsomely bound. For *sporting* information, I should as soon consult the books of the *Salii* or the oracles of the *Sibyls*.

When I was in my teens, my father always dinned this maxim in my ears: "Either say something better than nothing, or say nothing." It is pity Mr. L. did not keep this in view when (p. 231) he wrote such nonsense on

pedigrees, and disturbed the ashes of Highflyer and Eclipse. What have "reports at Newmarket" to do with such matters? I always thought Newmarket was a place where we are only to believe half we see, and nothing we hear.

Of fast trotting exploits I plead ignorance; but I know this—were I to see a smartly-dressed man coming cantering along on his hack, or trotting at a common pace, I should say, "here comes a gentleman;" but were I to see him butchering it at the rate of eighteen miles an hour on a trotter, I should just as soon exclaim, "here comes a wild duck." Very fast trotting is a vulgar accomplishment, extremely distressing to the animal, and but little enhancing his real value.

I am at a loss to know (although he does not disown it) whether or not Mr. L. comes under the denomination of a veterinarian practitioner. Whether he do or not is of little consequence; but his advice (p. 232) of blistering the legs of a horse, *when inflamed*, cannot be too severely reprobated. Thousands of legs are injured by blistering, even under favorable circumstances; but, as he recommends it, it is poison.

To the stallion Sampson (see 232) I shall again turn in my letters on breeding. It may so happen that Mr. L. may have the best of it here, which is a *rara avis* for him, and I trust he will prize it. "Should a mare and foal," says he (p. 328), "be shut up all day, and turned out at night, and a cold north-easter come on, both may be found in the morning coughing and running at the nose." So much for the grazing system! "Out of thine own mouth do I condemn thee."

VOL. XIX. N. S.—No 111.

I have now done with the July letter, and have only a word to say of his postscript. The *Bit of a Jockey* journeys to Stockwell to see two noted objects. He returns to Somers-town, and gives to the public the history of one, which ought to have belonged to the other. A trifling mistake! Perhaps Anacharsis the Younger did the same when he journeyed through Greece.

Of Mr. Lawrence's lucubrations in the August Number, I have but little to say. He has confined himself for the most part to Eastern horses, on which subject he is a useful theoretical writer, as it appears he has made it his study. On all subjects, indeed, he is more at home in theory than in practice, and it would be well if he thought so. I cannot, however, let him quite off here. With his usual confidence, he tells me (p. 294), that, had there existed a few turf historians of his kidney, from the reign of James the First to George the First, our ignorance of the early state of the turf would not have been so disgraceful. Had these worthies existed, we must express a hope that they would have been more cautious than their self-constituted prototype, who, by his own account, disturbs the pedigree of horses "from casual and extemporaneous recollection," and reports on Newmarket Heath. When pulled up by me, he coolly tells us (see note, p. 293), it was the pedigree of *Phenomenon*, and not *Highflyer*, that he was thinking of. Surely, Mr. Lawrence, the Stud Book is always within reach; this is *really* a careless method of writing—almost insulting to your readers, and beneath the notice of Tom, Jack, Harry, Sir John, or the whale. It is said of Seneca,

N

that he was graced by his defects, but it is dangerous to imitate him there.

Mr. L. now forsakes the turf, and gets on the road; but even here we cannot travel smoothly together. I, it seems, wish to make it appear that a coachman, nay even a proprietor of a coach, may be a decent kind of a fellow; whereas he (p. 423) would send half of them to the tread-mill—and for two years too! Oh! Mr. Lawrence! you are stricken in years; you ought not to forget the just rebuke of “how can we expect mercy, having none?” As is usual with our hero, he brings on the coach box some hearing and believing, and appeals to a club* that was never even in embryo. But what matters this? When Heaven in its anger visits a man with ambition, he does not stick at trifles. To boast of ignorance is bad taste; but to boast of knowledge we do not possess, is, in my opinion, worse. Some of the old stagers managed this matter better. Socrates discovered himself (at least, if he did not, Cicero romances) to be the wisest man, as the Oracle declared, by not thinking himself so; but it is a long time since, and times are altered.

A few words more, and I have done with Mr. L. and the August Number. He more than once insists on timing races, “to ascertain whether we improve or retrograde in the qualities of speed and stoutness of our racers.” *No test can be so fallacious.* Races are ridden according to order, and the nature and temper of the animals; and half the stories of a mile in a minute, &c. &c. are entirely discredited. What if Mr. L. had

been at Ascot last year? He would have seen two miles out of four at a foot's pace! He concludes his letter with four lines, of which he must be his own interpreter: “the late term *cocktail* (it is something new, *ergo* wrong),” says he, “is used too indiscriminately; it often indicates a nag of unknown pedigree, but *apparently bred*.” Now, what “*apparently bred*” means, I know not. A friend of mine, a dab at a pun, says “*apparently cheese*” would have done just as well. This is rather a low style of writing I admit, but I must set our wise man right. *No horse can start as a cocktail with an unknown pedigree.* I saw this tried on last year, but it did not fit.

The miseries of life are tempered with mercies, and I thank Heaven that neither the *Bit of a Jockey*, *Vox Humanitatis*, nor Mr. John Lawrence, is to be found in the September Number.

In the October Number, Mr. Lawrence starts, by again obtruding his opinion on summering the hunter on the improved plan, and gives us, as usual, a plentiful repast of hearing and believing. I must answer him by parable. A man was once heard to dilate in extravagant terms, over a bottle of wine, on the extreme salubrity and general good qualities of the climate of New South Wales. He was presently interrupted by one of the company, who declared it was much inferior to England. The argument was proceeding to some length, when it was suddenly put an end to by a knock down blow. “Of course, Sir, you have been in New South Wales?” said A. “I have not, Sir,” replied B. Now it is in vain to ask a man a question which he has never asked himself, and the

* The Four-in-hand Club. There never was such a Club.

moral of this exactly applies to Mr. John Lawrence's opinion on summering the hunter. He has, however, it is evident, taken strong hold of *Sir Mark Chase's* letter, where he thought he had me fast; but *Sir Bellingham Graham's* answer has set me free. There is one piece of audacity, however, which I cannot look over. Page 421, Mr. Lawrence, speaking of himself, says—"I have already proved that the hunters and hounds of days long past achieved as great things in the field as our highest famed of the present day. Those hunters were summered at grass. It is probably not enough to say that nine tenths of the hunters of Great Britain and Ireland are, at the present time, summered abroad, as their ancestors were." Of the first of these positions, where are we to look for this vaunted proof? To Mr. Lawrence, of Somers-town, who has not been (if ever he was) at a covert's side these forty years? As to the second, summering the hunter in the house is older than Mr. Lawrence himself: Mr. Bedford mentions it; and Mr. L. himself produces authority in its favour (p. 295), much older than either. I will venture to add, that in England, more than one half of the hunters were summered on, or nearly on, the plan I advocate, in the last summer months.

Now, Mr. Lawrence, I have a word to say to you, ere we drop the subject. As a commentator upon Tacitus, you must be a man of reading—(by the way, I wish you had translated Tacitus, as you say you intended—Quintilian says, he was a man who enhanced the glory of the age he lived in, and was worthy of being handed down genteelly to posterity!)—and perhaps you remember

that, when the scholars of Pythagoras were posed in argument, they contented themselves with exclaiming *ἀνὸς ἐφ' ἑ*—"he said it, and that's enough." Now the authority of Pythagoras was very great; but who, on sporting subjects, cares one farthing for the 'I say it' of Mr. John Lawrence, who has never seen a pack of foxhounds ten times in his life, and who never saw Buckle ride? But I have another reason why I wish Mr. John Lawrence had translated Tacitus, as he tells us he intended. His life of Agricola, as well as the reign of Tiberius, have had many admirers, but no imitators—therefore there was a field for Mr. Lawrence. This is not all. In his intimacy with his author, he might have brought away a little of that "prompta et profusa eloquentia," which that fine writer ascribes to Augustus, and the readers of the *Sporting Magazine* might have had the benefit of his style.

Quitting the Classics, let us return to the stable. Mr. L. says, that, "like a thoroughly prejudiced man," I keep my horses going all summer. I have done so this summer for the first time. I do not say I will do it again; but this I will say (and my neighbours will attest it), that my horses' legs and feet are in a perfect state, and, I think I may add, better, than they were last year when they rested ten weeks. They have had two hours gentle exercise per day, and up to this time (October 14th, when they are quite fit to go to hounds), they may have travelled much about 900 miles—chiefly, of course, on grass.

Now it is not manifest to me that the *Bit of a Jockey* clearly understands the word *prejudice*. Is it

not derived from the Latin words *judicio*, to judge, *præ*, beforehand? Have I not stated over and over again, that, previous to the first time of my hunting in Leicestershire, and seeing the superior condition of my Lord Sefton's horses (summered in the house), I summered my own abroad? Have I not stated the difficulty I had in persuading my groom (and a better no man had, but *he was prejudiced*) to keep my horses in the house, instead of turning them out? Give me leave then to tell Mr. L. what prejudice is. In social life, it signifies an ill opinion which we conceive of a man, and we scarcely know why. "Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare," says Martial; but I think we beat his Latin, when we say:—

"I do not like you Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
I do not like you Doctor Fell."

In science, prejudice is still more formidable. It not only darkens the medium through which we are to examine the objects we wish to explore, instead of affording us light, but it is the very spring of error; and the indulgence of theories is the greatest impediment to the progress of all practical science. In common life also, all popular errors are no less dangerous. They become, as it were, venerable with age, and serve as reasons to lead us wrong. As a writer in the Edinburgh Review observes, when speaking of human happiness, "it is the collision of passion and interests, the petulance of party spirit, and the perversities of *self-will and self-opinion*, that have been the greatest obstacles to social improvement—not stupidity and ignorance!" So much for prejudice, against which reason is powerless, and argument loss of

breath; but, as far as I am a judge, truth and justice require we should acknowledge conviction, as soon as we feel it—though this is a hard task with such as are sacramented against improvement.

Writing as a gentleman, I should not have noticed Mr. Lawrence's blunders in his quotations from the Classics, had he not been pretty hard with me for occasionally adorning my own language with that I admired in my youth, but which it is in vain to attempt to equal. I am not acquainted with Mr. L., but, though seventy-four, he is well on his pins, and has an eye in his head which can, I think, discern from *e*, and sometimes, perhaps, minuter objects. For such corrections I should always feel obliged to any one; for it is only by knowing what we are not, that we know what we ought to be. His English, as well as his Latin, sometimes also abounds in mystics; and I confess I was puzzled with the *pre-extension*, &c. &c.; but, as Fielding says, "all the Major's words are not to be found in the Dictionary;" and as Mr. L. is partial to the *preter-perfect* tense, there was nothing extraordinary in his getting to the *preter-imperfect*.

For a wonder (p. 423), Mr. L. gives me the best on the score of anecdote; but I was brought up in that school. As he likes a good one, I can give him one that may make him laugh; and the moral might be of use to all who write on subjects they do not thoroughly understand. A certain country Squire had an only son who had the misfortune to be imbecile. Notwithstanding this, he had a penchant for talking on all subjects, which was extremely distressing to his friends. It so happened that a squadron of dragoons was

quartered in his neighbourhood, and his father invited the officers to dinner. Previous to their arrival, however, he addressed his son thus:—"Now, Jack, I have a particular favour to request of you. Amongst our neighbours and friends it is sufficiently distressing to hear you speak on all subjects which you cannot understand, but in the presence of strangers it is still worse. There are some officers coming to dine here to-day, and may I request you will be on your guard? *D—n it, my good fellow,*" added he emphatically, "*if you would but hold your tongue no one would know that you are a fool!*"

The unfortunate son promised to comply with his father's request, and so, in fact, he did; for sitting opposite to some of the officers at dinner, his faith was put to the proof.—"You have a fine country here," said one to him. *No answer.* "Were you out with the hounds this morning?" said another. *No answer.* "Allow me to take a glass of wine with you?" said a third; but *no answer.* "Why d—n it," said a fourth, "that fellow is a fool." Nature, however, had not left him destitute; he heard the sentence passed upon him, and as soon as he could obtain silence, the hopeful son and heir addressed his father thus:—"I say, father! they've found me out! *I never spoke, but they've found me out!*" If silence can betray the weakness of our nature, how greatly must we expose it by descanting on subjects upon which we are ignorant!

I have now done with the remarks upon myself, and *The Old Forester* is quite equal to defend himself. I am, however, sorry to observe some malevolent allusions to that excellent contributor to the *Sporting Magazine*; and I

really begin to suspect that I am the motive of Mr. Lawrence's malevolence. I detest envy, but I fear he is not proof against the ignoble vice. My feeling is this, and I am proud to avow it:—So far from being envious of the talent of another, I should be delighted to find, that, in the next Number, my own letter was the worst of the lot. One thing is apparent—we go on improving; and I have reason to think we shall soon see the hour when the *Sporting Magazine*, to a large-class of readers, will be as interesting a periodical as any going—not, however, if we are to deal in invectives and abuse. Here, it is evident, we should lose sight of our object—which is, the mutual entertainment and instruction of each other, by a friendly communication of sentiments. Writing a book should be, after all, but a literal conversation between the author and his reader. But, would you always praise and never condemn? Mr. L. may ask.—Certainly not; but the medicine should be mild, and it would not be rejected; and I would deal as much as possible in "eloquent generalities."

It is now time to come to a close. As I never exchanged three words with Mr. Lawrence, my readers must acquit me of any personal prejudice; and what I have now written is not intended to excite odium, but merely for the purpose of fair illustration, and to support the character I have assumed in your pages. Plutarch observes—and where is the man who might have been prouder of his fame?—that, sooner than it should be said that Plutarch was ill-natured, he had rather it should be said that he never was in existence. Notwithstanding this, there are limits to patience,

and Mr. L. has put mine to the test. So far back as September 1822, he commenced his attack, and feeble as have been his weapons, they required parrying. In addition to this, his style is bad. He gives us such a dose of almost-expiring tradition, and deals so largely in petty cavils and minute objections, that he wearies his reader without instructing him. Cicero and Demosthenes made the Romans and Athenians believe whatsoever they pleased; but that cannot be done now—more especially by Mr. Lawrence; for we look for facts, and are not guided by the mere authority of another. But this is not all; Mr. Lawrence *must know everything!* he must display his knowledge on every subject; and it is the labour of Sisyphus to turn him from his path. Some allowance is due to his age; for old men, like old hounds, become tonguey. It was so with Nestor; though his commentators find an excuse for the poet, by saying *Nestor had a right to talk*, for he had been a performer in the lists, and at “all in the ring;” but, in God’s name, on what pretensions does Mr. Lawrence come forward to dictate to sportsmen? Could he, like the dragon, cast his skin and begin again, he might qualify himself for the task; but on such matters he is no authority, and his words are waste.

The Bible says, the tongue is an unruly member, and so is the pen, at certain times. St. Paul himself hated controversy; he wished to practise and not to wrangle; and after all, those judgments are of little weight, which we know to be the result of contradictory ideas. Wishing then to follow so good an example, I take my leave of Mr. John Lawrence.

NIMROD.

MR. WARD'S PICTURES.

HAVING been unable to give, in our last Number, the whole of the list which we had prepared of the chief productions of this eminent Artist, we now present the remainder to our readers.

Inside of a Cow-house, engraved.

Late Mr. Simpson.

Disobedience threatened, engraved—

The return from Church, engraved:

Not known.

A Lion sharpening his Claws upon a Cork Tree.

At Liverpool.

Compassionate Children feeding Cattle in a Pound, engraved.—The

Kitchen, engraved.—The Song, a

Country Alehouse, engraved.—The

Match Girl.—The Flower Girl,

engraved.—A Vegetable Market,

engraved.—A Poultry Market, en-

graved. *Not known.*

A Pot Companion.

George Fritch, Esq.

A Group of Cattle.

B. West, Esq. late P.R.A.

A Group of Cattle. *Sir W. Beechey.*

Adonia, the favorite Charger of His late Majesty George the Third, engraved.

—Baker, Esq.

Persian Greyhounds, in a Group.

Mr. Atkinson.

The Boa Constrictor seizing a Man and Horse, large as life.

In Philadelphia.

The finished Sketch for ditto.

The Marquis of Stafford.

The Boa Constrictor destroying a Tiger. *St. Paul's Church-yard.*

Sheep-washing. *Henry Aspinwall.*

The tired Labourer.

Duke of Marlborough.

An English Peasant.

Sir William Knighton.

Wagon Horses frightened by lightning.

Archdeacon Prosser, Durham. Fighting Horses.

George Arnold, A. R. A.

A Personification of the Evening Breeze, or Spirit of the Waters

—(vide Pratt's Landscapes in verse)

--The Dairy Maid.—A Farm Yard.

George Morant, Esq.

Four Landscapes.—Melrose Abbey.—
The Eildon Hills.—View of Mil-
verton.—View in Somersetshire.

Lord Somerville.

Portraits of a Game Cock, which
changed his plumage to three dis-
tinct colours.

Mr. Ward.

There are four hundred impressions
from the different works, *engraved*,
by James Ward, in the different
states of progress during the finish-
ing, in the Print Room at the
British Museum.

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A GRASS FIELD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of *grassing nags*,
In summer box the gen'rous hunter neighs,
The knowing gemmen mind their horses' legs,
And leave the erring to their evil ways.

Now fades that glimmering system on our sight,
And real knowledge steals o'er the land ;
Save where some slow-top swears that he is right,
And rails at what *he* cannot understand :

Save that, from yonder mist-envelop'd town,
Is one—who writes in *Sporting Magazine*—
Would scare poor NIMROD with his very frown,
Feed *us* with nonsense, and our *nags* with green !

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
(When the dark ages all prevail'd, alas !)
Where glistens in the morning dew the blade,
Our rude forefathers turn'd their nags to grass.

The breezy call of incense-breathing science,
And NIMROD issuing forth with cunning pen,
Then had not bid their ignorance defiance,
Nor rous'd from apathy these darken'd men.

Yet still in some fond breast the system lics,
That wishes interlopers at the Devil ;
Thro' sheer perverseness many shut their eyes,
And cry—"in grass my 'batter'd' nags shall revel."

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :"
Full many a gallant hunter, *fed on green*,
Is lost thro' want of management and care.

Perhaps in this neglected state were fed
Horses once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Steeds that the field of *Melton* might have led,
Or cut a figure with the *Warwickshire*.

But NIMROD had not shewn his ample page,
Rich with the spoils of stable erudition ;
Chill ignorance express'd their noble rage,
And *grass* and *turnips* spoil'd their " condition."

W. L. G.

London, October 17, 1836.

ROAD ANECDOTE.

SIR,
I Perfectly agree with NIMRÖD, in blaming coachmen getting too near the pitch of a hill before pulling up "to drag."

Some few years past, I was travelling to Brighton, I think by the Alert, at the time driven by a coachman named Pattenden. On pulling up at the extreme point of Reigate Hill, and being anxious to get the drag on, he did not do it securely: on starting rather brisk, whether it came in contact with a stone, or from what cause I know not, but it flew from the wheel it was placed on to the opposite one, and fixed as properly and securely as if placed by hand, in which manner we proceeded down the hill—in my opinion, a providential and singular circumstance, which perhaps prevented a serious accident.

If you think this anecdote worth inserting in your Magazine, in any way you deem proper, it is much at your service.

I am, yours, &c.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Surrey, October 24th, 1826.

LOUTH COURSING MEETING.

LOUTH Coursing Meeting for 1826 terminated on Saturday the 28th of October, and the sport on the occasion is described to have been equal to any thing of the kind ever witnessed, the weather on the days of coursing being particularly favorable for the running. We hear it is intended to have another meeting the first week in March.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24.

For the Cup.—Mr. R. Chaplin's bl. b. Gaylass beat Mr. Trought's blk. and w. b. Ringlet; Mr. Best's r. b. Madge beat Mr.

Chaplin's r. b. Gem; Mr. Booth's r. and w. d. Pilot beat Mr. Hoskins's blk. d. Doricourt; Mr. Dawson's r. d. Roderick beat Mr. G. Heneage's r. b. Lady; Mr. Hoskins's blk. d. Duncan beat Mr. Chaplin's bl. b. Diamond; Mr. E. Heneage's brin. d. Selim beat Mr. Trought's r. b. Titty; Mr. Beridge's r. b. Nestle beat Mr. Eve's bl. d. Hamlet; Mr. Hassall's r. p. b. Haut Ton beat Col. Elmhirst's w. d. Coxcomb.

All Age Sweepstakes.—Mr. Best's r. d. Turk beat Mr. Hassall's r. b. Hornet; Mr. Chaplin's bl. d. Guy beat Mr. Hassall's r. b. Hebe; Mr. Hoskins's blk. d. Dramatist beat Mr. Best's r. b. Marigold; Mr. R. Chaplin's r. b. Nell beat Mr. Eve's r. d. Barefoot.

Matches.—Mr. Hoskins's Diana beat Mr. Nicholson's Laudanum; Mr. Hassall's Hasty beat Mr. Best's Mimos; Mr. Hassall's Hercules beat Mr. Best's Mayflower; Mr. Chaplin's w. d. Stretcher agst Mr. Hoskins's r. d. Dictator—undecided.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26.

Puppy Sweepstakes.—Mr. Dawson's f. d. Hercules beat Mr. Trought's blk. and w. d. Whisker; Mr. Booth's w. b. Gratitude beat Mr. Chaplin's bl. and w. d. Marcia; Mr. Best's blk. b. Minikin beat Mr. Hoskins's r. d. Diddler; Mr. Hassall's f. d. Hypogriff beat Mr. Eve's r. b. Helen.

For the Cup.—Mr. E. Heneage's Selim beat Mr. Booth's Pilot; Mr. Best's Madge beat Mr. Dawson's Roderick; Mr. Hassall's Haut Ton beat Mr. Beridge's Nestle; Mr. R. Chaplin's Gaylass beat Mr. Hoskins's Duncan.

All Age Sweepstakes.—Mr. R. Chaplin's Nell beat Mr. Chaplin's Guy; Mr. Hoskins's Dramatist beat Mr. Best's Turk.

Matches.—Mr. Trought's Titty beat Mr. Nicholson's Laudanum; Mr. Best's Marigold beat Mr. Hassall's Hamlet; Mr. Hassall's Hurricane beat Mr. Best's Gratitude; Mr. Chaplin's Stretcher beat Mr. Hoskins's Dictator.

Bye Stakes.—Mr. Hoskins's Doricourt beat Mr. Yorke's Why Not; Mr. Best's Meteor beat Mr. Hassall's Honeymoon.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28.

For the Cup.—Mr. Best's Madge beat Mr. Hassall's Haut Ton; Mr. E. Heneage's Selim beat Mr. R. Chaplin's Gaylass.

Deciding Match for the All Age Sweepstakes.—Mr. R. Chaplin's Nell beat Mr. Hoskins's Dramatist.

Puppy Sweepstakes.—Mr. Best's Minikin beat Mr. Booth's Gratitude; Mr. Hassall's Hypogriff beat Mr. Dawson's Hercules.

Deciding Match for the Bye Stakes.—Mr. Best's Meteor beat Mr. Hoskins's Doricourt.

Puppy Sweepstakes.—Mr. Best and Mr. Hassall divided the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Best's Marigold beat Mr. Hassall's Hercules, jun.; Mr. Trought's Mahershalabashbaz beat Mr. Hookina's Director; Mr. Chaplin's Stretcher beat Mr. E. Heneage's Smoker; Mr. E. Heneage's Puss beat Mr. Hassall's Hornet; Mr. Best's Turk beat Mr. G. Heneage's Fairy; Mr. Trought's Ringlet beat Mr. Loft's Jupiter; Mr. Chaplin's Guy beat Mr. Trought's Fair Charlotte; Mr. Hassall's Hamlet agst Mr. E. Heneage's Whispey—undecided.

Five Matches were declared off by consent.

Deciding Match for the Cup.—Mr. Best's r. b. Madge beat Mr. E. Heneage's bin. d. Selim.—*The Cup won by Madge, and the Sovereigns by Selim.*

IMPROVEMENTS IN GUNS.

SIR,
BEING a dear lover of the trigger, I have expended a pretty considerable sum in the purchase of fire-arms, and have a large assortment of all sorts and descriptions, and by various artists. Anxious too for information on my favorite "hobby," I have made it a rule for the last ten years to look into every publication that has come to my knowledge relating to the improvement of fire-arms; and, being a practical experimentalist, have made memoranda, not only on the facts therein stated, but on whatever hints or suggestions I may have met with in lighter matter—such, for instance, as we are occasionally favored with in your very interesting Magazine. But, Sir, when opinions are given authoritatively, which are not founded on satisfactory data, it behoves every brother-sportsman to throw his weight into the right scale, in the hope of attaining perfection in that "heathful, nerve-bracing, delightful, and manly amusement." With the same spirit, therefore, which induced AN OLD SPORTSMAN to address you in the last

VOL. XIX. N. S.—No. 111.

Number, on the "Improvement in Gune," I take up my pen, and shall attempt to set him right—"I hope I don't intrude"—on some essential points, in which, with all humility, I venture to differ from him.

A MEMBER OF THE BURTON HUNT had previously given us "hints on town and country gun-makers." I have tried both; and certainly give the preference to the former. Not but what there are many very excellent gun-makers in the country; but, taking them "all in all," London, in my opinion, beats them "out and out." The best workmen naturally fly to the metropolis, as they are there sure of good wages and plenty of work. Capital, too, is never spared, and the generality of masters are practical men. As this, however, is a point of minor importance—inasmuch as every sportsman praises the maker whose gun brings most game to bag—I shall pass that over without farther remark, and proceed to the letter which induced me to address you.

Your Correspondent says, as to quickness of firing, there is not much to choose between a percussion and a flint gun; "for if a sportsman has a well-finished gun of the latter description, with not too small a touch-hole, takes care to dry his powder, and then with a pricker insures the touch-hole being well filled each time of loading, there will be no considerable difference in quickness of firing." Baker, in his "Remarks," (see *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xvii. p. 173.) says, "the principal claim to favour of percussion over flint arises from the *instantaneous* ignition of the powder;" and though this has been partially questioned, I have little doubt of the fact, and

O

confess myself a convert to his opinion—with this proviso, that I still prefer the flint lock. On this point, however, there are various opinions, and it is perhaps unnecessary to go into farther arguments on the subject.

Pricking the touch-hole I consider a useless labour. If touch-holes are made of the proper size—the sixteenth of an inch I consider to be the fair proportion—and *pellet waddings* are used, the gun will prime itself, the powder be sufficiently loose in the pan, and, with a good flint and hammer-face, I will venture to predict very few miss-fires will ever occur. I agree with your Correspondent, that the same gun will fire quicker at one time than another. My observation enables me to give a reason. The fire drawn from the hammer depends on the goodness of the flint and the properties of the hammer itself; for if both are as they should be, the fire is conducted into the centre of the priming, and consequently will light the powder quicker, than when, from any imperfection in flint or hammer, it is lighted by the diverged sparks. I have also observed that guns hang fire more from the latter circumstance than from any other.

Surely the OLD SPORTSMAN is not playing the *old soldier*! I am pretty quick of hearing myself; but I must confess I never heard a *second* explosion about the centre of the barrel, arising from the *whole* charge of powder not at *first* igniting—and I should think your Correspondent, if he can so discriminate, would be an admirable assistant to the renowned Captain Tranchemont and his companions*, in their “uncommon” adventures.

Does he not allude to the click of the copper cap in percussion, which, when struck, and the discharge instantly following, may have the semblance of a double explosion?

The MEMBER OF THE, BURTON HUNT, the OLD SPORTSMAN, and myself—all agree that percussion does not kill so far as flint. Colonel Hawker also coincides in the same opinion. I have tried the *same gun*, both with percussion and flint, and found the latter penetrate sheets of paper stronger at sixty yards than the percussion at fifty; in addition to which—and it is no small advantage to one so devoted to the sport as myself—I find the recoil of the percussion, even with the same charge and the same gun, much more powerful to the shoulder than the flint.

I now come to the principal objection. The OLD SPORTSMAN recommends the breech to be made like a funnel, with an antichamber behind it. By adopting this, I think, and indeed have found it so, that the powder seldom ignites *in toto*, that which first takes fire lifting the upper part of the charge forward, if I may so express myself, and thereby blowing it out of the barrel—consequently lessening its power. I have one of Baker's, which is called a *collar breech*; and in my judgment it is superior to any other. The bore is of one size to the bottom of the barrel, where there is a cup, like an acorn, under which is a globular antichamber. Here the powder lies loose, and the fire from the touch-hole communicates to the antichamber, which fires the powder in the centre of the barrel—all of which ignites at one and the same time, and cannot be partially

* See *Tales of the East*, vol. ii. p. 88.

lifted forward, as it is with a funnel-breech.

As to the "shot bed"—the OLD SPORTSMAN recommends "the borer to make the barrel a little wider just where the shot lies, and for about three inches farther, gradually diminishing to the size of the original bore at the muzzle," and says, a barrel thus made "will kill almost any distance."

I have a strong objection to this, inasmuch as the shot so confined, and driven through a narrower passage, get jumbled together, become flattened, and are not thrown out in their globular form, and consequently cannot be so effective: in addition to which, by being so compressed, they foul the barrel in a tenfold degree more than when fired from a cylindrical barrel, and consequently they go off their shooting sooner, exclusively of the difficulty of getting down the wadding. I can practically illustrate this fact. I went to Drury-lane Theatre the other evening on a very crowded night. The lobby to the Pit entrance is large enough for *fifty beds*; but being pressed into the narrow passage I became so *flat*, that, when passed the pay-door, I had scarcely strength to proceed to the body of the house.

The "bell or wide muzzle" has, I believe, been exploded forty years and upwards; though I once possessed one of my grandfather's, and *fancied* it must be effective. On firing it, however, I felt a curious sensation which I could not account for; and on consulting old H. Nock he advised me to have it cut off. I did so, and found it shoot stronger and better; and, notwithstanding my "very extensive armoury," it still is a favorite at times.

One word more and I have done.—Your Correspondent says, "the proposition of percussion requiring less powder than flint is humbug or moonshine altogether." In answer to this, I will put a question or two. Does the percussion recoil more with an equal charge with flint, or does it not? As it is generally allowed that the powder in the percussion ignites quicker than in the flint—if an equal charge be put in, is not the former, from its *instantaneous* explosion, in more danger of bursting the barrel than the same charge in the flint? To these questions, I answer—Yes; and I challenge the OLD SPORTSMAN to refute me.

As to the "charge" itself, it is well known that what will suit one gun will not suit another; therefore, in my humble opinion, no positive criterion can be formed, but from constant practice in the field. In his last observation I perfectly agree.—"With straight powder" every sportsman "will be sure of his bird within fifty yards." If your Correspondent could get a patent for *this*, it would tend more to improvement in shooting than any *other* invention, and be entitled to a greater reward than was ever yet bestowed by the Society of Arts.

The OLD SPORTSMAN's object and mine being one and the same—that of giving hints for perfection in this noble art—I trust, though this letter has extended longer than I expected, you will endeavour to find room for its insertion; as I assure you the subject has raised no trifling interest in this neighbourhood, where your Magazine is in great requisition.

I am, yours, &c.

A LOVER OF THE TRIGGER.

Norfolk, Nov. 8, 1826.

ASHDOWN PARK COURSING MEETING.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1893.

FOR the Cup.—Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Gulliver beat Dr. Meyrick's yel. d. Mahomet; Mr. C. Long's blk. b. Letitia beat Sir H. Vivian's blk. d. Veto; Mr. Jones Long's blk. d. Lopez beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emma; Mr. Biggs's bl. and w. b. Breeze beat Lord Molyneux's blk. and wh. d. Marshall; Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pledge beat Mr. Browne's grey d. Bacchus; Mr. Roberts's wh. d. Redcap beat Mr. Mills's blk. d. Marmaduke; Mr. Cripps's w. d. Caradori beat Mr. Briscall's red d. Bordeaux; Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Logic beat Mr. Capel's blk. b. Jenny.

First Class Craven All-Aged Stakes.—Mr. Pettat's w. d. Pilot beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Larissa; Col. Newport's fawn d. Nabaucish beat Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Brother to Matchem; Mr. Cripps's blk. d. Caliban beat Mr. Mills's blk. d. Monarch; Mr. Browne's blk. b. Briscis beat Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Goldmine.

Second Class Craven All-Aged Stakes.—Lord Molineux's wh. b. Mirth beat Mr. Capel's blk. b. Jerebel; Sir H. Vivian's yel. b. Votive beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Elegant; Mr. C. Long's blk. d. Leicester beat Mr. Briscall's blk. d. Bardolph; Mr. Roberts's blk. b. Reseda beat Mr. Jones Long's blk. d. Lazybones.

First Class Ashdown Puppy Stakes.—Mr. E. Cripps's fawn and wh. b. Emmeline beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Godsend; Mr. Biggs's red d. Bolivar beat Dr. Meyrick's blk. b. Monkey; Mr. Browne's blk. b. Blossom beat Mr. C. Long's blk. b. Leap; Mr. Capel's blk. b. Josephine beat Mr. Mills's bl. d. Manfred.

Second Class Ashdown Puppy Stakes.—Lord Molineux's blk. and wh. b. Mergelina beat Mr. Phelps's blk. b. Rose; Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Paul Pry beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. d. Lake; Mr. Roberts's blk. d. Ready beat Sir H. Vivian's blk. b. Vesta; Col. Newport's w. d. Nonplus beat Mr. Briscall's brin. d. Battledore.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, NOV. 1.

For the Cup.—Mr. Roberts's Redcap beat Mr. Pettat's Pledge; Mr. Lawrence's Logic beat Mr. Goodlake's Gulliver; Mr. Jones Long's Lopez beat Mr. Cripps's Caradori; Mr. Biggs's Breeze beat Mr. C. Long's Letitia.

First Class Craven All-Aged Stakes.—Col. Newport's Nabaucish beat Mr. Pettat's Pilot; Mr. Cripps's Caliban beat Mr. Browne's Briscis.

Second Class Craven All-Aged Stakes.—Sir H. Vivian's Votive beat Mr. Roberts's Reseda; Mr. C. Long's Leicester beat Lord Molineux's Mirth.

First Class Ashdown Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's Bolivar beat Mr. E. Cripps's Emmeline; Mr. Capel's Josephine beat Mr. Browne's Blossom.

Second Class Ashdown Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Roberts's Ready beat Mr. Pettat's Paul Pry; Col. Newport's Nonplus beat Lord Molineux's Mergelina.

Matches.—Mr. E. Cripps's Ellen beat Mr. Briscall's Bee; Mr. Roberts's Rosa agst Lord Molineux's Moneymusk—undecided; Mr. Briscall's Brunswick beat Mr. Capel's Jester; Mr. Goodlake's Goldmine beat Mr. Lawrence's Larissa; Mr. Mills's Maiden agst Mr. Capel's Jessamine—undecided; Mr. Roberts's Rembrandt agst Mr. Lawrence's Ladybird—undecided; Mr. Browne's Benhams beat Mr. Jones Long's Lisette; Mr. Browne's Britannia beat Mr. Jones Long's Lily; Mr. Capel's Julia agst Lord Molineux's Marshall—undecided; Mr. Pettat's Plunder beat Col. Newport's Norman; Sir H. Vivian's Volage beat Mr. Browne's Berkshire; Col. Newport's Nic agst Mr. E. Cripps's Evander—undecided; Mr. C. Long's Ludolph beat Mr. Pettat's Peveler; Mr. Cripps's Cardinal beat Mr. Mills's Marmaduke; Mr. C. Long's Lily beat Mr. Cripps's Cresida.

THIRD DAY.—THURSDAY, NOV. 2, AT
LETCOMBE BOWERS.

For the Cup.—Mr. Roberts's Redcap beat Mr. Biggs's Breeze; Mr. Lawrence's Logic beat Mr. Jones Long's Lopez.

First Class Craven All-Aged Stakes.—Mr. Cripps's Caliban beat Col. Newport's Nabaucish, and won the Stakes.

Second Class Craven All-Aged Stakes.—Mr. C. Long's Leicester beat Sir H. Vivian's Votive, and won the Stakes.

First Class Ashdown Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Capel's Josephine beat Mr. Biggs's Bolivar, and won the Stakes.

Second Class Ashdown Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Roberts's Ready and Col. Newport's Nonplus divided the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Jones Long's dus d. Lout beat Mr. Cripps's blk. d. Cannibal; Mr. Lawrence's blk. and wh. b. Lenda beat Mr. Cripps's blk. d. Charon; Mr. Goodlake's blk. and w. d. Grandison beat Mr. Mills's blk. d. Monarch; Mr. Capel's blk. b. Julia beat Mr. Roberts's blk. b. Rosa; Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Brother to Matchem agst Mr. Jones Long's bl. d. Legbail—undecided; Mr. C. Long's blk. d. Lyulph agst Mr. Briscall's blk. d. Brunswick—undecided; Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Plunder beat Mr. C. Long's blk. and wh. d. Lorient; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Glossary agst Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Ladybird—undecided; Mr. Capel's blk. b. Jane agst Lord Molineux's blk. and wh. b. Mergelina—undecided; Mr. Jones Long's yel. b. Lioness beat Mr. Phelps's blk. and wh. b.

Reech; Mr. Brown's gr. d. Bacehus beat Mr. Mills's bl. d. Manfred; Mr. Briscall's red d. Bordeaux beat Mr. E. Cripps's brn. d. Evander; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. d. Euphrates beat Lord Molineux's blk. b. Moneymusk; Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Peggy beat Col. Newport's blk. and wh. b. Nutshell; Col. Newport's bl. and wh. d. Nic agst Mr. Briscall's blk. and wh. d. Banner—no course; Lord Molineux's blk. and wh. b. Mergelina beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emma; Mr. Briscall's blk. and wh. b. Bee beat Mr. Cripps's blk. b. Cruel; Mr. Capel's blk. b. Jane beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. and wh. b. Gravy spoon; Lord Molineux's blk. and wh. d. Marshall beat Mr. Goodlake's yel. and wh. d. Galleo; Mr. Goodlake's dun b. Goshawk beat Mr. C. Long's blk. and wh. d. Littlego; Mr. Capel's blk. b. Jemima beat Col. Newport's bl. b. Nun; Mr. C. Long's blk. b. Leaf agst Mr. Browne's blk. b. Blossom—undecided; Mr. Browne's blk. b. Briscall beat Mr. Capel's blk. b. Irene; Mr. Pettat's wh. d. Pilot agst Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Glycera—no course.

Main for the Cup.—Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Logic beat Mr. Roberts's wh. d. Redcap, and won the Cup—Redcap the Guineas.

Match.—Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Ladybird beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Glossary.

For the Bewdley Stakes.—Col. Newport's wh. d. Nonplus beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Ellen; Mr. Pettat's wh. d. Pilot beat Mr. Browne's wh. b. Berkshire; Mr. Capel's blk. b. Jezebel beat Mr. Roberts's blk. d. Rembrandt; Mr. Goodlake's fawn d. Gohanna beat Mr. Phelps's wh. b. Bijou.

Ties.—Col. Newport's Nonplus beat Mr. Pettat's Pilot; Mr. Goodlake's Gohanna beat Mr. Capel's Jezebel; Col. Newport's Nonplus beat Mr. Goodlake's Gohanna, and won the Stakes.

Match.—Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Goldmine beat Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pledge.

The Determination of the Matches run at Ashdown Park on the 9th of November.—Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Benhams beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Blowing; Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Bourbon beat Mr. Goodlake's yel. d. Guardian; Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Bounty beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Godsend—[N. B. Godsend was lamed in the shoulder by running agst the stem of a hawthorn, for the Ashdown Stakes the week before, which alone lost her this course according to general opinion].—Mr. Roberts's wh. d. Redcap beat Sir Hussey Vivian's blk. d. Velocipede; Mr. Roberts's blk. b. Regatta beat Sir H. Vivian's blk. d. Venture; Mr. Roberts's blk. d. Ready beat Sir H. Vivian's blk. d. Veto; Mr. Roberts's wh. d. Redcap beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Bounty—a short unsatisfactory course after a kit hare.

A TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE.

SIR,

IF you deem the following worthy of insertion, I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing it in your next Number.

For a long time I had been very anxious to spend a day or two at that seat of learning and discipline, Cambridge; but it is well known, that an old man of sixty is generally, if not at all times, very dilatory in putting his projects into execution. Thus, although procrastination is, by daily experience, known to be the "thief of time," yet few are there who are willing to lend an attentive and obedient ear to the motto of *Carpe diem*. Having, for month after month, and year after year, promised faithfully to visit a young friend of mine at his College, and having, I am ashamed to say, so often disappointed him, I at length took resolution, and after kissing my dear wife and children, seated myself within the Cambridge "Times."

The motto of *tempus fugit* might with justice be applied to this coach; for surely the chariots of the Sun perform not their daily journey with more punctual exactness, or with greater speed, than the Cambridge Times is accustomed to do. "Though I be old, and well stricken in years," still I flatter myself that I am not grown morose through care, and that my nerves are not greatly debilitated: thus I fear but little the courage of four noble steeds, so that they be under the guidance of a skilful coachman. Being an inside passenger, I was unable to remark the conduct of the coachman; but, as far as I was capable of discovering, I could perceive that the individual under whose protection I was,

(I know not his name), was well experienced in his business. Your new Correspondent, Mr. Editor, LAUDATOR PRÆSENTIS ÆVI, is extremely lavish in his praise on the coaches running from Southampton to Town. I should be pleased to know, whether he ever travelled by the Cambridge Times. Surely this coach is far superior to the Telegraph, which your Correspondent eulogizes with so much extravagance. Perhaps your Correspondent NIMROD may be acquainted with the coaches running to Cambridge; if he is, I should be happy to know his opinion of them.

After an exceedingly comfortable journey I, by nine o'clock, found myself in the town and University of Cambridge. The passing cap and gown reminded me of former days, when I, an Oxonian, was adorned in the like habiliments. There is a sort of pleasure mingled with melancholy in the recollection of days gone by, and I was absorbed in deep reflection on the uncertainty and transitory pleasures of life, when the coach drew up at its destination.

Amongst the crowd of youths waiting in expectation of seeing some well-known phiz, I soon recognised the person of my young friend, and we met with a cordial shake of the hand. I am always pleased to find young men unrestrained when in the company of those of older years. I had known my friend from a child, and therefore his manners were as easy and unrestrained in my presence as when he might be in the society of those of equal age with himself. After the first salutations were over, he hurried me off to his room, in spite of my request of him to sup with me at the inn. "No, no," said he; "supper is

waiting, the 'gyps' are *en attendant*, and you must therefore trudge." Remonstrance being in vain, the old man is obliged to submit to the young one, and weary his legs in climbing to his room, which, *miserabile dictu!* chanced to be a garret.

At my arrival, however, at the top of the staircase, I found myself well remunerated for my trouble. Surely such a profusion of epicurean delicacies were never before beheld; fowls, ham, with divers other *et ceteras*, graced the generous board; whilst the kind-hearted host was unremitting in his attentions and anxiety to please. The solemn bell of St. Mary's church had tolled the hour of midnight before my hospitable friend would allow me to depart. Having at length wished him a good night, I retired to the inn, where the fatigues of the day were soon forgotten in the balmy sweets of slumber.

I would have you, Mr. Editor, to know, that I proudly assume the character of an old sportsman, and am a great advocate for the observance of the motto, "Be merry whilst you can;" although I by no means wish to erase from the mind of youth that admirable precept, "Be merry and wise." My young friend is what is in Cambridge termed, "a non-reading man;" and I, being aware of this melancholy truth, thoroughly expected to hear the proposal of some pleasurable jaunts the next morning, when I was to breakfast with him, and meet a couple of his friends. This, indeed, as you will see, proved to be the case.

After a comfortable night's rest, I was punctual to my hour at my friend's room to breakfast. I decline mentioning the profusion of

delicacies which awaited my arrival, but be assured that eatables, both in season and out of season, were prepared for the occasion. After breakfast (a breakfast, in fact, which would surprise an Alderman), a proposal was made to visit the different livery stables, and I instantly agreed to make one of the party, for I am a great admirer of the horse, and am always glad to look over a good stud. The breed of horses is daily improving, and I could not avoid remarking the contrast between the cocktails of Cambridge now, to what they were at Oxford when I was an Under-graduate of that University. My young friend was pleased to contend, that Cambridge still is, and always was, superior to Oxford with regard to the neatness of the nags. Every one, it is well known, is jealous for the credit of that particular spot in which he may chance to reside, I therefore declined arguing this delicate point with my friend, and allowed that which is most certainly true; viz. that Cambridge might certainly boast of as fine horses as any in Europe; although, indeed, there are to be found many unfortunate "screws." This must be the case, whilst they are subject to so many disadvantages—on some occasions, perhaps, placed under the care of a reasonable and merciful Tyro, but too often subject to the fool-hardiness and stupidity of a youngster, known by the cant term of a "larking cove." Mr. Jordan has good reason to boast of a superior stud of horses; and I was also much pleased with Mr. Beron's stud—Sparrow, Cross, Faulkner, Martin, &c. The plan of ventilation is too little regarded. Mr. Martin's stable is cooler than the generality of them; but still

his even are not, in my humble opinion, sufficiently ventilated. I myself would strongly advise the proprietors of livery stables to follow the plan of ventilation which your Correspondent, in your November Number, hints at. He, indeed, appears to be not only "A Friend to the Chase," but also "A Friend to the Horse." The labour which a Cambridge hack is subject to, is, as may rightly be conjectured, by no means easy; for an old head is with difficulty to be placed upon young shoulders. It is a mournful fact, that too many horses fit for any gentleman's establishment are subject to the folly of sporting Cantabs, who, not being sufficiently experienced, too often consider good driving or riding to consist in the urging an animal till he is ready to drop.

After a certain age, young men begin to discover their mistake; and when they have discovered it, they may then be entitled to the appellation of "Sportsmen," but not before. There are some few youthful Cantabs, indeed, sensible enough to judge pretty correctly of the powers of a horse; but few are there of this description, and woe unto that animal whose fate it is to be enlisted in a Cambridge livery stable!

But, Mr. Editor, I am protracting my epistle to an almost unreasonable length, so I must soon draw to a conclusion; but I must first remark the apt readiness of the Cantabs, who denominate their college servants "Gyps." The Oxonians give them the appellation of "Scouts." Their rapacity, I understand, is proverbial; but since my young friend declares he is so lucky as to be the master of an honest servant, I shall certainly, at my departure from this

place, reward the worthy individual with a glittering crown. Apologizing for detaining you so long, I am, Mr. Editor, your dutiful servant,

GREYBEARD.

N. B. "Gyp" is derived from the Greek word γυψ, a vulture.

Nov. 11, 1826.

MALTON COURSING MEETING.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

FOR the Cup—First Class.—Major Bower's wh. p. d. Benningbrough beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Phantom; Mr. Swann's brin. p. b. Jane beat Mr. Vansittart's blk. p. b. Jenny; Mr. Vansittart's wh. d. Miller beat Mr. Swann's dun b. Missy; Mr. Swann's red d. Miller beat Lord Macdonald's bl. p. d. Brutus; Mr. Best's wh. b. Mayflower beat Mr. Vansittart's red d. Leopold; Mr. Best's red b. Marigold beat Lord Macdonald's bl. p. b. Blossom; Mr. Best's dun d. Meteor beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Wilton; Major Bower's dun d. Belzoni beat Mr. Lowther's red p. b. Elizabeth.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for puppies, run in classes on Tuesday and Thursday—First Class.—Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Phlegon beat Mr. Vansittart's red d. Jock; Mr. Swann's wh. d. Swift beat Mr. Best's blk. b. Minikin.

Matches.—Mr. Best's Tickler beat Mr. Vansittart's Ruth; Mr. Lowther's Phaeton beat Mr. Vansittart's Ellen; Mr. Best's Turk beat Mr. Lowther's Phoebe.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

For the Cup—Second Class.—Mr. Swann's Miller beat Mr. Best's Mayflower; Mr. Best's Marigold beat Major Bower's Benningbrough; Mr. Vansittart's Miller beat Mr. Swann's Jane; Major Bower's Belzoni beat Mr. Best's Meteor.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, run in classes on Wednesday and Friday—First Class.—Mr. Best's bl. b. Gratitude beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Wilton; Mr. Swann's blk. d. Juba beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Phantom.

Matches.—Mr. Best's Virgin beat Mr. Swann's Missy; Mr. Best's Mercury beat Mr. Lowther's Phyllis; Mr. Swann's Rose agst Major Bower's Bolingbroke—undecided.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

For the Cup—Third Class.—Major Bower's Belzoni beat Mr. Vansittart's Miller; Mr. Swann's Miller beat Mr. Best's Marigold.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for puppies, run in classes on Tuesday and Thursday—Second Class.—Mr. Swann's Swift beat Mr. Lowther's Phlegon, and won the Sweepstakes.

Matches.—Major Bower's Ballouk beat Mr. Vansittart's Jenny; Mr. Vansittart's Jock beat Major Bower's Bolingbroke; Major Bower's Brighton beat Mr. Vansittart's Leopold; Mr. Best's Turk beat Major Bower's Bagatelle; Mr. Lowther's Phaeton beat Major Bower's Belgrade; Major Bower's Brittle beat Mr. Lowther's Elizabeth.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

Mr. Swann's Miller beat Major Bower's Belzoni, and won the Cup.

Mr. Best's Gratitude beat Mr. Swann's Juba, and won the Sweepstakes.

WENSLEYDALE COURSING MEETING.

ON Tuesday, October 31, the Members of this Club held their annual meeting on the grounds of the Right Hon. Lord Bolton, when the contest for the Silver Cup was decided as follows:—

First Class.—*Mr. Maclellan's Vesta beat Mr. Fisher's Minx; Mr. Wray's Fly beat Mr. Willis's Lion; *Mr. J. Fisher's Minx beat Mr. Scroope's Pepper; *Mr. Lawson's Smoker beat Mr. Hutchinson's Patch; *Mr. R. Thompson's Timour beat Mr. Kay's Clinker; *Mr. R. Willis's Myrtle beat Mr. C. Other's Cribb; *Mr. Edmundson's Dandy beat Mr. Kirkby's Conrad; Mr. Simpson's Jerry beat Mr. T. Thompson's Trinket.

Second Class.—*Mr. Wray's Fly beat Mr. Maclellan's Vesta; *Mr. J. Fisher's Minx beat Mr. Lawson's Smoker; Mr. R. Willis's Myrtle beat Mr. Edmundson's Dandy; *Mr. R. Thompson's Timour beat Mr. Simpson's Jerry.

Third Class.—*Mr. Wray's Fly beat Mr. J. Fisher's Minx; *Mr. R. Thompson's Timour beat Mr. R. Willis's Myrtle.

Fourth Class.—*Mr. Wray's Fly beat Mr. R. Thompson's Timour, and won the Cup.

Matches.—*Mr. Hutchinson's Patch beat Mr. Potts's Jerry; *Mr. Hutchinson's Patch beat Mr. Maclellan's Vesta.

The company was numerous, and the ties well contested. Though the hares ran strong, they were killed in the ties marked thus *.

On the conclusion of the day's sport, the members and their friends sat down to a sumptuous dinner, provided for them at the King's Head Inn, Leyburn. After the removal of the cloth, Mr. Willis, in the most handsome manner, in the name of the Members of the Club, presented Mr. Terry with an elegant silver snuff box, bearing the following appropriate inscription:—"Presented the 31st October 1826, to John Terry, Esq. by the Members of the Wensleydale Coursing Club, as a mark of their approbation of his honorable conduct and gratuitous services, as their tryer, for a number of years."

VANITY.

Engraved by RADDON, from a Drawing by CHALON.

VANITY, a blue and white bitch, belonging to the Rev. T. Best, was the winner of the Cup at the Malton Coursing Meeting, in November 1822. She was bred by Mr. Best, and was got by his black and white dog Jasper, out of Mr. Slingsby's black bitch Martin. Jasper and Martin were both winners of the Cup at the Malton Coursing Meeting.

SINGULAR PRECOCITY IN A SETTER PUPPY.

SIR,

I Am one of those old-fashioned fellows who read, with no small degree of pleasure, every trifling incident in the Sporting World, and I think if gentlemen generally would communicate, in a concise

way, through your Magazine, such curious occurrences in hunting, shooting, &c. &c., as may come under their own immediate observation, they would tend to afford each other considerable amusement*.

I shall just state what I consider an extraordinary instance of *precocity* in a setter puppy. I have a very handsome thoroughbred Irish setter bitch. She whelped on the 29th of June. I saved a brace, perfectly black, male and female, and placed them with different farmers to rear. On the 20th September, a covey of ten partridges were marked down. The bitch puppy was taken within a short distance—she hunted, drew on, and made as firm a point as the staunchest old setter, remaining for two minutes, until the birds rose.

You will agree with me, Mr. Editor, that this is a very rare occurrence *under three months old*. However, I have not yet told all her good deeds. On the 7th November, I called at the farm, and was informed, that a few days previously she had found and pointed a woodcock near the house. I was induced to allow her to go with me, and in a few minutes she made a steady point at a woodcock, which was flushed and brought to bag.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

TIMOTHY RAMROD.

Ashton, near Exeter, Nov. 13, 1826.

P. S. It is extraordinary how very scarce woodcocks are at the present moment in this county. About the 25th October, they were found in great abundance; but in the same coverts you can now hardly find a bird. I am not

* We thank TIMOTHY for thus repeating a hint we have before given to our sport ing friends, and hope he will soon discover that our pages have profited by it.

singular in my remark, that when there is a large *early* arrival the succeeding flights are scanty and small.

THE FIELD SPORTS OF FRANCE.

SIR,

SEVERAL years' residence in France, and constant opportunities of ranging her fields and forests in pursuit of feathered or other game, enables me, perhaps, to give a tolerable account of the sport generally to be met with; and if, upon perusal, you find the subject worthy of insertion in your excellent Magazine, you will oblige, by giving publicity to the same, your obedient servant and constant reader,

HAWTHORN.

Nanci, Nov. 1, 1826.

My first shooting excursions in France were in the neighbourhood of Caen; and I well remember that I then considered them as a *service of danger*. I had heard my father talk of the imprudence of even carrying a gun *there* without permission: *rapports, prisons, even the galleys*, were before my eyes—tales of some forty years ago! The Revolution has here (as in many other points) operated a wonderful change; and a very few days sufficed to prove to me, that I, a stranger, furnished with a *porte-d'armes*, had as much power to beat a stubble, or covert, as at least one half of the *savetiers-chasseurs*, whose slow methodical stride, when closely following their equally slow methodically-moving stump-tailed pointer, have often made me laugh most heartily.

But I had been used to high-ranging dogs, and use is every thing. Upon *soi-disant* forbidden

ground, I even soon discovered that a *petition* opened the road. A Normandy *garde-de-chasse* gave me my first lesson, which I have never since forgotten. I was one day enjoying my favorite sport of snipe shooting; they were numerous, but as wild as the weather was boisterous; and, as fast as flushed, they all took shelter in a large wet wood that skirted the meadows. A deep brook was the line of demarcation between these and the wood in question, belonging to the Marquis de B—. Those who may recognise the writer will tear testimony to his water-spaniel propensities. The brook and the *garde-de-chasse* were alike forgotten: for upwards of an hour I had enough to do to charge my gun, when I suddenly caught sight of an ugly tall black-whiskered fellow at some little distance. Discretion is the better part of valour; so I sheered off, congratulating myself upon the *brook*, which placed, I thought, a sure barrier between the enemy and myself; but the rascal had wings in the shape of a jumping-pole, and I had scarcely re-passed the brook when he was at my heels. There is no resisting the eloquence of a man backed by a double-barrelled gun, and two brace of double-barrelled pistols in his *ceinture*; so to his surly demand after my *porte-d'armes*, and by what right I shot in the wood, I civilly, *very civilly* assured him, that I was in pursuit of snipes only, as my bag could prove. He would have it that I was there to *chicaner* the hares and partridges, of which he said there were many. "*Monsieur est Anglais,*" said he; and I thought he smiled, as my hand found its way methodically into my breeches-pocket at the bare mention of his

threatened *rappori*. I spluttered out a thousand ridiculous questions, admired his dog, and, seeing his features relax, asked *his* permission to continue my sport; the *petition* glittered between my fingers; the rascal saw it with half an eye; I jokingly told him it was good, *pour fermer la bouche*. "Out, Monsieur," he replied; "*mais, avec deux autres sur les yeux, je ne pourrais plus vous voir*." D—n your impudence, I thought!—but the joke was good, and I slipped the money into his hand. I lost nothing by my generosity, as I shot undisturbed as long as I remained in the country. Some days afterwards I cured his dog of the distemper; his cottage, with the best it could produce, was always at my service; many a day have I partaken of his bread, cheese, and cider, and never would he again accept one farthing.

Game is (or at least *was* eleven years ago) very abundant in the neighbourhood of Caen. I have never inhabited any town where such quantities appeared in the market—partridges, common and red-legged, and hares in sacks, but all snared. This is the mischief. Without this infernal sys-

tem, the fair sportsman would enjoy himself indeed; but, as it is, by dint of worrying the game by night, he must often (though in the midst of plenty) go home with an empty bag. It is probable that an alteration in the game-laws will occupy the attention of the French Chamber next Session. In a future letter, I will endeavour, with your permission, Mr. Editor, to give you some of the leading features of the *projet de loi*, of which I have had at present but a hasty glance; and offer to your notice, at the same time, the field-sports of Lorraine, the capital of which I have now inhabited for upwards of four years*.

P. S.—In answer to "FLINT'S" inquiry in your April Number of the present year, for a sure remedy for the canker in dogs' ears, I believe, that constantly washing and cleansing with *warm* water alone will often effect a cure; but where the disease is inveterate, and has attacked the internal part of the organ, *huile de laurier* (laurel oil) dropped in, or applied with a feather, is the most certain remedy. I have often seen it succeed, and have very seldom seen it fail.

THE ROAD.

(Continued from p. 411, October Number.)

I Have always been of opinion, that still greater improvement than has hitherto been effected might be made in our coach lamps. They are certainly better than when I first knew the road; for then the glasses used to get black with smoke, and after a certain time they were of little service. If

what we read in history be true, we have never possessed the art of making lamps equal to those of former times; neither, indeed, have we possessed the materials. Perhaps my readers may not object to going back a little into former ages, and hear what they have to say on this *enlightening* subject.

* We shall be happy to receive the communication our Correspondent promises.—Ed.

Pausanias, in his History of Greece, informs us, that, before that people collected themselves into one city, the statue of Minerva—supposed to have fallen from Heaven—was deposited in a tower, and that an artist, called Callimachus, made a lamp of gold for the goddess, which, when filled with oil, burned day and night for the space of one year. This, it appears, was owing to the wick being made of Carpasian flax, which was unconsumable by fire. Above the lamp was a brazen palm-tree, which, rising to the roof of the building, dissipated the smoke.

Now, perhaps, there is nothing so very wonderful in all this; but that the ancients possessed the art of constructing lamps, which would for many ages produce a splendid light, without a fresh supply, I think, from the numerous testimonies, we cannot hesitate to believe. The most celebrated of all is the one found in the tomb of Pallas (son of Evander, who was killed by Turnus, as Virgil relates in his tenth *Æneid*), which was discovered near the city of Rome in the year 1401. Above the head of the deceased warrior was this lamp found, which neither wind nor water could extinguish; and that it was the real body of Pallas, the inscription on the tomb shewed. Had it not been broken by the over-curious, it would doubtless have been burning now.

In the Appian Way also, at Rome, a lamp was discovered in the sepulchre of Tullia, Cicero's daughter, which had been burning fifteen hundred years; but this became extinct on the admission of external air. Other lamps are mentioned by creditable authors, apparently made of the same lasting materials. One was found in a town belonging to

Padua, in Italy, in the year 1500, which had continued to shine upwards of fifteen hundred years. This lamp was the workmanship of one Maximus Olybius, who, it appears, produced this wonderful light by his profound skill in the chemical art. On the urn which contained the lamp, as also the liquor by whose virtue the brilliant light was produced, some Latin verses were inscribed, which have been thus elegantly translated:—

“Plunderers, forbear this gift to touch,
 'Tis awful Pluto's own;
 A secret rare the world conceals,
 To such as you unknown.
 Olybius, in this slender vase,
 The element has chain'd;
 Digested with laborious art,
 From secret science gain'd.
 With guardian care two copious urns
 The costly juice confine,
 Lest, through the rains of decay,
 The lamp should cease to shine.”

It has been remarked, that the perpetuity of these lamps was owing to the tenacity of the unctuous matter with which the flame was united; and being so proportioned to the strength of the fire, that, like the moisture and heat in animals, neither of them could conquer or destroy the other. This art, however, is lost.

Curious as the history of this lamp appears, it is but a gnat to swallow when compared with the account given of another by Apollonius, in his treatise called *ἱεροποιήσεως*, or *Wonderful Histories*. The wicks which were used in these lamps, he gives us to understand upon the authority of another, were made of threads drawn from a *soft stone*, and that there was no end to their burning. This stone was found in quarries in Cyprus and other places; and why these quarries ceased to yield it, we learn from Plutarch,

almost puzzled the Oracles to say. Garments, it seems, made from threads spun from this stone, instead of being washed, were purified by fire.

The wicks of our lamps are now made with cotton, but flax was the article first used, and we find it spoken of by the Prophet Isaiah. When predicting the tenderness of our Saviour's administration, he beautifully illustrates it by the well-known proverb:—"the bruised reed he shall not break, and the smoking flax he shall not quench:"—alluding, no doubt, to the light of a lamp which, when first kindled, is soon put out. What was done in those times, however, is of little practical use to us in these matters; but I hope to see some improvement made in our road-lamps, as there has been in those used in streets and rooms. Portable gas, it is said, is about to be tried for the purpose.

ROADS.—Although it appears to have been a capital object of Roman policy to open a communication with all the provinces of their extensive empire, by means of those roads which are justly considered among the noblest monuments of their wisdom and their power; yet, to the savage tribes of America, the idea of facilitating communication with distant places does not seem to have occurred. Even in civilized countries in Europe, indeed, men appeared to have advanced pretty far in refinement, before it became a regular object of their political economy to form such roads as rendered mutual intercourse convenient. The account of these roads by that eloquent historian, Gibbon, is given in such easy and pleasing language, that I am certain it will not be disagreeable to my readers:—

"All these cities were connected with each other, and with the capital, by the public highways, which, issuing from the Forum of Rome, traversed Italy, pervaded the provinces, and were terminated only by the frontiers of the empire. If we carefully trace the distance from the Wall of Antoninus to Rome, and thence to Jerusalem, it will be found that the great chain of communication, from the north-west to the south-east point of the empire, was drawn out to the length of four thousand and eighty Roman miles. The public roads were accurately divided by mile stones, and ran in a direct line from one city to another, with very little respect for the obstacles either of nature or private property. Mountains were perforated, and bold arches were thrown over the broadest and most rapid streams. The middle part of the road, which was raised into a terrace commanding the adjacent country, consisted of several strata of sand, gravel, and cement, and was paved with large stones, or, in some places near the capital, with granite. Such was the solid construction of the Roman highways, whose firmness has not yielded to the effect of fifteen centuries! They united the subjects of the most distant provinces by an easy and familiar intercourse; but their primary object had been to facilitate the marches of the legions; nor was any country considered as completely subdued, till it had been rendered, in all its parts, pervious to the arms and authority of the conqueror. The advantage of receiving the earliest intelligence, and of conveying their orders with celerity, induced the Emperors to establish, throughout their extensive dominions, the regular insti-

tution of posts. Houses were every where erected at the distance of five or six miles; each of them was constantly provided with forty horses; and, by the help of these relays, it was easy to travel a hundred miles a-day along the Roman roads."

Now, as it is my present object to form somewhat of a comparison between ancient and modern travelling, it is but right to observe, that the use of these post-horses, as they may be called, was for the public service, and could only be called upon by an Imperial order. Even Pliny, who was a minister, and a favorite one too, offers an apology, in one of his Epistles, for letting his wife make use of post-horses on a very urgent occasion. There are, however, in this historian's letters, more than one mention of his travelling post. In that to Trajan, when on his road to Bythynia, he informs his royal master that he intends pursuing his journey, partly in light vessels, and partly in post chaises; but here he was travelling on official business. In his letter to Gallus, descriptive of his villa, he says—"This is but seventeen miles from Rome; so that, having finished my affairs in town, I can pass my evenings here, without breaking in upon the business of the day. There are two different ways to it: if you go by that of Laurentum, you must turn off at the fourteenth mile-stone; if by Ostia, at the eleventh. Both of them are, in some parts, sandy (no M'Adam in those days!), which makes it somewhat heavy and tedious *if you travel in a carriage*, but easy and pleasant to those who ride on horseback."

I shall conclude this short digression, by remarking the simila-

rity of taste of that day and the present, in a Roman and a London citizen; and producing the following instance of Roman posting:—"In the time of the Emperor Theodosius, between four and five hundred years back, a magistrate of high rank, named Cæsarius, went post from Antioch to Constantinople—the distance of 725 Roman, or 665 English miles. He began his journey at night, was 165 miles from Antioch the ensuing evening, and was at Constantinople the sixth day at noon.

Roads may be called the veins and arteries of a country, through which channels every improvement circulates. All the aid of science has lately been applied to the making of them; and, by the geological maps published, those countries are pointed out from which the best materials are to be derived. Nothing, however, beats the Bristol lime stone, broken small, as by the direction of Mr. M'Adam. I really consider this gentleman as being, next to the late Doctor Jenner, the greatest contributor to the welfare of mankind that this country ever produced—that is to say, in the civil departments of life. The opposition his system of breaking the stones small met with in rural districts, afforded a striking instance of the tyranny of custom, and shewed what a task it is to combat with prejudice and error. The labouring men persisted in saying that stones broken so small would wear out immediately; whereas they were at length convinced that the smaller the materials the more durable they were; and that a large stone in a road was certain to destroy it in two separate ways:—first, it acts as a lever to the road, by one end raising up the face of it when a wheel passes

over the other end of it; and, secondly, by presenting an obstacle which is to be surmounted, the wheel falls with increased force from the top of that obstacle, and consequently makes a hole in the road. If an iron hammer were constantly to glide over an iron surface, neither of them would feel the effect for a very long series of years: but only let there be an obstacle for the hammer to surmount, and drop thence on the iron, the consequence would very soon be destructive to both.

Although philosophers have been long since aware that ice is formed by the *spiculae* uniting by their own angles, yet it remained for Mr. M'Adam to put to the proof the fact of stones forming an equally firm surface, by the uniting of their angles. Such, however, is the case: and where the material is of good quality, many barn floors, on which corn is thrashed, are not so even and so hard as some of our turnpike roads. One other great advantage attends them. When once they bind, there is no obstacle-work for the wheels on level ground; neither is it necessary to round them in the middle, from which form several accidents to coaches have arisen; and I do not think our night-coaches could go the pace they now do, with roads rounded in the centre.

The worst material we have for roads is gravel. Upon gravel roads, to use the language of a coachman, there is no life in the coach, but the wheels are always crying out, and on level ground the horses never have a slack trace. Stone is now brought from a great distance, where water-carriage is to be had, to many roads, in the neighbourhood of which gravel abounds.

After all, pavement is the best surface for a loaded coach to run upon, as far as draught is concerned. Here she is always alive, and the *vis vivida* is a great help to her. Some years since I used to drive the Chester mail a good deal over those paved roads out of Chester, and always considered that the Unicorn team was quite equal to the draught. Paved roads, however, are dangerous for fast work:—witness the number of axle-trees of coaches that are broken every year in Piccadilly, and that sink-hole of a town, Brentford. It would be a great benefit to the public if all this pavement were broken up, and the M'Adam system adopted in its place. I could now name a dozen coach axle-trees that have been snapped in two in this short distance, within the last eighteen months; but the most extraordinary case was that of the celebrated Cheltenham Magnet. Her axle-tree gave way in Hammersmith, and the coachman went back to his yard in the City for another coach. The axle-tree of that coach also broke in the town of Brentford, on the same day, and with the same passengers.

Mr. M'Adam's system is about to be put to a proper test in that great thoroughfare, Oxford-street, London. The system, however, is to be improved upon, by having a good coat of broken stone put on the top of new pavement. I have always doubted the abolition of pavement in London streets. In Eastern nations, where neither frost nor snow prevails, almost any materials would stand good in their cities; but in a London street, of much thoroughfare, I have no idea of any thing but pavement resisting the effects of a

six or eight weeks' frost and a heavy fall of snow. If the M'Adam system, however, can be brought to perfection on the improved plan I have just mentioned, the advantage to the town of London will be great.

Looking into History, we find that, though several cities had paved streets previous to the Christian era, those which are the ornament of Europe (Rome and one or two others excepted), had not this advantage till about the twelfth or thirteenth century. The Greek and Roman authors speak more of paved highways than of paved streets, though, no doubt, great expense was incurred in paving the streets before the doors of rich inhabitants of the countries about which they write.

That Thebes was paved, even in the time of Epaminondas, we collect from the circumstance of that great General being condemned to the care of them, and, by his good conduct, rendering that abject office an honorable one, and afterwards sought for as such. Whether Jerusalem was paved, I am at a loss to say, as mention is only made in the Bible of the fore-court of the Temple, although in the Talmud it is stated that the streets were swept every day, which implies some hard surface. When Rome was paved, it does not, I believe, appear clear, though certainly not in the time of its kings. Livy mentions, that in the year of the city 584, the streets were paved from the Oxen-market to the

Temple of Venus, and around the seats of the magistrates in the great Circus; and, in the course of time, officers were appointed for this express purpose. Streets paved with lava, having deep ruts made by the wheels of carriages, were found both at Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Of modern cities, I believe, the oldest pavement is ascribed to Paris; but that city was not paved in the twelfth century, when this great improvement was made by Philip the Second. Previous to this, the filth of Paris was proverbial. I know of no account that informs us when the streets of London were first paved, but certainly not till the twelfth century. In the year 1090, the church of St. Mary-le-bow, in Cheapside, was unroofed by the wind, and four beams, twenty-six feet in length, sank so deep in the soft earth, that not more than four feet of them were visible. As trade and wealth increased, pavement gradually became extended. Holborn, according to Anderson's *History of Commerce*, was paved for the first time, by royal command, in 1417. Other streets were subsequently paved under Henry VIII.*, and Smithfield in 1614. All historians agree, that, after the use of pavement in cities, diseases became less frequent.

I must now return to the practical part of my subject.

COACHES.—I know not whether such may be the taste of my readers, but, for my own part, I like

* In the King's Order it was said, that "the highway named Holborn, in London, was so deep and miry, that many perils and hazards were thereby occasioned, as well to the King's carriages passing that way, as to those of his subjects. He therefore ordained two vessels, each of twenty tons burthen, to be employed at his expense, for bringing stones for paving and mending the same."—*Anderson's History of Commerce*, Vol. I. page 244.

In this Order, the streets were described as "very foul and full of pits and sloughs; very perilous and noisome, as well for the King's subjects on horseback as on foot, and with carriages."—*Ibid*, page 370.

now and then to look back into former ages, and see how they managed matters in those days. The three last centuries have been, I believe justly, called the wonder-working centuries; and doubtless, within this period, have not only many of those arts been restored which were lost in the wreck of time, but many of the old ones improved upon; and others, of which the ancients had not the most distant notion, have been invented and perfected for the use and convenience of man. To carriages, however, it was left to the present century to put the finishing hand, and I really believe they have arrived almost at perfection. Let us then look back a little towards their origin, and trace them to the present day.

I am not going to the Chariot of the Sun, nor to Moses's Principia, nor to Solomon's chariots, in which he dealt so largely; but I think I have read that, in the time of the "Judges," horses and war-chariots were made use of among the Canaanites, though the Israelites had none. Homer's heroes fight in them; and this will do for my purpose, which is to shew that their use is of very early date. What their form was, it requires better information than I am master of to determine; but doubtless it was various.

If by the word *coach* we are to understand every kind of covered carriage in which one can conveniently travel, there is no doubt that some of them were known to the ancients, and several of them admit of a construction that places them in our list of carriages. The *arcera*, of which mention is made in the Twelve Tables, was a covered carriage, used by sick and infirm persons, and answers to our covered wagon or *wain*. This was super-

seded by a still more easy one, called the *lectica*, from its similarity to a bed, or couch. Then comes the *carpentum*, or horse-litter, the form of which may be seen on antique coins, where it is represented as a two-wheeled car with an arched covering, and which was sometimes hung with costly cloth. Still later, we find the *carruca*, first mentioned by Pliny, and coming nearer in their appellation to our name for such vehicles; but so little is known of them, that it is, I believe, a matter of conjecture as to the number of their wheels. They were, however, carriages of state, ornamented with gold and precious stones, and the Romans considered it an honour to be carried in those which were very lofty. It is worthy of observation, that in the Theodosian Code, the use of them, by civil and military officers of high rank, was *commanded* as a mark of their exalted situation in life. After this period, covered carriages became the common appendages of Roman magnificence, until the sentiments which prevailed under the feudal system again banished them. It being then considered essential to the feudal lords, that their vassals should be always ready to serve them on horseback, they discouraged the use of carriages, as tending to make them indolent and unfit for military service.

In more modern times, Hanover surpassed all other cities in the number and splendour of its carriages. In 1681, there were fifty gilded coaches, with six horses in each, at the magnificent court of Duke Ernest Augustus. In the History of France are many proofs that at Paris, in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and great part of the six-

teenth centuries, the French monarchs rode most commonly on horseback—the servants of the court, and the Princesses, with the principal Ladies, being chiefly mounted on asses. Persons of the first rank often sat on a horse behind their equerry, when the horse was led by servants. When Louis, Duke of Orleans, brother to Charles the Sixth, was assassinated, his two attendants (*écuyers*) were mounted on the same horse. In the year 1534, Queen Eleanor and the Princesses rode on white horses at a sacred festival; and the historian Sauval informs us, that, in his time, there remained several horse-blocks in Paris, which had been ordered by the Parliament in 1599. Although about this time there were only three coaches in Paris, yet it appears that carriages were used in France as early as 1294, when Philip (the Fair) issued an ordinance suppressing the use of them by the citizens' wives. Henry the Fourth was assassinated in his coach; but that he had but one, appears by a letter which he wrote to a friend, and which is preserved. "I cannot wait upon you to-day," said his Majesty, "because my wife is using my coach." From drawings preserved, however, which give the figures of these carriages, it does not appear that they were suspended on springs, or even by leather straps, which we call braces. The coach in which Louis the Fourteenth made his public entrance, was supposed to be the first that was constructed on that principle.

The first mention I can find of carriages in the English history, is in Richard the Second's time. When this monarch was obliged to fly from his rebellious subjects, he and his followers rode on horse-

back; but his mother, who was indisposed, rode in a carriage. This mode of travelling, however, became unfashionable when that monarch's Queen, the daughter of the Emperor Charles the Fourth, shewed the English ladies how gracefully and conveniently she could ride on a side-saddle. Coaches were, I believe, very little known in England till about the year 1580, when, according to Stow, they were introduced from Germany, by Fitz-Allen, Earl of Arundel. According to Anderson, when the English Ambassador came to Scotland in 1598, he had a coach with him; and Anderson places the period when coaches began to get into common use about 1605; yet, at the Restoration, Charles the Second rode on horseback between his two brothers. The celebrated Duke of Buckingham, the unworthy favorite of two kings, was the first person who rode in his coach-and-six (1619), when the Earl of Northumberland, in ridicule of the pomp displayed, put eight horses to his carriage, which, at this time, no man in England but George the Fourth can do.

Coaches were seen, for the first time, in Spain in the year 1546; and towards the end of the sixteenth century, John of Finland, on his return from England, brought with him to Sweden the first coach. Before that period, the Swedish nobility carried their wives with them on horseback. In Russia, it appears there were elegant coaches of the seventeenth century; but to what nation we are to ascribe the invention of close carriages or coaches, I am not able to determine. Dr. Johnson informs us it is Hungary. To the man who first placed them upon

springs, is the next greatest credit due.

It is curious to remark the great similarity in several languages of the word *coach*. In French it is *cocher*; Italian, *cocchio*; Spanish, *cocher*; Hungarian, *kotozz*; German, *kutsche*; and Belgian, *godse*.

I have no means of ascertaining when stage-coaches first began running in England; but I have read, that, in 1662, there were but six: and a pamphlet was written by one John Crossel, of the Charter-house, to suppress them—giving as a reason, that they brought people to London on trifling occasions, and their wives with them. Hackney-coaches were first established in London in 1625, when there were only twenty; and in Paris, where they were better known by the name of *fiacres*, about twenty-five years afterwards. In ancient Rome carriages were let out for hire, as mentioned by Suetonius, who calls them *rheda meritoria*, and *meritoria vehicula*.

The use of coaches has given rise to a profession or trade, which in all large cities affords employment and maintenance to an immense number of people.

USE OF THE WHIP.—As far as my observation has directed me, I am enabled to state, that, generally speaking, or indeed with few exceptions amongst men of character, coachmen are attached to, and kind towards their horses. It is, however, their interest to pursue such conduct, if they wish to stand well in the opinion of their employer; for, as a carpenter, says the old proverb, is known by his chips, so is a coachman by his horses. A horse does not cry out when he is hurt; if he did, who could punish him?

There is not a tenth part of the punishment by the whip administered to horses in coaches that was to be seen when I first began to travel with them. At that time, indeed, it was customary to see half a dozen "points," as they are termed, or pieces of whipcord ready knotted, hanging to a coachman's button hole, most of which, if not all, would be used before he had finished his day's work. The causes of all this are obvious. The roads were bad, which destroyed the vigour and courage of the horses, and they were not of so good and well-bred a sort as we now make use of in coaches. To these is to be added, that in very many cases horses were absolutely whipped into the necessity of being whipped; or, in plainer English, they were so accustomed to be urged on by their driver, that, after having been a year or two at work, they would not exert their powers until called upon to do so. At the time I am alluding to, no sooner was a coachman on his box, and had started his coach, than he began to shew off to his passengers, by a display of neat strokes with his whip, whether his horses required punishing or not. I am ready to admit that some of these old hands exhibited great execution in this part of their profession, and that, from the comparatively little use that has been lately made of it, the expert management of the whip is now rarely to be met with. Amongst London coachmen, I have most particularly noticed a deficiency here. I could name a score who are excellent performers as far as the finger goes; but when they come to hit a near-side leader, the blow falls powerless, and brings to one's mind the old joke of the flea biting the lobster.

There are as many ways of whipping coach-horses, as there are horses in the coach; and, as there is a right and a wrong way of doing most things, a young beginner may observe the following directions:—we will begin with the wheel-horses. Before a coachman hits a wheel-horse, he should twist his thong three times around the crop of his whip—holding the crop at that moment somewhat horizontally, by which means the thong will twist towards the thin end of the crop—when the thong, being doubled, will not exceed the length of a pair-horse thong, and in some measure resembles it. Its being double, renders it of course more severe, by falling more heavily on the horse; and by the two ends of the thong not being spread, but close together at the time of the blow, it falls with increased force. When the off-side-wheeler is struck, the coachman's right arm should be put out from his body, in the same position in which he presents it to his tailor to measure him for a coat, but the blow should proceed entirely from the wrist. The part on which the horse should be struck is about four inches behind his false belly-band, or somewhere near the short rib on his right side. The stinging part of the blow is then felt under the belly; and unless a horse is quite beaten, or of a sulky and bad disposition, he seldom fails to answer it. If he do not answer it here, he must be struck before the belly-band, when the blow falls just behind the fore-arm, on a part on which the skin is very thin. If a wheel-horse shews symptoms of vice, such as a disposition to kick, &c.; or, in short, if he refuses to answer either of the other calls upon his exertions, a blow with the double thong on

his ears generally brings him to his senses. I very much dislike seeing a coach horse struck over the ears—the parts being so very sensible—and nothing short of absolute necessity justifies it. I have, however, seen the time, and often too, under the old system, when nothing short of this severe punishment would have got a coach home.

In hitting a near-wheeler, the coachman brings his right hand exactly opposite to his face, and turning the crop three turns around, as before directed, he lets the thong fall sharply across the horse's loins for three times in succession, if he do not answer sooner, observing that, after the third blow, he draws the thong obliquely across the horse's back, by which means his arm returns to a state of rest, and the crop falls gently across his reins, just above his left hand—the crop pointing a little upwards, to prevent the thong getting under, or touching, the near wheel-horse's tail. Should this be the case, if he lowers his crop, the thong will almost always get released; but should it not, he must let the thong loose, and draw it out *from the point*. When it comes up from the tail, let the coachman throw back his crop a little to his right hand, and the point of the thong will fall across his fingers, when he catches it, and puts it back into his hand. It must be observed, that, in striking the near-wheel horse, the wrist only, as in the sword-exercise, is at work; the body must be quite at rest; and after the whip is brought to bear, the arm must be quiet also, until the third blow is struck. Nothing is so slow and so bad as to see a man all legs and wings on a coach box. He cannot sit too quiet and at his ease; and his right arm

should be as still as circumstances will admit.

There is only one other method of hitting a wheel-horse, and that is called *pointing him*. This is done by hitting him with the point of the thong, when loose, just behind his shoulder; but it is not considered neat execution. If there should be a free leader before the bars, it causes him to fret, and is, in my opinion, only to be had recourse to in emergencies—as for instance, in turning around a corner, or into a gate-way, when a leader is to be hit, and before the coachman can recover his thong, a wheel-horse should require whipping also.

It is generally supposed it is in whipping a leader that neatness of execution is more especially displayed, and such I take to be the case. It is, however, quite a mistaken notion to suppose that it is in the power of a coachman to punish a leader with the single, as he can a wheel-horse with the double thong. I have heard of *this* man who could cut a horse's leg off, and of *that* who could lift him from the ground when before the bar; but I have never seen the coachman who could mark a horse with the point of his thong. No doubt, however, the blow from the loose thong falls very sharp, as it falls on a tender part—the inside of the thigh.

As the off-leader presents himself more fully to the right hand of the coachman than his partner does, the horse that is the less free of the two is generally put on that side. There are but two ways of hitting an off-leader: one, by letting the thong fall gently over his neck, or just behind his pad, when his driver only just wishes to refresh his memory, and let him know

that he has a whip in his hand; and the other, when he wants to hit him sharply, by striking him with the point of the thong just under his bar. The hard hitters of the Old School never conceived they had done the latter effectually unless they struck their horse twice at least, if not three times—the last stroke always ending in a draw. As this word *draw* is peculiar to the lingo of the road, I must explain to such as may not exactly comprehend it. We will suppose a coachman to hit his off-leader three times. The two first blows are given, as it were, underhanded—that is to say, the hand is lowered so as to admit of the thong going *under the bar* the first two strokes. When the third, or last, is given, the point of the elbow is thrown outwards, so as to incline the thong inwards, which brings it up to the coachman's hand after the stroke—it generally falling across his breast, but which would not be the case were it not for the draw. Another advantage also attends the draw. A thong so thrown very seldom hangs in the bars, and nothing is more uncoachmanlike than to hit a leader above his bar. A horse's mouth should also always be felt before his coachman hits him.

Hitting the near-leader with neatness and effect is considered—as it certainly is—the most difficult part of the use of the whip. There are two ways of doing it: one, by two common strokes and the draw, and the other by a sort of back-handed stroke, which is a very neat one, and sufficiently severe; but it does not bring the thong so immediately up to the coachman's hand as the drawn stroke does. In the back-handed stroke, the wrist describes an exact

figure of eight, and the arm cannot be kept, as before, quite still. In the other method of hitting him, the coachman's arm is brought about opposite his chin, the two first blows proceeding from the wrist alone; but in the third, or *the draw*, the hand descends, the elbow is thrown outwards, and by two jerks of the arm, which is impossible to describe on paper, the draw is effected; and the thong comes, as before stated, across the coachman's breast, so as to enable him to catch it instantly.

There is one other way of hitting a leader; and that is, by what is called *the chop*. This is done by throwing out the right arm rather forward, and with it, of course, the thong; and then bringing it back sharply with the wrist inclined downwards. The thong falls severely on the horse's thigh, and comes up to the hand again the same as in the draw. This is a very useful blow in a narrow, confined place, or when it is necessary to lose no time before a leader is hit, and, when neatly done, has a very workmanlike appearance. I should here observe, that this blow generally falls above the bar—particularly if a horse is not at work at the time.

I have said that leaders should always be hit above their bar. This cannot always be done; for if a horse hangs back from his collar, his bar is so low that it may be difficult to get under it. In this case, however, the blow is made to tell smartly, as it is in the coachman's power to throw his whip into the flank, which no doubt is a very sensible part. When a leader is well up to his collar, he always can, and always should be, hit under his bar. Should the point of the thong catch, or, as we say on

the road, "get hanged," in the bars or the pole-pieces—neither of which will it do when properly drawn after the last stroke, as the inclination of the hand in the act of drawing it enables it to clear them—no violence should be used to loose it; or a broken crop will be the consequence. On the contrary, the arm should be thrown forward, and the thong lightly moved, when in a minute or two it will shake out. Should it be fast between the eye of the main bar, and the pole hook, the leaders should be eased a little, and it will get released. Sometimes, however, on a wet day, a thong will lap around some of these things so fast, as to make it necessary for the guard, or some person, to get down to untie it. This is technically called *having a bite*. The double thong will also sometimes hitch in the ends of the wheelers' traces, as also in the point of the false belly-band. To obviate this, in gentlemen's harness, these parts are always covered, or piped as we call it.

I shall dismiss the subject of whipping coach-horses with these few hints:—One of the best proofs of a good coachman is to see his right arm still; and although, for the safety of his coach, he ought to be able to punish a horse when he requires punishment, yet he should, on all accounts, be as sparing of it as he can. Horses may be whipped till they become callous to whipping, and therefore slow; and, in the condition coach-horses are now kept, a pound of Nottingham whipcord will last a good coachman his life-time. The very act of throwing the point of the thong over leaders' heads, or letting it fall on their backs, as a fisherman throws his fly upon the stream, will set half the coach-

horses in England, in these days, into a gallop.

One more caution, I find, I have overlooked :—A free leader should not be hit in a short turn, or he may break his bar. I hit one once, and he broke, not only his bar, but the pole hook; and I have seen the main bar broken in this way. Neither should leaders be hit in going over a small bridge which is much raised, or when the pole points upwards; their draught on the end of it may snap it in the futchels.

The manufacture of four-horse whips is now arrived at great perfection, and affords employment to many hundred hands.

NIMROD.

ON THE HUNTER, AND ON VARIOUS TOPICS.

SIR,

I Have perused with great pleasure, in your last Number, the very ingenious communication of my Noble and respected friend, Count VELTHEIM. His kind and friendly remembrance has afforded me the highest satisfaction, nor can any difference of opinion between us detract in the least with me from that grateful feeling: indeed, who can possess a greater right to advance an opinion on the subject of the horse, and of our domestic animals in general, than Count VELTHEIM, known throughout Europe as a great breeder, thoroughly practical, and an amateur to a degree of enthusiasm? But to follow the Count in his quotation, and to claim my share of advantage also therefrom, *mutatis nominibus—amicus VELTHEIM, amicus NIMROD, sed magis amicus vester*; and, on the ground of

that reciprocity, which is dictated by simple justice, and in full reliance on the candour and moderation of my Noble friend, I shall venture a few remarks on the most prominent parts of the train of reasoning which he has adopted.

The Count observes that, did circumstances admit of my keeping hunters, I might be led practically to try NIMROD's management. But that practical trial has passed many years since with me. As I have before observed, summing the hunter in the stable is no novelty; and though I cannot speak positively to the fact, I apprehend several letters of mine on the subject may be found in the early volumes of the *Sporting Magazine*. That system (p. 10.) cannot be said to have the sanction of universal public opinion, it being the fact that the great majority of British fox-hunters still adhere to their old practice. The case of military horses wanted for immediate service, or to which, at any rate, months of training for condition cannot be allowed, affords no analogy. The Count observes, that "hunting seldom occurs in Germany;" to which may be added, that the treatment of the horse on the Continent and in England is essentially, perhaps necessarily, different, as the lands and gramineous products are—the latter, in all probability, inferior in that feeding and nutritious quality for which our grasses are so highly prized. We do not expose our hunters to "tormenting flies;" but granting we did, invariable experience has convinced me the horse would heroically encounter that torment, even were his consent asked, for the sake of his dear and highly prized liberty abroad. The eager return to the stable of horses regu-

larly and daily turned out and in, is the pure effect of custom, the dread sovereign of both bipeds and quadrupeds; but when once our hunters are turned off, and have had a taste of liberty and grass, a man or a hundred men might whistle till they had burst their pipes ere they could recal to stable a single nag. I speak of that which I have tried purposely with favorites, during years in succession; though not indeed with pipe or whistle. Danger from "the sun's heat (p. 12.), from wind and rain, damp mists and cold dew at night," however to be dreaded in Germany, is unknown in England, where we even keep our horses abroad throughout the winter, not only with safety, but, in many otherwise irremediable cases, with great benefit.

Again: As to those diseases from summering abroad, apprehended in Germany, we know so little of them in this country, that we should rather expose our horses in that way, as curative of those very diseases, than as an excitement to disease. The Continental method of wintering sheep I have ever advocated; and some months since, at the desire of a Kentish farmer, on the occasion of the late great losses of sheep in Romney Marsh, I published in the *Farmers' Journal* a recommendation of Count VELTHEIM's plan, and also of that cheap and convenient one which I had known to be so long practised in Suffolk. The "state of nature (p. 14.) assuredly is inadequate to great artificial efforts;" but NIMROD, so far from proving that summering abroad disables the hunter, has seen and applauded numerous instances to the contrary. When I had the pleasure to see Count VELTHEIM, with Madame the

Countess and her sister, in this country, I did all in my power to induce him, at some future period, to spend a season here, when he might have time to visit our racing and hunting studs, and to converse with our experienced sportsmen. He might then, in all probability, view this matter in a different light. NIMROD himself, a young man, ardently and hypothetically attached, may yet live to change his opinion; and I hope he will. I have lived to witness far greater and more notable changes of opinion, and in men of well-grounded high mental pretension. In fine, I request my Noble friend's attention, joined with his native impartiality, to the letter of A FRIEND TO THE CHASE (p. 23, last No.), in which he will find a specimen of really solid and practical reasoning.

Having paid the tribute of respect so justly due to my liberal opponent, now for the retort courteous to the *papacy* on the subject. The anti-grazing DEVONIAN (p. 36.) is surely the most harmless of antagonists; at the same time, one who writes in so gentlemanlike a manner, and with such apparent conviction, as cannot fail to conciliate an opponent of a right mind. I entreat him to accept my apology, and to be assured that the nature of the case alone has compelled me to enter the list against him. He has borrowed and sported "my prosaical lucubrations." Aye, aye—I was a rhymester in my youth, but left off rhyming for the best of all possible reasons—a course which I would recommend to many others as the result of pure discretion. Next: a repetition of "my usual quantity of invective against NIMROD, THE OLD FORESTER, and others, who unfortunately differ from me in opinion."

Now, I cannot think so ill of the DEVONIAN, as that he has ever looked over the commencement of this controversy, where he might have found proof positive, that, so far from sinning, it is I who have been sinned against. That part of the public who are skilled in the English subject of the horse will not, I have ample reason to know, deem it presumption in me to give an opinion on any relative part of it; and I published that opinion in terms the most respectful and considerate to those who were influenced by a different view. What was the sequel? Why, I was answered, not in the same liberal mode, to which I was justly entitled, but assailed *dentibus et unguibus* with all the "invective" that could be mustered; and that larded with the accompaniment of "flat, dotard, dunce," and I know not of how many other distinguishing and eminent characteristics. *Certes*, being a lover of fun, instead of working merely by the Rule of Three, I adopted the rule of *Talio*, well aware that a touch of black-guardism is *flash* and the *go* in those who can "go it." As to my assertion that nine-tenths of our hunters are yet summered abroad, in imitation of the DEVONIAN, I "conceive" that to be the case, for it is now too late for me, to go upon my travels. To such effect, however, is the best information I am able to procure. But granting this overwhelming majority, my best bower anchor does not fix there. Truth, I am well aware, is apt to lurk in a "well," and to shun the noise, bustle, and haste of unreflecting crowds, whose delight is verisimilitude, the shadow, not the substance, of truth. *Sed aliquando majoritas rectum vidit;*

VOL. XIX. N. S.—No. 111.

and, being at first put in the right road, they will instinctively keep it. As to the expense of stable-summering, I merely followed others, with an addition indeed, which may be referred to. The conclusion of the paragraph is *gratis dictum*, with the devil to it—it is to put noughts on the wrong side of a single figure, by way of increasing quantity. To avail myself of the advantage of assurance, I can assure the DEVONIAN that summer-stabled horses have ever been equally prone to stretch themselves, after a severe run upon mother earth, with those which have been grazed, and afterwards *duly trained*. In the mean time, I give D. full credit for his truly wonderful arithmetical and saving proficiency in making six hunters out of four! He should have held his peace until he had taken out his patent.

The Irish mare is indeed Irish evidence; and the two other instances noughts on the wrong side of the figure; for what can be determined on either side of this or any other question, by individual instances? It is nothing new that every appeal to *humanity* is deprecated as "false and ridiculous," when dearer interest intervenes. "Brutes were made for the service of man."—True; but injustice and cruelty, whether to man or beast, were NOT. This is the marrow of the question; for however strange and appalling, it is made a question. But surely some deeper reflection is requisite to those who ridicule, with such an encouraging pleasantry, the claims of dumb animals on our consideration and our justice. Let no one, however, make me fool enough to lay so heavy and capital a charge on those

R

who judge it most beneficial to stable their horses in summer, keeping them in princely style and provender. My sad and frequent charges to that extent point to acts of a very different nature. And if any thing could be a worthy substitute for the full run at grass, it would be the ventilated stable of NIMROD, and his judicious outdoor attentions. The performance of stable-summered horses, or racers, forms no part of this question, being unquestionable, so long as their legs and their constitutions last. Here again, in imitation of my superiors, I call *Question! question!* No one has yet honored me with an answer. Where are the hunters—where are they, which, summered abroad, and well trained thereafter, have failed, either at the commencement or conclusion of the season? Name—prove this as a sufficiently general case, and we pertinacious and majority-grazing men will submit; for as Necessity has no legs (*lex*), we must needs carry her.—A word also to the majority. I trust, after the present season, that an ample number of the proprietors of grazed hunters will supply these pages with their testimonials in the case. Many of my friends would gladly have performed this duty, long ere now; but, as they expressed themselves, “they did not choose to be *badgered* in the pages of a Magazine.” I assured them then, and repeat the assurance, that whilst above board they shall always find me ready to bear their cross.

I re-affirm, and refer, I have proved from authentic records, independently of being a personal witness, that the hunters and hounds of days long past achieved as great things (did they not achieve greater, though grazed?) as our highest

formed of the present day. As to the hunters, surely if the racers were superior—(on that head consult OBSERVATOR)—the hunters were in a fair road to be superior likewise: and for racers, in vain shall we look in latter days for play-fellows to Sampson, Malton, and Mambrino, though of imperfect blood. “Hunting, in the present age,” says DEVONIAN’s friend, “partakes a little too much of racing.” Why, that old story I heard nearly half a century ago at Epsom and Newmarket, when it had far more point in it than it can possibly have now, since the use of bred cattle in the field is much more common than formerly. In those former days, however, the “old English hunter,” or half-bred horse, was generally banished from reputed hunting studs.

Now for a rehearsal of the articles, not of my belief, but of my knowledge and practice. NIMROD, it seems, has asserted that “I never was a fox-hunter.” Whiskers! NIMROD, had he been guided by my own text, might have gone still farther; for in one of my old books, I do not immediately recollect which or where, a sage adviser persuaded me to say, that “I never rode a hunting in my life;” for which piece of *finesse* I got handsomely laughed at by those whom I had accompanied in the field. In this case, it becomes expedient to me to explain. I had a large and increasing family, a condition with which the *res angusta domi* does not well accord; and I was next in succession to an ample estate, to which, however, I well knew I should not be allowed to succeed; and from which, I had mountains of promises, continued through a very long course of years. They, however, ended in

mole-hill performance, as I got at last but a feather out of the wing. But enough in conscience—peradventure too much of this.

Fox-hunting I preferred to all other field sports; but I was studious, with a broken constitution, ill-calculated for robust exertions, and immersed in a variety of pursuits and speculations, not the most fortunate. I went into the field, both from inclination and to gain experience, as it was one of my earliest resolutions to write practically on the horse. Throughout a great part, I may safely say the whole, of my life, the *condition* of the horse—racer, hunter, hack, draught horse—has been my constant practical pursuit. Of late years, in course, I have kept up my stock of information by observing the chief of that which is going forward; comparing different practice, and obtaining the best intelligence. I have to regret the loss of two of my good and most useful friends in this way—the late Sir Charles Bunbury, and Mr. Tattersall, whom I knew from his early youth. I have not yet ceased to smile at the opinion the latter entertained of the former. The reader may smile, or laugh outright, as he list; but I am about to play the old man, and to egotize farther yet—shall I presume to say for the benefit of others? Such was my early imprudence, that, before I had reached one, as to health, I was four score. The best medical advice utterly failed; but I was among the last to give up an important possibility; and I resolved on the attempt to work out my temporal salvation, though with fear and trembling. Three years' cold bathing, winter and summer, and almost *living* on horseback, set me on my legs. I bathed afterwards several years

more through the summer. I have lived by rule as to essentials, (with some deviation at two certain periods,) during fifty-three years—performing extraordinary, beside the daily ordinary ablutions—rubbing myself down from head to foot twice a day, as I have been accustomed to see the race-horse rubbed, and with a similar view. I either take my daily walk, and canter also, or use other and peculiar exercise, which agitates the whole frame. I apprehend I can now walk or run a mile with most men twenty years younger than myself. My eyes—from accident but an eye and a half, which have laboured hard through life, and more especially at late or rather early hours—from never-ceasing attention to them, now serve me well; but my capricious, and ever vacillating memory, often occasions me to be looking for my spectacles while they are on my head. My teeth are yet young. I have never any occasion for medical assistance—a gentle domestic laxative, now and then, being the sum of my need. My appetite never fails, and my digestion is equal. With difficulty, but as much as possible, I avoid variety, and particularly excess in eating. As to my familiar day, my allowance of wine is two glasses only, and long habit has rendered it sufficient; but I can, on any necessary occasion, drink pretty coolly a bottle or upwards. Twice in my life, on its approach, I have instantly stayed the progress of an hereditary gout. I have an overflow of the animal spirits, which I have a constant difficulty to suppress. I should have added above, my in-door canter, in wet weather, is up and down three pair of stairs. After all this, I am, and ever must be, in bo-

dily stamina the weakest of the weak. There must be, at this day, young men of twenty in my former sad predicament. Where are they who will have patience to follow my rules, and reap the reward? But woe is me! I am younger than my children.—To clap a stopper upon this rhapsody, I do not pretend to be a crack fox-hunter, a sportsman, or a dragsman, nor (to coin a new flash term) a *barks-man*; though, when a youngster, I learned to hand, reef, and steer. The character to which I do pretend is, that of a *horseman*, having a practical knowledge of the breeding and treatment of other domestic animals.—This is my case.

To return to NIMROD.—I have never seen him on horseback; but my informants, who have, agree that he is one of the best riders to hounds that they have ever seen, whether with respect to the dash or the saving game. But *non omnia possumus omnes*; and, although he rides so well, he may yet entertain erroneous theoretical opinions respecting the constitution and condition of the horse; as we have often found capital trainers and jockeys very defective or rather greatly over-trainers. By the cut of Nim's jib, he would have made a keen and capital jockey, far before Daisy Walker, and equal to the Hon. Mr. King of former days.

Dining lately with one of my oldest friends, and the Magazine, in course, being served up with the dessert, he, with a knowing and subident look, said to me, "John, you have not often been so wanting to yourself as on a late occasion." As how, and where? "Why, you missed a capital hit at NIMROD,

who, after 'brushing up' your Latinity, in his very next essay made the notable *lapsus* of spelling *cicuta* with an *s*." Being a "Bit of a Doctor," I shall remark that the hemlock-pill failing in the appalling malady *tic doloreus*, was succeeded, I am informed, by carbonate of iron in immense doses; and since, the only successful remedy is the surgical one of acupuncture, which seems, indeed, dashing in *medias res*, and coming at once to the point.

Can I possibly be so ungenerous as to forget the Old Buck of the Forest (p. 39.), who never forgets me, and who, I should apprehend, has not yet seen forty seasons? I cannot, however, retaliate so closely as to greet him brother *Duncius*.* No—I leave it to the qualified reader to accommodate him with his best merited epithet. But thus much will I testify in his behoof—like his Hudibrastic precursor, he is, past all doubt,

"Such a wicked rogue to rail,
That *Piso* hardly could blow wind in his
tail."

With respect to the writings of Major Cartwright and Jeremy Bentham, the FORESTER must allow me to whisper in his ear, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*.—My "*irascibility*" or my jokes? The old proverb says, they who win *will* laugh. Let the FORESTER try and laugh too. The French *bidets* (p. 38.), methinks, make devilish long days, affording so little baiting time chat my yearning bowels would try "*cupboard!*" Five miles per hour! Heaven help us, what travelling! Well may the French import so many English asses. *Reviewing* too (p. 38.), the most important and necessary prelude to which should never be forgotten—

* The word *Duncius*, in The OLD FORESTER's last communication, was misprinted—it should have been *Dennis*.—ED.

"read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest." But *treve de gumpshion, je vous en pris*, Monsieur of the Forest, and try to afford us something more of equal merit with your French Tour. In the *doctorial* part, just now, I omitted a nostrum of mine, which I have successfully recommended to several friends, who, after very great fatigue of body or mind, cannot sleep—syrup of white poppies; the fulsome-ness taken off by a small quantity of madeira or sherry, in the old style.—*Prob. est.*

Mr. Sully's very useful economical rules in feeding the horse were put into my hands in MS. and I was not aware that they would appear in the Magazine. I have said enough, on various occasions, of potato-feeding either labouring men, horses, or pigs. As Mr. Sully uses them, all the harm they can do, indeed, is to detract, in proportion, from the good provender with which they are mixed. But what horseman would ever expect great exertions from a potato-fed horse? or what feeder, the best price for loose, slabby, and flavorless potato-fed pork? For aught I have experience enough to know, cart-horses, sleek as moles, might *walk* over the land fed on potatoes and straw. I have sometimes kept nearly a score of those; but they worked too hard to live on potatoes, in any quantity, little or much; for it proved that their powers could not be supported by oats alone, without a constant allowance of the best old beans; and some I fed with chaff and beans only. What says NIMRON to sitting behind a team of potato-fed ones on the Southampton road? I'll bet you a bottle of Burgundy, Mr. Editor, that he and I agree on horse-feeding

in the stable. Bruised whole corn for the horse is an old dispute, into which I entered long ago in the *Agricultural Magazine*, without satisfaction to myself. It was then argued, that the horse, eager to fill himself, loses the benefit of mastication with bruised corn. I have given all kinds of corn to the horse; and, in Hants, I used in that way the produce of an acre or two of buck wheat, which by no means proved good provender. The bread for race horses has long been out of vogue—(I have some old recipes)—but I should judge that a portion of wheat in their feeds, for the washy and speedy sort, certainly might be profitable.

Your Correspondent, TAILLIG, has given us a very useful article, and I wish most heartily he could drive all oil-caked beef, mutton, and veal from the stalls. He must yet not suppose that wheat has never been used as food for cattle: in former and cheap times it has, as well as rye; and, in those days, I bought a considerable quantity of low-priced dry foreign wheat, which I ground for pig feeding.—I beg to say a few words to the discerning LAUDATOR PRÆSENTIS ÆVI (p. 22). With him I would reprobate the cantering system; but at the rate our coaches now travel, it may be unavoidable, horses trotting so variably; and it being perhaps impossible to obtain teams, every individual of which shall be able to trot through the piece at the required rate.

Perusing with care and great satisfaction the able, scientific, and practical paper of M. (p. 33), there is one point on which I cannot agree with him. I cannot exclaim—"enough—no more," from a writer of such sterling ability. A

certain phrase in this gentleman's letter is particularly interesting to me. He describes tendons (*p.* 34) as "excited beyond their power." Now, that must necessarily imply mobility, contractility, and its opposite—the *strictum* and the *laxum* elasticity. Of late years I have observed a sort of tacit acknowledgment of the mobility of tendons; which theory, though only "a Bit of a Physiologist," I defended in my "Treatise on Horses," against a host of *whole* Physiologists; and not merely by fallible reasoning, but actual, obvious, and tangible fact. A pleasant circumstance occurred in consequence. A young man from the Veterinary College, debating the point with me—while he admitted, indeed at the moment witnessed, the actuality of the fact—yet, with a most admirable and persuasive flow of slack jaw, he insisted on the necessary immobility of tendons; which, though *naturally* elastic, were systematically and *professionally* torpid and inelastic. Two physicians, with whom I subsequently conversed, spoke with some reserve and hesitation to the same effect. I beg leave to inquire of M. (who is doubtless professional), whether or not, in reality, the doctrine of tendinous immobility be gone in company with the Brunonian system, to the tomb of all the Capulets, there to await opportune resurrection, according to the fashion in these cases? I also, in the same book, attempted—rashly no doubt—to defend the *posse* of "catching cold" in men or animals: a doctrine at that time so unfashionable, that a writer in the "Medical Journal" denied the existence of such a disease; and a Suffolk physician actually published his experiment of strip-

ping and turning out a horse from his warm stable, in the winter season, to pass a night in the field, in order to put the question at rest!—The readers of the Magazine, and the public in general, are highly indebted to JERU for his patriotic and pleasant article on the two R's—the Ribands and the Road. It occurs to me, however, to notice one flaw in his recommendation. After a man shall have had his neck broken, to humour the flash temerity of his dragsman, gent or plebeian, it will be somewhat too late for him to lodge an information.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

Nov. 3, 1826.

STALLION GREYHOUNDS FOR

1827.

(Continued.)

SKYROCKET, at Hungerford, Berks, at 3 guineas, by the celebrated dog Platoff, out of Snowdrop (winner of the Bowers Cup), by Captain Lidderdale's Champion, out of Brown's Buff, by Captain Craven's Rolla (formerly Lord Rivers's), out of Mr. Shippery's Sylph, own sister to the dam of Mr. Goodlake's famous dog Gamecock, who was the sire of Gelart that got the speedy bitch Goldenlocks. Skyrocket is the sire of Pilot and several good runners; was a most extraordinary fast dog, and the best-bred son of Platoff in England, being out of a Champion bitch, whose blood has always nicked well with Platoff. Skyrocket won the Goblet at Isle, and several matches.

RACER, at the same place and price, got by Captain Lidderdale's Champion (and the last son of his get), out of Mr. Whitmarsh's fa-

mous bitch *Darling*, by *White Parson's Duke*, out of *Mr. John Day's* (the trainer of *Stoekbridge*) celebrated bitch *Spite*. *Mr. Day* sold her, after breeding the dam of *Racer* and of *Mr. Cox's Clio*, &c., for 50*gs.* *Racer* is a dog of large size, the very make and shape of his sire; was a successful runner at *Ashdown Park*, *Deptford*, &c. His stock are very handsome, but too young to enter, except one bitch fourteen months old, who is very fast for her age: by this, there is no doubt but what he will get as speedy greyhounds as his sire.

ALTCAR COURSING MEETING.

SIR,
THE first annual meeting of the *Altcar Club* took place on Tuesday the 7th of November; on which occasion the field was well attended. An excellent dinner was prepared at the *Waterloo*, by *Mr. Lynn*, on the previous evening, to which sixteen of the members sat down, and made every necessary preparation and arrangement for the following day. The supply of dogs on the ground was very abundant, there appearing fifty-eight—five brace and a half of which belonged to *Mr. Lloyd*, and four brace and a half to *Lord Molineux*. The weather was remarkably fine; the hares, generally speaking, strong and active; and the day's sport afforded every satisfaction. A singular accident occurred to *Merlin*, whilst running his match with *Smoker*. *Merlin*, whilst in the act of pressing the hare, and doing all the work, received so severe a kick from a horse at pasture, as to be completely disabled. The first course of the second class of the *Sefton*

Stakes was undecided, in consequence of a third dog joining; but perhaps it will only be justice to observe, the judges were both in favour of *Larkspur*, though the course was beautifully contested. *Larkspur*, it may be recollected, was the winner of the *Holywell Cup* this year.—The course between *Mr. Lloyd's Lucius* and *Mr. Seel's Storm* was perhaps the most beautiful and severe during the day. *Lucius* (*Brutus*, well known from his public performances) is of the *Champion blood*, and in this course very much distinguished himself by his continual dashing at his hare, without ever losing his plate: the hare, which was nothing but a good one, however, proved the best. It is reported, that at the ensuing meeting the Stakes are to be enlarged, and the sport extended to two days, which will greatly tend to the amusement of the Club.

Sefton Stakes—First Class.—*Mr. Rigby's* bl. d. *Ruler* beat *Mr. Hornby's* bl. b. *Hebe*; *Mr. Seel's* bl. d. *Stretch* beat *Sir T. Stanley's* r. d. *General*.

Second Class.—*Mr. Alison's* blk. and wh. d. *Mentor* agst *Mr. Lloyd's* blk. b. *Larkspur*—won by a toss after an undecided course; *Lord Molineux's* blk. b. *Money Musk* beat *Mr. Blackburne's* wh. b. *Pink*.

Crometh Stakes for Puppies.—*Col. Rawstorne's* blk. b. *Who'd have thought it* beat *Mr. Hoghton's* (Lord Molineux's) w. b. *Morel*; *Mr. Lloyd's* blk. b. *Linnet* beat *Mr. Hornby's* r. and wh. b. *Hopeful*.

Matches.—*Mr. Unsworth's* *Udolph* beat *Mr. Hoghton's* *Heroine*; *Mr. Seel's* *Smoker* beat *Lord Molineux's* *Merlin*—lamed; *Mr. Hornby's* *Helen* beat *Mr. Hoghton's* *Rosetta*.

Tie of Sefton Stakes—First Class.—*Mr. Seel's* *Stretch* beat *Mr. Rigby's* *Ruler*.

Second Class.—*Lord Molineux's* *Money Musk* beat *Mr. Alison's* *Mentor*.

Crometh Stakes.—*Mr. Lloyd's* *Linnet* beat *Colonel Rawstorne's* *Who'd have thought it*.

Matches.—*Mr. Leigh's* *Lightfoot* beat *Mr. Hesketh's* *Hetman*; *Mr. Sudell's* *Blush* agst *Mr. Rigby's* *Rosebud*—undecided; *Mr. Hornby's* *Helen* beat *Mr.*

Rigbye's Reveller; Lord Molineux's Merry beat Mr. Seel's Spot; Mr. Willis's Driver beat Mr. Unsworth's Ulic; Mr. Lloyd's Latona beat Lord Molineux's Moscow; Mr. Rawstorne's Matilda beat Mr. Seel's Storm; Mr. Blackburne's Binder beat Lord Molineux's Myrtle; Mr. Unsworth's Udolph beat Mr. Lloyd's Lapwing; Mr. Lloyd's Laughter beat Lord Molineux's Marshall; Mr. Lloyd's Ianardi agst Mr. Hoghton's Harriet—no course; Mr. Rigbye's Rufus beat Mr. Heaketh's Driver; Sir Thomas Stanley's Doctor beat Mr. Willis's Jock; Lord

Molineux's Musk beat Mr. Lloyd's Late-string; Mr. Heaketh's Harriet agst Mr. Blackburne's Fly—no course, a third dog being loosed; Sir Thomas Stanley's Swallow beat Mr. Lloyd's Lottery; Mr. Formby's Comet beat Mr. Lloyd's Lascar; Mr. Lloyd's Lucilius beat Mr. Seel's Streamer; Mr. Sudell's Catch beat Mr. Alison's Charnock; Mr. Lloyd's Lucius beat Mr. Seel's Storm; Lord Molineux's Mergelina beat Mr. Seel's Smoker; Mr. Willis's Merryman beat Major H. Molineux's Major.

A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE AT THE SPORT AFFORDED BY THE TURF DURING THE PRESENT YEAR, 1826.

"Newmarket hear, with Yorkshire too,
Ye owners of race-horses all!"—
"If there's a hole in ane your coats
Tak heed ye tint it—
There's one amang ye taking notes,
And 'faith he'll print it."—*Old Scotch Song.*

SIR,
FOR upwards of two years I have been a pretty regular Correspondent in your Magazine; and, although the subject of the greater part of my letters has been immediately connected with the Turf, I am pleased in finding that it is one which does not grow stale with your readers. I had, some years ago, frequent occasion to lament the meagre manner in which the Turf was treated of in your Magazine; and with a view of amending that department in it, I put my shoulders to the wheel, and I flatter myself with some little success. Instead of calling on others better qualified to the task than myself, to treat on the subject in your pages—a call (coming as it would anonymously) which might never have been heeded—I started single-handed. What may be achieved by limited abilities and very many disadvantages, under which I have had to

labour (as my private friends well know), is already shewn by the flattering manner in which THE OLD FORESTER has been received by the public. My example has been followed; and the admirable letters of a RACER and BREEDER OF COCKTAILS stand pre-eminently conspicuous. In one of his letters this summer, NIMROD states that at a dinner of sporting men, "the Turf" was given as a toast, and I grieve to say with the following addition—"low as it is." This took place at a time of "general panic" among the bettors on the last Derby at Epsom. Great as the clamour was on that occasion—and even if the whole of the charges had been proved—which they were not—it is no reason why the whole turf should be held up as the nest of roguery, folly, and chicanery. If mal-practices are supposed to exist, let them be well sifted out; if proved, punished: but let not the blame fall on the

shoulders of all, for the supposed guilt of one or two. As for the above transaction, I can only say, with Dryden,

"Some truth there was; but, mixed and dashed with lies,
Succeeding times would equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all."

Now, with all due deference to NIMROD and his friends, I do not hesitate in saying, that the Turf at present is anything like *at a low ebb*; and that, all things considered, it has stood as high, or higher, than we had any reason to suppose. The unusually dry summer we have just had must have had an unexampled effect on the feet and legs of race-horses, as far as modern legs and modern training go. But where the falling off would be most looked for—in the general gloom and distress which pervaded all classes of the community—the want of money on the Turf appeared infinitely less than any where else. At none of the country races, where, from the failure of country-bankers, such an occurrence would be looked for, has a single plate been withdrawn; while the number of subscribers to the different Stakes and Gold Cups has been as great, if not greater, than in preceding years. That there has, to a certain extent, been a deficiency of sport in many places, I will not attempt to deny; but *the want of horses* has been the chief cause, for which the numerous failures of horses in their work will easily account. The General Election interfered with many in the early part of the year; and the non-attendance of company at other places might be accounted for on many grounds totally unconnected with the Turf. Newmarket—which in point of name always stands first, although

in point of racing, as far as the number and good quality of the nags go, inferior to Chester or Doncaster—has afforded to the lovers of the Turf very much the same sport as it has done for the last three years—the average number of races for three-year-olds, almost the only ones much noticed there; and perhaps a larger average than usual of bad colts and fillies, whose merits had been vaunted up to the skies by their respective parties during the winter.

The great winner during the Spring Meetings was, as usual, the Duke of Grafton; and as he has the best of brood mares, and always put with judgment to the best blood, aided by the talents of such a trainer as Mr. Robson, his great success is not to be wondered at. The Craven Stakes brought out a large lot—as usual some good, some bad, and some good-for-nothing. The horses of the town, to their great disgrace, were easily beaten by two country horses, Trinculo and Hougoumont, one out of Dilly's, and the other out of Day's stables in Hampshire—thus shewing what country training can do now-a-days, and that the North-country horse can *sometimes* win when opposed to the Newmarket Flyers, even on their own ground.

The Oatlands, now dwindled down to a single race—the October Oatlands appearing at last to be quite given up, though at one time the most sporting races at the Meeting—seemed to afford capital sport. The winner, Mortgage, was, even after the race, considered inferior to Lord Egremont's Stumps; but their running afterwards at Ascot for the Oatlands there, set the matter at rest. As times go, they are both

S

smart nags, though whether they will do much next year remains to be proved. The Claret and Port Stakes introduced the best four-year-olds to each other, a few of whom had some little pretensions to the name of race-horses. Mr. Wyndham, by way of making amends for their running seconds for the 2000gs. and Newmarket Stakes last year, won them both with Chateau Margaux and Camel—thus deservedly raising the character of the Whalebone stock. If public running be any test, Chateau Margaux stands at the top of the tree among South-country horses. Whalebone seems to improve as a stallion, like his sire, Waxy; and the older he grows the better stock he appears to get. But it must always be borne in mind that he has always had *picked mares*, and those out of the best studs, as regards blood, in England.

In the First Spring Meeting, the Derby horses were pretty well tried; and, by their beating each other alternately, shewed that the whole lot was not worth much, with the exception of Crusader, who was from first to last a winning horse. The 2000gs. 1000gs. and Newmarket Stakes fell to the lot of the Duke of Grafton, giving a great lift to the stallion Merlin, to whom his Grace put all his best mares four years ago, including Penelope; her produce (the last) Wamba, if we look at his performances, the worst by far she ever bred. Merlin was a very superior horse himself, and has got some good old-fashioned blood in his veins: but though he has had some of the best of Mr. Thornhill's mares, the Duke of Grafton's colt and fillies, and Major Wilson's Lamplighter, out of Spotless, are

the only ones of his stock who shew much running about them. There is a colt by him in next year's Derby, out of Parasol, which is highly spoken of; and though the Duke of Grafton's stud is not very high in public favour for the next year's Derby, yet he is a safe horse to take odds upon if he stands sound. His own sister, Parapluie, has some running in her; though, like too many of the Parasol breed, very queer on the legs.

The Free Handicaps in the First Spring Meeting only produced one engagement. Middleton's legs having gone—(this will be a dangerous horse to breed from)—left the field to two of the supposed best four-year-olds going, being won by Enamel, who, at even weights (8st. 9lb.) with Rufus, beat him and a very fair North countryman, Comedian, at 7st. 10lb. This latter horse came afterwards under the management of one of the best country trainers in England, Dilly; and after winning several country races, and doing some hard work, actually went and beat the famous Enamel for the Warwick Cup, being second to Longwaist.

The last Spring Meeting introduced the public to Lapdog, brother to Twatty. Lapdog was the winner of the Derby by great good luck, and Mr. West's kindness in putting up a boy on Shakspeare against George Dock-eray. I say luck; because, in the 50l. Plate which he won, Lamp-lighter was a better horse, having beaten him in his turn the other day, while Shakspeare and even Dervise have both beaten him since the Derby at even weights.

The July Meeting was also a profitable one to Lord Egremont. In addition to a Sweep-

stakes for three-year-olds, won by Black Swan—by Whalebone out of Centaur's dam, the *best bred* mare in that stud—Tom Thumb, by Whalebone also, out of Cricketer's dam, won the July Stakes, a good Stakes always to win, and which always gets a colt's name up. It is perhaps a singular fact in these races—I mean the July Stakes—that for the last four years three out of the four winners should not have been engaged in the Derby, and Redgauntlet had not a single engagement after the year he won those Stakes, till named at Christmas for the Doncaster St. Leger.

Having in a former letter—written soon after the account of the Epsom Meeting reached me—entered at some length on the two principal races there, I have but little more to add respecting Panic and The General. The former horse I took some interest in, from having seen his dam, with Spectre and himself, at the side of Zuleika, one of the very finest brood mares I ever clapped eyes on.—*A-propos*, I wonder this mare was not sent to Whalebone at the same time Snowdrop was with them. Her blood would be sure to suit that horse, being by Gohanna, out of Trinidad, by Young Woodpecker, the very same blood which has so well *nicked* in the stud at Petworth; and her size, standing sixteen hands, would most probably throw something of a larger scale than most of Lord Egremont's of the same cross. Panic appeared twice since his non-appearance for the Derby—at Winchester, against rather a smart nag of Mr. W. Wyndham's, Colleger by Rubens, who beat him; but by all account he was not fit to start for a shilling; and also against a half-bro-

ther—Granby—at Warwick, where he bolted: so nothing can be decided finally as to his capabilities for winning the Derby. As to The General, his running since has been bad enough, Heaven knows; and his party got well out of him at a large price. If all bets made on the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger, were *play and pay*, the horse ought to have been brought to the post at all events; but, by a late order of the Jockey Club, the rule of all bets made on those races being *P. P.* has been *rescinded*; and whoever chooses to make specific bets on those conditions must abide the result. Perhaps, on the whole, it is better the horse *did not start*. Beat he would infallibly have been; more clamour might have arisen against Mr. Thornhill and his party, and more money lost on his head. What his qualifications were, was soon after displayed at Ascot. How singular the two best brood mares of the present times should so lamentably fail in the last of their produce—Penelope and Briseis—the latter from one of the best stallions in England, and whose blood most particularly suited her! The winner of that Stake seems as fickle as all Hobgoblins are: he never runs twice alike: he was beat in the July Meeting easy by Swiss Guide; wins the Grand Duke Michael in the October Meeting; again beat by Dervise and Lapdog, which last he beat the other day in his turn. Of all dangerous horses to bet on, for or against, he is the most so.

There seemed certainly no want of sport at Ascot, nor is it wonderful. It is a meeting which always has Royal patronage to support it: there are plenty of good things to run for; and by far the pleasantest course for seeing a race

in England. Chateau Margaux had it all his own way for the King's Plate and the Cup—Bizarre, the winner last year, having trained off not a little, though he seemed at one time inclined to come to his good running again, as the season was about to conclude. There was a good deal of novelty one or two days during the Meeting; it was caused by an *additional hundred*, the gift of the King, for horses who had been hunted with the Royal stag hounds; and followed by some *gentlemen-racing*, where old Habberley, though twelve years old, shewed them the way, and made an example of even thoroughbred ones. As a *Cocktail*—and no horse shews *his origin* more than Habberley—he ranks very high indeed, and has been paying his way remarkably well this year.

Leaving the South for the present, I shall turn to a part of the racing world which has apparently been quite forgotten by the various partisans of the North and South. I allude to Lancashire and Cheshire, which—whether we consider the excellency of the horses bred there—the value of stakes run for—and the great interest and betting which take place at two or three of their meetings—for particular races may vie either with York or Newmarket.

The Meeting of the highest rank in that part of the world is the Chester, which takes place about the same time as the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket: it lasts the whole week, and that week's sport is not eked out as it is too often at Newmarket by *one race*, of little interest, a-day; but stakes, plates, cups, and handicaps vary the runs each day; and there is always a good main of cocks fought during the race-week.

Their support perhaps depends on the wealthiest in *horses* and *money* of any set of sportsmen in England; and I think your readers will agree with me, when I mention the names of Lord Derby, Grosvenor, and, till the last three years, Stamford, Sir T. Stanley, Sir W. W. Wynne, Messrs. Clifton, Mytton, and Houldsworth, whose names will be found among the subscribers to almost every race run for. The bill of fare this year was particularly attractive. The Grosvenor Stakes, the same distance as the Craven Stakes at Newmarket, commenced, bringing some of the trial-horses together: then there was the Handicap Cup, as full as sporting a race as the Oatlands; a Produce Stakes; and a Maiden Plate; all in the same day. The next day comes the King's Plate, so admirably calculated to bring out a maiden-four, though, strange to say, more frequently won at 9st. 10lb. by aged horses (by Duplicate and Euphrates *twice*); a Filly Stakes; a Free Handicap for threes and fours; and a good clear Plate of 60 sovs. (not made up as most of the plates within a hundred miles of Newmarket are). Wednesday is always a day of interest—the Stand Cup bringing together some of the best horses in that part of the world, as well as the Dee Stakes for the best three-years—named and weighted as for the Derby; and another 60l. Plate. Thursday, a 20 sovs. each Stakes, to let in three-year-old colts who may not have been named in other stakes; a 70l. Cup, heats; another Free Handicap, for five-year-olds and upwards; and a Two-year-olds Stakes for 25l. each, three-quarters of a mile. Friday, the last day, is not wanting in at-

traction : a 201. Sweepstakes, for four years and upwards, wherein the Cup horses generally again make their appearance ; the Palatine, very much the same Stakes as the Dee on Wednesday ; a Handicap ; and a Plate for the beaten horses. The sport this year was excellent ; Mr. Clifton, with his 400g.-horse, the notorious Brundorf, won the Tradesmen's Cup cleverly, beating, at fair weights for the year, some very good ones. He had been at nurse all last year, and could afford, two days after, to start for the Stand Cup, against the far-famed Longwaist, who had latterly come into Mr. Mytton's possession at 3000l., and, to the annoyance of the knowing ones, the *cheap* horse won, by a head only. This horse, like all the Mandane produce, is very uncertain ; he was beat at Preston, and York afterwards ; and, regaining his laurels for the Mostyn Stakes at Holywell, got beat by Cain for the Champagne the next day but one. The Dee Stakes was won by (as far as public running goes) the best three-year-old in England, bred by a saddler of Stafford, of the name of Painter, in conjunction with Dick Spenser, the jockey. He was got by Muley out of Coxcomb's, Sarsaparilla's, &c. dam, by Windle, and appeared first at Wolverhampton against Little-Bo-Peep, by whom he was defeated, but beat Louisa, at that time standing very high as a two-year-old. Coming to Burton-on-Trent, he won a Two-year-old Stakes ; he was then sold at a good price to Mr. Giffard, a brother-in-law of Mr. Mytton, who changed his name from Mezereon to Leviathan, and he has proved a most valuable acquisition to his new master—having this year beaten every thing

opposed to him. Having met Shakspeare, the best of the South-country horses, at Warwick, he beat him cleverly ; and, in my humble opinion, from his running, he is more than a match for any of the St. Leger horses, except Mulatto and Tarrare ; and of these I have my doubts, as he beat Fanny Davies at Chester, who stands very high in the North, notwithstanding the heavy odds laid against her for the St. Leger, for which I can never account. Mr. Giffard gets on well on the Turf, being owner of Tatler by Manfred. Leviathan must be a good schoolmaster for him, and he is bred exactly to please me, from a *very speedy stallion* and an honest *stout mare*, old Gossip, by Walton. This looks well for the stud at Ludford, where he was bred.

About a fortnight after Chester, Manchester races take place, affording always four days' good racing—reinforced by some of Lord Fitzwilliam's horses, and this year by Lord Darlington's, who, in getting on the Turf again, seems to confine himself now to the North. Barefoot picked up something for him at that place ; but the mighty Memnon got wofully beat by Sir W. Wynne's very neat filly by Champion, Signiora. That Champion *ought* to get plenty of mares, but he does not ; all his stock, however, run, though he never did himself ; he is by Selim, out of a Gouty mare—that Gouty blood is very good, though there is very little of it. Strephon, a most excellent runner, by Rubens, is out of Nymphina, by Gouty, very nearly the same blood as Champion. Spectre is also out of another Gouty mare. It is singular that blood being all concentrated within two days' journey for

mares. Hylas (*own brother to Nymphina*) covered at most market towns in the Shropshire side of Herefordshire, and got some very pretty stock out of half-bred mares. He had been sadly knocked about, having been a charger in Spain, and hunted; but I would not have put a mare to him unless I was a little more sure of his *pedigree*, after a lapse of years and change of hands for the worse: pedigrees are too often, among country stallions, *dubious*.

Knutsford is another great place for sport in the *North-West* of England, resembling Chester in the style of horses and the stakes run for. Preston also belongs, in part, to that line of country—the Cup there being a great feather in the cap of the winner. Holywell, in October, winds up their sport very brilliantly, shewing the best race-horses and the fleetest greyhounds in that part of England. In that part also—I mean taking Chester as a centre and drawing a circle of eighty miles round*—may be found some of the best stallions now to breed from.

The stud at Eaton was supposed, in the late Lord Grosvenor's time, to be one of the first in Europe; but after the death of Meteor and Alexander, and the sale of John Bull into Scotland, it visibly declined. Pavilion and others were not worthy of their keep. Thunderbolt and Blucher made matters worse; Rubens, however, did good in that part of the world, during the one season he covered there; and Blacklock and Master Henry perhaps will once more bring round the fame of this stud. At Knowsley also, Milo made but a bad substitute for Sir Peter, though by no means a bad stallion; his hunters are worthy of

his sire at his best, and take much after old Sir Peter. Castrel also covered some years in Cheshire; but the crack stallion was certainly Sir Oliver. Never did the stock of three brothers vary so much as this horse from those of Poulton and Fyldener. The latter's were coarse and ill-tempered, like the sire. Poulton was buried in Wales; his stock very handsome and neat like himself, and very easy well-doing ones in a training stable, but very slow. Fanny was the best of them, but she trained off, having been once lucky enough to defeat Interpreter for a very large stakes at Newmarket, 1818. All the Sir Olivers had a terrible burst of speed; Lord Stamford had some good mares put to him, and he did well. Some of the best horses Sir Thomas Stanley bred were by him—Norton, Eastham, and Doge of Venice—all which are now abroad. Why was the latter allowed to leave the country at 400gs. only? He was one of the best bred sons of Sir Oliver, and the best runner. The Sir Oliver mares are in high repute: why not the horses? And why also were Comet and Jupiter sold out of the country? Two of his sons also distinguished themselves much at Newmarket—Flash winning the Craven at two years old; and, had he not gone blind, he would have done great things: and Olive, who, with his dam Scotina, was bought by Lord Egremont (she is the dam of Stumps), won the 2000 guinea Stakes. The other rising stallions in that part are, Tarragon, I believe the Grand Duke, Banker, and one or two others; to which Longvaist, in a year or so perhaps, if not sold, may be added.

Besides those races immediately

* This will include Spectre and the Ludford horses.

connected with Chester, there are others bordering them, which have lately come into much notice. Wolverhampton, Oswestry, Burton-on-Trent, and, lastly, Warwick; where most of the Cheshire-bred horses meet those of other countries. In Staffordshire, through the spirit of some of the country gentlemen—Mr. Yates, Mr. Peele, and others—racing is much on the increase; while that very rising stallion Paulowitz is now covering in the heart of Staffordshire.

Before I leave that part of the world, no races have more progressively improved for the better than Warwick. The Guy Stakes (a Produce) are better filled than any in England. The Leamington Stakes are now not inferior, in point of attraction, to the great Handicap at Cheltenham or Oxford—a place, only three years ago, which had merely a Gold Cup to bring horses down there. So attractive is Warwick now, that even some of the tip-top Newmarket horses occasionally make their appearance there. Enamel this year, though he had done nothing since the spring, got beaten twice by horses who had been rattled over half the country the whole of the season—General Mina, Longwaist, and Comedian.

In the West of England I can see but little, if any, diminution of racing from last year. It was too much on the old plan of the same horses over and over again, and Lord Palmerston's Luzborough and Greyleg carrying all before them. Egham is wonderfully recovered from the lethargy which seemed to prevail there, as well as Goodwood: at both which places, if the horses were not of the best stamp, surely there was plenty of sport. At Exeter this year they

seemed to have a greater number of horses than usual. In Yorkshire and the North, no variation or declension on the turf is observable. Perhaps the York August Meeting went off languidly; the hardness of the ground keeping some of the Leger horses back; but there were some very good horses there, who shewed some very fine sport.

The Spring Meeting at York was well attended; and the running of many of the horses had a material effect on the betting. Brownlock, one of the best of the second-raters, was well in for the Handicap on the first day, which he won cleverly. This horse always pays his way. A Tramp colt (all the Tramps can run) gets up as a great favorite from his success. Belzoni, in the same Meeting, beating Bedlamite, and, perhaps a better than either, Mulatto, placed himself at that height in the opinion of Yorkshire tykes, as a racer, from which, at Doncaster, he fell, never to rise again: he *may*, notwithstanding, in Dilly's hands, turn out something in the style of Lottery and Brutandorf. The colts Mr. Watt sells *cheapest* are not always the *worst* of the lot. There were some heavy matches run for—Dauntless, giving 7lb. to Cleveland, beating him for a thousand—how are the mighty fallen!—and Helenus beating Abron for five hundred.

The observations you have so judiciously made on the—I might say *unfair*—treatment of Lottery, were fully borne out in this Meeting; and it is a matter of wonder that he ran so forward as he did against the best mare of her age either North or South—Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon, out of Magistrate's dam—and Actæon. It was well for

Memmon that she fell in running for the last year's St. Leger. Her performances this year at Newmarket, York, and Doncaster, have placed her quite at the top of the tree. Actæon, of North-country origin, bred in the South, by Scud, out of Diana, Hampden's dam, by Wanderer—(N. B. the best of the present day are mostly out of Stamford mares)—was the property of a Northern nobleman; and, when at Newmarket last year in the spring, a good deal disappointed his party; and it was not till September that he shewed he had some good running about him. After a severe race with Brownlock at Pontefract, he ran a good second to Canteen for the Gold Cup. A three-year-old running forward for this Cup, or winning it, is very apt to be *forward* for the Great St. Leger. The Duchess, in 1816, winning the Pontefract Cup, won the Great St. Leger; and Actæon was third last year for that great stakes. Certainly the Northern air agrees well with him; for, next to Fleur de Lis, who has always beaten him, even at 2lbs., which, allowing for a filly and a colt, is equal to 5lb., he is about the best four-year-old going.

The Cup was a very interesting race at York; but Jerry, though at nurse all last year, was nowhere; and The Alderman, very nearly last year equal to Memmon, was quite thrown into the shade. Humphrey Clinker, though a roarer, contrived to win the Constitution Stakes, a mile and a quarter. Lord Fitzwilliam's four Comus colts in the St. Leger of 1825 have not turned out amiss—Trinculo and Comedian being as great winners in the South, as Humphrey Clinker in the North. The August Meeting at York was

fortunate for his Lordship's stable—the last-mentioned horse winning the Knavesmire Handicap on the first day, and Florismart winning the Fitzwilliam, also a Handicap. His Lordship also won two out of three of the great subscription purses with the latter horse and Confederate, another Comus horse, who has the character of the best four-mile-horse of his year. Actæon beat Memmon by a head, for the last purse. I see now only one of the three purses is four miles. There is no want of speed now in the North; and sporting *their courses*, as they are now doing, will afford but little chance for the stout honest four-mile horses, for which Yorkshire was once so justly famed. Mulatto, in that Meeting, though a beaten (only by a head) horse, displayed powers little expected of him: when I heard the result, I could not help exclaiming, "Surely this is the best running for the St. Leger there has been yet."

Mr. Houldsworth's mare, Fanny Davies—sister to that honest bit of stuff Palatine and Arachne, who won ten or eleven races as a three-year-old last year, and some six or seven this—won all her engagements with ease, against winners too; and she was less thought of for the St. Leger than any one in the stakes. She was again a winner at Pontefract; and, by her beating El Dorado for the Cup, shewed she could run a distance; and yet she was, if possible, lower than before on the betting list; while El Dorado's running against Brownlock for the King's Hundred raised both Crusader and the Dragon considerably. As it was, Fanny Davies did not start; but if both races were *correctly timed* at Doncaster—the St. Leger and the Filly

Stakes, won by Fanny on Friday, being run in the same time, and the filly winning easier, with less play being made—makes her to the full equal to Tarrare.

Notwithstanding the constant losses sustained, the prejudice in favour of dark horses, whose character rests on certain trials in private, is as strong as ever, and public running disregarded. If public performances were looked on as the true and only safe criterion for judging of horses' merits, we should not hear of such sums being lost on Snap against Theodoric, Barefoot against Tinker, and many other cases at Newmarket. Crusader was a winning, The Dragon a losing horse, and yet the latter was to win.

The last Doncaster races have been so ably handled by a BREEDER OF COCKTAILS, that I shall leave them in his hands; only expressing a wish that a *South-country* horse might now and then win the *St. Leger*, at it would put the North more on their mettle, and make them more anxious to secure that race to themselves, by good horses, more than *foul riding*. Let not the North feel hurt at my wish; for I have an equal, if not a greater one, that one or two *Derbys* might travel *Northward*. It would in both cases induce each party to patronise both places with their best horses.

As I commenced with Newmarket, so shall I conclude this part of my letter with it. Luck in the October Meetings has at last turned against the Duke of Grafton—Lord Tavistock and Col. Wilson having got a little of what he could so well spare, with the Tiresias gelding against Rufus and others for the Trial Stakes; and Leeway, against no less than

six answering to the Duke's name in the *St. Leger*, on the Wednesday in the First October Meeting. Paul Jones and Saracen belong, however, to his brother, Lord H. Fitzroy, I believe. I should think the Duke would, after the failure of Merlin, be not well inclined to send his mares to the Conjuror the following year. Partizan too, I am glad to see, is sold—185 only. He comes of unsound blood—was unsound himself—and his stock unfortunately take after him. The Duke has also made a good clearance in his stable of threes and fours. Goshawk, as the best of the lot, brought a fair price—700. I almost wonder he has not put some of the Waxy blood to Wanderer, as he has already one or two mares to Skim: the blood must nick, as it has done with Whalebone.

On the whole, the Duke of York's stable was as fortunate as most; the sister to Moses—Rachel—winning in high style several races: a Whalebone colt out of Amabel's dam, found in a good stakes two others worse than himself: Elizabeth (the King's filly) also won her engagement. Of the two-year-olds brought out, the set was, generally speaking, a bad one. A colt out of Menmouthshire carried off one of the best stakes—and Day's late filly by Gainsborough was pretty good in her form, though beat by Tom Thumb, the winner of the July. He himself, opposed to Maria, by Waterloo, out of Elizabeth's dam (the winner of the Prendergast Stakes), got beaten cleverly—making his Majesty's filly first favorite for the Oaks. Her sire was kept by the King as a pet when the rest of the stud at Hampton Court was sold off, and her dam Belvoirina,

T

the only mare kept. She is by Stamford, and own sister to Treasurer, Burleigh, &c. &c. She was a good two-year-old herself, winning the July Stakes at Newmarket in 1812, if my memory serves me right. Her produce by Rubens, Blucher, and Soothsayer, were worthless—but by being put to horses combining much of her own blood, being grandsons of *Sir Peter*, Rainbow, and Waterloo, her stock is excellent. This to a certain degree bears Mr. Hanckey Smith out in his advocating breeding more in-and-in than is usually the fashion. Maria, finished for the season, is no bad one, as far as 500l. goes, but Recruit is nothing out of the way.

The Houghton Meeting has, in the capital sport which it has afforded, amply made amends for the want of it during the two preceding ones: the matches were, many of them, of the highest interest. Many of the old horses, however, are going off fast. Bizarre shewed a little symptom of improvement in the Second October; but the last Meeting he, as well as honest Sligo and Double Entendre, have been any where but first; while Crusader does not seem at all the better for having been at Doncaster. He is a little horse; and his training off is more to be expected. The Alderman, under a new master, made his *débüt* before a Newmarket audience, for what is generally the most interesting stakes in the meeting—the Audley End. The distance, a mile and three quarters, tries horses' bottom as well as speed, and in other respects the course is a severe one. The Alderman, taking his running last year into consideration, was favorably weighted, and did not disgrace

the place of his birth, in beating Redgauntlet, Mortgage, and Bizarre.—The mare who ran second, Heroine, shews stoutness, having won the Fifty Pounds Plate, last three miles of the B. C. the same week. The Audley End Stakes generally winds up the meeting; but a few very interesting matches filled up Saturday.

Thus has ended the racing season of the year 1826. If other years have been *better*, there have been many *worse*; nor can *any now* say impartially, the Turf is really at that low ebb which the croakers would have us believe.

Having promised a word or two on Count Veltheim's last letter, "on the Origin of the thorough-bred Horse," I shall just make one or two observations on his idea of the degeneracy of our present horses being occasioned by being too early trained, and being kept too much like plants in a hot-house. There is such an infinity of variety of shape, constitution, and temper in the English thorough-bred horse; that it is impossible to lay down fixed rules with respect to their treatment. I am myself convinced, that all blood stock are the better for being taken up at a year old, unless the soil on which they are bred is a *dry and hard one*, and where the herbage is short and scanty. Horses, as well as many two-legged animals, are too apt to eat much more than is necessary, and often a great deal more than does them good. A horse at grass is supposed to eat as much as two bullocks—(at least in *common lands*, one horse, in turning out, is equal to *two oxen or cows*)—though his bulk is the same. His body thus distended with this rich grass, the colt becomes full of humours of

every kind : worms, to which all horses are more or less liable when young, very often carry off many a fine colt at grass ; and the humours (generally descending) fly to his eyes, producing blindness, or to his legs ; so that a colt taken up suddenly to work from grass is particularly apt to throw out spavins, &c. Hard meat is the natural food of the thorough-bred horse, at least of his ancestors. A little green food mixed with this, I have no objection to, provided he has it in his loose hovel, and it is sparingly used. I know a friend, who forced his colts with carrots and Swede turnips till three years old, besides the run of rich grass in the summer : in work, and very light work too, one's knees and the other's hocks became much swelled, and the bay colt's knees never could be got in the former place again from the humours that had dropped into them.

It is not, therefore, in my opinion, that *early* training is the reason why our horses do not last so long as formerly ; but it is from the too great *severity* of their work. There are too many Two-Year-Old Stakes ; and two-year-olds, instead of being brought out into public *once* or *twice*, are in full strong work from the spring till the end of the year—some of them travelling half over the country, while no distinction is made between large leggy colts and the short compact ones. There is a great demand for two and three-year-old colts, and consequently there are plenty in the market, and always will be as long as it is more profitable—few stakes being worth running for after that year. If there were plenty of large stakes at *even* weights, for five, six and aged, in very few years we

should find that class of horses as abundant on the Turf as it was twenty years ago. Let one colt be taken up from grass at two years old, and do gentle work till five ; and take another which has been merely broke, and suffered to remain out till five : let them then do equal work till they are ten, that is, five years more—and I would bet any money, at the end of the period the first would be the soundest and least *blemished* of the two. Mountaineer and Langton ran from two years old up to eleven, and finished as sound horses to the last, though after running at very high weights.

I am myself not over fond of *young stallions* ; and perhaps one reason some of our blood stock degenerate is this. In my humble opinion, both the sire and dam ought to come to their full strength before they are bred from ; but the devil of it is, people cannot afford to wait.

As I may again touch on this subject, I shall halt for the present, and come to Hunters' Stakes ; respecting which, the Stewards of the various races where they are run for have much trouble about, as well as the Stewards of the Jockey Club, to decide afterwards. Some years ago I was much amused by an ingenious mode of Mr. Mytton's in handicapping some farmers' horses who were to run for a Silver Cup the last day of Ludlow races, 1822. They were all *dark* horses, and how to ascertain their qualities, most being of the same age, rendered the task more difficult. "Harkye," said Mytton to the first, "how long has your mare been up from grass ?"—"Six weeks," was the answer. "Put the lowest weight on her then ;" and each carried

weights in proportion to the time they had been in the stable. The consequence of which was, a capital race took place, and the best handicapper in England, even Dr. Bellyse, could not have brought horses so close together at the end as this did.

The "tetrissima causa" of all disputes about Hunters' Stakes arises from their being either thorough-bred, or suspected to be so. Had I the drawing up of any articles for a Hunters' Stakes, I would, after fixing the weights, make the qualifications thus:—To have been *hunted regularly* with any *established* pack of hounds during the *whole* of the preceding season, and to have been in at the taking of a certain number of *deer* or *killing of foxes*, and not to have *started, paid, or received forfeit*, except for *bonâ fide Hunters' Stakes*. If the promoters of the race wish to encourage the breed of that *particular district*, allow 4 or 7lb. to the horses *bred there*; and if it is wished to stop the thorough-bred horse, put *extra weight* on his back. Then, if the steward will insist *firmly* that *no horse shall start* without a *full and proper certificate*, he would save himself a world of trouble afterwards.

So far from improving the breed of hunters, the Cocktail Stakes do harm, if any thing—encouraging a *spurious* race of animals, in general with all the faults of the blood-horse, and without the activity and strength of the hunter. Were blood-horses allowed to run more for races of this kind, it would introduce a more powerful as well as useful style of horse or mare to get or breed hunters afterwards. In speaking to a *farmer* of a stallion which had just left the village he had been cover-

ing at during the season, he said, "Now, Lord — has sold that horse because he was not much of a racer; but, to my mind, I liked him the better for it: he was a '*good hunter*,' could *leap well*, and was a good hack to ride on the road."

I will now bring this letter to a close, in addressing to some of the owners of racers a few words of advice. On the Turf, exclusive of betting men, jockeys, and trainers, there are *three* classes—men of large fortune, and with well and old-established studs, fixtures as it were; country gentlemen of independent property, who confine themselves to four or five horses at a time, and run merely in their own part of the world; and, lastly, men of small or no fortune, who run for profit more than amusement; and it is the conduct of many of this last class which does injury to the Turf. They begin generally with some nag or other, picked up *cheap*, and the fruit of a fortunate hit, for a particular race. Three or four *club together*; and perhaps five or six horses are put under a second-rate trainer's care. Their stock of cash will not enable them to have a really-good horse to win stakes worth having; but they go puddling on for plates. To win these, they must travel much; and no one, unless he ever looked over a *trainer's bill*, can have any conception of how bills run up *on the road*. Such a system cannot last long: the owner gets deeper and deeper into his trainer's books, who gets possession (in part-payment) of the best horse at half his value; and the others are sent to the hammer for any thing they will fetch. Thus, a young man entering on the Turf single-handed

finds, at the end of a season or two, himself *plus* two fifty-pound plates, from which *fifty per cent.* must be deducted; and *minus some hundreds.* But where three or four are of the party, by way of carrying on the war, when they find themselves beaten, instead of fairly withdrawing—by running under other names, they start three or four of their own horses for the same plate; whilst, by winning with the *wrong* horses, and if there is only *one* belonging to the party and a *favorite*, not running to *win*—a little loose cash is picked up, to the disgrace and injury of all fair racing. I have seen myself a blow-up on this system both in *Surrey* and *Ken.* The parties have now quitted the Turf, and it is well they have done so. If a man has a good head-piece and a certain command of *ready money* (which goes very far on the Turf), he may do well: but he must attend to the horse himself, and trust the trainer no farther than out of his sight, however high the said trainer may stand for honesty. But, above all, let him avoid *partnerships.* The greatest pains are thrown away, and the best laid plans may be upset in a moment by the obstinacy, ignorance, and carelessness of the *partner.* If you will have a partner, let him be a *sleeping one,* and only, as old "Trapbois" tells "Nigel," upon certain *con-si-de-ra-tions.* A man then knows that he has to trust to himself alone.

By forming a connection on the Turf with a very near relation, a young man of rank, who had he remained single-handed, would still be a supporter of the Turf in his own country, had all his plans thwarted and crossed. Though having the best head-piece of the

set, he became a "cat's paw" in the hands of a party: his name was used, nay *abused*, in its being set down to horses he even never saw—being at that time in France—while, long after he had quitted the Turf, his name stood responsible for several stakes with which he had as much to do as the Emperor of China. He was, indeed, a scape-goat, and with the fate of the Jewish one, having quitted, in obscurity and disgust, his native land, to wander over the Continent—a just punishment for the worst fault a man can be guilty of in this selfish world—he was *too good natured.* A little betting gives a filip to the interest of a race: perhaps that is why the Derby is more attractive than any other: it is the *most betting one*; but if young men of rank and large fortune will bet the enormous sums they have done for the last year or two upon some of the principal races, the Legs become enormous gainers, and the Turf declines. Had Lord Egremont, or the Dukes of Portland and Grafton, betted in the way some others of modern date have, could they have continued so long on the Turf?—No. To make betting a profitable concern, not only requires brains, but constant attendance in the Betting Ring. A few points in the odds make the difference often of some thousands; and it will require a man's whole time and attention to take advantage of any turn in the market. How can a gentleman, with his hunting, shooting, and other means of calling off his attention, do this properly? Many would have been *finest stars* in the racing hemisphere, had they not preferred *blazing as comets* for a season or two. Let others take warning, and

bear in mind this distich, which I slightly altered from the original :—that

“Heavy betting is a dangerous thing.
Bet low, or enter not the Betting Ring.”

Yours, &c.

THE OLD FORESTER.

P. S. Since writing the above, I received your last Number, and an excellent one it is. I see, however, some errata in my last, which I take this opportunity of correcting. Page 39, 2d column, for *Duncius* read *Dennis*. Page 40, 2d column, for Sir James *Jordan* read Sir James *Gordon*, R. N., and *ibid.* for *Wild* read *Weld*. I am just starting for a trip for three months from home; but as I take a good stock of pens and paper, you may hear from me on my travels in a month or two; so that on my return, your readers may not think I have been singing “I’ve been roaming” in vain.

BETTINGS ON THE DERBY, OAKS, AND ST. LEGER.

SIR,

THERE was a very full attendance at the Room, both of Nobility and Gentry, and other varied followers of the Turf. The betting at times, though chiefly confined to the Derby, was exceeding brisk, and a great deal of business was done upon Web and Tattler, each partly striving to keep their horse first favorite; and, although Tattler was supported by the leading Star of the room, towards the close Web had decidedly the call. Lord G. Cavendish’s party, and many others, came forward and freely backed Espagnol; and, on the whole, there was more money betted upon him than any horse in the Stake. Mr. Wyndham’s

stud was not in so much request as a few weeks back, and the takers are extremely shy. The Duke of Grafton’s lot are gone to the very outside, and almost neglected: on the contrary, the Duke of York’s were strongly supported, and many heavy bets were taken that he won both the Derby and Oaks. With the exception of the Rainbow colt, nothing decisive was done against any of the non-favorites.

The Oaks, although brought more into notice, was flat—6 to 1 being repeatedly taken that Maria won it; and, at the latter part of the day, not more than 5 or 5½ could be obtained, and even at that odds, there were plenty of takers. Mr. Nowell’s nominations were brought up, and 15 to 1 offered against any of them: 5 to 4 that Maria beat the lot. The Totteridge filly was thought much of by a certain few, and, barring Maria, 6 to 5 was laid she beat any thing. Mr. Scaith’s two were talked a little of, and 100 to 5 was taken.

The St. Leger was slightly passed over; and, excepting for the purposes of double betting, or with particular horses, it was scarcely mentioned. In fact, the Derby occupied all thought from the commencement till the close of the Room.

Yours truly,

Z. R.

Tattersall’s, Nov. 21, 1826.

DERBY.

11 to 1 agst Web.
11 and 12 to 1 agst Tattler.
17 to 1 agst Elfrid.
16 to 1 agst Catherine.
19 and 20 to 1 agst Espagnol.
20 to 1 agst Trumpeter.
25 to 1 agst Cressida.
25 to 1 agst Augusta.
25 to 1 agst Mameluke.
25 to 1 agst Miss Eliza Teazle.
25 to 1 agst c. out of Dahlia’s dam.

30 to 1 agst Jemima.
 30 to 1 agst Dauntless.
 30 to 1 agst Turcoman.
 33 to 1 agst Gamellus.
 35 to 1 agst Protestant.
 35 to 1 agst Roderic.
 35 to 1 agst Gramarie.
 35 to 1 agst c. by Antar.
 35 to 1 agst Snowdrop.
 35 to 1 agst Pythoness.
 35 to 1 agst Chieftain.
 35 to 1 agst Metre.
 35 to 1 agst c. by Gustavus.
 35 to 1 agst Moor Buzzard.
 40 to 1 agst Amazon.
 40 to 1 agst Zoffani.
 40 to 1 agst Filagree.
 40 to 1 agst Intruder.
 50 to 1 agst Nicolo.
 50 to 1 agst c. out of Romp's dam.
 50 to 1 agst Cat.
 60 to 1 agst Sir Huldebrand.
 8 to 1 agst Elfred and Catherine.
 13 to 1 agst the Duke of Grafton's stud.

OAKS.

5 and 6 to 1 agst Maria.
 12 and 13 to 1 agst Totteridge.
 15 to 1 agst Brown Duchess.
 16 to 1 agst Souvenir.
 18 to 1 agst Scornful.
 20 to 1 agst Scheherazade.
 20 to 1 agst Zeal.
 20 to 1 agst Translation.
 20 to 1 agst Calypso.
 20 to 1 agst Lunacy.
 20 to 1 agst Sister to Hampden.

25 to 1 agst Shovel.
 25 to 1 agst Morel.
 25 to 1 agst Sister to Recruit.
 25 to 1 agst Barossa.
 40 to 1 agst Sister to Parisot.
 50 to 1 agst Vignette.
 30 to 1 agst Mr. Scaith's two.
 2000 to 30 agst Web for the Derby and Maria for the Oaks.
 50 to 1 agst Novice.
 1000 to 15 agst Tattler and Maria both winning.
 1000 to 15 agst the Duke of York winning the Derby and Oaks.

ST. LEGER.

12 and 13 to 1 agst Reviewer.
 20 to 1 agst Popay.
 22 to 1 agst Granby.
 22 to 1 agst Matilda.
 25 to 1 agst Moonshine.
 25 to 1 agst Nonplus.
 25 to 1 agst Sancho Panza.
 25 to 1 agst Nivalis.
 30 to 1 agst Emma.
 30 to 1 agst Romeo.
 35 to 1 agst Hartsbury.
 35 to 1 agst Manuella.
 35 to 1 agst Moth.
 40 to 1 agst Altisidora.
 40 to 1 agst Lunacy.
 40 to 1 agst Sister to Tarrare.
 50 to 1 agst Brother to Catterick.
 50 to 1 agst The Pet.
 50 to 1 agst Medora.
 50 to 1 agst Gift.
 1000 to 5 agst naming all three winners.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1827.

MONDAY, Lord Wharnccliffe's The Dragon agst Lord Orford's Swiss Guide, 8st. 5lb. each, A. F. 200, h. f.—Mr. T. Thornhill's br. f. Christabel, by Woful, out of Harriet, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Dilly's br. f. by Gainsborough, out of Matilda, 8st. 4lb. T.Y.C. 100, h. ft.—Mr. Payne's Helenus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. agst Lord Wharnccliffe's Pastime, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. D. M. 200, h. ft.—Lord Exeter's Recruit, 8st. 3lb. agst Mr. Greville's Rachel, 8st. D. M. 200, h. ft.

Tuesday, Mr. Payne's Babel agst Mr. Roger Mervarch, 8st. 4lb. each,

first three miles of B. C. 300, h. ft. Mr. Payne's Bachelor agst Duke of Grafton's Chloris, 8st. 4lb. each, Ab. M. 100.

First Spring Meeting, 1827.

Monday, Mr. L. Charlton's ch. c. by Octavius, out of Harriet, by Selim, 8st. 3lb. agst Mr. R. Wilson's bl. f. by Smolensko, out of Mirth, 8st. Clermont Course, 50 sevs.—Mr. Greville's c. by Waterloo, out of Orion's dam, agst Mr. Stonehewer's brother to Problem, 8st. 5lb. each, D. M. 100, h. ft.—Mr. Greville's Rachel agst Mr. Rush's Carthago, 8st. 5lb. each, D. M. 500, h. ft.

July Meeting, 1827.

Monday, Duke of Grafton's Paul

Jones, 8st. 6lb. agst Lord Exeter's Recruit, 8st. 2lb. D. M. 200, h. ft.

Second October Meeting, 1827.

Monday, Duke of Grafton's Chloris agst Mr. H. Scott's Souvenir, by Orville out of Dulcamara, 8st. 5lb. each, D. I. 200, h. ft.

Houghton Meeting, 1827.

Monday, Sir J. Shelley's c. Barnardo, by Bustard (bought of Barnard), agst Mr. Payne's bl. c. by Smolensko, out of Lady Ern, T.Y.C. 200, h. ft.

Beccles, 1827.

First day (first race), Col. Wilson's Lamplighter, 8st. 5lb. agst Mr. R. Wilson's Maldonia, 8st. twice round, 200 sovs. h. ft.

THE DURHAM WELTER CUP.

This disputed Stake was decided on the 13th of October by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, to whom it had been referred, and who have awarded the Cup to Mr. Alderson's Bucephalus. The objection made to Mr. Milward's Brother to Hexgrave, which won the Cup, was, that being entered at York on the 2d of January, and not at Durham, he was not entitled to start. The following is a copy of the decision:—

"The Stewards of the Jockey Club are of opinion, that, according to the advertisement of Durham Races, inserted in the *York Herald* of the 24th December 1825, and now submitted to them, Mr. Milward's nomination ought to have been made to the Clerk of the Course at Durham on or before the 2d of January 1826; that not having been so made, Mr. Milward's horse was not entitled to start for the Welter Cup; and that, consequently, Mr. Alderson is entitled to it."

RACING CALENDARS.

Messrs. Weatherby intend publishing an Abridgment of the early Racing Calendars, provided there are 250 subscribers to the first volume by the 1st of February. Each volume will comprise about twenty years'

racing. The work will commence with an earlier period than the regular Calendars, so as to include the performances of Childers, Fox, Bonny-Black, &c. Messrs. W. also expect to get a third volume of the General Stud Book out in January.

STUD SALES.

On the Wednesday in the New-market Houghton Meeting, the following horses, &c., selected from the studs of the Duke of Grafton and Lord Lowther, were brought to the hammer by Messrs. Tattersall, and purchased at the prices attached:—

Duke of Grafton's.

HORSES IN TRAINING.		gs.
Rufus, by Election, out of Prudence, 4 yrs old		340
Bolero, by Partisan, out of Minuet, 4 yrs old		290
Goshawk, by Merlin, out of Coquette, 3 yrs old		700
Norman, by Abjer, out of Rowena, 3 yrs old ..		350
Dæmon, by Amadis, out of Der-vise's dam, 2 yrs old		140
BROOD MARES.		
Gavotte, by Election—Goshawk's dam, 4 yrs, in foal to Merlin,		135
Catgut, by Comus—Vanity, 10 yrs old (barren)		55
Crotchet, by Partisan—Catgut, 2 yrs old		77
Partisan (the stallion), by Wal-ton, out of Parasol, 15 yrs old,		165
Total		2252

Lord Lowther's.

Turban, by Selim, dam by Hambletonian, out of Marcia, 3 yrs,		97
Barber, by Clinker—a Barb mare, 2 yrs old		76
Total		173

Almack, by Comus, dam by Precipitate, out of Colibri (the property of the Duke of Richmond)

The famous stallion Figaro sold for 1850 guineas. Several other lots were sold, but not of sufficient consequence to be noticed.

Lord Verulam's.

At Newmarket, after the Second October Meeting, by Mr. Tattersall.

Laurel Leaf, by Stamford, dam by Pot8os, covered by Wanderer—20gs.

Mirage, by Phantom, out Willow, by Waxy, covered by Comus; an untried mare—35gs.

The Moalem, by Selim, out of Tredrille, by Walton, out of Pope Joan, by Waxy, out of Prunella—490gs.

Alpine, Brother to Arbutus, by Walton, dam by Wizard, out of Lisette, 2 yrs old. This colt is too large to be got into condition this year—145gs.

Number Nip, by Whalebone, out Effie Deans' dam, 2 yrs old—145gs.

Helas, by Woful, out of a Meteor mare, 2 yrs old—240gs.

Upas, by Abjer, out of Laurel Leaf, 2 yrs old—240 gs.

General Grosvenor's.

Sparkler, a black colt, by Blacklock, 2 yrs old—100gs.

Bay colt, by The Flyer, out of Moonshine, 2 yrs old—340 guineas.

Bay yearling filly, Sister to Noureddin—190gs.

Moonshine, covered by Emilius—195gs.

Myrtle, by Abjer, out of Mite, by Meteor, covered by Troy—290gs.

Troy, by Filho da Puta, out of Briseis, 6 yrs old. The condition stated that he would not be sold to go abroad at any price—390gs.

The Palfrey was put up and bought in at 195gs.

Mr. Mytton's.

At Halston, on Tuesday, October the 24th, by Mr. Beardsworth.

Comrade, by Partisan—55gs. to the Hon. and Rev. Noel Hill.

Balloon, by Rainbow—85gs. to Mr. Wilkins, Derby.

Whittington, by Filho da Puta—290gs. to Mr. Crutchington, of Stourton.

Ches. colt, by Sam, dam by Castrel—100gs. to Mr. V. Corbet, Shindorne.

Bowsprit, by Rainbow—85gs. to Mr. Dickinson.

Vol. XIX. N. S.—No. 111.

Longwaist, by Whalebone—880gs. to Mr. Nowell, Underley Park.

Brown colt, by Bustard, out of Mervinia—100gs.

Louisa, by Orville—85gs. to Mr. Williams.

Brown colt, by Amadis—100gs. to Mr. Dickinson.

Oswestry, by Filho da Puta—not brought out for sale.

Euphrates, by Quiz—not brought out for sale.

Flexible, by Whalebone—530gs. to Mr. Lockley.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

Bay filly, by Rubens—40gs. to Mr. Nanney.

Harriette Wilson, by Manfred—70gs. to Mr. Lacy, Nottingham.

Bay filly, by Smolensko—36gs. to Mr. Lacy.

Ches. colt, by Magistrate—86gs. to Mr. Nanney.

Lark, by Rubens, out of Stella—200gs. to Mr. Greg.

Bay colt, by Spectre—43gs. to Mr. Wynne, Crickheath.

Brown colt, by Master Henry—380gs. to Mr. Wise.

Mexican, by Manfred—390gs. to Mr. Wise.

Bay colt, by Comus—430gs. to Mr. Gibbins.

Brown colt, by Filho da Puta—370gs. to Mr. Gibbins.

YEARLINGS.

Bay filly, by Rubens or Sasenagh—24gs. to Mr. Greg.

Bay filly, by Master Henry—30gs. to Mr. Dickinson.

Bay colt, by Master Henry—45gs.

Brown filly, by Master Henry, out of Circe—60gs. to D. Pugh, Esq. Llanerchydol.

Black filly, by Whalebone or Octavius—65gs.

Bay colt, by Banker—400gs. to Mr. Holmes.

Grey filly, by Skim—230gs. to Mr. Greg.

Brown colt, by Filho da Puta—360gs.

BROOD MARES.

Sybil, by Sorcerer—30gs.

Sister to Comrade—47gs.

Bay mare, by Walton, in foal to

U

Master Henry—80gs. to Mr. H. B. Breary.

Mare, by Don Cossack—42gs.
Mervinia—80gs.

Mr. Russell's.

At Hardwick, near Sedgfield, November 15, by Mr. Tattersall.

Mustachio, by Whisker, 5 yrs old—520gs. to Mr. Dickinson.

Abron, by Whisker, 6 yrs old—450gs. to Lord Darlington.

Dauntless, by Whalebone, 4 yrs old—bought in at 230gs.

THREE-YEAR-OLDS.

Chestnut filly, by Amadis—43gs. to Mr. Dickinson.

Numskull, by X Y Z—38gs. to Mr. Ridsdale.

Hardwick, by Orville—bought in at 30gs.

Bay colt, by Cervantes—bought in at 30gs.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

Chestnut colt, by Abjer, winner of the Tyro Stakes at Newcastle—35gs. to Lord Londonderry.

Bay colt, by Grey Walton—31gs. to Mr. Coyton.

Bay colt, by Prime Minister—bought in at 30gs.

YEARLINGS.

Grey colt, by Jonathan—320gs. to Lord Darlington.

Chestnut colt, by Comus—300gs. to Lord Darlington.

Grey colt, by Viscount—300gs. to Colonel Broadhead.

Grey colt, by Abjer—200gs. to Mr. Powlett.

Grey filly, by Blacklock—bought in at 110gs.

Brown colt, by Abjer—15gs. to Mr. Dickinson.

Grey filly, by Viscount—Miss Gayton—bought in at 10gs.

FOAL.

Grey colt, by Remembrancer, out of Miss Gayton—bought in at 59gs.

BROOD MARES.

Sister to Sultan, by Selim, stinted to Whisker or Lottery—230gs. to Mr. Payne.

Dick Andrews mare, out of De-demons, by Sir Peter, stinted to Whisker—150gs. to Mr. Payne.

Delpini mare, dam by Bening-brough, stinted to Whisker—bought in at 90gs.

Shuttle mare, dam Hopeful, by Sir Peter, stinted to Whisker—bought in at 90gs.

Filho da Puta mare, dam by Precipitate, stinted to Waverley—40gs. to Mr. Dickinson.

Miss Gayton, by Lop, dam by Highflyer, stinted to Werner—bought in at 15gs.

HALF-BRED.

Pecunia, winner of several half-bred Stakes—150gs. to Sir C. Mostyn. Leporello, bought in at 90gs.

Queen of Diamonds, 4 yrs old—bought in at 59gs.

Chestnut colt, by Catton, dam by Hambletonian, 2 yrs old—35gs. to Mr. Crofton.

Bay filly, by Ardrossan, 3 yrs old—30gs. to Mr. Fawcett.

Bay filly, by Mozart, 2 yrs old—19gs. to Mr. Furness.

YEARLINGS.

Bay colt, by Werner—20gs. to Mr. Hall.

Ches. filly, by Viscount—18gs. to Lord Londonderry.

Brown colt, by Werner—16gs. to Mr. Wheatley.

STALLIONS.

Dr. Johnson, by Walton, rising 5 yrs old—105gs. to Major Healey.

Werner, thorough-bred—bought in at 49gs.

Mr. F. Mills and Mr. Payne have purchased of Mr. Dilly Belzoni, by Blacklock.

The Chase.

Mr. Harvey Coombe has resigned the management of the Old Berkeley fox-hounds, and sold his hunters, in consequence of an unfortunate illness in his family, which prevents his hunting this season; but we believe it is known to that gentleman's friends that he is as anxious as ever to sustain the hounds both in their old and new country.

On Tuesday, the 31st of October, the Berkeley stag-hounds met at Harefield Common, attended by a numerous field. The deer at start

ing took for Rudlip Wood, from which he broke gallantly away for Harrow, but turning to the left, he faced the grass country for Stanmore and Watford, near which latter place he was safely taken, having crossed fifteen miles of a severe country in one hour.

On Tuesday, the 14th of November, a fine stag was turned out on Uxbridge Common from the Berkeley stag-cart, before a very numerous and highly respectable field of sportsmen. A short time after the deer cleared the cart, he took to Page's-lane, one of the entrances into the town of Uxbridge, and, with the dogs close to his haunches, backed by all the horsemen, passed in a glorious style through the whole of the principal street—a most gratifying sight to the inhabitants, who were highly delighted at so novel a sight. At the top of Uxbridge he leaped the fences and passed through the inclosures of R. H. Cox, Esq. Hillingdon House, and into those of T. T. Clarke, Esq. at Sweetcleys, whence he was taken after a very short run.

Gallant Fox Chase.—Mr. Mytton's fox-hounds, attended by the spirited proprietor and a field of excellent sportsman, met on the 25th of October at Mr. Shuker's coverts, near Llanysainstffraid, Montgomeryshire, where they soon found; and reynard broke covert in grand style, making his way across a heavy country for Penrhos coverts, the property of Major Gore, where the hounds headed the fox, which again sought refuge in his old haunts, but in vain. Here he was obliged to take to the river Virnwy, a little above the new bridge, and crossed the township of Carreg-hofa, a beautiful valley, and was run in view for nearly two miles. He now made his way up Llanymynech Hill for the earths on the top; but being so closely pursued, instead of effecting his design, he was completely forced down a precipice in front of the village, nearly seventy feet high, and was picked up by one of the quarry-men. A promising young hound (which, during the chase, had often "vowed vengeance") fell after

reynard, and was much injured; but, from the exertion of the huntsman, to whom much praise is due for the masterly manner in which he treated the dog, by bleeding, &c. he is likely yet to become a tormentor of reynard's race. The writer of this paragraph cannot conclude without returning thanks to two gentlemen, namely, Mr. Mytton and Mr. Shuker; to Mr. Mytton, for his kindness in hunting the vicinity of Llanymynech, &c.; and to Mr. Shuker, for the sportsman-like manner in which he preserves his coverts.

Ye Sportsmen so noble! ye generous throng!
Who love to be shouting the valleys among;
May the bowl of your bliss overflow every day,
And felicity crown your last shout,
"HARK AWAY!"

Lord Petre has commenced regular hunting in the Danbury country, (Essex), under the most favorable auspices—plenty of foxes, and a brilliant pack of hounds. The first meeting was on the 9th of November, at Purleigh, when he killed a brace of foxes. The first fox was chopped in a dry pit; the second was found at Mundon Furze, and took away for Hazeleigh Hall. The hounds had got well settled on a tolerably good scent over Purleigh Wash, when they met with a check, by the fox being headed back over the line, and run by curs, which generally puts an end to the chase. This, however, was not the case with them, as nothing seems to disturb them where there is a scent. They appear to lose all their senses in the chase but one, and that is derived from their noses: hit and go is their maxim, without pottering—and back to Mundon they went, as if nothing had happened; but reynard had now turned down to wind again, over Lambourn Park, across the brook for Latchingdon to Lawland Hall, over the hill to Tile Hall Grove, straight down to Bridge Marsh, over the Saltings, and along the Wall, on to Althorne, leaving the cliffs, and skirting Baker's Grove to Burnham Church, away for Burnham Wyck.

He then stood straight for the river Crouch, and put out to sea : it being low water, the hounds hunted over the ooze, and swam up to their fox, after an excellent run of two hours and a quarter.

Cheltenham, November 21.—A great portion of our residents and visitors were highly gratified on Wednesday, by an excellent day's sport with Col. Berkeley's fox-hounds, which was much increased by a large assemblage of ladies witnessing the fox breaking in gallant style across the road from Dowdeswell covert, making for Chatcombe Wood, from which he was closely pursued to Lyne Over, running in view over a beautiful country to Leckhampton Rocks, where he descended the vale, and was run into a field adjoining Leckhampton Church. —Colonel Berkeley's stud, now in Cheltenham, consists of thirty-two hunters, besides hacks, and sixty-eight couple of fox-hounds.

Sir Jacob Astley has purchased two packs of hounds, and two packs of harriers.

That famous little pack of harriers (late Bungay Union), hunted by Mr. Weedon, killed their game on November 13, after running her at *least fourteen miles*, and eight or nine miles from point to point.

The Hampshire Hunt Races took place on the 31st of October, at Abbotstone Down, near Alresford, when four horses started—three heats. The first was won by Mr. Jolliffe's roan mare, and the second and third by Mr. Bigg's bay mare; consequently he was entitled to the Cup, which was a handsome and valuable one, and Mr. Jolliffe to the Jockey Whip, as second best. There was good sport, and the race, although Mr. Vine's horse was drawn after the first heat, was well contested.

The Hon. Newton Fellowes's fox-hounds had a most brilliant run on the 31st of October. On drawing Bycot Blake, a covert between Chumleigh and Southmolton, they found immediately, and ran without a check to Worth House, near Tiverton. On breaking covert, this "*gallant varmint*" made for Wixton Wood, Mol-

land, Cold Park Moor, Mousberry, and Meshaw; here he turned to the right over Borough Moor, Irishcombe, North Grindon, Creacombe, and Weedon, to Rakenferd; from Rakenferd to Gibbett Moor, where he ran the turnpike road for nearly two miles; then to Loxbear Church, Washfield Parsonage, and Worth, after a chase of two hours and twenty minutes, through eleven parishes. After a check of about ten minutes in Mr. Worth's lawn, they unfortunately unkenelled a fresh fox, who led them through the interminable woods of Washfield and Stoodleigh, to Cove Bridge, where the hounds were called off, in consequence of the increasing darkness of the evening. The only persons out of a numerous field who had seen this *clipping thing* were Mr. Fellowes on *Tomboy*, and Mr. Baillie on *Bullfinch*, who had now to encounter a dreary ride homewards of nearly twenty miles, in all the luxury of rain and darkness.

Sir Archur Chichester's hounds met at Highbickington, on the 24th of October, unkenelled a brace of foxes, the first of which was earthed immediately on his leaving covert, but was dug out, during which the other fox was found, and a sharp run followed of an hour and a half, when he took earth in Snape Wood. This was also dug out, and preserved for a future day's sport. The first fox was taken to a moor, near Artherington, and let loose, when a good run followed; and after an hour and a half, he was lost near where he was found, about five o'clock. On the following Saturday the hounds again met at the same place, and in a covert near Snape Wood unkenelled a fox, which afforded a short run and was taken near Bickington. The sportsmen then beat their course to a moor near Highbickington, to try the game of the bag fox, which was found to be of the first order. After giving him ten minutes' law, a burst of two hours followed, at a first-rate pace, and he was taken near Rings Ash. Thus ended a very fine day's sport, which demonstrated the superior breed and condition of Sir Arthur's hounds.

which are equal to any thing they undertake, whether stag or fox, both of which they profess to hunt. In one day, some time since, after killing a fox in thirty-five minutes, they ran a hind to Paracombe, where he was taken.

Mr. James Bennett, of Clifford Barton, Dunsford, Devon, has killed, since February last, more foxes, it is believed, than any fair sportsman in England. He keeps but one couple of high-bred bitch fox-hounds, and a small terrier; and has already killed with them *thirty-two* foxes, all of them fairly run down. These dogs are so strong and fierce that no man could resist them unarmed.

The East Sussex fox-hounds commenced regular hunting on the 26th of October; and, after drawing the plantations of Mr. Langham, at Glyndebourne, without finding, unkenelled a fine old fox in a small covert belonging to General Trevor, about twelve o'clock. After running through the coverts at Glynde, reynard gallantly faced the country, crossed the river to Firle, and thence to Laughton, Ripe, and Chiddingly, &c. The scent being very bad, the hounds could never press him, and were called off at six o'clock, although the fox was viewed a few minutes previously, having a considerable distance to return home. On the following Saturday the same hounds met at Southease, found very soon, and ran in to their fox after an hour's hard running. At the same instant, two fresh ones started from the same covert, and after ten minutes the hounds were laid on; but both foxes had made so much way, going direct through the river at Newhaven, that they were not able to overtake them. The gentlemanlike address of Major Cator, the manager of the hounds, and the quiet manner of the new huntsman, promise to the lovers of fox-hunting excellent sport during the season.

STEEPLE CHASE.

On the 20th November, a steeple chase for 25 sovs. each, two miles, was run by Captain Kennedy's ch. m. Dick, against Mr. Goodlake's ch. m.

They started at Askham Bog, and went parallel with the Tadcaster road, to the Windmill, near Mrs. Buckle's. When the word "Off" was given, both started well together, refusing the first fence; but Dick getting round the quickest, obtained the lead, which he kept to the end of the chase, winning the match easy. Dick was jockeyed by Mr. Goodlake's boy, and the mare by Captain Kennedy's. The mare would not have been so easily beat, had not a very old and good sportsman got his *prod* into a ditch in the mare's line, which made her a second time refuse her fence.

ISLELY COURSEING MEETING.

TUESDAY, NOV. 21.

First Class—For the Cup and Goblet.

—Mr. Shippery's blk. d. Saxon beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Glycera; Mr. Evans's blk. d. Eugene beat Mr. Agg's blk. d. Atlas; Mr. Ensworth's b. and w. d. Edward beat Mr. Large's blk. b. Lady; Mr. Dundas's bl. and w. b. Dulce beat Mr. Long's blk. and w. d. Leech; Mr. Ham's (Mr. Shippery's) bl. d. Hannibal beat Dr. Merrick's (Mr. Long's) blk. d. Leicester; Mr. Symonds's bl. b. Esther beat Mr. C. Symonds's blk. b. Emily; Mr. Tull's (Mr. Ensworth's) w. b. Tulip beat Mr. Graham's (Mr. Large's) blk. b. Guinea; Mr. Morland's (Mr. Goodlake's) Grandison beat Mr. Wroughton's (Mr. Dundas's) b. d. Dreadnought.

Second Class—For the Cup and Goblet.

—Mr. Shippery's Saxon beat Mr. Evans's Eugene; Mr. Ensworth's Edward beat Mr. Dundas's Dulce; Mr. Ham's (Mr. Shippery's) Hannibal beat Mr. Symonds's Esther; Mr. Tull's (Mr. Ensworth's) Tulip beat Mr. Morland's (Mr. Goodlake's) Grandison.

Farmborough Stakes.—Mr. Shippery's b. b. Sprite beat Mr. C. Long's blk. b. Leaf; Mr. Agg's brin. d. Alderman beat Mr. Large's blk. b. Lance; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gift beat Mr. Ensworth's fawn b. Ella.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 22.

Third Class—For the Cup and Goblet.

—Mr. Ensworth's Edward beat Mr. Shippery's Saxon; Mr. Ham's (Mr. Shippery's) Hannibal beat Mr. Tull's (Mr. Ensworth's) Tulip.

Fourth Class—For the Cup and Goblet.

—Mr. Ham's (Mr. Shippery's) Hannibal beat Mr. Ensworth's Edward, and won the Cup—Edward the Goblet.

Farmborough Stakes.—Mr. Goodlake's Gift beat Mr. Shippery's Sprite and Mr. Agg's Alderman, and won the Stakes.

THE GUARDS' CLUB HOUSE.

On the ninth of November, the Guards' Club House, in St. James's-street, fell down, in consequence of the walls being undermined in the preparation for building a foundation to the new subscription-house about to be erected next door by Mr. Crockford. The following Epigrams have appeared, which are too good to be omitted in a work devoted to sporting occurrences.

1.

Mala vicini peccoris contagia ledunt.

What can those workmen be about?

Do, C—d, let the secret out,

Why thus your houses fall.—

Quoth he, "Since folks are not in town,

"I find it better to pull down,

"Than have no pull at all."

2.

See, passenger, at C—d's high behest,
Red coats by black-legs ousted from their
nest;

The arts of peace o'ermatching reckless
war,

And gallant Rouge undone by wily Noir!

3.

Impar congressus—

Fate gave the word—the King of dice and
cards

In an *unguarded* moment took the Guards;
Contriv'd his neighbours in a trice to drub,
And did the trick by—*turning up a Club.*

4.

Nullum simile est idem.

'Tis strange how some will differ—some
advance

That the Guards' Club-House was pull'd
down by chance:

While some, with juster notions in their
masard,

Stoutly maintain the deed was done by
hazard. H.

GOOD SHOOTING.

In the early part of November, Prince Esterhazy paid a visit to Mr. Baring, and in six days no less than 1663 head of game were bagged by four guns—viz. 842 pheasants, 534 hares, 222 rabbits, 58 partridges, 5 woodcocks, and 2 snipes: the shooters were, the Prince, Hon. G. Anson, Hon. H. de Roos, and Mr. H. Baring.

Mr. Cook, of Wye, nearly seventy, has this year, within the short space of three months, shot 133 wood-pigeons, with the partial failure of five shots only, as three of them were evidently severely wounded, thereby

leaving but two missed shots. The same person, and within the above time, sprang a leash of snipes; and killed two of them at one shot; and passing the same place a few days after, he sprang a brace more, which he also killed at one shot.

On the 23d October, as T. Stubbs, gamekeeper to his Grace the Archbishop of York for the manor of Ripon, was shooting near a wood on the estate of H. R. Wood, Esq. in company with Mr. Humbert, from London—in ranging a hedge, two or three cock pheasants rose on the side of Mr. H. and four on the side of T. Stubbs, in such a direction as enabled the latter to kill every bird dead on the spot. His gun was a single-barrel.

Mr. G. F. Bowles, one of His Majesty's gamekeepers, at Bolderwood Lodge, recently shot, for the use of His Majesty, one of the finest stags ever known in the New Forest. It was afterwards conveyed to the Lodge, where it was dressed in fine style and sent to the Royal Palace, Windsor. Its weight (when cold) was 15 score 11lb.

TROTTING, &c.

Mr. Barfield, of Norwich, backed himself for 250 sovs. to drive two horses tandem, on the 17th November, thirteen miles in one hour, which he won with sixteen seconds to spare.

On November 8, Captain Polhill, of the First Dragoon Guards, stationed at the Leeds Barracks, undertook for a considerable wager to ride 95 miles in five successive hours, on Haigh Park Race Course. The Captain started at nine o'clock, and accomplished his arduous task in four hours and seven minutes, being fifty-three minutes less than the time allowed. Many bets were depending upon the race, which excited much public interest. The Captain had relays of nineteen horses, but he only rode thirteen of them.

W. Whitlam, Esq. of Tows, near Caistor, has matched his bay horse (by Runaway) against a black mare belonging to T. Rickinson, Esq. of Cottingham, Yorkshire, for 200 sovs. to go 300 miles on the London-road,

to carry 16 stone each, and to start on the 4th of December from Barton water-side.

PEDESTRIANISM.

About three weeks ago, a poor half-starved weaver, of the name of Wilkinson, a native of Pendle Forest, near Burnley, proposed to walk ninety miles in twenty-four hours, on a very high ground in that neighbourhood, called Paddiham Height, on condition of receiving a contribution of 3*l.*; to which proposal several persons readily acceded, conceiving the task too difficult for Wilkinson to accomplish. The feat, however, was performed by him, in the presence of a number of individuals of the place, some of whom are very respectable, within twenty-one hours and forty-eight minutes, in clever style, although the day and night were particularly stormy. So anxious were some of his fellow-weavers for his success, that three of them abreast occasionally kept before him to shield him from the force of the wind, until his arduous task was completed.

A long-pending match between Jackson and Wantling was run on the 26th October on Epsom Downs, and was attended by a large muster of pedestrian amateurs, and a strong list of the pugilistic corps. Eight hundred yards were measured from Tottenham corner to the Grand Stand—two last hundred roped. Wantling is well known as a runner of a short distance, while Jackson has established his fame as a good man for half a mile. Jackson was backed at 5 to 4. The men arrived on the ground both in excellent condition, and equally confident. At starting, Wantling took the lead in a trifling degree, while Jackson "waited upon him" with judgment, keeping about a yard and a half behind. They proceeded at a rattling rate for about five hundred yards, when it was evident that Wantling was failing in speed, while Jackson maintained a steady and nervous pace. Hitherto it was downhill work; but, for the last three hundred yards, the ground again rose, and it was a gradual hill to the close of the distance. Wantling felt his de-

ficiency, but pushed on manfully till he got within the ropes, still leaving Jackson in the rear. The superiority of Jackson was now manifest; he put "his best leg foremost," and by a few vigorous bounds passed his opponent in grand style, and kept the advantage, Wantling being "dead beat." The distance was performed by Jackson in one minute and fifty seconds. A finer and fairer race was never run. Large sums were won and lost on the match.

NATURAL HISTORY.

On the 24th of October, Mr. Piper, farmer, of Hornchurch, near Romford, Essex, when on a shooting party, shot a hare and a brace of partridges—all three as white as snow; a circumstance never before known in that county.

A few days ago a sparrowhawk, attracted by a small bird in a trap-cage on the roof of Mr. Backstraw's house, in West-street, Gravesend, in pouncing at its prey its feet became entangled in the wires of the cage, and he was himself taken prisoner without having injured his intended victim.

On the 17th October, the London, of Dundee, encountered a severe gale on her voyage up: and, when off the Dogger Bank, her rigging was almost covered with hawks so much weakened, that Captain Wishart succeeded in catching twenty-five. One of them was large, and of a bluish colour; the others were of the common kind.

On the 7th of November, an eagle was shot by a man of the name of Osborn, of North Somercotes, near the sea, the length of which, from the top of each wing, was seven feet and a half, from the beak to the tail three feet, and weighed nine pounds.

ACCIDENTS.

On Monday, Nov. 13, a lamentable accident occurred to Mr. John Sedding, baker, of Eton. He was on the water with his brother in the evening, on a shooting excursion, and, during the rain, took shelter under Barge-man's-bridge, near the Brocas clump. His gun had a percussion lock, and whilst in the act of taking it from the

bottom of the boat, laying hold of the muzzle, the cock of the gun was drawn up by a part of the boat, and before it gained half-cock sprang back, and went off. The right arm was frightfully shattered, the shots having torn off the flesh above the elbow, destroying the muscles, and dividing the arteries. It was found necessary to amputate the arm; but he is in a fair way of recovery.

Captain Chaworth, of the 10th Royal Hussars, has met with an accident from a spring gun, which had nearly been attended with a fatal result. The particulars are as follow:—On Friday, Nov. 17, Captain C. went at an early hour to his father's estate, at Annesley, Notts, intending to enjoy the diversion of shooting. Upon inquiring for the gamekeeper, he found that that person was absent; he, however, took his gun and proceeded to the woods, and being unaccompanied by any one who could point out to him where the spring guns were set, he unfortunately trod upon one of the wires. The shot from the gun struck him in the thigh.—*Nottingham Herald*.

OBITUARY.

On the 18th of November died, in the 39th year of his age, Trimmer, a celebrated chaise horse, belonging to Mr. J. Keep, of Rotherwick, Hants. Such was the soundness of his constitution, that he was never known to have the least illness a single day preceding his death.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED NAMES.

Our readers will be gratified to hear, that Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart. M.P. the owner of *Fleur de Lis*, to whose excellence most of our Correspondents have borne such high testimony, in common, we believe, with the whole of the Racing World, has engaged Mr. Cooper, R. A. to go to Malton to take her portrait; and has also condescendingly promised to permit an Engraving of her to be executed therefrom for this work.

We have also to announce to our Subscribers, that a portrait of that celebrated mare *Parasol*, from a clever picture by Mr. Barenger, is in our Engraver's hands.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE had made arrangements for the insertion this month of the List of Winning Horses during the past season; but other materials so pressed on us that we have been unable to accomplish the intention. It will be given next month, with a few remaining Meetings.

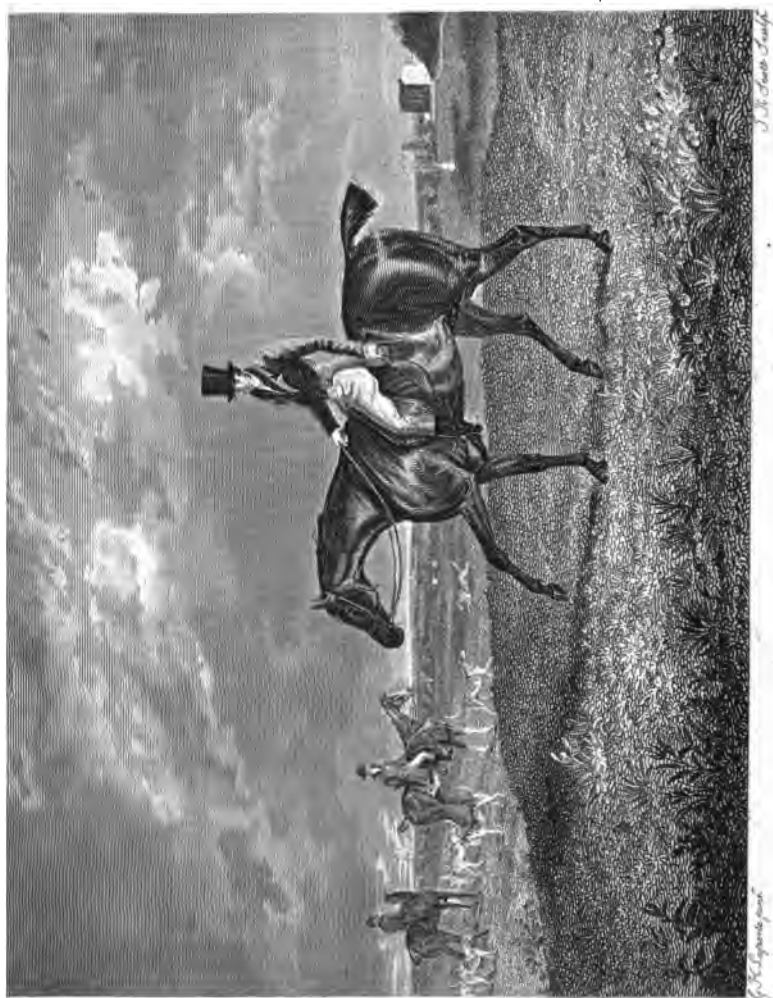
Several communications received late will also be noticed in next Number.

The "Curse of *Vulpicides*" must not, we think, appear in print.

In reply to a Cheshire Correspondent, we beg to state, that we referred the letter he alludes to, to *NIMROD*; and on communicating his last letter to him, he states that he has a perfect recollection of receiving the first, but by some cause or other it has been mislaid, or he would have been most happy to notice its contents.

ERRATA.—In our short biography of Mr. Ward (last Number), there were some mistakes, which it is necessary to set right. Mr. W. made no imitation of any individual picture or design of Morland, but began painting in his style, being the only painter he had then ever seen at work. One picture only of Morland's he copied: he never had instructions from that artist. Mr. W.'s relationship with Morland consisted in his brother William (Ward) marrying Morland's sister. In the list of pictures, *Goodall Seat* should have been *Gordale Scar*, a romantic water-fall.—In p. 48, col. 2, (last Number), there is an error in punctuation which renders the sense of the passage obscure. It should be, "after they had either of them trotted a mile, the coat was sure to curl and stare you in the face. After a day's hunting, they were not even dry next morning," &c.—P. 116, col. 2. l. 31 (present Number), for "united," read "ignited."—P. 127, for "much raised, or when the pole points upwards; their draught," &c. read "much rained; for, when the pole points upwards, their draught," &c.





EMERALD.

Printed by H. J. Johnson, 100 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. N. S.

JANUARY, 1827.

No. CXII.

CONTENTS.

Emerald, a celebrated Hunter.....	161	A Day with the Worcestershire Fox-Hounds	192
French Horses, and French Travelling.....	162	Highclere Coursing Meeting	193
The New Forest and Hambledon Hunts.....	163	Fox Breaking Covert.....	194
Chase with Mr. Farquharson's Hounds	166	The Feast of St. Hubert—Letter to Nimrod from his Friend in France	194
"The Devonian" on Summering the Hunter, &c.....	167	On Posting.....	197
Sport with Lord Anson's Hounds	169	On Breaking Dogs.....	198
Cure for Lice in Dogs	172	His Majesty's & the Berkeley Stag-Hounds	200
Newmarket Coursing Meeting	179	Sporting in Norfolk	201
Reply to the "Lover of the Trigger".....	174	The Warwickshire Hunt	202
Chase with Mr. Podes's Hounds	175	Queries at Whist	203
Vindication of the Fox.....	177	Bettings at Tattersall's, on the next Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger	205
On Horses Drooping in the Fore Leg	178	SPORTING INTELLIGENCE	206
The Game Laws	179	TO CORRESPONDENTS.....	216
Bowers Coursing Meeting.....	183	RACING CALENDAR.....	27
French Shooting—a Second Letter from "Hawthorn".....	183	Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1826—Winners of Royal Purse and Gold Cups	59
East Halsey Coursing Meeting	186		
On Turf Matters, &c.....	187		
Travelling in Olden Times.....	191		

Embellished with,

I. Portrait of EMERALD, a celebrated Hunter in Leicestershire.

II. FOX BREAKING COVERT.

EMERALD.

Engraved by J. SCOTT, Jun. from a Painting by LAFORTE.

THIS very extraordinary horse was foaled in Ireland, but is of English blood, being got by Grafton out of a Diamond Mare.

NIMRON very justly observes, that a portrait is often a libel on the animal. We have here, however, an exception, the artist having most happily given his exact form, and faithfully portrayed his general character without either embellishment or detraction; conserving a perfect and satisfactory likeness.

Emerald hunted one season in Ireland, and was then brought to England, and is now among the best horses in Leicestershire and Warwickshire (where he is well known)—possessing every requisite of a perfect hunter, high and fine courage, with the mildest temper, great speed and stoutness, and most excellent at both water and timber.

The owner thinks him worthy a place in the *Sporting Magazine*, as a fine specimen of a modern hunter of the right sort—uniting the rare qualities of beautiful symmetry with great strength and blood.

Grafton, the sire of Emerald, was got by Sorcerer, out of Dabchick (the dam of Vandyke, Van-

dyke Junior, Vestal, Vanity, &c.), by Pot8o's; and, like Emerald, is something very extraordinary in beautiful symmetry of form and power.

We understand that Elmore, the dealer, has lately purchased Grafton of Lord Rossmore, and has brought him from Ireland to cover in this country. He will, doubtless, soon find his way to Newmarket, where, from his very desirable blood, he will probably rank among our best stallions.

FRENCH HORSES, AND FRENCH TRAVELLING.

SIR,
ALTHOUGH, in common with THE OLD FORESTER and THE TRAVELLER, I have witnessed with some degree of surprise the work done by the French post-horses, as well as those employed in the carriages hired to perform journeys, and am ready to testify the truth of their statements, I cannot agree with THE TRAVELLER in thinking that "no doubt can exist that the same work that is performed by the horses in the carriages from Naples and Geneva, would knock up a pair of our best machiners on the third or fourth day;" nor am I so certain as he appears to be, that, "if horses at the post-houses between Calais and Paris were replaced by draft from Newman's or Bryant's, very few of the English horses would be alive by Christmas." It is rather to other causes than to any real superiority in the nature of the animal that the French horse possesses over the English one, that I am induced to attribute the apparently greater power of enduring fatigue. One

cause, indeed, is a physical advantage—I mean, the circumstance of the French horses being for the most part entire. There can be no doubt that such a horse, both as to constitution and strength, is infinitely superior to a gelding. Add to this the pace at which they travel in France, (for "it is the pace that kills,") and, in my opinion, the mystery is explained. I will undertake to say, that if any four horses that leave London in one of the heavy coaches were entire, and driven at the same rate that those in the St. Germain's coach are, they would with ease perform the same work: and I feel the more confident of this, because it is within my own knowledge, that, during the time the British army was in France, many English horses were purchased by the post-masters, and turned out exceedingly well; and so also were many Cossack horses, of which the French spoke most highly. Let it not, however, be supposed that I disparage the French horses; on the contrary, I have always thought much better of them than most of my countrymen; and I have no hesitation in saying, that I think almost the cleverest team of small horses (not exceeding fourteen and a half hands high) I ever saw, were four little greys that took a diligence, as heavy as a broad-wheeled wagon, from Chantilly. They were entire horses, and their strength was prodigious. But put four such horses to one of our stage coaches, or four posters from any post-house in France, to go from London to Barnet against a fast coach, or against four of Newman's posters, and see where they would be. I confess, however, that I have often felt surprised at its not being tried in this country by farmers and

post-masters to work entire horses. In all Eastern nations this is the case, and in most of the Continental nations, and I never could learn that any great difficulty arose. I have often seen fifteen or twenty entire horses in one post-stable in France. Every now and then, it is true, you hear a most infernal noise, as if they were all fighting; but the horse-keeper swears those most effectual of all French oaths, which Sterne in his *Sentimental Journey* so cleverly enables the nuns to swear, and peace is restored; nor did I ever learn that any serious mischief was often done by these horses to each other. THE TRAVELLER speaks of the imperfect manner in which the French horses are groomed and fed. I cannot go the full length he does in this respect. I admit the grooming to be bad; but as far as my observation goes, they have plenty to eat. The system in France is to grow for their post-horses peas, vetches, and oats together. This is cut when nearly ripe, and dried and tied up into bundles of 10lb. each, the grain remaining in; and the horses have two or three, and even more, of these bundles given them in the day and night, and they are for the most part in good condition. The system in France, no doubt, has the appearance of being very slovenly when viewed after that of England; but still much might be learnt from them. With regard to their public diligences, for instance, I think numbering the places, so that when you take a place there never can arise any difficulty or dispute afterwards about it, is extremely advantageous. Again, paying a certain sum at starting, which covers all expenses, is infinitely more agreeable than having to put your hand into your

pocket every stage to satisfy the coachman. The coaches also in France, although clumsy, are better hung, and better stuffed, and much more roomy than ours in England. In short, we must not despise our neighbours as some of our countrymen do. They are behind hand with us in most things, I am ready to allow, and in few so much as in what regards travelling with rapidity. Still, however, we might in some respects, with advantage, "take a leaf out of their book."

I am, Sir, &c. UN VOYAGEUR.

THE NEW FOREST, AND THE HAMBLETON HUNTS.

SIR,

IN my letter of last month, I said I hoped shortly to be able to give you a fuller description of the New Forest and Hambledon countries, of the packs that hunt them, and the sport they have had. I now take up my pen for that purpose, though even now the weather and other circumstances will not enable me to do it as I could wish, and I will first speak of the New Forest. Many of your readers may have read in the October Number of last year Nimron's description of this country. I will not, therefore, detain them long by going over the same ground. Few strangers would like the New Forest at first—the hunting is peculiar, and, to those who are not up to it, perhaps not very agreeable. For the real sportsman, however—one who is fond of seeing the work of hounds, and admiring the performance of individual dogs on a hunting scent, and the energy of each as he strains to catch it—the Forest has charms, superior per-

haps to those of many other countries. As for the riding, though in some parts it is difficult and awkward, upon the whole it is not thought much of; nor is it calculated to exhibit to advantage those whose only idea in meeting the hounds is to prove their own skill and the superior speed of their horses. The fences are, like Angels' visits, or plums in a school-boy's pudding, "few and far between." The banks with a ditch on one side, though not high or broad, are often, from their rottenness, very dangerous. As an instance of it, about a month ago, Lord Lisle—who is, I hear, one of the staunchest supporters of the Hunt—had a severe fall over one of these places: his horse jumping on the top of the bank, it gave way, and he fell, pitching Lord L. on his head. I was myself just behind, and a more awkward fall I never witnessed. Seeing what had happened, I thought it best to pull up in time, and seek a safer place. His Lordship has been laid up ever since, but is, I am happy to hear, now getting round again.

The weather has been lately so bad, and so adverse to all hunting, that the sport here has been very indifferent—not an atom of scent, or the least chance of a run. It is generally the case, I am given to understand, in the Forest, that there is but little done before Christmas. I have seen, however, the hounds hunt up to their fox on a cold scent in a most superior manner; indeed, I may say, I never saw so much of the work of hounds before, though perhaps, being but a novice that is not saying much. Mr. Nicholls, as well as his servants, seem to me to be very well mounted, and on

horses particularly adapted for this country; he rides very heavy, and is always well up with his hounds. Let the weather be ever so bad, it is still easy to tell whether a pack can hunt or not, and to guess at its merits in spite of all the disadvantages it may have to encounter. Of Mr. Nicholls's hounds, I judge from my own experience. I have seen them on a boisterous windy day, with the leaves falling thick around them, and crossed incessantly by herds of deer; I have seen them persevere, and pick out the scent inch by inch, till at last they have run in to their fox, or been obliged to desist from darkness. If this is not a criterion of merit, I do not know what is. Mr. N. has had this season, what they call, the *Forest lameness* in his kennel, and, I hear, it has attacked many of his best and most favorite hounds. No one has yet been able to assign a real cause for its origin, though many have been given. It has been attributed to the kennel, to the furze, to the wet bogs, and to the inclosure palings; but all these reasons have been disproved. Kennels have been built by the different masters of the hounds in different places. If it was owing to the furze, surely it would not be an incurable disease, and, moreover, it always attacks them in the shoulders. The New Forest hounds were subject to the same lameness before inclosures were known in the forest; and as to the wet bogs being the cause, there is the same species of lameness, though not in so severe a degree, in one or two other countries where there are no bogs. But what is still more extraordinary is, that hounds attacked in this manner have been known to re-

cover by being drafted to kennels in other countries. This is a great drawback on the New Forest, and would make me, had it all the other possible advantages of a hunting country, hesitate ere I took it, and subjected myself to the inconveniences and cruel disappointments which this lameness must occasion; for it must be heart-breaking to a master of hounds to see his greatest favorites limping about his yard, perfectly ruined for ever by this destructive malady, still more heart-breaking because he cannot discover the cause of it.

As I said in my last letter, considering the rough way in which the Hambledon hounds are kept, it is surprising to hear the prodigies they have performed since Mr. Smith has had them. With a small subscription, and a pack of hounds that were but indifferent, he had last year as good runs as any pack in Hampshire. Mr. Smith is a most determined and persevering sportsman, though but a young hand; and the manner in which he gets along horses, that certainly are not the best in the world, has often astonished me; nothing stops him; he goes at anything and everything. His servants, of course, are not mounted in the most superior style—in short, his establishment is perfectly unique. This year, however, I hear, he has turned out better than of former years. He has entered fifteen couples of young hounds; his stud is improved, and he has got young Sharp as his whipper-in. With these advantages, of course, he will succeed better. It is only to be regretted his subscription is not larger, to do the thing more complete, for he has the will. I

heard an anecdote the other day on this subject, which I own amused me much. A gentleman who subscribed *ten guineas* towards the hounds, when the time of payment came, sent Mr. Smith a draft for 8l. 15s., deducting thirty-five shillings for poultry, which the foxes had destroyed in the course of the year. I make no comment.

These hounds have had no better sport than their neighbours, owing to the weather. On Wednesday, however, the 29th of November, they had a brilliant run of an hour and forty minutes, and killed. I was most unfortunately prevented that day by business from meeting them—it is my general luck. The Hambledon country in some parts is very good—than parts, however, nothing can be worse. I wish Mr. Smith all the success he deserves—he is a young man, ardent, and enthusiastic in the pursuit of fox-hunting, and comely withal. I hope he may succeed in the career of Venus, as well as he does in that of Diana:

“For ’tis always the spirit most bold in
the field
That will always succeed best in love.”

I cannot conclude this letter without wishing to all your readers a “merry Christmas.” May the “yule log” burn brightly on their hearths—the “wassail-bowl” pass with the tale and song gaily round their fire-side circles! I am a bachelor and alone, almost a stranger in the place at which I now reside; for me no log will burn, around my fire no bowl be pledged—sad and solitary, I shall sit and think of “those far away.” This season of general festivity to me will be not particularly festive. To see around you happy, laughing groups, families, who make a

point of assembling, however distant, at this period, all engaged in gaiety and amusement, and with whom you can claim no tie, amongst whom you cannot but be considered an intruder—to feel *yourself* the only solitary—that *you* alone have no heart with whom *you* can share the general joy—these, these are feelings—but why try to damp the joy of others? Wishing to all a “happy new year”—to the old, pleasing retrospections—to the young, bright prospects of the future—I subscribe myself,

A RURALIST.

Southampton, Dec. 11.

CHASE WITH MR. FARQUHAR- SON'S HOUNDS.

SIR,

THURSDAY, December the 14th, will be a day long remembered by the lovers of the “sharp, short, and decisive.” Mr. Farquharson’s pack had their fixture for Kingston Russell—

“The dawn was o’ercast, the morning lowered,
And heavily in clouds brought on the day.”

Various were conjectures as to scent; but all agreed, that with that *sine qua non*, and the certainty that his Grace of Bedford’s tenant Sampson (whose heart’s pride is to shew a good fox and help to kill him) would produce the animal, made something out of the common order of things to be expected. A heavy shower (*heavy wet* indeed!) moistened all before the draw, when the hounds were clapt into a willow bed, within sight of the great covert Fox-holes; and as the last couple cleared the fence, Romulus and Gertrude, preluding to the most musical crash of canine vocality

ever heard, made the thing certainty. The struggle for the start was a choker; the gallant animal faced a tremendous hill, and all jumped off at *the pace*. He held his noble course nearly in a straight line for Littlebredy Plantations, Stepleton Cowleaze, Blagdon, the ridge of Portisham, Martinatown, Asheton, and to the descent to Upway, near Weymouth, where, after forty minutes, *without a single check*, they ran in to him in the open—finishing the most brilliant thing that has for some time been witnessed in any country in the most splendid way.

A large field started, but few were placed at the end. On the fine ridge of Blagdon one might indeed

—“Look back, and view
The strange confusion of the vale below.”
SOMERVILLE.

But then was to be seen, as an abundant equipoise for the distresses of the spurrers and the *Spurrier*, “grey with vexation,” the patriarchal and benevolent smile of the ‘Squire of Langton, cheering his noble pack, with his two gallant sons, steady and sportsmanlike, emulating with cool head and fine finger the judgment and science which can alone, on such an occasion, give a place among “the chosen few.”

The brush was fairly won by Mr. House, jun. of Anderston, who proved himself a top-sawyer, and worthy to occupy his father’s saddle, on his capital little chesnut gelding Jack-a-Lantern, by Rebel, although wanting three years of twenty, and this his first achievement of so enviable a trophy—where racing was the order of the day, and the man who deliberated was lost. Let it be added to this record of a splendid day, that Ben Jennings was a

hunter indeed, and both where he ought to be, and always is, when trumps are played—Solomon was in his glory, and Robert a worthy second to such a first whip.

“THE DEVONIAN,” ON SUMMERING THE HUNTER, &c.

IT is in vain, Mr. Editor, to contend with your Correspondent, Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE, who is possessed of more indefatigable pertinacity than usually falls to the lot of man:—

“Qu’on lui ferme la porte au nez,
Il reviendra par les fenêtres.”

To refute his arguments is by no means difficult, but to convince him that his opinions on the condition of hunters are erroneous, is a moral impossibility; therefore, to continue the controversy with him would be useless. One or two parts of his letter, however, require a little comment. In the first place, Mr. LAWRENCE complains bitterly of the severe criticism he has met with from NIMROD, when, only a short time since, he boasted of having given him a check. At any rate, by his own account, he has ever constantly availed himself of the “*lex talionis*,” and therefore can have no just cause of complaint. At times, indeed, he is apt to commit the very identical error which in others he so much deprecates. For instance, PEDIGREE is censured for having mentioned facts relating to the stock of the stallion Sampson, merely because they occurred fifty or sixty years ago; and yet, in almost every Number, we are favored by Mr. L. with some account either of the Godolphin Arabian, Bay Bolton, Eclipse, or indeed of Sampson himself; and in the November Number, after telling us that he was master of

twenty stone, from want I suppose of better authority, appeals to the solemn asseverations of HIS OWN MAN! This is too bad, absolutely ridiculous, and not to be overlooked in one who presumes to criticise the productions of others. We are informed too, that the question of summering the hunter in the field or in the stable is not to be determined by individual instances. How then is it to be determined? Does Mr. LAWRENCE mean to affirm that the examples alleged by NIMROD, such as Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. Harvey Coombe, &c. &c., men of undoubted experience, are to be utterly disregarded, and valued as *noughts set on the wrong side of the figure*? True it is, that in support of his arguments, individual instances are never brought forward; they are altogether beneath notice, and he prefers the *levy en masse*. We are told that the greater part of the CRACK hunters of the present day (an expression which, with leather breeches, went out of fashion twenty years ago) are summered abroad; and again, “*It is not enough to say, that nine-tenths of the hunters of Britain and Ireland are, at the present time, summered in the field as their ancestors were.*” Now it really is to be lamented, that for once Mr. LAWRENCE did not screw his courage to the sticking place, and boldly maintain that ALL the hunters in Great Britain, not excepting even those of his opponent NIMROD, were treated according to his favorite system. The statement would have been equally correct, and the effect upon his readers indisputably the same. That the Sporting World is indebted to your Veterinarian Correspondent for one or two useful publications, there can be no doubt; but his different communications

on the condition of hunters are, in the opinion of most hard-riding men, who alone can be constituted *competent judges on the occasion*, a complete failure.

Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE is in a most *unhappy state of delusion*, if he imagines that a *touch of blackguardism* is requisite to constitute the character of a modern fox-hunter. Sportsmen of the present age neither *conduct* themselves like blackguards, *dress* like blackguards, nor *associate* with blackguards. Unlike their predecessors, in the days of 'Squire Western, they are in the habit of appearing at the covert-side well appointed to a nicety in every particular, and, from their demeanour and appearance, as much fit to be ushered into a drawing-room as to top a flight of rails or a stone wall. This, by the *laudatores temporis acti*, may be deemed a failing; but the object of modern fox-hunters is to unite the characters of a *sportsman* and a *gentleman*, and it is to be hoped they have succeeded in so laudable a desire.

Tetcott was again enlivened, a few days ago, with the "*caro suono lusinghier*," not of the disgusting Italian*, but of Mr. Phillipps's hounds, in their proper unmutated state. A fox was soon unkennelled in Mill Wood, and, after a run of twenty-three miles, was obliged to yield to his fate. As may be supposed, from the length of the run, the scent did not lie very well; the pace, however, gradually increased, and towards the end was very brilliant. The hounds (only nineteen couple) performed admirably, especially Wrangler, who took the lead, and kept it during the whole day. Had not Mr. Phillipps been interfered with, he would certainly have killed his fox half an hour sooner; but there is

no evil without some concomitant good; and during the last check, a gentleman, who had been suffering agonies from a tooth-ache, sat down quietly under a hedge, and had the tooth extracted by a sporting quack-doctor, who happened to be present. The hounds again hit off, and both *patient* and *operator* instantly resumed their places, which were in the front rank. The Tetcott country is generally hunted two or three times in a year; and I am led to believe, nay *I am certain*, that it would be hunted still more frequently, were the foxes better preserved; consequently it is highly reprehensible, to use the mildest term, to destroy them—a line of conduct, I regret to say, that has been pursued by *one or two poulterers* residing in the immediate neighbourhood.

Your very obedient,

A DEVONIAN.

Brentorr, December.

P. S. Having lately procured some harriers in the North of Devon, the gentleman from whom they came very kindly forwarded them by the man who had been in the habit of hunting them. Inquiring on their arrival their different names, the man gave me a list that had been written by his master, but for which he considered it necessary to make many apologies, assuring me that the names were *every one* mis-spelt; at the same time producing another of his own composition, which I here subjoin for the amusement of your readers:—Artifice, *Hartifiz*—Botanist, *Bottanis*—Gaiety, *Geaty*—Cormorant, *Comirent*—Ganymede, *Ganamid*—Heroine, *Heravin*—Galliard, *Galyad*—Bonnybell, *Bonybell*—Hannibal, *Hanybell*—Fourenner, *Furaner*—Reveller, *Rioler*—Militant, *Melatant*—Bountiful, *Bontifell*—Whimsical, *Wimseicill*.

SPORT WITH LORD ANSON'S
HOUNDS.

SIR,

I Have been anxiously looking in your last Numbers for something from one of your numerous correspondents, on the prospects for sport which the country in Leicestershire, hunted by Lord Anson, seems to promise; but I have looked in vain. Still I think an account, however imperfect, of what we are doing here may not be unacceptable to some of your readers, especially to those who, from age or other circumstances, are unable now to visit those coverts where they have formerly heard the view halloo with so much delight. I can assure you nothing gives me more real pleasure than to help the veteransportsmen to "fight their battles o'er again," and to recal to their recollection scenes they have once visited with so much glee. As, therefore, nobody else has taken up the subject, I am determined to try my hand; and here I must beg all indulgence from your readers for this my first attempt in writing on sporting subjects. If this succeeds, I think I may promise something better next time; and at any rate, if it is *darned*, I shall have the consolation of thinking "nobody knows me."

Well then, to begin: I met Lord Anson's hounds, for the first time this year, at Bosworth Park, the seat of Sir W. Dixie, Bart. The place advertized was Gopsal Park, the seat of Lord Howe, to which place myself and some others went. I must confess we were disappointed and vexed, on finding we had been led out of our way some miles; but when we heard from Lord Howe the reason

why the fixture, at his own suggestion, had been changed—viz. that it was the birth-day of the son of Sir W. Dixie—we were well satisfied, and the quantity of foxes found (three brace) fully proved the prudence of the alteration which was made out of compliment to Sir W. Dixie, who, though he does not himself hunt, is a zealous preserver of foxes. From the quantity of game on foot, we had, as you will easily guess, but little running; the hounds, however, did great credit to their huntsman—they were in beautiful condition, and they, as well as the horses on which the servants rode, shewed that no expense is spared by their noble master to make the turn-out as complete and perfect as possible.

The next place at which I met these hounds was at Kirkby Hall, the seat of Lady Byron, but which the Earl of Chesterfield has taken, on purpose to be able to hunt with Lord Anson. Here the field was large: several of the artists from the Quorndon country joined us. I cannot help adding my mite of praise to the style in which Lord Chesterfield seems determined to do the thing: his stud of horses is really magnificent, and their condition equal, if not superior, to any stud of the size in the kingdom. One he calls Advance—bought of Mr. Payne, of Sulby, and got, I believe, by Sultan—I would shew, for condition, with any horse. He, as well as most of his horses, is a little too fat, in my opinion; but that will rectify itself. These horses, I dare venture to predict, will not be found amongst the *grass-eaters* to be produced by Mr. J. LAWRENCE in favour of his favorite system. There was not much running this

Y

day, in consequence of the badness of the scent; but still there was a good deal of hunting, and the day, though it did little for the horses, shewed the hounds well. Amongst the company I observed Lords Anson, Howe, Chesterfield, Maynard, and Denbigh. The last of these Noblemen, I am happy to see, often honours us with his company. He was to-day on a magnificent grey horse, no doubt the one mentioned by NIMROD in a former letter as being got by Sir Harry Dimsdale. Lord Derby's brother seems to be a thorough sportsman, and is this year well mounted. Lord Maynard, who is staying at Leicester, will, I have no doubt, shine as a first-rate performer: he seems to have an abundance of nerve—that necessary article for a good rider.

Of the run from Sibson Gorse, I did not see more than the start. Lady Anson and party were amongst the number of those who came to see the fox break covert. I do not think her Ladyship's four greys will be any disgrace to the B. D. C.: they are beautiful in their form, and not too large.

Odstone was another fixture, and Nailstone Wigs the covert. This is a difficult place to get away from, and this day the gentlemen were particularly unfortunate: eight only saw the hounds go away, and of these six came up, when the fox was lost by a false halloo. The time in which the gentlemen were running this, was only twenty-five minutes, but the pace was awful. Mr. Hassal, who is as keen a fox-hunter as he is a zealous admirer of coursing, had the pleasure of leading the field on a small chesnut horse, which I hear he has since sold at a good price. After trying for some time to get

away with another fox from the same wood without success, we were under the necessity of trotting home—those who saw the run pretty well satisfied with their good luck, those who had their ride for nothing a little disappointed.

Whetstone Gorse was our next fixture. This, on account of its short distance from Leicester, is always a large field; and on this day there were many from the 'Squire's Hunt. In consequence of the immense number of foot-people who had been disturbing the coverts, no fox was found. This was a disappointment to all, and to none more than to that veteran sportsman, C. Loraine Smith, Esq., to whom this covert belongs. We then proceeded to Elms-thorpe Gorse, a covert belonging to Lady Byron; but we were again disappointed, in consequence of some cursed pheasants which had attracted a knight of the trigger amongst them. This most likely would not have occurred had the gorse been planted in the middle of the estate, instead of the outside. Nothing is more to be reprobated than making a preserve for any sort of game close on the edge of an estate. We then went to Normanton, the hunting box of — Arkwright, Esq., who has also planted a large covert for Lord Anson: here we soon found, and after an amazing fast burst of twenty minutes, with the dog pack, the *vurmint* chose to go to ground in a drain. I observed Lord Alvanley amongst the company to-day on a very grand grey horse—he has taken a house in the Quorndon country for the season, and I can assure you weight has not at present lessened his Lordship's rate of going.

Kirkby Hall, on the 23d of November, was the next appointment; and from the new covert we had a most beautiful run of fifty minutes with the *ladies*, and at the end of it the fox was obliged to yield up his life to his gallant pursuers. This run must have been highly gratifying to Lord Anson as a master of fox-hounds—for nothing could be better than the manner in which they did their business. A short but fast run with a second fox finished the day.

A blank day on Saturday November 25, though Burbage Wood was drawn, ended the week's sport, the hounds going to Dunchurch for the next week; but I am afraid they can have had but little sport, from the unfavorable state of the weather.

I think, in this attempt to describe what is doing in our part of the world, I ought not to omit mentioning the run which Lord Howe's buck-hounds had during the last week. This, Mr. Editor, you can, if you find my letter too long, omit. Be it known, then, that Lord Howe, to afford sport while Lord Anson's hounds are in their Warwickshire country, has established a pack of hounds, which hunt the common fallow deer, when turned out before them. On Wednesday last they had a most tremendous run: the buck was uncartered at Odstone; he immediately struck off at a most tremendous pace for Sibson, by Hinckley, Nuneaton, and Bedworth, on the Coventry road, two miles beyond which place he was lost. Two gentlemen only, with the whipper-in and huntsman, were up at the end of the run; one of whom, Thos. Wright, Esq., had during the day three falls, from the slippery state of the ground. The

other gentleman, J. Storer, Esq., rode his old Sir Peter mare, so well known in this Hunt as a *real sticker*: this mare has carried her owner two and three times a week this year, and though he rides thirteen stone, and was twenty miles from home after this run, she looked as fresh as ever when I saw her the next day, her legs not swelling in the least—another proof of the superiority of Nimrod's system; for till this year nothing would keep her legs from swelling most enormously. At my suggestion she was summered up, and kept going this year; and the consequence is, that her legs never were fresher than at the present moment, though she is now twelve years old. This mare I particularly wished to have the hard-meat system tried upon. She was hardly a fair subject for a trial, as her legs were so notoriously stale; but the effect is every thing that could be wished.

Perhaps some of your readers, Mr. Editor, will expect I should say something of the riders in this Hunt; but at present, from the number of good ones, it would be impossible to name them. When we get longer runs I shall be able to say more about it. Still, there is one who is so much superior as a rider to hounds, that I cannot refrain from mentioning him—it is the Rev. Mr. Boulton; and, whether on his grey mare or black horse, few can go with him, and none before him: the manner in which he gets across the country is truly admirable. Amongst the welter weights, Captain Wyndham is not to be despised, or his horses either; at least I thought not when I saw him leap Witherby brook the other day.

Should this prove acceptable,

perhaps, Mr. Editor, you may hear from me again if we have anything worth telling.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

CHARNWOOD.

Dec. 4, 1826.

CURE FOR LICE IN DOGS.

SIR,

THE other day, as I was looking over some of the Numbers of your Magazine, I accidentally lit upon a letter in the last February Number, from a correspondent who wishes to be informed of the best and safest cure for lice in dogs. Had I observed this sooner, I would have answered it accordingly; but since that could not be, I will endeavour now, late as it is, to give the best advice my scanty experience will allow, upon a subject of such importance to the comfort of those useful animals.

Early in the spring of the present year I had a Newfoundland puppy sent me, which from neglect had been suffered to become so full of lice, that literally on pushing aside the hair on any part of the body you might see hundreds of these nauseous vermin crawling about in every direction. The puppy was perfectly miserable: instead of being full of fun and mischief, as is generally the case at that age, he might always be seen scratching and biting, and ineffectually attempting to get rid of his tormentors. The consequence was, that he did not thrive, and his naturally gentle temper became quite soured and sulky. I had him rubbed with grease, soap, and ashes; I tried various oils, which were recommended as certain cures; but nothing seemed to have the least effect, and I had almost given

up the matter in despair, when I met with an old shepherd, who gave me the following recipe:—

“Take a quarter of a pound of tobacco; boil it in about a gallon of water for three or four hours, till you have extracted every particle of strength, then strain off the water: and when it is cool rub it well into the skin.”—I had the dog rubbed with this three times, and the change that immediately took place was quite astonishing. In three weeks he had recovered his condition and spirits, and I have not observed a single louse in him since that time.

Should you think this trifle worth inserting in your Magazine, it is at your service; and I am, Sir, yours,

W. T.

Dec. 4, 1826.

P. S. Any body who makes use of this recipe must be particularly careful not to put too much on at a time, for it is a very strong medicine, and if the dog, as is generally the case, has rubbed the skin off in places, he will feel the strength of the tobacco water very sensibly. The gallon of water, a considerable portion of which wasted away in the boiling, served me for three times; and of course in a smaller dog a less quantity would be sufficient.

NEWMARKET COURSING MEETING.

SIR,

I Forward to you the proceedings of this meeting, which gave infinite gratification to a numerous field of sportsmen; and am, Sir, yours, &c.

A LOVER OF THE LONG-TAILS.

Newmarket, Dec. 6, 1826.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

First Chippenham Field.—For the Gold Cup.—Mr. Rust's Baron beat Mr. Shute's Rocket; Mr. Ayton's Primrose beat Mr. Denn's Duke; Mr. Tharp's Nero beat Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Impetus; Mr. Gent's Sovereign beat Mr. Syer's Emma; Mr. Redhead's Lovely beat Mr. Edwards's Zimmermann; Mr. Hoskins's Hippolitus beat Mr. Wilkinson's Cross; Mr. Buckworth's Key beat Sir T. Gooch's Governor; Mr. Proctor's Warsaw beat Mr. De Burgh's Nimrod.

Matches.—Mr. Redhead's Lively beat Mr. Proctor's Wing; Mr. Rust's Banker beat Mr. Denn's Driver.

Sweepstakes for Aged Dogs.—Mr. Buckworth's Keswick beat Mr. Edwards's Zeranga; Mr. De Burgh's Nestor beat Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Index.

Matches.—Mr. Hoskins's Hamlet beat Mr. Syer's Eagle; Mr. Ayton's Pallas beat Mr. Shute's Romp; Mr. Ayton's Plato beat Mr. Wilkinson's Czarina.

Sweepstakes for Puppies.—Mr. Rust's Bustle beat Mr. De Burgh's Nectar; Mr. Buckworth's Kimberley beat Mr. Edwards's Zophloya.

Matches.—Mr. Denn's Dairymaid beat Mr. Shute's Ross; Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Ivy agst Mr. Wilkinson's Cheviot—two hares; Mr. Hoskins's Harebell beat Mr. Syer's Eo; Mr. Proctor's Widford beat Mr. Redhead's Leo.

Second Class.—Mr. Hoskins's Horatio beat Mr. Syer's Edgar; Mr. Hoskins's Hoyden beat Mr. Syer's Egan; Mr. Hoskins's Hubert beat Mr. Syer's Eton; Mr. Denn's Daphne beat Mr. Hoskins's Hippolita.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

At Allington Hill.—For the Gold Cup.—Mr. Hoskins's Hippolitus beat Mr. Proctor's Warsaw; Mr. Ayton's Primrose beat Mr. Gent's Sovereign; Mr. Rust's Baron beat Mr. Buckworth's Key; Mr. Redhead's Lovely beat Mr. Tharp's Nero.

Matches.—Mr. Denn's Dorothy agst Mr. Syer's Ermine—undecided; Mr. Redhead's Lady agst Mr. Syer's Edgar—no course; Mr. Redhead's Lynx beat Mr. Ayton's Phillis; Mr. Proctor's Wing beat Mr. Buckworth's Kate; Mr. Buckworth's Kirby agst Mr. Proctor's Wickliff—undecided; Mr. Rust's Bachelor beat Mr. Gent's Sherry; Mr. Wilkinson's Colombine beat Mr. De Burgh's Nordia; Mr. Denn's Dowager beat Mr. Syer's Ellen; Mr. Ayton's Puss beat Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Iphis; Mr. Rust's Banker beat Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Impetus; Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Infelix agst Mr. De Burgh's Nimrod—no course; Mr. Hoskins's Horatio beat Mr. Proctor's Widford; Mr. Hoskins's Hamlet beat Mr. Denn's Dinah.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1.

Chevely Field.—For the Gold Cup.—Mr. Hoskins's Hippolitus beat Mr. Redhead's Lovely; Mr. Rust's Baron beat Mr. Ayton's Primrose.

Matches.—Mr. Ayton's Pilot beat Mr. De Burgh's Nectar; Mr. Redhead's Lyra agst Mr. Hoskins's Harebell—no course; Mr. Hoskins's Hoyden beat Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Ink; Mr. Wilkinson's Cheviot agst Mr. Rust's Blackberry—no course; Mr. Syer's Eo beat Mr. Gent's Spring; Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Iais agst Mr. Syer's Emma—no course.

Sweepstakes for Puppies.—Mr. Rust's Bustle beat Mr. Buckworth's Kimberley, and won the Stakes.

Sweepstakes for Aged Dogs.—Mr. De Burgh's Nestor beat Mr. Buckworth's Keswick, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Denn's Dairymaid beat Mr. Buckworth's Kicksy-wixey; Mr. Wilkinson's Catharine beat Mr. De Burgh's Nabob; Mr. Redhead's Lively beat Mr. Denn's Dinah.

Second Class.—Mr. Hoskins's Hippolita beat Lord Dunwich's Eel; Mr. Gent's Sovereign beat Mr. Rust's Blackbird; Mr. De Burgh's Nimrod beat Mr. Rust's Banker; Mr. Proctor's Warsaw beat Mr. Hoskins's Herdsman; Mr. Gent's Spring beat Mr. De Burgh's Nina.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2.

Second Chippenham Field.—For the Cup.—Mr. Hurst's Baron beat Mr. Hoskins's Hippolitus, and won the Cup.

Matches.—Mr. De Burgh's Nero beat Mr. Ayton's Plute; Mr. Barker's Oliver beat Mr. Denn's Dinah; Mr. Barker's Olive beat Mr. Wilkinson's Catharine; Mr. Denn's Daphne agst Mr. De Burgh's Nestor—undecided; Mr. De Burgh's Nimrod beat Mr. Rust's Bachelor.

Second Class.—Mr. Denn's Dowager agst Mr. Gent's (Mr. J. Merest's) Baronet—undecided; Mr. Gent's (Mr. J. Merest's) Bonus beat Mr. Rust's Blackberry; Mr. Hoskins's Harebell beat Mr. Gent's (Mr. J. Merest's) Beatrice; Mr. Hoskins's Hamlet beat Mr. Gent's (Mr. J. Merest's) Baker; Mr. Denn's Dorothy agst Mr. Ayton's Pallas—off.

Baron won the Couples (sixteen subscribers) in the Spring Meeting, 1825: in the November Meeting he beat Dreadnought for the Cup, but in consequence of a dog belonging to Mr. Rust slipping his collar and running in the course (by a rule of the Society), the course was given to Dreadnought, who had the Cup. In the Spring

Meeting of this year he again won the Couples. He is out of Mr. Rust's famous bitch Beatrice, by Lord Dunwich's Garrick.

REPLY TO THE "LOVER OF
THE TRIGGER."

SIR,

AS my faithful instructor seems to have had the effusions of satire more in his mind than the explosions of the fowling piece, I hope I shall not disturb his self-complacency in any way by my attempting to shew how pointless his darts have fallen, or that his percussion plan has not been effective this shot; and I must request him, at the same time, to bear patiently a *counter* given with such force as my humble quill possesses.

It would have spared time had he studied both the thread or purport and language of the correspondent, before he had attempted an answer, or to correct with a dictatorial condemnation, what *unintentionally* appeared as unauthenticated data, or authority.

First, then, my object was to get the opinion of the *Cognoscenti* as to the construction upon which percussion guns will kill the farthest; and, though I gave at the same time a few desultory remarks upon other points, this was my real object. I do not admit that flint locks will always kill the farthest: I am of opinion that percussion will kill farther, if they can be contrived to shoot regularly—always as well one explosion as another; and, with a hope of arriving at something like certainty in this, I hazarded my opinion, and gave some reasons as far as I could perceive, and the plans I most approved; but I ex-

pected a host of gunmakers about me! though I would not answer the assertions of a gunmaker one line, where our objects are so different—*mine being the use*, his the profit;—it would be in vain!

I must still repeat, that with a good flint lock, and all the *et ceteras* in proper order, *there will be no considerable difference in quickness of firing*. But by this expression I did not mean to say that flint is quicker. I know, and so expressed myself in the *above language* (as does every other sportsman know), that flint, in most explosions, is *not quite so quick*; but the difference is not so great as to be considerable, or *material*, to a good steady shot. If what I have written in the former letter can by most of the *literati* be so understood, I return my friend my humble acknowledgments for his farther illustration of my dissertation, and hope I shall not be convicted of plagiarism.

I see my friend (I must call him so, for I never jest with any other sort of being) talks of "*pellet waddings*;" if by this *cognomen* is meant the thick waddings lately invented, (as if it were out of a substance like thick white hat, or such composition as is used for soldiers' belts occasionally,) I think this invention will merit more thanks from the gunmakers than aught else that has come up lately, as I conceive they are more likely to burst more guns than ever the percussion system did when first invented.

Perhaps his form of breech may be better than my plan, provided that the cup which receives the body of the powder is like the smaller end of the acorn. Next, the antichamber I stated like a funnel, as being the most symboli-

cal expression. I then intended to shew that the substance of the breech would be preserved the more, the nearer it approached the anti-chamber. With regard to the beautiful illustration of the Pit-lobby of Old Drury, the Gentleman, when under such pressure, wanted the force, or punch behind, which is generally given in the barrel of a gun. I must, with all due deference, humbly submit to the world, that guns (wide behind I believe they are generally termed), with shot-beds constructed as I stated, kill farther than a cylindrical bore, though I admit they foul and lead sooner; but this is sometimes owing in some measure to the borer, after having enlarged the part, not properly polishing it to as high a degree as the remainder of the barrel. I shall always use them so constructed. With regard to the "bell or wide muzzle," the Gentleman brings forward one solitary instance, which is certainly not satisfactory data. Really, after the shot-bed, I cannot properly account for guns shooting hard or soft. I know two instances of screw barrels, the barrel divided at twelve inches from the breech, and both guns shoot as hard twelve inches long as with the remainder of the barrel. I am not in possession of Colonel Hawker's opinion on the subject: I should like to have it; and I generally understood it was a point not positively ascertained. I admit there is more danger in percussion guns bursting than flint and steel, if the barrels in both instances are of the exact same substance and workmanship; but all percussion guns are, or ought to be, made of more substance than flint and steel have lately been. If the Gentleman admits the same quantity of powder

with flint and steel has the superiority of the percussion as 60 is to 50, why then would he put less powder in percussion? For this very reason I always put as much, and often more, powder into the percussion. I hope I have not intruded by asking the last question, or *ruffled his orthodox complacency*.

By the bye, "Can you hit them?" or, "Is your powder straight?" are common questions to put to a Brother Sportsman meeting him in the field. And now, Mr. Editor, as I do not expect to hear from my friend again this year, I heartily wish him, and every one with soul to enjoy the noble sports, a merry Christmas, a happy new year, and many of them, and conclude with, *Quot capium vivunt, totidem studiorum Millia.*

Anglicè, "Every one to his liking."

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, &c.

CHASE WITH MR. PODE'S HOUNDS.

SIR,

UP, up my bold boys of the hunting breed! I delight to see ye unmuzzled and eager for the work; and could my humble pen push ye forward on the course of fame, that course should be an eternal one. Pluma (a prettier name than goose-quill) shall do her best for ye, my dear co-mates and brothers of the field: if she is blown by the length of the way, it shall not be from the lack of good-will, but from too much of the whip and spur, and from too little of the judicious finger; but she will never be dead beat, although she carries the heavy weight of your deserved praise.

Thus, Mr. Editor, so long ago as somewhere in the middle of September, I began a sort of eulogium

of my brother hunters of the west. After having been out cub-hunting with Mr. Pode's hounds, I sat me down to write my song of joy and praise. On that day the hounds killed their first fox (a cub) in seven minutes; their second they ran into a drain in twenty minutes; their third, an old dog of wolf-like size,* they killed in twenty-eight minutes. I never saw nor heard of a better scent than that day afforded. It was a day of real pleasure; the newly-entered puppies were well blooded; the foxes were plentiful; the men all right and hearty; the stream of joy flowed rapidly and smoothly along, when, alas! a chilling blast from the north east, in the shape of a ginning, shooting, poisonous vulpecide-gamekeeper, spread a thick and horrid ice upon that stream. (In common and short parlance, Lord ———'s gamekeeper had murdered a fox, which bloody deed was made known to me amidst the plenitude of my exhilaration—a sad damper.) Therefore, Mr. Editor, I borrowed a lot of hot maledictions from mine excellent good friend, and, having betaken myself unto the crown of a high hill, I poured down curses upon all vulpecides of every degree: yea, even as Balak wished Balaam to curse the Israelites, did I in reality curse the vulpecides: then with the best intentions I sent those maledictions, fairly written, to you, thinking they might help a right good-hearted fox-hunter to a sharp curse when he wants one to blow up a malignant of the pitfall and gin. Perhaps they are too *hot* for your Magazine*; if so, I suppose you will just say as much in your next Magazine; but if they are not hot enough, I have added some *capsicum*

to them, and will send you a recipe how to cook up a vulpecide in the shape of a broiled devil. However, thanks to my meek and placid disposition, I am myself again. Perhaps that meekness and placidity ariseth from not having yet had a blank day; on the first blank day I shall broil my vulpecide devil, yea, even if I eat it all myself. Now I will publish a good chase with Mr. Pode's hounds for the benefit of those who know the country, and are absent from it.

Tuesday, 24th of October, Mr. Pode's hounds unkenelled in Yeo plantation, on the right bank of the river Yealm, just above Yealm bridge: he went away toward Kitley, then turned to the right by Efford Mill through Ball's and Herston wood, through Lynham warren, broke over the wall and away through Anthony's ground, Tuxton, and Batafors; then crossed the turnpike road (which is MacAdamised from Plymouth to Ivy bridge) into Lee grounds; on, on through Lee, Holland, Priors parks, crossed the Plympton road into Langwick, through Hemerdon, by Mr. Woolcombe's garden, through the higher part of Beech wood, through Sparkwell, and up the lane to Hemerdon hall; then he turned to the right through Goodamoor plantation, Baccamore, Howndall, Lidgates, Steart, Slade; then broke into Storridge wood, where he crossed the Yealm, and ran through Oundle, Hanger, and over Hanger down by the *clump* (where once grew fir trees—now, alas! the bleak winds whistle at and mock their ruins)—well, I cannot help it—on, on ran that gallant fox through part of Hall, where he turned to the left through Wides, Yadsworthy, broke over the wall

* They were.—Ed.

on to Stall moor, over the best part of that moor; then crossed the river Erme, and sought refuge in his donjon-keep among the rocks of Piles: and there we left him to his repose, which I rather think was needful, as the hounds were well at him all through a run of at least sixteen miles, during one hour and twenty minutes.

N.B. We found him in the afternoon. John Roberts, the huntsman, like Balcour of Burleigh, on his stout black horse, was in the front of the fray, and with Captain Pote, Messrs. Tom Bulteel, Courtenay, and Treby, saw the whole of this excellent run. Will Veale, the whipper, had the lead at starting, and kept it at a rattling pace, until he arrived within Storrige wood, where he felt timber under him—no wonder, for there he was planted. One who rides about eighteen stone held hard at Sparkwell: it was well perhaps that he did, for the spark of his gelding's spirit was nearly blown out, although he, the nag, was a true son of Tallyho. The remainder of the field were not placed. Indeed, the pace was sickness to the green ones; and the fences, high, ghastly, and deep, brought on a nervous stoppage to the raw ones. There was bloodshed, sobbing, and distress on that day, among those who trained badly. They say that men's heels went considerably quicker than their horses' legs—condition and blood alone carried the happy few unto the end.

Now I am come to the end of my paper; so good night, Mr. Editor. I hope you are in bed, as time is clicking among the little hours, and none but the dissipated and sleepless are now abroad. Please you, when you awake, give my

VOL. XIX. N. S.—No. 112.

hearty regards to NIMROD, and to all bold hunter men.

Fox-hunter Rough and Ready.
November 28, 1826.

VINDICATION OF THE FOX.

SIR,

"GIVE a dog a bad name, and hang him," is an old proverb, which, like many others, is frequently carried to a most pernicious and destructive extent; for, of all the failings of human nature, none is so difficult to eradicate as *prejudice*. I have always been taught to believe that the fox is a destructive animal, not only to poultry, but to game of every species; and, as a shotsman, I have been cautioned to suffer no opportunity to escape of destroying a *vermin* of such determined enmity to my favorite recreation. However, Mr. Editor, for nearly twenty years past I have shot over a variety of property in the West of England, some of it most strictly preserved, but never in a single instance have I yet witnessed the effects of any depredation committed by this calumniated animal; nor have I heard a farmer complain of any serious attacks on his poultry. And I think I have some right to introduce the name of the farmer, for on two manors, over which I have had the exclusive privilege of sporting for three years past, and which adjoin a plantation where twenty-nine foxes were destroyed in a single week during last spring, not a complaint has been made of a hen-roost robbed, or a farm-yard molested. Foxes are also supposed to destroy game. So they may, when they find it entangled in springes laid by the poacher, or wounded by the fowler;

Z

and the fellow called a "keeper," who disposes of the game to the Guard of the coach or the poulterer, will most readily encourage the idea, and insinuate to his master that no assiduity of his, no night-watching, nor care, can be a match for the cunning of the fox, well knowing that his easy Lord, being fond of a gallop after the hounds, will be quickly silenced by this stale but plausible story.

Last month I was invited to shoot in the preserved fox-coverts of the Hon. Newton Fellowes, at Eggesford, than whom a better sportsman, or a more generous and liberal spirit, never existed. Where foxes were so plentiful, I could not, from my former prejudices, have expected to find game in abundance; but, Sir, the coverts were literally full of foxes, hares, pheasants, and rabbits—aye, and the pheasants had *long tails* too, not deprived of this ornament by the foxes, as an Hon. Baronet* in this county was led to believe by his keepers, when the nine and twenty before alluded to were killed by his order. It is my opinion that an ill-disposed tenant will in one year do more injury to game than a hundred foxes. If he does not destroy them himself, he will connive at the efforts of the poacher; but, Sir, at Eggesford, it appeared to me that no tenant had an inducement to be ill-disposed; for wherever a farmer shewed his face he was presented with a hare or a pheasant; and we all know that the hearts of our sturdy cultivators are naturally grateful for every little attention paid them.

I can easily fancy some of the readers of the *Sporting Magazine* laughing in their sleeves, having

* I believe a Member of the Melton Hunt.

at their fingers' ends the posing question, "on what do foxes feed?" I will tell them. They make great havoc among field mice—they eat frogs, newts, snails, and insects; several kinds of fruit and berries are also acceptable food; the hedgehog in vain rolls himself up in his bristly corslet to oppose his sagacious foe; wasps and wild-bees are attacked with equal success, and they devour both the wax and honey of the latter. That they commit occasional depredations, no one can doubt; but not to the extent generally supposed; and only when pressed by necessity do they venture into the enclosures of the farm yard.

I am not, Mr. Editor, a fox-hunter—the gun has always been my delight—so that I write disinterestedly; but I think it hard, extremely hard, that a rational recreation should be diminished by the wanton destruction of an animal, which affords so much amusement, and induces so many of our country gentlemen to reside on their estates—bearing also in mind, that the momentary caprice of destroying unfairly *one* fox frequently deprives a whole field of sportsmen of an enjoyment which is no where pursued with so much ardour and intrepidity as in Great Britain.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

TIMOTHY RAMROD.

Near Exeter, Dec. 5, 1836.

ON HORSES DROPPING IN THE FORE LEG.

SIR,

HAVING seen, in your August Number of the *Sporting Magazine*, mention made by NIMROD of a disease, which consists of a

dropping or sudden failing in the fore leg of a horse, and a desire to have the opinion of a Veterinary Surgeon on the subject, I shall be obliged if you will insert the following remarks:—The defect, as far as I have seen of it, is not constant as it would be if it arose from any local injury or disease of the limb; the horse is not any more affected on the roughest roads than on the best, which would seem to indicate that the disease is not in the foot; sometimes the horse will be free from the disease for several weeks, and he appears to be better at grass than at hard food. From these facts, and from having observed the disease in horses of bad digestion, and indeed in horses which shewed symptoms of diseased liver, I am led to consider it as connected with a diseased state of that organ. The part sympathetically affected, according to this opinion, is probably the nerve of the shoulder. I must tell NIMROD, however, that I do not offer this as an established fact; but simply as my opinion of the disease.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

X.

Nov. 27, 1836.

THE GAME LAWS.

SIR,
THAT there are some anomalies in the Game Laws no one disputes. Every person possessing a landed estate of the value of 100l. per annum is qualified to shoot; while others, who possess incomes of thousands, are debarred from the privilege of killing a hare or a partridge. I would propose, that every *qualified* person, whether by land or by an *adequate* income, should, under certain regulations,

be put on a par: and as the character of the country is in a great measure altered from what it was when the last Qualification Bill was enacted—first, in the value of money; and, secondly, from a solely agricultural, to an agricultural and commercial kingdom—I would suggest, with all due deference, some alterations, both in the qualifications and licences, which may amalgamate as it were equals in society—the wealthy citizen and the landowner. In the first place, I would increase the charge for licences and extend the qualifications, as a source of revenue, derivable from those who can well afford to pay for a luxury: and, secondly, I would enable those possessing a *sufficient* income, whether in the funds, or from any other source, to enjoy the delightful amusement, from which they are now—not being landholders—deprived by Act of Parliament.

NIMROD, in a former Number, says, “The poor cannot think themselves injured by the Game Laws; because they take from them no right nor benefit which they ever enjoyed.” But that those who, retiring into the country from the labours of a city life, and enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* to which they are so justly entitled, with “all the means and appliances to boot,” should be legally debarred from the pleasures of the field, may be considered as a peculiar hardship.

I have no wish to alter the present Statutes, except as to the extending the qualifications and increasing the charge for the licences—thereby adding to the revenue, and at the same time doing away with the objections which have been so justly raised by a class of people to whom the country is so

much indebted. In suggesting, therefore, a few hints, to meet the anomalies of the existing law—to give to every one possessing *adequate means* the opportunity of enjoying a rational pastime—to put the qualifications of different classes on an equal footing with the increase in the present value of money—and to add to the revenue by drawing a tax for pleasure from individuals who can well afford to pay it—I have the pleasure to say, my views of the subject have met the approbation of others much better qualified to judge than myself.

I now proceed to the objects of this letter. And, first, I propose that the licences should be raised in the following proportions:—

For every gamekeeper, or hired servant, the licence should be 2l. 6s.

For every gamekeeper not a hired servant, 2l. 16s. 6d.

For sportsmen, whose qualification comes under Classes 1, 2, 3, 6, and 7, (hereafter enumerated,) 5l. 5s.

For sportsmen qualified by the 4th Class, 6l. 2s.

For sportsmen qualified by the 5th Class, 6l. 16s. 6d.

I shall now proceed to the requisite qualifications, which I propose to divide into seven Classes:—

Class I.—A man possessed of a freehold estate in right of himself or wife, of the annual value of 160l. or upwards (not including mines or minerals, or land or houses in a populous town). My object in raising this class of qualification—or rather, taking from the yeoman of 100l. per annum, the right of shooting—is, for the double purpose of raising the qualification according to the present value of

the currency equal to what the qualification was as to value at the time the last Qualification Bill was passed; and, at the same time, to suit the qualifications to the society of the present times, inasmuch as we are now more a commercial than an agricultural people: and a yeoman of 160l. per annum now is not of more consequence (I do not think so much) as the yeoman of 100l. per annum in those days.

Class II.—A Clergyman in the possession of a living of 200l. per annum, or upwards.—This Class, you will perceive, is rather favored: as, if any one is entitled to a partiality, I think a resident country clergyman is, who, in a wild district of parishioners, should be permitted to enjoy every amusement in his power.

Class III.—Persons possessed of land of the tenure of copyhold, leasehold for lives, or leasehold for a term above two hundred years, in right of himself or wife, (not including the rent of mines or minerals, or ground rents in populous towns,) of the annual value of 230l.

Class IV.—Persons having a clear income arising from dividends of money in the Government funds; from a sum of money lent on mortgage, or lent as a *bona fide* loan, or otherwise not employed in trade; or from rent of mines; or from rent of any houses, warehouses, or other outhouses whatsoever, either freehold, leasehold for lives, or for a term exceeding two hundred years; or ground rents in a populous town, either solely or conjointly with the income arising from freehold estates (independent and over and above their capital in trade, or their income arising from trade, or the profits arising

from working any mines), in right of himself or wife, of the annual value of 370l.

Class V.—Persons having an income arising from trade, or from any source whatsoever, of the clear yearly value of 650l.

Class VI.—Persons of the rank or above the rank of Captain in his Majesty's Navy, or in a regular cavalry regiment of the Line; or above the rank of Captain in any regular infantry regiment of the Line on full or half pay.

Class VII.—The eldest sons of persons qualified according to the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 6th Classes of Qualification, during his father's life.

None who have not property equal to some of the above Classes, ought or can devote their time to sporting, and keeping dogs, &c. for pleasure, and paying tax, &c. But it is too much to say that no gentleman, when living and spending his income in the country, shall not be permitted to enjoy the sports of the field unless a large landed proprietor. Pray, what would be the value of land if no one could hunt without having 100l. a-year in land? It is folly, in these days of commercial bustle, to talk such jolt-headed nonsense. There are three packs of hounds, kept by three different individuals, none of whom have 100l. a-year in land, within twenty miles of where I am writing, yet all men living in the country, not in business, and of very great property.

In the enactment of a law to carry these objects into effect, I would suggest the following

PENALTIES.

For *wilfully* using a dog or other engine for the purpose of killing game, without either certificate or

qualification, 20l. for *each time*, or, in default of payment, to be sentenced to hard labour for four months, and to find security for good behaviour for eighteen months after in 10l., and two sureties in 10l.; or, in default of finding security, to be kept to hard labour two months more. Secondly, *Wilfully* killing, without certificate according to class (being qualified), 14l., with power to mitigate, but not less than 8l. Thirdly, *Killing*, &c. with certificate, but without qualification, each time 14l.; in default of payment, to be sentenced to hard labour for three months.

It is no uncommon thing for poachers to club together, to relieve a brother in distress—a few shillings to make up the 5l. penalty, to which they are now liable.

The taking of woodcocks and snipes in springes or snares, without qualification and certificate, to be made illegal, under a penalty of 10l. for each bird so caught.—What healthful amusements they afford in frost!

All informations, proceedings, and convictions to be before not less than two Justices. One-third of penalty to informer, one-third to the poor of the township, and one-third to His Majesty as an auxiliary to the assessed taxes.

In case of committal to hard labour, from default of paying penalties, Justices to order the informer 1l. out of the poor rates. This will not increase poor rates, because the law will lessen the number of idle persons. No person to be convicted, unless upon the oath of two witnesses resident in the parish where offence committed, before two Justices. All

forms of Justices' proceedings to be gratuitous, and as short and summary as possible.

Thus, Sir, have I detailed my plan; not for the purpose of increasing our present voluminous Statute Book, but to modify one allowed on all hands to be partially oppressive. I know not why; but certainly our forefathers took more pains, and bestowed more mature and sound consideration in forming a code of laws on any subject, than is apt to be given them at present, when fresh Acts are proposed and passed into a law by a machinery quicker than if impelled by steam.

A few words more, and I have done. And first, respecting the sale of game. I have read the whole of Mr. Wortley's Bill, and consider it the most incongruous thing ever brought to light. The ideas are there not properly concocted; as a few facts are merely put together by some sleepy-headed Special Pleader, without comparing the contradictory relations of the clauses to each other—contradictory to certain parts of the Act itself—in some instances in direct contradiction to the common law of the land. NIMROD's observations are such as would do a senator credit; and considering the word *senator* in its literal sense, I cannot pay him a higher eulogium. My opinion is, to let the penalty for selling game remain as it is; it will neither do much good nor harm, being a superfluous clause. It might be perhaps more consonant with the rest of the Game Laws to repeal it; as I have, in these hints, placed it in the power of the wealthy citizen, not a land-owner, to have game in his possession law-

fully, according to the class: and none else but such as are qualified according to class need have game, as I do not consider them sufficiently rich to indulge in luxuries unless given. Ask a farmer, with a tenure of 50l. per annum, if he will have a brace of partridges, and, unless he wants to make a present of them, he will tell you "they are of no use to him; they are not worth dressing for his family, and the cat will only get them." The poacher or unqualified person cannot have game in his possession, nor take them without being amenable to the law; and consequently cannot sell them. By my classification, I think I have placed the qualified man above the temptation of selling. There may, indeed, be a few exceptions; and these, if found, would soon be discharged from sporting on their neighbours' land. If they have ground of their own in their own hands, to produce sufficient for a market, let the miser-like wretches do what they will with their own.

A word for the land-owner.—I have made the penalties more severe against the poacher and unqualified man; and I think in this land of liberty the action of trespass is a sufficient safeguard and bulwark against a man possessed of property, according to qualification. In case of a second offence, a Jury would visit him pretty severely. For the first trespass, after notice even on the same day, the costs of the action would be sufficient punishment.

By allowing the above opinions to appear soon, you will oblige, Sir, your well wisher,

SOLICITOR SHOT,
Kendal, December 5, 1826.

BOWERS COURSING MEETING.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

MR. Shippery's yel. d. Senator beat Mr. Warman's blk. d. Whistle Jacket; Mr. Trinder's blk. b. Trifle beat Mr. Spicer's yel. and wh. d. Sampson; Mr. Gerrig's yel. b. Goldfinch beat Mr. Tuckey's blk. b. Tipsey; Mr. Brown's blk. b. Black-and-all-Black beat Mr. Williams's (Haley) wh. b. Wing; Mr. Large's blk. b. Lady beat Mr. Myer's blk. b. Muta; Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Golumpus beat Mr. Ensworth's blk. b. Ebony; Mr. Williams's (Denchworth) blk. d. Why-Not beat Mr. Bradford's blk. d. Bang; Dr. Meyrick's blk. b. Maria beat Mr. Hain's blk. d. Hannibal; Mr. Bennet's wh. b. Elastic beat Mr. Comin's bl. b. Esther; Mr. Bush's blk. d. Baron beat Mr. Graham's blk. b. Guinea; Mr. Jno. Palmer's brin. b. Wishful beat Captain Freeman's blk. b. Fright; Mr. Orman's f. b. Olivia beat Mr. Thompson's blk. b. Emily.

TIES.

Senator beat Trifle,
Goldfinch — Black-and-all-Black,
Lady — Golumpus,
Why-Not — Maria,
Baron — Elastic,
Wishful — Olivia.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Senator beat Goldfinch,
Lady — Why Not,
Wishful — Baron.

Senator beat Wishful and Lady, and won the Cup.

Lady beat Wishful, and won the Goblet; and Wishful the Spoons.

Senator is a large puppy, only sixteen months old, and, from the general opinion of coursers, was not likely to win a Cup; but, to the surprise of every one, he won his courses cleverly. He was got by Mr. Brown's Brutus (sire of the celebrated dog Boxer), out of Mr. Shippery's brindled and white bitch, by Sovereign (brother to the Speedy bitch Goldenlocks), out of Springflower, by Mr. Edward Cripps's Champion (brother to Calypso, the dam of Eleanor, which bred Emerald and Elegant), out of Snowdrop, by Captain Lidderdale's Champion. Snowdrop won the Bowers Cup, and was the dam of Skyrocket.

FRENCH SHOOTING.

A SECOND LETTER FROM
"HAWTHORN."

SIR,

I Scarcely suppose my first letter worthy of insertion in your truly valuable *Magazine*; but if you are obliging enough to give it a place, I may, perhaps, trouble you from time to time. I am conscious that in so doing I stand upon slippery ground. Interesting subjects, handled by *such able pens*, render your *Magazine* so amusing and instructive, that few will, I fear, find pleasure in the perusal of my remarks or anecdotes. Such as they are, let them "go forth." If received by you, I fear no criticism; as my *assertions* are always founded upon the test of experience, though in what I simply *advance* I may be mistaken. For the rest, I relate only what I have seen; and as I am unused to writing, those relations may be badly told. In my former letter, I spoke of my intention of touching upon the *projet de loi* as relating to the *chasse*, which will probably be canvassed next Session in the French Chamber; I have not yet had time to peruse it attentively; so allow it to stand by.

I will for a moment transport my readers into Picardy; some of them may hereafter visit Amiens, Abbeville, or Montreuil; and some of these maybe, like myself, amateurs of snipe-shooting. In the environs of any one of these towns, the sportsman will find *de quoi s'amuser*. I give the preference to Abbeville. In the immediate neighbourhood of that town, pretty sport may often be had; but to enjoy the same in perfection let the amateur extend his operations to Rue,

a small village near the coast, to the left of the road as you go from Abbeville to Montreuil, and nearly opposite to Bernay. Here he may, if he will, immediately commence shooting, and beat his way to Rue; he will have work enough for the day, and be well disposed to find the accommodation excellent at a small but clean *auberge* nearly opposite the church. At Bernay he will be more elegantly lodged. I mention this, that all who visit these parts may be pleased. For myself, I am not difficult, except as far as regards cleanliness; and admire the sportsman who can upon occasion make his bed by the side of a cottage fire with a truss of straw and boat-cloak. Upon these excursions, I frequently slept in the cottage of a little farmer and pork-butcher, close to the marshes of Rue; I forget his name; but his cottage is the last of three to the left in crossing from the rabbit-warren to the marshes. He is an honest man, and will take good care of your horse. By sleeping at his house, I avoided putting all the shooters of Rue upon the alert in the morning.

One word now to those who wish at once to know their ground. Let such take up their quarters for three or four days at any one of the above-named places; and let the first excursion be in the direction of Nollette, inquiring there after two men of the name of Hickay, father and son: they know the adjacent marshes from one end to the other. The first perhaps no longer exists, as, when I had the honour of first making his acquaintance, his was no longer the

"*Novæ canities, et recta senectus;*"

but the old boy was game, and would I am sure go snipe-shooting "*dum superest Lachesi quod torquetur*—" and, if alive, I recommend him in preference to the young one, as less of a humbug—though both will cram you, if they can. They half live by the produce of the marshes. Therefore, worthy brother sportsmen, as soon as you have either of them in tow, watch narrowly the ground they beat; shut your ears, and open your eyes; and at the end of a couple of days dismiss them with a few francs, which you will have well laid out, a pound of powder, and a promise (which you will keep or not) to call for them again on a future day.

Now for the sport to be expected by those who have retained the lesson they have received from these worthies, and who consequently will go to work scientifically, and have more shots in two or three hours, than they otherwise would have had from sun-rise to sun-set. The best day's sport I know of in the marshes of Rue was that of an Abbeville crack shot, who killed forty-five couple of snipes (no jacks) in the space of six hours. This, however, was an extraordinary circumstance. I have heard of nearly equally brilliant sport. But to fact: I once killed twenty-four couple and a half in two mornings' shooting, leaving the ground each day soon after one o'clock. The last day I shot, previous to quitting the country, I bagged in two hours twelve couple, of which five were the large double-snipe, about two thirds the size of the small black woodcock, two couple of teal, two chevaliers, as they are called, and three couple of rails. From about the middle of August to the mid-

dle of October is the main passage, and again from the 1st of March to the middle of April, or even the end.

Perhaps I may render service to those who fear wet feet, in introducing them to Mr. Duflos, *bottier, rue des Lingères*, à Abbeville, who for twenty-eight francs will manufacture them a pair of *really water-proof* boots, that will upon occasion draw up to the fork, light and pleasant to the wear. With *care*, and now and then a dressing with the mixture I will give, they will last two seasons' hard work. For the first, forbid your servant positively to ram them close to the kitchen fire; let them be hung up in the air; or, when not used for some time, kept in rather a damp place; at the beginning of the season, fill them forty-eight hours before wearing with water, and leave them full one whole day; then hang them up by the heels in the open air. For the mixture, which beats all I have ever tried, take equal parts of rendered tallow and fir-rosin, melt them over a slow fire, and with a painter's brush dress your boots two, three, or more times; in short, as long as the leather will imbibe the liquid. This receipt is invaluable; as, after a few days, John can give as fine a polish to his master's boots, as if they had never undergone the operation of greasing.

In the neighbourhood of Amiens, in the direction of Picquigny and Flixecourt, the snipe-shooting is often excellent; also about Peronne, as I have been told, but I know nothing of the ground. For the former, the meadows and marshes are more difficult to get over than those of Rue, where it is almost the sports-

man's own fault if he gets into a scrape. Nearer Abbeville, he must have a good head, and the nether-end light. The tide comes up to the town; and often, where he may have passed at one hour, he may have some difficulty in retracing his steps a short time after. Amongst the marshes of Picardy, I must not omit those of Eu, where the passage of snipes is sometimes prodigious: the town is small, but agreeably situated, and would be a pleasant residence for an amateur of the trigger, provided he contented himself with a limited society.

Picardy in general may be considered as one of the best *feathered* game countries in France; thanks to the La Fontaine Solare family, for whose excessive liberality I am rejoiced to express my thanks. I had frequently excellent sport upon their properties of Herisart, and Villers-Bocage during a visit of a few weeks last season to my family at Amiens. Partridges were very abundant; and quails, though reckoned a bad season, pretty numerous; hares were in sufficient numbers to sicken any dog of chasing them, as I experienced: one of mine (a Frenchman), that chased them like a devil previously, tired of the fun before the end of the second day, and has never looked at a hare since, unless wounded.

I believe that English sportsmen in general will laugh at me for any praises I may bestow upon French pointers; I have laughed too: but after some little experience, I own they have their merits. Their want of style is made up in cunning and docility: you will indeed see few that back, but that is the fault of the breaker, and not of the animal. I have a bitch,

A a

that one day's application of the check-collar rendered in that respect (as the French say) *parfaitement sage*. Their breed is decidedly improving in point of appearance: in short, I think little is wanting but method on the sportsman's part to render them equal for *killing* to any of our crack forty-guinea-a-brace dogs; the want of that method blinds them to what we consider certain indispensable requisites in a pointer. I cannot better elucidate where they want ideas, than by an anecdote of a keeper, who, urging me to buy his dog, summed up the account of his excellent qualities by saying to me, "*Monsieur, il m'arrêtait hier un renard, comme un piquet, et, nom de Dieu, il l'a chassé ensuite pour deux heures.*" Perhaps he had heard that all Englishmen were fox-hunters, and thought to nail me by this wonderful feat; but, as my readers will imagine, I declined the bargain. I must add, that I have seen one or two excellent and steady pointers in the field, which, if laid upon a hare or a *chevreuil* in covert, would hunt them in such a manner as to insure you a shot, and would afterwards return to their feathered game as steadily as before. Strange to say, one of them was a thoroughbred English pointer, belonging to the *Conservateur des forêts royales du Département de la Meurthe*: this dog died a few days since from the bite of a viper.

By the way, we seldom see in England what is here considered an indispensable quality in all pointers; viz. that of bringing their game: I never will again be without one dog at least that does so. If you take the field habitually with two or three, they must be taught not to squabble

over a partridge or a snipe, as it is by no means agreeable to see Sancho arrive with a leg, or Bumper trailing a wing and carcass. In marsh-shooting, a dog of this description is indeed a luxury. How many needless steps are you spared, and how many head of game do you bring to bag, which fall out of your reach! I have never had occasion to move one yard to pick up a bird during three years' snipe-shooting with the same dog; and can with safety say, that on the most difficult ground I have not lost five head of game. If any of my English friends one day see "*Milord*," he will I am sure be voted a *Nonpareil* at his business.

I do not know what may be the mode in England at present, not having shot there for nearly six years: but I thought at that period we were breeding pointers too much for speed. I do not see the advantage of their travelling over their ground at a fox-hound's pace; on the contrary, I am sure that such, if they do not *sometimes* run up their game, very often pass by it. But speed is every thing now-a-days, and every thing must now be done (like a beef-steak) *à la minute*. Many of my readers will smile; but though no *slow-top* myself, I hate to see every thing sacrificed to speed.

I remain, Sir, your very obedient servant,

HAWTHORN.

Dec. 10, 1826.

EAST ILSLEY COURSING MEETING.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17

FOR the Cup and Couples.—Mr. Williams's wh. b. Whisker beat Mr. Hamman's wh. d. Hannibal; Mr. West's blk. d. Whalebone beat Mr. C. Hamman's blk.

b. Fly; Mr. Cripps's blk. d. Champion beat Mr. May's f. b. Runaway; Mr. Co-min's blk. b. Careless beat Mr. W. Palmer's blk. b. Pigeon; Mr. Adnam's (West's) f. b. Symmetry beat Mr. Trinder's bl. b. Gipsy; Mr. Field's blk. b. Fly beat Mr. Burden's (Wyatt's) yel. b. Blossom; Mr. Deer's blk. d. Spring beat Mr. W. Williams's wh. b. Wing; Mr. Southby's bl. b. Snipe beat Mr. Williams's blk. d. Warrior.

TIES.

Whalebone beat Whisker;
Champion — Careless,
Symmetry — Fly,
Snipe — Spring.

SECOND TIES.

Whalebone beat Champion,
Symmetry — Snipe.

Mr. West now declined distressing the dogs, as the Cup and second prize were his own. On the same principle, Mr. Southby gave up the third prize to Mr. Cripps.

Whalebone was got by Mr. West's Fickle, out of a black bitch, supposed got by Platoff. Fickle's dam was Tulip (winner of the Goblet at Ilsley), by Captain Lidderdale's Champion, out of his bitch Zone, by Mr. Wilkinson's Zug, out of Colonel Lovelace's Mary, by Colonel Mellish's Atlas (Son of Snowball), out of Colonel Lovelace's Puss.

ON TURF MATTERS, &c.

SIR,

IT must, I think, appear rather strange to a new reader of the *Sporting Magazine*, (and new readers there must be as it increases in circulation,) to find the greater part of its pages, for some Numbers back, filled with little else but party controversies; and as he cannot refer to the foundation of these wrangles (for arguments they cannot be called), it becomes at once uninteresting and absurd. *Audi alteram partem* may be a good maxim to those immediately con-

cerned; but, when spun out to such an intolerable length, we cannot help crying out "something too much of this." I am, however, glad to see NIMRON's better sense has at length got the mastery; as he declares in the last Number of your *Magazine*, he has now done with the subject. Most certainly "abuse and invective" cannot be the right sort of "mild medicine" to soothe his opponent's irritated feelings, nor those either who have to wade through such stuff; and I am sure the majority of your readers would rather have a dozen lines of advice, such as NIMRON in his best hours is wont to give, than be bored with such altercations, which, like bad money, are only passed to be returned again, and which, ultimately to all, are but "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." Let us then hope the calumet of peace has been smoked, and harmony to be interrupted no more; or, if "grim-visaged war" must again ensue, pray let us have a "new series," that we may all know "the very head and front of the offence."

Turn we to more genial themes. With what pleasure have I read the able letters of THE OLD FORESTER on the Turf! I am sure we have had more practical information from his pen than could have been purchased at the expense of hundreds otherwise. I perfectly agree with him, as to his opinion that the Turf is far from being in a bad state; on the contrary, I do not hesitate to say, if non-payment of certain bets be the test from which the standard of its ebb or flow be judged, I rejoice thereat, rather than grieve; for if men, 'aye and old ring-goers too, have been tempted to sacrifice "sense to sound" (as the critics

have it), they deserve to suffer for it—that is, if they will bet with men whom they never heard of before, to the tune of thousands, and almost “tens of thousands,” (for thousands are as easily *spoken* as hundreds,) and rely on such moonshine to hedge to, what can they expect—but, like TYKE, to get into the ditch?” They find out, sooner or later, it is one thing to *talk* thousands, and another to *pay* thousands. I am told that a late certain great owner of several defunct buildings not a hundred miles from St. James’s-street was, according to his book, a winner on last season of nearly 50,000l.; but, according to his pocket, minus 10,000l.; and I think it likely enough, according to the mania which existed somewhere about the time of last Doncaster twelve-month, what with levitating naval captains and others, who speculated on “the old boy*.” It is on these very grounds I say I rejoice; because, as a “burnt child dreads the fire,” so must betting be reduced to that scale where sterling and legitimate supporters of the Turf are to be found.

By-the-bye, on reading THE OLD FORESTER’s account of the past season’s racing, I see an error has crept in, where he states that The Alderman “has not shamed his country, by having beaten Redgauntlet, Mortgage, and Bizarre, for the Audley End.” Now, the fact is, Mortgage did not start for that race, both he and the winner being the property of the Duke of Portland—The Alderman having been purchased by the Marquis of Titchfield when in the North. Had he, indeed, fairly beaten Mortgage, I should have been inclined to have given him far greater credit than

I am disposed, as the matter stands, to allow him. Looking at him as a comparatively fresh horse, with but 8st. 11lb. for a four-year-old, and beating Bizarre with 9st., and Redgauntlet with 8st. 21lb., both of which horses had been running a “pretty con-si-de-ra-ble deal,” and were certainly stale, is not, I think, a very great feather in his crest. I am decidedly more inclined to rank him higher, from having beaten Heroine with but 6st. 12lb., and whose running during the latter meetings has shewn some stoutness. However, there is *one thing* we elucidate from this race; and that is, the sort of chance Redgauntlet would have had to win the Leger, supposing he had not met with that unfortunate post, which said post made many of his admirers console themselves with what he would have done, had that “mar-all” been out of the way: but the fact is, there were undoubtedly four nags *at least* against him in the race, that could easily have stopped him out, without the aid of posts or pillars; and those are, Memnon, Alderman, Actæon, and Fleur-de-Lis; and it proves nothing, at all events, for the *stoutness* of the North-country breeding, that the undoubted worst of the four should take the shine out of the Newmarketonians—though, as THE OLD FORESTER observes, he certainly was the best laid in. I learn that Memnon is likewise coming to Newmarket in the Spring, Lord Darlington having bought Abron, at Mr. Russell’s sale, to work with him. We shall then see what sort of a figure the Leviathan of the North will cut on our “Southron” turf. The Alderman, as a kind of pilot-balloon, augurs well; but there certainly

* A nickname among the betting men for Cleveland.

is some kind of fatality hanging about his Lordship's long-priced ones—witness Swiss, Barefoot, Reformer, Serab, and, lastly, Memnon, whose united prices, according to report, could not have amounted to much less than eleven or twelve thousand pounds! I include Memnon among the unfortunates; because he has been beaten by—although a very neat, yet certainly not more than—a third-rate mare as to racing. I allude to Sir W. Wynn's Signiora; though I do not consider an isolated case like that proving much—so many things are to be taken into consideration, with which none but the trainer can be acquainted, particularly as the horse has since retrieved his reputation. Reformer also, since he has been the property of my Lord Wharnccliffe, has certainly improved greatly; and, though I believe I shall be in opposition to wiser heads than my own, yet I cannot help saying I really consider him little, if at all, inferior to any horse of his year for a *certain distance*. And here I will just remark the very bad up-hill sort of chance (after his three-year-old engagements are off) a horse has, that has come out pretty well. They take care, in Handicaps (and those kind of stakes are the only ones worth running for), to give him such “lumping weight,” that they are sure, as a sailor would say, “to clap a stopper over all.” Thus it was with Reformer's last race; having been obliged, in consequence of their respective running, to give Tarrandus 10lb., though *both of a year*; so that a horse, to get well laid in, must run and lose three or four times before he can have a chance; and then, after unexpectedly winning, there are such

long faces, with “who could have thought it!” while those only reap the harvest who have had “the office.” This is undoubtedly fair enough as to getting money; but it is not *fair racing*; and frequently “blasts the fair fame” of many a real good nag. I contend, this, in a great degree, might be obviated, were there any Produce Stakes for four or five year-olds. However, to return to smooth sailing—I am sure I shall not stand solus in wishing my Lord Darlington every success on his return to the Turf, from which I am certain he has been too long absent, in the opinion of all real well-wishers thereto.

Having said so much as to the past, I may, perhaps, be allowed to add a few words as to the future: and really, when we look to the number and magnitude of the Stakes already on the tapis for the ensuing season, I cannot persuade myself, for a moment, that we have the least occasion to cry out that the spirit of racing is on the wane. Both the great races (Derby and Oaks) present far greater “fields” than have ever before entered the lists; and, as after a storm comes sunshine, so let us hope the ensuing may be the brightest season we can wish for. As to country racing in general, no one for a moment can deny that great spirit has within this last year or two been infused into several of our provincial “places of sport;” and whoever will take the trouble to turn to the Calendars will much oftener find lack of horses than want of Plates. Indeed it is a matter of surprise to me, that among so many things which are constantly getting into country training, when drafted from the great nurseries after they have finished their three-

years-old probation (which seems to be the maximum in general for which they are wanted), there being (as I have before noticed) unfortunately no Produce Stakes for four-year-olds*, that we should so often see the Plate of so-and-so "was not run for from want of horses."

Though I am not at all one of the most sanguine as to making a fortune by travelling a horse about the country to pick up Fifty Pound Plates—scarcely half of which, when won, finds its way into the owner's pocket, after deducting the small expenses of training, travelling, riding, &c. "and the thousand natural shocks *your pocket* is heir to;"—yet I contend there are few businesses that are so ill conducted as country racing; and yet I do not think there are many, which, with a little attention, might be made more pleasant and profitable. The fact is, people think they cannot get money too quick; and so, generally, imitate the fable of "the Dog and the Shadow:"—by grasping at too much they lose all. The moment the season begins, they "e'en to't like French falconers," without once considering the state of their "horse," what sort of course he can run as to length, &c. &c.; and in nine cases out of ten a good horse, instead of being planted well a few times safe to win, is so dragged about from place to place, that, before the season is hardly begun, he is "stumped up," and his owner sees with mortification (though his own fault) horses, which he could in his fresh day absolutely lose, beat him with ease. Sorry am I to say, I am

afraid it was something like this that caused the sad falling off of that good "bit of stuff," Long-waist, last season—looking at the number of miles that horse travelled the close of the preceding year, and running so severe a race as he did with Lottery at Doncaster. Had a little of the consideration been used which I have been recommending, surely he would not have been sacrificed as he has been; and it is the more to be regretted, for the sake of his late liberal and spirited owner, who must have been considerably minus.

I have already, as a recruit, marched I am afraid too fast; but my subject has led me on from one matter to another; and will therefore now endeavour to "pull up;" though, should these lucubrations be favorably received, I will candidly own I may be again "tempted to see myself in print;" and trouble you, Mr. Editor, (and I am afraid your readers too,) with a few more "loose thoughts." Before parting, I would say a word or two to Nimrod, who I certainly am somewhat startled to see, in this month's article on "the Road," giving us an essay on the lamps of the ancients; and, while lamenting the want of improvement in our coach lamps of the present day, refers us to certain lights of yore, which tradition has handed down as having burnt fifteen hundred years!!—as *Falstaff* says, "think of that, Master Brook." But surely this can have no more to do with the subject, than to shew his readers his infinite knowledge on all topics; and, in consequence thereof, it will be matter of surprise to me, if he be not

* There has been, I find, this year a Stakes made (not a Produce), and a very spirited beginning I am glad to say it is, for 4-yrs-old colts and fillies for 1839, to which there are twelve subscribers at 500 each; and, what is better than all, the good old-fashioned "B. C." is the course appointed.

ere this elected an honorary member of the Antiquarian Society; and then indeed we must respect him for the reasons which *Dick Dowlass* gives. (*Vide* the "Heir at Law.") But, joking apart, NIMROD, as a practical man, should, I think, in most cases blame the lamp cleaner, and not the lamp maker; for who has ever seen a pair of lamps to a coach (let them be ever so good as to principle) that were not absolutely begrimed with oil-dregs and dirt? and we all know that in our table-lamps the greatest possible cleanliness is required to keep them in order. Now if I dare set my puny knowledge against so great a master as NIMROD, I would venture to assert, I have seen two or three kinds of coach lamps which, as to strength of light and continuance thereof, by good draught through the lamp, and as far as burning oil goes, I really think almost perfection; though I am ready to admit if portable gas can be generally applied (which I think is out of the question), great and unforeseen advantages as to night travelling may yet arise. Therefore pray do not let us consider the fifteen-hundred-year-lights of the dark ages, nor let them talk of eclipsing our modern luminaries. All the beams those "lengthy" ones could have given would hardly now serve to make "darkness visible." But here I am again out of my road, when I ought to have "dismounted" long since. Well then, "what's in a name?" says Shakspeare; and truly I am somewhat at a loss to answer. But this much I know, I no sooner receive your Monthly Number, than I eagerly look for the signature of THE OLD FORESTER; and, as I trace his excellent remarks, am tempted to answer our

Bard's query, by parodying (pardon the profaneness,) his own words; and say that I am sure by any other name the pages would not read as sweet. If, then, my reaper (for after him I am but a poor gleaner) be entitled *par excellence* to be THE OLD FORESTER, I hope it will not be presumptive in me to wish you, Mr. Editor, and your numerous readers (in good old fashioned language), "a merry Christmas and a happy new year," which I do most cordially, as

THE YOUNG FORESTER.

TRAVELLING IN OLDEN TIMES.

SIR,
THE following copy of an advertisement from the *London Evening Post*, of March 1751, may not be uninteresting to "NIMROD" and some of your readers.

You will perceive that two days were then nearly occupied in the journey from London to Dover. This coach probably afterwards became a *day coach*, continuing its journey through from Canterbury, and might have been the first to Dover.

Perhaps NIMROD might be so obliging as to entertain your readers with comparative statements of the progress of coaches within his time—as interesting a period as any in the annals of coaching.

Yours, &c.

W. P. S.

London, Dec. 4, 1826.

(COPY.)

"London Evening Post, March 28, 1751.

"A stage coach will set out for Dover every Wednesday and Friday from Christopher Shaw's, the Golden Cross, at Charing Cross, at four in the morning; to go over Westminster Bridge to Rochester to dinner, to Canterbury at night, and to Dover the next morning early; will take

passengers for Rochester, Sitting-bourn, Ospringe, and Canterbury; and returns on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

By

{ THOS. HARTCUP,
ROBT. LEGETT,
RICH. STRADWICH,
KATH. PORDADGE.

"There will be a conveniency behind the coach for baggage and outside passengers."

A DAY WITH THE WORCESTER-SHIRE FOX-HOUNDS.

SIR,

I Shall not apologize for troubling you with the particulars of a day I enjoyed with the Worcestershire fox-hounds on Friday the 8th inst.; for I conceive all your readers have an undoubted right to contribute to your columns any thing they may deem interesting to their brethren in the field. Without farther preamble I shall proceed to state that these hounds, under the very able management of Mr. Parker (whose character as a sportsman is too well known and appreciated to require any comment from my pen), met at a covert, I believe called Goose-hill (but being a stranger to the country, should I make any inaccuracies in the names of places, I shall be most happy to be corrected by any one who witnessed the hunt with myself). The hounds had not been in covert more than ten minutes, when reynard broke away, followed by one hound close to his brush, but in a direction which those knowing the country did not like: and Mr. Parker, in a most sportsman-like manner, whipped off, and headed his fox. The country he was pursuing was, I believe, in the direction of a *great man's* estate, who is well-known enemy to fox-hunt-

ing and fox-hunters. After several ineffectual attempts, reynard was prevailed upon to break covert in the direction which best suited the wishes of his pursuers, and after a most gallant run of forty minutes he took earth in a covert called Bow Wood. With the assistance of an excellent terrier, borrowed from a neighbouring gentleman, he was unearthed, and again went off in gallant style. We had another beautiful chase of one hour and five minutes, *without a single check*, when poor reynard was obliged to yield up his life to this most excellent pack of hounds, in the presence of very few out of a numerous field of sportsmen.

The country over which we rode was a tremendous heavy and trying one, both to man and horse. This was my first day in Worcestershire, and I must acknowledge I have seldom been more gratified than I was with this day's sport; and I must, in justice to some of the gentlemen of the Hunt, say, their bold, intrepid, and skilful riding does them great credit. It was to me a high treat to see the great judgment with which Mr. Parker rode: I never saw a horse galloped across a country in better style. I was equally pleased with several others, whose names I was sorry I could not learn: a stout gentleman on a grey mare I particularly noticed—he must have rode seventeen or eighteen stone, and I never saw a horse better rode, or greater leaps taken. Indeed I could find I was but a *second rater* in Worcestershire, and I have generally flattered myself with being a *good one*. By the bye, I was much puzzled to get across Crowle Brook, over which several had gallantly led the way. And here I must

recount a very laughable scene which I witnessed. Either from having bad nags, or from bad riding, four or five had the enjoyment, *gratis*, of a cold bath, to the amusement of their more fortunate companions. I observed one gentleman in particular, whom I had before noticed of a beautiful little chesnut mare. The dilemma in which he and his horse were, seemed to afford much mirth and satisfaction; and when I inquired why more commiseration was not shewn for him, I was told he was not a favorite in the Hunt, on account of some inhospitable treatment he had shewn to the gentlemen a few days previously. "Be this as it may," said I, "be charitable;" and I was pleased to see a dram administered to him shortly after.

I beg pardon for this digression from the main point of my letter; but the sight was so ludicrous I cannot get it from my mind's eye. I was much amused to see the anxiety manifested to obtain trophies of this excellent fox chase. The brush was got by Mr. Parker, and with much truth may he say, "This is the trophy of a hard-fought day."

I am, Mr. Editor, your constant reader and admirer,

A FOX-HUNTER.

Worcestershire, Dec. 15, 1826.

For the Sporting Magazine.

HIGHCLERE MEETING.

ON BEACONHILL—TUESDAY, DEC. 12.

For the Cup and Currant Jelly Stand.—

Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Bagatelle beat Mr. Shippery's bl. d. Snail*; Mr. Etwall's blk. d. Express beat Mr. Shute's blk. d. Ulysses; Mr. Evans's blk. b. Ermine beat Sir James Fellowes's blk. d. Firebrand; Mr.

Briscall's blk. d. Brunswick beat Mr. Phillips's blk. b. Ruth; Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Grandison beat Mr. Bunny's yel. and wh. b. Roast; Mr. Arbuthnot's wh. b. Actress beat Mr. Graham's f. b. Shefro; Mr. Meyrick's wh. b. Matilda beat Mr. Bull's mouse b. Bat; Lord Carnarvon's blk. b. Gift beat Mr. Starkey's wh. d. Frolick.

WINNERS REDUCED TO FOUR BRACE.

Bagatelle beat Express,
Brunswick — Ermine,
Grandison — Actress,
Matilda — Gift.

Matches.—Mr. Shute's blk. b. Una beat Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Goshawk; Mr. Etwall's blk. d. Elastic beat Mr. Goodlake's yel. and wh. d. Gallio.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13.

WINNERS REDUCED TO TWO BRACE.

Bagatelle beat Brunswick,
Matilda — Grandison.

WINNERS REDUCED TO ONE BRACE.

Matilda beat Bagatelle, and won the Cup; Bagatelle the Currant Jelly Stand.

Snail, Bagatelle, Grandison, and Brunswick were the favorites; therefore, I did not make any inquiry into the pedigree of Matilda, more than Mr. Etwall, her owner, informed me, she was out of a very speedy bitch he bought of Mr. Akerman, a farmer, who resides near Milton, Wilts.

Bagatelle was got by Hogarth, out of a bitch of Dr. Segrin, of Warminster. Hogarth was got by Hafid, out of Mr. Pettatt's Old Pleasure, by the celebrated dog Champion. Although a black and white dog, he got more yellow puppies than the dam of Brenda or her grand-dam ever bred. Snail having won the Cup here last year, and the West Isley Cup, in the name of Hannibal, in November last, was of course a great favorite. Not being present when he ran his two courses for the Cup, I cannot give my opinion; only, as soon as I arrived on the ground, I was told by several old coursers that Snail had two parts

* Two courses—first undecided.

out of three in the course; and one gentleman declared, it did not take a shilling off the value of the dog by having the course given against him; and if Mr. Shippery would sell Snail, he would give him the sum named by him; but Mr. Shippery declined selling Snail for any price at present.

BREAKING COVERT.

Designed by WOODWARD, and Engraved by ACORN.

THE act of a fox breaking covert is one of the most rapturous moments of a sportsman's life. The annexed print represents a fox just unkennelled by hounds, and facing an open country, in hopes of saving his life. The sportsman on horseback is giving a view halloo, by way of bringing the pack quickly to the scent, and thereby insuring a burst, if not a capital run. In the opinion of our brother sportsmen, the fox is well executed; and if the attitude of the horse and his rider is not equally good, we are sure our readers will make allowance for a young beginner on such subjects.

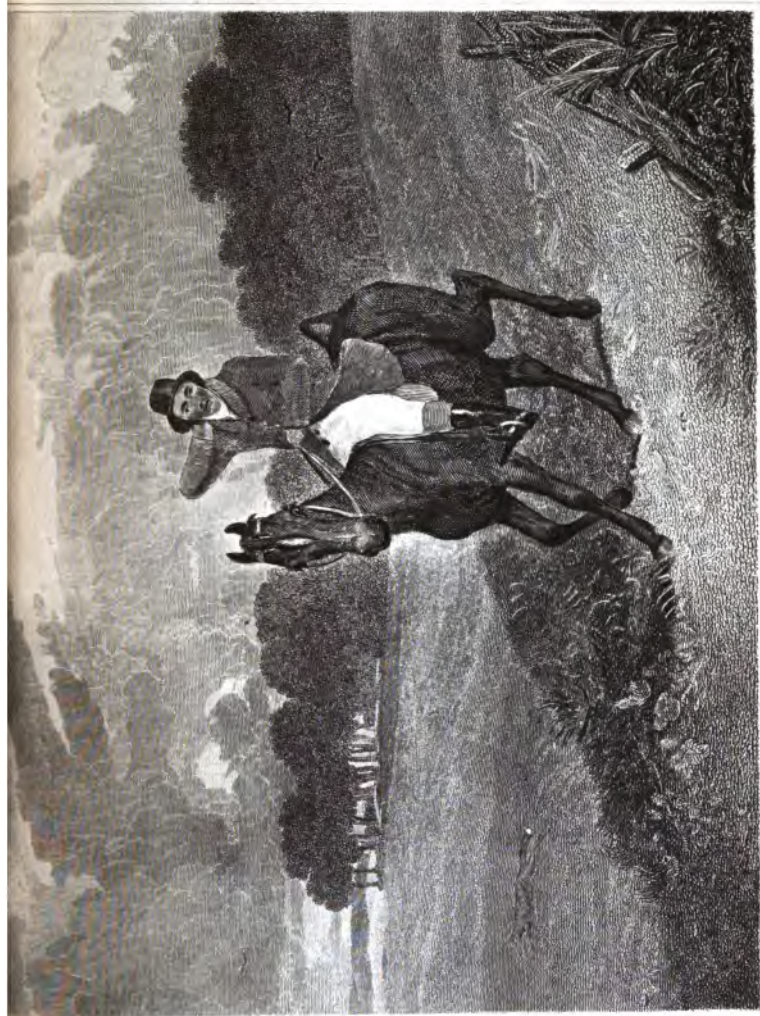
THE FEAST OF ST. HUBERT.

Letter to Nimrod from his Friend in France.

MY DEAR NIMROD,

I find that it is now rather better than six months since I sent you a despatch on foreign-eering business. To write without a subject is a very tiresome employment, and the sole reason of my long silence. Luckily, however, the great day for all Continental sportsmen, the Feast of St. Hu-

bert, has afforded matter for a short description of this ancient festival. The St. Hubert is most rigidly observed, not only in France and Germany (and in some parts of the latter country with the greatest splendour), but in most parts of the Continent of Europe, and is generally held during the first whole week in November; so that, at the same time that many a poor poster is going the pace from London to Melton, the same thing, in a different form, is going on here. As there is, perhaps, no place in France where this *fête* is so well kept up as at Chantilly, and as it is a moment when the stables and kennels are completely full, I was anxious to pay a visit to this unique establishment at so favorable a moment for seeing it in all its glory. Thanks to the hospitality of my old friend Sir James Fitzgerald, who rented a small neat country-house close to Chantilly, I had an opportunity of gratifying my wish in the most convenient and agreeable manner. My brother and I arrived there on the 5th of November to be in readiness for the following day. But before I find, and enter into the sports of the week, I think it necessary to state to you the extent of this extraordinary establishment. It consists of sixty couple of stag-hounds, eighty couple of boar-hounds when complete, and forty-five couple of *chevreuil* hounds; the stable, two hundred and twenty horses, with the necessary number of piqueurs, grooms, coachmen, postillions, helpers, &c. When a man has such an establishment as this, you may imagine he does not let the grass grow under his feet. I before told you he hunted all the year round; but when I add that he hunted twenty-eight days run-



BREAKING COVERT.

Illustration of a man riding a horse through a field, breaking covert.



ning, of the most broiling hot weather of last summer (and it was a clipper), meeting at eleven in the morning, I think you will allow him to win easy. His huntsmen and whippers are well mounted, remarkably active and clever, and good horsemen. There are two or three brothers of the name of Fortin, one of whom I think would beat most men in getting well through a very thick wood; his eye, decision, and quickness, are astonishing. There is also a whipper by the name of Michael, who once lived with the Duke of Wellington when he had his hounds in this country, who deserves to be mentioned as a most varmint and straight-forward chap.

On the morning of the 6th, we proceeded to the place of meeting. Lady Fitzgerald, on her beautiful white Arabian, which she rode in the most distinguished manner, did us the honour of accompanying us. The rendezvous was at the round table in the Forest of Chantilly, a print of which has already been given in a former Number of the Magazine.

A large tent was pitched over the table, where His Royal Highness the Duke de Bourbon, and all his company from the Chateau, breakfasted. Here the crowd was immense: men and women in all the gay colours of spring; horsemen, horses, and vehicles of every description, from the coach-and-six to the sweep's dust-cart; the gentlemen in attendance on His R. H. and servants all in the Hunt uniform, the colour of which is called *ventre de biche* (literally the colour of a hind's belly), were anxiously waiting the blast of the horn which announced that "this day a stag must die." As for riding comfortably, it was a hope-

less case, so great was the crowd; and here there is no getting rid of 'em, as in an open country. In fact, it is their Epping Easter Monday, and I am sure I am under the mark when I say there were five thousand people. With all these disadvantages they soon found a very fine stag, who led them a merry dance for two hours and a quarter, the hounds doing their work in a most masterly style; no check of any consequence: and though the quantity of stags in this Forest is very considerable, I'll venture to say that they seldom, if ever, change: and may add, that it but rarely occurs that they miss a stag if the day is long enough: they run for blood, and they get it. This is a fine and handsome pack of hounds. I particularly remarked their legs and feet, which on an average throughout the pack are perfect. A great part of them were procured young from His Majesty's and Lord Derby's kennels. This day they had many difficulties to encounter, and they proved themselves superior. The kill was as pretty a sight of the kind as you can imagine. The stag took an immense piece of water in the middle of the Forest, every hound in with him; the *coup-d'œil* was singularly beautiful. The situation, the woody banks of the lake in all the richness of autumnal foliage, the noble animal sailing majestically in full view of five thousand people, the whole pack after him in full cry, the music of the French hunting horns, and the brilliant sun that burst out upon us at the identical moment, is far beyond my descriptive powers to do justice to. The stag remained so long in the water that he was drowned; two whippers were sent after him

in a boat, and brought him to the *Chateau de la Reine Blanche* at the head of the lake, where he was displayed before the Royal party. They afterwards found again, the crowd considerably diminished; and, after an hour and a half the dinner pace, ran fairly into him.

On Thursday morning, the stables and kennels were shewn to the party from the Chateau. Every stall full, and all the servants with their new liveries, drawn up in line behind their horses, made a splendid appearance, and at one glance it gives one an idea of the extent of this princely establishment.

Wednesday was destined for the boar hunt—place of meeting, the *Table Ronde* in the Forest. Found immediately two or three boars: hounds divided: I, with two or three others, got away with about twelve couple of hounds—a killing pace. He skirted the edge of the Forest a long time, and seemed inclined to go over a magnificent open country; but to my annoyance he hung to his native woods, and as His Royal Highness was not of our party, they stopped the hounds, and galloped away with them to the other side of the Forest, where we just arrived in time for the death of the other boar. The best run was reserved for the evening. We found our afternoon boar rather late, and after a severe run of two hours and a quarter, always at him, he took the water, and swam across the lake in great form, every hound after him; but to prevent him damaging the hounds, he was shot by a piqueur on getting out of the water. Only about five up at the death.

Thursday, His Royal Highness and party took the diversion of shooting.

Friday, we had the Chevreuil Hounds out: soon found; some very pretty hunting; the hounds beautiful, and did their work well. It came on so cold and wet in the evening, and the scent became so bad, that after seeing one chevreuil killed I went home.

Saturday.—Rendezvous at the Chateau de la Reine Blanche, for the stag. I just got in time for the find. The hounds at first divided, but they soon got 'em on the same stag. The crash was tremendous, and so was the pace: he went twice across a beautiful open valley, made a large ring in the Forest; swam the lake, followed by every hound; got out; shook himself; and away like hell-o to the edge of the Forest. In getting out of the water he got a good deal of advantage, but the whole pack coming up they rattled him along to the plain, where he turned short back into the Forest. I galloped down with my friend Mr. Thurratt, who told me it was nearly all over. Such, in fact, was the case: every hound was there—the music divine. The stag made one effort across a ride in the bottom, and sank in the midst of the hounds. After three hours' desperate going, only three or four of us up at the moment, he was pulled down. He was a stag of two years old, an age at which they are considered the stoutest. Having skinned him, and cut off different choice parts, they gave the remainder of the carcass to the hounds—and they richly deserved to dine on venison, for no hounds in Europe could have done their work in a more business-like manner. Mr. Thurratt desired to be remembered to you, and to add that should you by chance ever come over to see the

nature of the sport here, you will find more demand upon your horse than you imagine. I can assure you the pace was so great this day, that, contrary to their usual custom, they went home without trying for a second stag. I cannot finish this, without expressing to you the pleasure and amusement I had in reading *THE OLD FORESTER'S "Sporting Tour in Brittany."* His description of the small horses of that country is perfect, and very accurate.

We have had some very pretty sport lately with my neighbour's hounds; but as the Paris season is fast approaching, so I am sorry to say is the end of our sport.

Yours very sincerely, —

Dec. 16, 1826.

ON POSTING.

SIR,

YOUR Correspondent *Oüris* is mistaken when he supposes that *A FRIEND TO THE RIBBONS* attaches such importance to himself in promulgating an opinion on posting. This "*Friend to the Ribbons*" has oftentimes before contributed to the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, and has written very spiritedly on various subjects. In the first place, what an absurdity is this—that, because a man is brought up to the service of post-boy, he never can give up that situation! As well might we say that Government ought not to disband regiments, abolish pensions, and sinecure places, which should appear unnecessary. In the next place, most people who travel for pleasure accommodate themselves with their own private carriage; therefore it is their own option as to whether they have a coach-box or not. To those who

wish to go fast through a country on business, the easiest mode to horses of travelling must be the best; and this undoubtedly is the driving with reins from the box or dickey.

A driver must be blessed with very quick ears who can from his box catch the conversation of persons in a carriage, amidst the noise and rumbling of that carriage. In most parts of Sussex, and I believe in part of Hampshire, the driver sits upon his box or dickey, and it is a pity the custom is not more encouraged in other counties.

Yours, Mr. Editor,

A Friend of

A Friend to the Ribbons.

Dec. 21, 1826.

P. S. I forgot to say that I believe nine post-boys out of ten would prefer driving with reins to riding post.

ON BREAKING DOGS.

SIR,

IN continuation of my last communication to you on breaking dogs, &c., I now proceed to offer some farther observations on the same subject. Those already given were chiefly as to what a dog ought to be; but I will now, to the best of my judgment, point out how he is to be brought to that state which I consider the best—as, to say that such and such qualities constitute a good dog signifies little, unless the means are also pointed out by which to arrive at the desired excellence. Added to the difficulty of doing this, I feel some hesitation in continuing to write on a subject which has so often been handled by the most experienced sportsmen. However, I am not without hopes that, to some of your readers, who have not perused the volumes

that have been written on the subject, my short observations may not be altogether useless. As I have never read a line in any book dedicated to the subject of shooting, my present remarks are merely founded on my own observations, having always preferred following that system which my own experience suggested.

I am well aware that many will disagree with my opinion, as stated in your last Number, and their reason, in general, is the same as that which was given me a short time ago, by a young friend who I was recommending in future to break his dogs on my plan, as we had lost several wounded birds. "My dear fellow," he replied, "my dogs always behave very well; but what dogs can recover birds with such a scent?"—"Granted," I answered; "they do behave as well as dogs possibly can under these circumstances; but, if you follow my advice, you will have the satisfaction of seeing your dogs behave just as well, though in a different way, and you will *bag* your birds when knocked down:" which I am *slow* enough to say I have some satisfaction in.

The only objection to bagging a bird immediately, as most people affirm, is, that you are liable in so doing to spring others; but I maintain that it is more likely to make them remain. This, no doubt, will be thought a strange doctrine; but I hope to make it appear that such is the case. Every sportsman must know, that any sudden change from noise to quietness, or *vice versa*, is the most likely way to make birds rise. For instance, to whom has it not happened, when suddenly stopping in a field, that a bird passed by has risen behind? That bird, had he kept on, would

have remained undisturbed, though perhaps it had been passed within a yard. The change from the noise it had just been attending to was the cause of that alarm, which a continuation of it would not have excited; and exactly is it so, when dogs drop the moment a bird falls, and all is hushed during the operation of loading. The scattered birds are actually frightened by the very silence that follows; whereas the slight disturbance created by your dog while bringing your dead bird, keeps them stationary till you are again prepared. For myself, I make it an invariable rule, if I miss my bird, where I believe others are scattered round, by whistling gently to keep up a slight noise, by which to fix their attention. I think few sportsmen will deny the truth of this remark, and upon this I affirm my system of immediately bagging to be the best.

As to the breeding of dogs, and the best way of treating them during the distemper, so much valuable information has already been given by the most distinguished judges, that it were needless for me to add fuel to the fire; moreover, almost all who do not follow the directions, which of old have been handed down to us, fancy they have some *certain cure* for that most baneful of distempers, *the distemper*; (would that I knew it!) and as to breeding, every one with common sense and observation must know the best time for it, and what dogs will best suit those they intend to breed from. I will suppose a dog six months old, and arrived at that age, through all the vicissitudes attending its younger days, under the regulations transmitted to us from time immemorial (for, as I have before said, my observations only relate to them from

that period): at this age they are perfectly able to understand dropping to hand or gun, *both* of which ought to be taught them most perseveringly—not by flogging and rating every time they disobey, but by soothing, gentle means, from which they will always learn to look to you for assistance hereafter in the field, instead of cowering away. Should they get into difficulty, or spoil a shot, which the best dogs must sometimes do, I do not mean that the whip is never to be used: with some dogs it is absolutely necessary, nor would they ever be worth a farthing without; but the generality of dogs may be broken almost entirely without it.

I find, that without having done much towards shewing the way in which dogs should be first treated, I have, perhaps, drawn too freely on your pages, and must therefore defer all farther remarks for a future Number.

Hoping that this will not arrive too late for insertion in your next, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN BULL.

Dec. 20th, 1826.

HIS MAJESTY'S,
AND THE
BERKELEY STAG-HOUNDS.

SIR,

YOU will much oblige an old subscriber to your excellent publication, by inserting the following account of a week's hunting with His Majesty's and the Berkeley Stag-hounds. I feel little hesitation in making this request, having frequently observed in your pages a kind offer to oblige a correspondent by granting a favour of this sort.

You will perceive, by the date of my letter, that I am not a resident in that part of the country;

but I accepted the invitation of an old friend, who lives in the neighbourhood of Windsor, to join a sporting party at his house, and I had the luck, during my stay, to fall into four good runs in succession.

I arrived there with my horses on the 6th, and on the 8th met His Majesty's hounds at Langley Broom. Our deer, a young hind, went away in excellent style, and, the scent being good, a smart burst to the Park was the consequence; where, turning to the right, she ran for Iver, and crossing the river Colne, we went over Huntsmoor at a racing pace for Cowley, and over Hainington-fields to Cranford: then, turning to the left, she crossed the canal, and went over the Uxbridge road, pointing straight for Harrow-on-the-Hill. Then, bearing to the right, she went over the deep country for Greenford and Perivale; where, turning to the left, she crossed the Harrow and London road, near the six-mile stone, and went over the hill to Kingsbury, where we took her safe. This run was nearly two hours, and the latter part over a fine grass country.

It was a subject of deep regret to the whole field, that some unforeseen occurrence had prevented Lord Maryborough being out on this day, and consequently of seeing this fine run. I thought Davies, the huntsman, was particularly well carried on his Julius Cæsar horse, and I shall not soon forget the way in which Mr. Newdigate, Mr. Dashwood, and Mr. Tollemache sailed away from beginning to end of it.

Saturday, the 9th—met the Berkeley hounds at Nerwood Green. The deer was turned out

on the top of the hill between Hanwell bridge and Southall. He set his head at once for Harrow church, and gave us a most excellent run across the fine grass valley between the Oxford road and that village, which he just touched on; and heading short back, he came down the hill to Greenford; and crossing the line of our run yesterday, he turned to the left, and went through Hanwell Park, over Castle Bar, and through Twyford to the back of Acton village, where I am sorry to say this gallant deer died before the hounds. Captain Lock certainly shewed us the way to-day; and Mr. Grantley Berkeley, on a bay horse (I think they told me by Jack-a-Lantern), was also remarkably well carried.

On Monday, the 11th—met the King's hounds at Wexham Common. It did not appear to me to be the best place in the world to turn out a deer, as we were surrounded by woods. However our deer hung in none of them, but crossing Stoke Common he went for Hedgerly, and through Mr. Shard's park, leaving Bulstrode to the right. We crossed the Oxford road near Beaconsfield, and through Wilton Park. We now began to go in earnest; and, bearing to the right, we went along the side of the hills for Amersham, where, crossing the Aylesbury road, he went straight up the hills as if for Chesham; leaving which to our left, he went away for Red Heath and Sarratt Mill, through the Park at Goldingtons, and over Bottoms to the Grove and Cashio-bury, where the hounds ran in to him.

The last forty minutes of this run was allowed by all who saw it to be equal to any run they had

ever seen. Lord Maryborough was riding a particularly nice horse, and seemed highly pleased with his hounds and the day's sport. Lords Chichester and Strathaven, Mr. Forrester, and Mr. Cosby, had, I thought, the best of a great part of this run. Mr. Goldsmith cleared the palings of Goldingtons Park, on a five-year-old, very cleverly, and Mr. Whippy landed safe on the other side, although he took a bit of the top of them away with him. This was nineteen miles from point to point, and we jogged home again, well pleased with our run, into the next county but one.

Tuesday, the 12th—the Berkeley Stag Hounds met at Chalfont Obelisk. Mr. Berkeley had a maiden hind, which he was anxious to turn out; but fearing she might not run well, he had, with his usual desire of shewing his field a day's sport, provided another deer, which he ordered to be kept at Red Hill. This precaution, however, proved to be unnecessary; for our young deer was a trump, and went away gallantly, leaving the Vache to the right, and crossing the Buckingham road at Chalfont St. Giles's, she went straight over the bottom and up the hill; and leaving Hodge-moor furze covert to our left, she kept steering away for Whyte's Farm, about two miles beyond which the hounds ran in to her in open field. Here we had forty minutes as straight as a gun-shot, and pretty well as fast at times. Indeed, nobody thought of asking for the second deer, although it struck me that Mr. Moreton Berkeley and Mr. Henry Wombwell, who had been going rare well all day, seemed as if they were wishing for another twenty minutes.

Particular business calling me

away on the following day, I ordered my horses to the right about, and returned home, much gratified by my visit into a country where I had not been before, but which I shall not fail to visit again the first opportunity.

I remain, Sir, yours,

PEREGRINE.

Surrey, December 15, 1825.

THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT.

SIR,

I Am sorry to inform you that Mr. Hay declines the Warwickshire Hunt at the end of the present season, to the regret of all

the sportsmen who attend his hounds. His gentlemanlike conduct, both in and out of the field, is acknowledged by every man who has ever hunted with his capital pack. It is to be hoped that he will be succeeded by some resident Gentleman or Nobleman of the county, and that this fine fox-hunting country will have a more permanent establishment than it has had since the resignation of Lord Middleton. It is, if not the best, decidedly the second-best country in England for hounds.

I am, Sir, yours &c.

WAG.

Warwick, Dec. 21, 1826.

THE LAMENTATION OF A HUNTER SUMMERED IN THE STABLE*.

SIR,

THE insertion of the following lines in your next Number will greatly oblige your faithful servant,

December 3d, 1826.

Μισαλλός.

O! would that NIMROD's fascinating pen
Had never graced the *Sporting Magazine*!
In verdant meads I should have revell'd then,
And roll'd voluptuous on the pasture green.

But now, alas! the tyranny of man
In summer months e'en holds perpetual sway;
O! that the new-adopted NIMROD's plan
By long experience could be kept at bay!

Dear gen'rous Master! if you love the chase—
Next season wish to covert-side repair—
Lead me from this contaminated place,
And let me breathe the pure ethereal air:

Then would my fetlocks weak once more be strong,
You, kind, would snatch me from an early grave,
Again I'd bear you first amongst the throng,
And you would reap the honours of the brave.

But if, within the prison walls confined,
A few months' freedom I request in vain,
The hounds in chase you'll lag, alas! behind,
Whilst I exhausted founder on the plain.

Then let JOHN LAWRENCE open wide your eyes,
Inspire warm feeling in your noble breast;
The advocates of NIMROD I'll surprise,
For I will bear you far from all the rest.

* Having given (see p. 103) an "Elegy," in which the writer mourns the fate of the grass-fed hunter, impartiality demands the insertion of this also.—Ed.

SPORTING IN NORFOLK.

SIR,
OWING to unavoidable circumstances, I have but just seen your Number for December; for though you must know that I am very fond of the country, and very fond of sporting, and of course delighted when I can get your *Magazine* into my hand, yet I must tell you I am just beginning to read *Law*; and I must tell you also that I do not find it nearly so dull as I had expected. I am one of those who think that there are few things without their beauties; and so, I must say, I think is the *Law*. And besides, the *Special Pleader*, under whom I read, is a very sporting fellow, and gives me all the sporting cases to draw; such as *Crim. Cons.*, upsetting stage coaches, false warranties of horses, &c. The other day he said to me, "Take that paper; it is an action against a man for shooting another's eye out. The defendant was shooting in a field adjoining the high road; two birds rose; defendant shot, and put the best part of the charge into the plaintiff's face and eyes, who was on the outside of a coach that happened to be passing at the moment."—"It seems then, Sir," said I, "that the plaintiff was an *eye-witness*." They did not say whether he killed his bird too, as, if he did, it would be but fair, I think, to give it in mitigation of damages. But, Sir, I have already trespassed too far on your pages by way of preface—so to the point.

As I said before, I have but just seen your Number for December; and after looking at what my old nurse used to call the "*gays*," (which I always do, by

the bye, in the first instance,) I next referred to the list of contents, amongst which I perceived "*Scarcity of Game*" and "*Training the Pointer*," both of which I shall notice in their turn, beginning with *JOHN BULL* first, as he has done me the honour to notice a few lines of mine, which appeared in your last September Number. I must maintain, however, with all due deference to his opinion, that a moderate quantity of game is more calculated to make a good pointer than a great abundance. If, for instance, the field was about ten acres, I would rather find one covey in it than three, if I wished to shew off the breeding of my dogs—for this reason, that he has plenty of room to gallop (and, for my own part, I must say that a dog cannot go too fast), and you have a full opportunity of perceiving in what style he approaches his game: whereas, if there is that quantity of game which I have frequently seen in Norfolk (and never more than this year), the field, if I may use the expression, is one mass of scent; and where birds are very numerous, they disturb one another, and are generally on the move, which adds considerably to the perplexity of dogs. You must, in this case, have recourse to a different species of dog. The greater the quantity of game, the slower should your dog be. For if you take one which has been accustomed to be hunted where the birds are numerous, into a country where they are comparatively scarce, you will find that he will be apt to draw too near his game before he drops. This is my humble opinion, though at the age of twenty-two I cannot rest it upon many years' experience.

What little, however, I may know on this subject, I owe more to having been brought up in a good school than to experience.

About fifteen years ago, my uncle was allowed to have some of the best broken dogs ever seen in Norfolk. Often has my father's old keeper pointed out to me the ditch my uncle's favorite bitch Juno crept into the first day he took her into the field. "She ran away," says he, "at the first shot; I found her in the same spot, when I returned four hours afterwards." As a caution to my readers, let me tell them that this bitch was ruined by a donkey striking her on the back with his fore-feet. Had this bitch been beat instead of encouraged, she would never have been worth a rope to hang her. Frequently too have gentlemen told me, that so beautiful was the behaviour of his dogs, and the manner in which he hunted them, that they used to walk with him without a gun, merely for the pleasure of seeing them. The first requisite, I consider, towards breaking a dog, is consulting its temper; the second, patience; and the last, unwearied perseverance. With these three requisites every keeper might become a good dog-breaker.

Before I quit this subject, I will say a word or two on beating the ground. If I could always choose my day, I would say, let it be a clear one in the latter end of September, with a nice breeze, from twelve o'clock till four. In such a day as this it is difficult to go wrong. But when we get into dreary November, when the ground is cold, and the wind high, it is then your good sportsman comes into play. On such days as these, birds are generally on the move;

and the only way to get near them is to stop them; to effect which, I should advise walking down wind, and making your dogs beat up to you, so as to get the birds between them and you, and if they will lie at all, they will lie then. There are, I am aware, artificial ways of making birds lie. I call them artificial; because in some instances, they may be called more hunting them down than shooting them. One of these is, by riding after them; when, by marking them down, and putting them up again two or three times, they will seldom fail to lie. Another mode is, by flying a kite made in the shape of a large hawk. This has been most successfully used by Mr. Berney, of Moreton, near Norwich. It is so well made and contrived, that a Noble Lord, whose property adjoins, told me, his keeper crept a quarter of a mile on his hands and knees thinking it to be a large hawk. Mr. B. is an excellent shot, which the following day's sport with his brother-in-law will shew, and, if possible, a better sportsman; the former killed twenty-five brace, and the latter twenty-two brace of birds. Mr. B. shot with a single-barrel gun, and only missed three shots.

And here, Mr. Editor, I cannot help regretting that gentlemen do not oftener favour you with accounts of a good day's shooting. A good run frequently gets reported, and why not a good bag? I shall here mention one that has lately come to my knowledge, which took place at Lord Suffolk's the last week in November:—Mr. George Anson and Mr. William Coke killed, walking together, in two days, one hundred and five brace of partridges. This you may say, perhaps, is slaughter, but at that

time of year it must be sporting too: for, I firmly believe, had they been two Cockney pigeon-shooters, though equally good shots, they would not have bagged one-half the quantity. I have not the pleasure of G.A.'s acquaintance, but I trust, nevertheless, that he will not be offended at what I am going to say. Mr. A. is a good Representative, at least so the borough of Yarmouth says—and at what better tribunal can a man appear than that of his own constituents?—he is a good soldier—he is a good sportsman—and he is, besides all this, the perfect gentleman. This is what I call talent: it is worth a hundred Wranglers, who sink afterwards into a College fellowship—the sure receptacle for indolence and retirement, and the eventual promoter of selfishness and sensuality—

“Oh, blest retreats of infamy and ease!”

I must, however, return to your Correspondent, A FOWLER, who, I think, has rather fallen into error, inasmuch as his observations are inapplicable to many counties, and his cautions must therefore fall to the ground. I agree with him, that a single-barrel gun is quite sufficient for any keeper; but I think that if anybody should have a detonator, it should be a keeper, as it must be of course exposed to all weathers. If, however, he hopes from this to prevent him killing more game than is sufficient for his master's table, he is, I must think, most grossly mistaken, as will appear from the day's sport above alluded to with a single-barrel gun—since he concludes that every keeper ought to be a good shot—for at the time of year when the birds are unfairly taken off, I should expect my keeper to have sufficient birds on his beat to enable him to kill enough for my

table in the first two or three fields. I know no feeling so disagreeable as that of being cheated or imposed upon. When I hired a keeper, therefore, I should say to him, “If there is no game I do not want a keeper;” or, in other words, “If I do not find as much game as I think there ought to be, you will go.” And if there is plenty, I should not trouble myself to think whether he sold any or not: for, if there is sufficient for what I want, what can I wish for more? Of course, if I detected him in disposing of it, I should punish to the utmost rigour of the law, and justly so too. Another point, which your Correspondent seems to think advantageous—viz., that a keeper should be obliged to walk over as great an extent as possible—I should consider in a contrary light: for it is the general maxim with us not to disturb the ground oftener than is necessary; as, by so doing, you may almost banish all the game off your estate into your neighbour's, especially if he keeps his quiet.

I do not know in what part of England A FOWLER has been in the habit of sporting, but I should judge, from his language, where game is not very abundant. In Norfolk I should think game has encreased four-fold at least in the last forty years, notwithstanding the doing away with wastes and heaths, which must have been very favorable for breeding. It was then customary to limit every gentleman to five brace per day, and, when he had killed that, he was expected to return home. I believe I am correct in asserting, that when Mr. Coke first introduced the battue-shooting and unlimited system into Norfolk, a Noble Lord, who lived not many miles from

Ay, soam, as well as many other gentlemen, wrote, begging him not to persist in such a system, as, were it generally adopted, it would soon have the effect of totally annihilating the breed of game throughout the county. What has been the result? "*Exitus acta probat.*" *Anglicè*—"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."—Yours, &c.

A Young Sportsman of the Old School.

QUERIES AT WHIST.

SIR,
THE following circumstance occurred a few evenings ago at a Whist party. If any of your numerous readers would condescend to answer the question, they would greatly oblige,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Manchester, Dec. 16, 1826.

A and B are partners against C and D. A plays two cards of the same suit to one trick, and trumps the same suit the eleventh trick (of course making a revoke); the twelfth trick he leads the master trump out, to which all the trumps fall; and having no other card in hand, the question is, who is entitled to the lead—as B, C, and D have each a thirteenth card in hand, consequently whoever leads must win the trick?

Another circumstance occurred, which I beg to submit to you, not from any doubt on the subject on my own part, but for the satisfaction of my opponents, who have wagered dinners and wine on the event. I suspect that one of my adversaries has made a revoke, and caution them not to mix their tricks until I have examined them. They refuse to let me look at them, unless I will point out the

suit upon which I claim the revoke.—*Quere*, What's the law in this case?

BETTINGS ON THE DERBY, OAKS, AND ST. LEGER.

SIR,
Tattersall's, Dec. 18, 1826.
THERE was little stirring at the room till nearly four o'clock, when the leading speculators arrived; after which, until the close, the betting on all the Stakes became extremely important and heavy. Tattler appears likely to maintain his prominent station: there was not so much done upon him as on preceding days, yet the odds were freely taken. Web was full two points behind Tattler, but soon recovered; and being supported by two of the principal betting men, it at last came to even betting between them—if there was a preference, it was in favour of Tattler. Espagnolle is receding, several country gentlemen coming up and offering the odds against him; and, excepting a few bets taken by way of a hedge, there was scarcely any thing doing upon him.—Mr. Wyndham's lot are going, the speculators being very liberal in their offers against them; and it might be said that 20 to 1 almost went begging.—Trumpeter, Mameluke, Gustavus, and Dauntless are very close together—hardly a point between them; and the respective parties backing their horses so very freely, has given rise to some spirited betting.—Mr. Forth's stud advanced considerably. Metre got up full ten points, and the betting exceedingly brisk. Several others were mentioned; but most of them continue at the same odds as quoted last month; and the number of colts brought forward, and actually backed, was greater than

has been remembered for many years.

The betting on the Oaks was principally confined to the outside ones, and, notwithstanding Maria continues firm in her place, many of these were backed at high figures. Little was said of the first favorite. Although it is understood she will not come out till the day of running, still the bettors evinced more willingness to lay the odds than a few weeks back. Translation got up many points, and in all probability, if she holds well, must become second favorite. One sporting character offered to take 50 to 1 about naming the winner—with this proviso, that the filly was never before mentioned either in or out of the room. A great many more have been named during the last fortnight, and the betting proceeds with unusual spirit.

The St. Leger likewise partook of the general briskness, as there was more business transacted upon it than any day in the season. Reviewer is nearly ten points before any other, and keeps advancing: many good judges, however, are of opinion that he will not maintain his elevated situation, and the takers of the odds have become rather more select. Mr. Petre's stud bid fair to turn up trumps, and the party eagerly back them. Matilda was more fancied, being almost at evens with Granby; and, if she stands well, must be a safe mare to take the odds upon. Nivalis, Moonshine, Emma, &c. were talked of, but nothing decisive will be done till the nominations appear in January.

Yours, truly,

Z. B.

DEBBY.

30 and 11 to 1 agst Tattler.

10 and 11 to 1 agst Web.

23 and 14 to 1 agst Espagnolle.

19 and 20 to 1 agst Catherine.

20 to 1 agst Elfrid.

20 to 1 agst Trumpeter.

20 to 1 agst Dauntless.

20 to 1 agst Mameluke.

20 to 1 agst Gustavus.

26 to 1 agst Metro.

28 to 1 agst Augusta.

30 to 1 agst Gamelina.

30 to 1 agst Antax.

33 to 1 agst Dahlia.

33 to 1 agst Turcoman.

35 to 1 agst Cressida.

35 to 1 agst Snowdrop.

35 to 1 agst Chieftain.

40 to 1 agst Protestant.

40 to 1 agst Gramarie.

40 to 1 agst Cat.

40 to 1 agst Pythones.

45 to 1 agst Jemima.

45 to 1 agst Eliza Teale.

45 to 1 agst Roderic.

50 to 1 agst Amazon.

50 to 1 agst Edmund.

50 to 1 agst Brother to Juggler.

50 to 1 agst Prestbury.

50 to 1 agst Moor Buzzard.

50 to 1 agst Zoffani.

50 to 1 agst Windermere.

50 to 1 agst Fillagree.

60 to 1 agst Nicolo.

70 to 1 agst Romp's dam.

70 to 1 agst Sir Huldibrand.

90 to 1 agst Intruder.

100 to 1 agst Seymour filly.

Even betting Tattler agst Lord G. Camendish's two.

5 to 2 Web beats Mameluke, and 8 to 1 agst the two.

6 to 4 Espagnolle beats Catherine.

OAKS.

5 and 6 to 1 agst Maria.

12 to 1 agst Totteridge.

12 and 13 to 1 agst Brown Duchess.

14 and 15 to 1 agst Souvenir.

15 to 1 agst Translation.

23 to 1 agst Lunacy.

25 to 1 agst Morel.

25 to 1 agst Zeal.

25 to 1 agst Scornful.

28 to 1 agst Hampden.

28 to 1 agst Calypso.

30 to 1 agst Seymour.

30 to 1 agst Pastina.

30 to 1 agst Barossa.

30 to 1 agst Medora.

35 to 1 agst Sister to Addy.

25 to 1 agst Donna Clara.

25 to 1 agst Shoveler.

35 to 1 agst Vignette.

40 to 1 agst Whimper.

50 to 1 agst Mirth.

50 to 1 agst Sister to Recruit.

50 to 1 agst Helenus's dam.

50 to 1 agst Belvidera.

60 to 1 agst Stella (Maberly's).

189 to 1 agst Miriam.
 60 to 1 agst Varennes.
 106 to 1 agst Fair Helen.
 100 to 1 agst Novice.

ST. LEGER.

11 and 12 to 1 agst Reviewer.
 20 to 1 agst Poppy.
 20 to 1 agst Granby.
 21 and 22 to 1 agst Matilda.
 25 to 1 agst Nivalia.
 25 to 1 agst Moonshine.
 30 to 1 agst Sancho Panza.
 30 to 1 agst Nenplus.
 35 to 1 agst Hartsbury.
 35 to 1 agst Emma.
 35 to 1 agst Romeo.
 40 to 1 agst Leopoldine.
 40 to 1 agst c. by Tramp.
 45 to 1 agst Pedlar.
 45 to 1 agst Jack Spigot.
 45 to 1 agst Jessy.
 45 to 1 agst Manuela.
 45 to 1 agst Altisidora.
 45 to 1 agst Moth.
 50 to 1 agst Lunacy.

1000 to 15 agst Tattler winning the Derby and St. Leger, and Maria the Oaks.

3000 to 10 agst Web, Maria, and Matilda all three winning.

3000 to 10 agst Web, Maria, and Emma all three winning.

1000 to 15 agst Sir J. Shelley winning the Derby and Oaks.

For the Sporting Magazine.

DEPTFORD COURSING MEETING.

THE Deptford Coursing Club finished its Meeting on the 7th of this month. It was numerously attended, and the coursing excellent—the hares running very strong, and the ground at Fisherton, belonging to Mr. Davis, the worthy Judge, decidedly the best in England, being the finest turf, and the hares lying on the open down, a very long distance from any covert. The Meeting was made more interesting from the two large stakes, one for dog puppies, and the other for bitches, which they have named the Derby and Oaks, seventeen subscribers to each, at three sovs., making both stakes

fifty-one pounds; and also a very handsome Silver Cup for all ages. This was won by Mr. Cripps's bitch Elegant, who ran all her courses well. The Derby Stakes was won by Mr. Phelps's dog Ready, sold to that gentleman by Mr. M. Mills the Monday of the meeting. The Oaks was won by Mr. Mills's Marion. There were some excellent dogs at the Meeting; but, in our opinion, the bitch puppies were far better than the dogs. We think Marion and Emma very superior bitches: they both ran their courses well, and deserved what they won. The last tie for the Stakes they were both tired before they were put into the slips.

Ready, the winner of the Dog Stakes, was bred by Mr. Roberts, and sold to Mr. Mills at the last Ashdown Park Meeting. He is a close-running dog, but not fast enough for a racer.

The Meeting went off with great spirit and conviviality; and all the stakes filled well for next year.

The Union Club Meeting is held at the same place, and takes place the third Monday in February. There is a Gold Cup of the value of one hundred pounds to be run for at that Meeting, and every member is trying to get a dog to win it. We were very sorry to hear Mr. Davis had declared that it was out of his power to continue the Judge any longer, owing to particular circumstances, of which we are unacquainted. He will be most sincerely regretted by every member and sporting gentleman, and we are afraid not easily replaced.

Wiltshire, Dec. 12, 1826.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5.

The Cup.—Mr. J. Long's Lazybones beat Mr. Fowle's Fop; Mr. E. Cripps's Elegant beat Mr. Thring's Torsol; Mr.

Gray's Guldare beat Mr. Briscall's Bardsolph; Mr. Mills's Marmion beat Mr. Bayly's Ruth; Mr. Bigg's Bagatelle beat Mr. Heathcote's Hannibal; Mr. Dansey's Dame beat Mr. Philips's Roast; Mr. Goodlake's Goldmine beat Mr. Everett's Endurance; Mr. Capel's Jacomo beat Mr. Cockburn's Cinderella.

The Derby Stakes for Dog Puppies—17 Subscribers, p. p.—Mr. J. Long's Lopez beat Mr. Briscall's Bordeaux; Mr. Gray's Gosssoon beat Mr. Heathcote's Hawthorne; Mr. A. Wyndham's Wallace beat —; Mr. Capel's Juggler beat —; Mr. Bigg's Belzoni beat Mr. Cockburn's Champion; Mr. Dansey's Draco beat Mr. E. Cripps's Evander; Mr. Philips's Ready beat —; Mr. Goodlake's Gulliver beat Mr. Mills's Manfred.

The Oaks Stakes for Bitch Puppies—Seventeen Subscribers, p. p.—Mr. Capel's Jannock beat Mr. Gray's Grace; Mr. Goodlake's Goodsend beat Mr. J. Long's Lisette; Mr. E. Cripps's Emma beat Mr. Philips's Rosa; Mr. Bigg's Bounty beat Blank; Mr. Mills's Marion beat Mr. Cockburn's Czarina; Mr. Wyndham's Whimsy beat —; Mr. Dansey's Dinah beat Mr. Fowle's Flirt; Mr. G. Heathcote's Homespun beat —.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6.

THE CUP.

Elegant beat Guldare,
Goldmine — Dame,
Marmion — Jacomo,
Lazybones — Bagatelle.

THE DERBY STAKES.

Draco beat Gosssoon,
Ready — Juggler,
Lopez — Wallace,
Gulliver — Belzoni.

THE OAK STAKES.

Emma beat Bounty,
Marion — Jannock,
Goodsend — Dinah,
Homespun — Whimsy.

The Tilshead All Aged Stakes—First Class.—Mr. Heathcote's Hudibras beat E. Cripps's Ellen; Mr. Goodlake's Gohanna beat Mr. Bayly's Harry.

The Tilshead Stakes—Second Class.—Mr. Capel's Jessamine beat Mr. Briscall's Bee; Mr. Fowle's Fop beat Mr. Dansey's Deborah.

Matches.—Mr. Dansey's Dee beat Mr. Fowle's Fly; Mr. Capel's Julia beat Mr. Goodlake's Goodgift; Mr. Cockburn's Cinderella beat Mr. Gray's Gift.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7.

THE CUP.

Elegant beat Goldmine,
Lazybones — Marmion.

DECIDING COURSE.

Elegant beat Lazybones, and won the Cup.

THE DERBY STAKES.

Ready beat Draco,
Lopez — Gulliver.

DECIDING COURSE.

Ready beat Lopez, and won the Stakes.

THE OAK STAKES.

Emma beat Goodsend,
Marion — Homespun.

DECIDING COURSE.

Marion beat Emma, and won the Stakes.

The Tilshead Stakes—First Class.—Gohanna beat Hudibras, and won the Stakes.

The Tilshead Stakes—Second Class.—Jessamine beat Fop, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Bayly's Ronan beat Mr. Philips's Romulus; Mr. Cockburn's Champion beat Mr. Dansey's Dee; Mr. Bayly's Ruth beat Mr. Fowle's Fly; Mr. Philips's Redwing agst Mr. Capel's Jane—undecided; Mr. Philips's Rattle agst Mr. Fowle's Flirt—off; Mr. Mills's Marmaduke agst Mr. J. Long's Lout—off; Mr. Philips's Racer agst Mr. Dansey's Dalliance—off; Mr. Briscall's Brenda paid forfeit to Mr. Capel's Jemima.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

ON Tuesday, Dec. 5, the Berkeley stag was turned out at Slough, before a numerous field. The deer, at starting, took in the direction of Burnham, but was headed at every turn by a rabble, apparently assembled for that purpose, in defiance of the occupiers of the land. The deer was coursed by several lurchers, and at

length the thigh of the noble animal was broken by the dastardly throw of a stone: the hounds coming up, it was immediately killed. Ten guineas were offered on the spot, by Mr. Berkeley, to any of the country people who would point him out the man who threw the stone, but without effect. The Hunt then returned to Cranford, where a second deer was soon found

for the afternoon's diversion, which afforded a brilliant run, and was at length safely taken at Riching's Park.

Present to Colonel Berkeley, by the Members of the Berkeley Hunt.—This splendid offering of esteem, a superb gold cup, is just completed, in a style of magnificence and tasteful elegance seldom equalled. It is two feet six inches in height, and capable of containing a dozen bottles of wine. The cup, supported by the four Seasons, admirably executed, stands on a richly chased and massive pedestal, divided into eight compartments—those at the corners being decorated with masks of horses' heads from the antique. The first medalion displays the Berkeley arms—the second, a cast of their favorite fox-hounds, from a fine picture at Berkeley Castle—the third, a vixen fox and cubs, an exquisite piece of workmanship—and the fourth contains this inscription:—

Presented to
COLONEL BERKELEY,
As a Tribute of Friendship,
By the Members
of the
Berkeley Hunt Club,
Dec. 26, 1826.

On Tuesday, December 19, one of the largest dog foxes ever seen, was unkenelled by the Surrey fox-hounds in Newton Wood, near Epsom, and after a severe run of two hours and a half, was brought back to the same covert, greatly distressed. He took shelter in the cottage of an old woman, named Sally King, who was then in the act of shaking her nest for the ensuing night's repose. Having entered the door, he made a survey of the old lady's habitation for a place of safety, and soon secreted himself in a cradle, which then contained an infant asleep. The old woman was greatly alarmed, and ran to a neighbour for assistance, declaring that a *mad dog* had entered her cottage and devoured her child. Several persons arrived with sticks, guns, &c. and cautiously commenced searching the premises, but could find no other trace of reynard than the marks of his dirty pads on the child's face, who was then screaming with fear. This, for a short time, confirmed the state-

ment of Sally; but reynard shifted his quarters into the bed; and by this time the hounds had run him to the door of the cottage, the appearance of which put an end to all doubt in the minds of the alarmed neighbours, whose doors were all closed. On the huntsman's making a more minute search, he soon discovered the place of reynard's retreat, when he again took off through the window, and made for the town, closely pursued by his swift enemies. The fox ran well for twenty minutes longer, to the amusement of the inhabitants, and was ultimately taken in the loft of a corn merchant on Clay-hill, which last shelter he gained by ascending a ladder of considerable height. He was taken from this place lifeless. It is supposed that he ran nearly forty miles through a heavy country, and but few horsemen out of a large field were in at the death.

Friday, Dec. 15, Sir Richard Puleston's hounds met at Iscoed Park, and after drawing blank a number of small coverts, crossed the Fen's moss to Bettisfield Springs, where they immediately found, and off went not fewer than three as fine foxes as ever ran, one of which was followed by seven couple of hounds with one of the whippers, in the direction of Iscoed. The body of the pack, after being for some time baffled by the different cross scents and the shouting and hallooing of crowds of foot people, at last got settled to it, and away they went for Bettisfield, the seat of Sir Thomas Hanmer, through the shrubberies and garden, across the park and on to Hanmer village, when he tried a small covert close to the Oakes, thence to Hammer Hall, through the park and on to Newhall, where he changed his course and went direct for the Wyches, which he with great difficulty gained, the hounds close at his brush great part of the way. Here poor reynard was obliged to use all his cunning, and tried all his old accustomed haunts, but, alas! could find no friendly shelter. Being soon obliged once more to venture into the open country, and, like a brave fellow, gaining fresh courage in proportion

D d

to his knowledge of the danger, scorning the covert, he went off with renewed vigour and in grand style to Malpas, where the hounds drove him at their very best pace, and, being quite close upon him, he was obliged, faint and weak, to seek shelter in the house of a doctor. Being driven thence (probably from want of a fee) he tried a number of small gardens; and, still hard pressed from one cottage door to another, he at last found his way into an old woman's kitchen, where he had no sooner sat down to breathe a bit, than the hounds came dash upon him, and, to betide their cruelty, scarce gave him time to escape at the front door, when seeing the church-yard near, he thought he should there find a sanctuary. In this he was right, as the hounds could make him off no farther. Whether he got into church, or might have been a spirit of some huntsman of the olden time come to try the mettle of hounds and men of these degenerate days, and went to his narrow house again, is not known. From the many obstacles and mischances to be encountered in so long a chase, it was fortunate for the poor horsemen, *straggling far*, who came in time, as such a scene of merriment and noise has seldom been seen in the good town of Malpas.

Tuesday, December 19, Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds had the hardest run witnessed for many years. They found between Waddesdon and Eythrope, and, after a very circuitous chase, killed the fox near Wing.

The advantage of blood to hounds is shewn in the Gransden pack (Cambridgeshire) this season, having already had many good days and kills. Three in succession of sport like what the Gransden have met with is almost without a parallel in hunting. On Monday, December 11, having run their fox some time in covert, they killed after a smart burst. Friday, December 15, at two o'clock, they found their second fox at Gransden, who gallantly led them to Offord, the first forty minutes hard, and the hounds never off the scent.—On Monday following, having run their first fox an hour, and to a drain, a second

was found late at Knapwell Grove, which, having made a circle of country, was killed at Papworth, after a run more remarkable for its speed than duration, the hounds distancing by a field or two all riders, even Arber, the huntsman.

Friday, Dec. 8, the Earl of Scarborough's hounds met at Cantley, when a breakfast was given to the numerous sportsmen by the respected owner, J. W. Childers, Esq. On the following Monday they met at Sandbeck Park, and after trying a covert near the house and Woolthwaite Bottoms blank, they tried and found in Maltby Ridings. They went away in the most gallant style, and after as severe a run as ever remembered in this country, of two hours and thirty-five seconds, ran in to the fox and killed him at Langold. Several horses were much distressed.

Extraordinary Chase at Temple Belwood, Yorkshire.—Saturday, Dec. 19, a fox having been heard of in the neighbourhood, which is a very rare occurrence, Mr. Steer and Thomas Moody, gamekeeper to W. B. P. Johnson, Esq. went with three couple of terriers in search of him. After trying some coverts and plantations, he was found in North wood, and run some time in the whins, when he went away past Hiirt Priory, in a line to Crowle; but being headed, he came back his old course, nearly to Temple Belwood. From Dixon's wood and several other coverts, he made back to North wood, where he was first found, and trying several rabbit holes without success, he was killed in gallant style, after one hour and eleven minutes' run. What is remarkable, none of the terriers were ever known to be upon the scent of a fox before that day.

We noticed last month the extraordinary circumstance of Mr. Bennett (of Devonshire) having killed in the course of a few months a greater number of foxes, with *one couple of hounds*, than any established pack in the West of England.—On Wednesday the 6th December, Mr. Bennett, with his *two* gallant hounds and his favorite terrier, unkenelled an old vixen in Windyboy wood: she

broke covert, and not the slightest check occurred during the run of two hours, when she ran to earth, but was dug out and killed, a heavy rain falling the whole time.—On Monday, December 11, these most extraordinary hounds unkenelled a large fox in Blackaller Wood: he took one round before he broke covert and tried Oldridge wood, but here he could find no shelter, and was *tallied* by two gentlemen on horseback, with the hounds close upon him; he took to Metford and Blackeydown plantations, and passed near Gunstone Mills back to Portberry and Metford plantations; then he swam down the river upwards of one hundred yards, but hearing the hounds close upon him, he made off to Oldridge wood, again broke covert, and re-crossed Metford and Blackeydown plantations, when old reynard was run in to, after a brilliant chase of two hours and a half.

On Monday, Dec. 11, the Woolserly (Devon) little harriers found on the grounds of Mr. Kelland, of Sandford, and after a pretty run of forty minutes, poor puss was obliged to yield. In trying for another hare, an old fox was unkenelled in Bishop's Morchard; reynard made for the Kennerleigh coverts, and it was up and down close to brush for half an hour; he then bolted, crossed the river to Mr. Brown's plantations in Sandford, and running across the parishes of Stockleigh-English and Poughill, was killed, after a fine run, near the church in Crewy's Morchard.

The Worth (Devon) fox-hounds, on Nov. 29th, found a brace of foxes in Warnacombe brake, and both went away in gallant style. The scent was pretty good, and the hounds, who did their work well, began to press them hard. In about twenty minutes a view!—"I see'd 'em—sure they be gone down along close together!" And so for an hour and a half they continued running side by side, and

"Whereas'er they went, like Juno's swans,
Still they went constant and inseparable."

But, alas! when misfortunes come, friends will fly; and what is too true

in the noblest animal, man, holds good also in the vilest brute:—the weaker was at length deserted—left to his fate, and soon died the "death, unpitied and alone." The run lasted two hours and twenty minutes. It was a little too much after the manner of the dog in the fair, up and down, most of the time, but still for the country undeniably good, without any thing of a check, and a prelude we hope to many a brilliant performance this season.

A gallant party of gentlemen resolved upon enjoying a gallop with Lord Rolle's hounds, when it was proposed that the Nimrods should be conveyed to the place of meeting in a coach and four. A crack whip accordingly took the ribbons, and proceeded with his accustomed care and skill as far as Sandy Gate, when by some unforeseen accident the coach had an upset. Luckily none of the party (ten in number) were seriously injured.

HORSE SALES, &c.

Lord Jersey has sold the stallion Middleton, by Phantom, the winner of the Derby 1825, to Mr. Maberly. He is advertised to cover at 10 sovs. at the Horse Bazaar, King-street, Portman-square.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York having decided on selling his numerous and valuable racing stud, the following twelve were selected, and submitted on Monday, Dec. 11, to the hammer, by Messrs. Tattersall:—

Three, Four, and Five-Year-Olds.

Brown colt, by Bourbon, dam by Petronius or Governor, rising 5 yrs old—sold for 50gs.

Bay filly, by Partisan, out of sister to Prince Leopold (Orion's dam), rising 4 yrs old—30gs.

Chestnut filly, by Merlin, out of sister to Sailor, rising 4 yrs old—56gs.

Bay filly, by Waterloo, out of Aladdin's dam, rising 3 yrs old—45gs.

Chestnut filly, by Rainbow, out of Janette, rising 4 yrs old—bought in at 130gs.

Brood Mares.

Gift, by Cardinal York, dam by Coriander, covered by Moses—25gs.

D d 2

Hercules, by Sorcerer, out of Riddle's dam, covered by Moses—35gs.

Poppetina, by Selim, out of Agnes, by Sorcerer, covered by Moses—64gs.

Frogmore's dam, by Rubens, dam by Sir Peter, out of Deceit, covered by Godolphin—80gs.

Mare, by Election, out of Lionel Lincoln's dam, covered by Waterloo—200gs.

Sister to Premium, by Aladdin, out of Moses's dam, covered by Rubens—200gs.

Brown mare, by Blucher, out of Scheherazade, covered by Moses—bought in at 145gs.

On the same day, the celebrated stallions belonging to Lechmere Ghariton, Esq. Manfred, sire of the first favorite for the Derby; Master Henry; and Anticipation, were put up, but the offers falling very short of the reserved prices, they were bought in. We believe the biddings for Master Henry reached nearly 1300gs.; 1900gs. was refused some time since; and for Manfred nearly 700gs.

The rider of Arachne, at the late Stourbridge Races, has brought actions against the Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Stafford, and Shrewsbury papers, for a paragraph imputing improper motives to him as the cause of losing the race. Two of them have paid 40l. each to get rid of the matter; the others go to trial.

The erection of a grand stand on Wolverhampton race course, to contain one thousand persons, has been determined upon.

SHOOTING.

The following game was killed at Halston, Salop, by John Mytton and W. Giffard, Esqrs. in one day, Dec. 1. They shot for the whole day, excepting the first hour, in heavy and continual rain:—Partridges, 2, pheasants 383, hares 58, rabbits 22, wild-fowl 5, woodcocks 9, snipe 1—total 430. We understand it was for a bet of 100 sovereigns. The other party had fourteen guns, and killed 424—Mr. Mytton and his friend thus winning by six.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Mr. Pierce Egan has just ready *A Trip to Ascot Races*, upwards of seventeen feet in length, and coloured after life and nature, dedicated to His Majesty—the plates etched and coloured by Mr. Theodore Lane.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Feathered Desperado disappointed.—On the 1st of May last, in a field called The Hollies, belonging to Sir Edward Smythe, Bart. of Acton Burnell, in this county, there was a flock of pigeons, and eight or ten crows, all busy in seeking food. A hawk, sailing in the air over them, pounced on one of the pigeons, and seemed, by their dispersing, to put in dread both parties. One of the crows seemed for a few seconds to recollect himself, and in an instant flew at the hawk with all the courage, strength, and vigilance of a game cock, when the murderer, in defending himself, was forced to loose his prey, and which, with the loss of a few feathers, flew after its company, and a furious engagement for about two minutes ensued, in which the heroic crow had evidently the mastery, and having driven off his adversary, joined the black gentry, who, seated on the surrounding trees, witnessing the combat, with a few croaks seemed to say, "I have rescued the captive." They all set up a loud cawing, as if singing *Io Pœan* to the victor! All this passed under the eye of a steady young man, who happened to be in the next meadow, struck mute with astonishment.—*Shrewsbury Chron.*

On the 13th of December, as Mr. Walters, of Wendy, Cambridgehire, was shooting with a double-barrelled gun, he heard the screaming of a hare at a short distance, and on his approach to it observed a large brown buzzard fastened on its back; he immediately fired, and with one barrel shot the hare, and with the other brought down the buzzard, which has been sent to Cambridge to be stuffed.

POACHING.

That this crime "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished," the numerous recent commitments to the various gaols in the

kingdom will shew without comment from us; but whether arising from the Game Laws, from the distress which has so generally prevailed, or from whatever other cause—and the remedies to prevent them—we leave to “wiser heads” to determine. It is our melancholy duty to state the results of several encounters between keepers and poachers, which have taken place within the last few weeks.

The keeper to Lord Kensington, at Heydon Hall, Norfolk, being on the watch, with one of his assistants, on the night of the 11th December, they suddenly came upon a gang of about thirty-five poachers, who had often vowed destruction to the keeper, and on seeing him swore they would now have their revenge. Discretion, however, being the better part of valour, he started off on discovering so large a body of assailants, and gave the alarm at the Hall; when about twenty servants, headed by the Hon. Mr. Edwardes, the son of Lord Kensington, immediately assembled, and went in pursuit. On coming up, the poachers formed in battle array, when Mr. Edwardes, who was foremost, received a blow on the face by a large stone, and as he reeled backwards, one of the villains fired, and severely wounded him in the arm and side. The keeper immediately fired both his barrels at the fellow, who fell apparently dead. The poachers returned the fire with three guns, by which five of the watch were wounded, and then drew their comrade from the ditch into which he had fallen, and made off. The assistant, who, during the escape of the keeper, had been overtaken and dreadfully beaten, was now discovered; and the watch, anxious to take off their wounded, returned home. Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer, who was visiting at Heydon, and several gentlemen, re-assembled the efficient servants, and went in pursuit of the poachers; but they had effected a secure retreat, though blood from the wounded poacher was traced to a considerable distance. A communication was made on the 13th by Lord Kensington to Sir R. Birnie at Bow-street, and a

vigilant and active officer was despatched to the scene of action.—We are happy to announce that Mr. Edwardes, who was considered for some time in great danger, is in a fair way of recovery.

On the 16th, at an early hour in the morning, a farmer, who resides in the neighbourhood, heard the reports of several guns in a wood on Mr. Warburton's estate in Cheshire, about four miles from Warrington. Concluding that some poachers were “at work,” he called up the keeper, and, with two of his own men, went in pursuit. They soon discovered seven poachers, armed with guns and bludgeons. The keeper rushed forward, and seized one of the poachers, when he was immediately attacked by the whole party, and severely beaten. Thinking his life in danger, one of the farmer's men fired, and a poacher dropped, when another of the gang instantly shot him in the belly, and he fell mortally wounded. The poachers then decamped, carrying away their wounded companion. The farmer's servant died two days after, but the keeper, though seriously injured, is likely to recover.

On the 20th, Peter Berry, game-keeper to Mr. Bradshaw, of Worsley, Lancashire, was shot in the groin, and one of his assistants much hurt by a blow on the head with the butt end of a musket, in a contest with some poachers, whom they discovered in the grounds seeking for game.

On the 18th December a serious encounter took place in the plantations of the Marchioness of Hertford, at Templenewsam, near Leeds, between her Ladyship's keepers and eight poachers, in which four of the latter, after a desperate resistance, were secured, and on examination committed to Wakefield House of Correction for trial at the next Sessions. Richard Rider and his brother James, both of Leeds, belonging to the gang, were wounded, the former so severely that he is not expected to recover; and two, named Robinson, escaped. The keepers did not suffer any injury, the poachers having only two guns,

which they fired at a dog that the gamekeeper let go at them.

On the succeeding day, the gamekeeper of H. Simons, Esq. of Tyersall House, near Bradford, while on the look-out in the preserve adjacent to the house, with only one assistant, suddenly came upon nine or ten men, and on remonstrating with them, one of the poachers fired, but without effect. The keeper instantly returned the salute, which it was supposed took effect, as one of them dropped, and spots of blood were afterwards seen on the ground. The remainder took him off, the keepers not being strong enough to prevent them. A man in a wounded state was afterwards discovered in the neighbourhood, but there was a difficulty in connecting him with the transaction.

Pugilism.

If the interest excited by the forthcoming "great match," to decide the Championship between Ward and Crawley, were a criterion of the present state of the Ring, it might fairly be said that it was reviving: but anticipating, from what *has* taken place, what *may be* expected, we must pause: "all is not gold that glistens." If the "best man" is to win—good: *that* will remove some "quirks and quiddities" which have recently been very prevalent. This allusion, however, is rather to what has passed, than to what is to come. Gaynor is generally believed to have lost his battle fairly with Sharpe—for 100l. on the 5th December at Shere Mere, Beds.—some urging that he did too much at first to win at last; but all allowing he stood game for 77 rounds, having the worst nearly all through the battle, which lasted one hour and ten minutes. The battle money was willingly paid to Sharpe. But what can be said of the result of that between Sampson and O'Neal, the so-much-talked-of, the "downright mill which was to re-instate the Ring in all its purity of honour and manliness?" The *show* took place at South Mimms, on the 12th of December, and in the tenth round

Brummagem was hit down, when his head fell on his second's shoulder, and he desired to be taken away. Jem Ward and Jem Burn, his attendants, feeling that nothing was the matter, expressed their opinion that he was not beaten, when Sampson turned to his opponent and said he would fight no more. The *thing* was kept alive, for the sake of appearances, sixty-six minutes, O'Neal being under orders, as is said—aye and sworn to—to prolong the contest. This is not the way to draw back with expectation of a find, and the best wishers to the Ring call such conduct *madness*; if it be, there's method in it. The taste for pugilism is as strong as ever—the practice only is on the decline. The battle money has been paid over to O'Neal.

The stakes are made good between Ward and Crawley, and the 2d of January is "the great, the important day—big with the fate" of ignominy or fame.—Jem had a bumper at his benefit at the Tennis Court on the 19th December—the exhibition of first-rate order, and the Court crowded with respectable visitors.—Peter made his bow to his friends also in the same Court on the 26th—the assemblage of *nobs* very numerous, and the sports highly gratifying. He did not set to himself for obvious reasons, and the following day returned to training in the neighbourhood of Cambridge. Ward is at Hurley Bottom.

A match was made in the evening, and a deposit of 25l. a-side paid into the hands of the stakeholder, between the Great Gun and O'Neal, to come off the 20th February, for 100l.—Cannon rather the favorite.

Barney Aaron and Curtis.—These *little ones* are to fight at last—*chaffing* has subsided, and a third deposit made. The 27th February is fixed for the sport, which is expected to be of first-rate order. Barney is in training at Ilford, and "the Pet" at Virginia Water.

The stakes are also closed for the fight between Yorkshire Robinson and Young Gas—even betting. Gas is getting brilliant at Virginia Wa-

ter, and Robinson is under the care of Spring at Hereford.

WRESTLING.

A correspondence has taken place between Abraham Cann and James Polkinghorn, the two most celebrated wrestlers of their respective counties. The friends of Cann claim the Championship of all England for him; and it does not at present appear likely to be disputed by "trial of battle." After much demur on several points in the late match it was decided "a draw;" and, according to Cann, "three tryers out of four were Cornish men." Polkinghorn says, he is "ready to meet his opponent on the fair and equitable terms of Cornish wrestling, which he trusts all England will consider manly and honorable:" adding, "twice have I crossed the Cornish border to meet you—with what degree of credit to myself let others judge; and I now think it but fair you should meet me in my own county."—Cann, in reply, accuses his antagonist of "fudge," wishing to put on a semblance of "play," and at the same time endeavoring to avoid a bout. He continues, "You (Polkinghorn) first challenged me, and came voluntarily into Devonshire to throw me; consequently you had no right to expect any concessions from the Devonshire mode of playing; but I did concede to you the liberty of padding your legs in any way you pleased." He then accuses him of leaving the ring in the last match, *deciding for himself*, against the opinion of the tryers appointed; and concludes with saying, "I now tell you for the last time, that I again wish to meet you to play out the match; and, in order to prevent partiality towards either party, I will meet you either in Somersetshire (at Taunton), or in Dorsetshire (at Bridport), or in any other county in England you may name, unconnected with us both, the tryers to be taken therefrom, and only have our written conditions to be guided by in their decision; and as a farther inducement, I will take off my stockings, and play bare-legged with you, whilst you may have two of the hardest and heaviest shoes that can be made of leather in the county

of Cornwall; and you shall be allowed to stuff yourself as high as the arm-pits, to any extent not exceeding the size of a Cornish pack of wool; and I will farther engage not to kick you, if you will make any thing like play, and will kick me."—There is a Postscript, in which Cann says he will place his stake in a Cornish bank at Launceston by the 26th December, and if Polkinghorn does not accept the offer, he begs to hear nothing farther from him.—Here the matter rests.

ACCIDENT.

A shocking accident happened on the evening of the 4th December, at Starston, near Harleston, Suffolk. Four gentlemen, among whom was the Rev. W. Whitear, M.A. Rector of the parish, suspecting that a preserve near by would be visited by some poachers that evening, agreed to go out, armed, in pursuit of them. Three went together and one by himself. It appears that they had agreed to meet at a certain place. The single gentleman, who was quite a youth, meeting the other three unexpectedly within about ten or twelve yards, and conceiving them to be poachers, was so much terrified that he immediately fired, and wounded the Reverend Gentleman in the side, who instantly fell; and his two companions having no hesitation that the person who fired was a poacher, fired in return, and very much shattered one of the youth's hands. The youth ran home, and said he had shot a poacher. Mr. Whitear lingered for about a fortnight, and then died. An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of "Manslaughter" returned against the young gentleman, who was the unfortunate cause of the accident.

OBITUARY.

On the 8th of December died, at Holkham, Norfolk, of a decay of nature, in the 90th year of his age, Mr. Wm. Jones, who for upwards of fifty years filled the situation of huntsman and principal stable servant in the establishment of Thomas William Coke, Esq. with credit to himself, and much to the satisfaction of his employer, by whom he was greatly

respected, and who consoled him on his approaching departure from this life, by repeatedly visiting him while on his death-bed, and administering to his comfort. On one of these interesting occasions Mr. Coke took with him the young heir of Holkham to shake his faithful old servant by the hand. Lady Ann Coke, Lady Anson, and all the family at Holkham, shewed every possible kindness and attention to the venerable and much-respected old man. His death-bed was surrounded by different branches of his family in three generations, to all of whom he had ever been kind, and who revered and honored him as a father and patriarch. He retained his mental faculties to the last, and he died perfectly composed and resigned. Few men lived more respected than Mr. Jones, and fewer still have left this world in a more enviable, happy state of mind, the result of a well-spent life.

TO MASTERS OF FOX-HOUNDS AND HARRIERS.

To the Editor.—SIR, Being convinced that many Noblemen and Gentlemen, from having used stores and other biscuits *not properly manufactured*, are prevented from giving our biscuits a trial at their kennels, I shall feel obliged by your inserting the inclosed two letters from gentlemen whose kennels I have the honour to supply.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, JAMES S. SMITH.

Copy of a letter from J. Parker, Esq. Old House, Worcester, master of the Worcestershire Fox-hounds, dated August 12, 1826.

"SIR—I received your letter of

the 9th instant, in answer to which I beg to say that I have made trial of your biscuits, and find them answer the purpose exceedingly well; indeed, I do not hesitate to say, they are the best food I have ever given my hounds, as it keeps them particularly healthy, and in the best possible condition. I am not in the habit of giving extensive orders, as I can at any time write you for the quantity I may want; and will therefore thank you to send me one ton as early as possible; and at the same time, write and state the terms and method of payment for the same, which shall be immediately attended to, by yours, &c."

Copy of a letter from J. Arnott, steward to Richard Hoare Jenkins, Esq. Lanaran House, near Cowbridge, dated Dec. 11, 1826.

"SIR—I am desired by Mr. Jenkins to inform you, the last freight of biscuits arrived here safe this week, for which I now inclose you the amount due. I am also desired to say, Mr. Jenkins is willing to contract with you for another five ton, at 22l. 10s. per ton, delivered on the same conditions as before. I will thank you to let him know if you will accept this second contract, as we have now by us a considerable quantity of oatmeal, but which Mr. Jenkins will dispose of to his neighbours, if you will accept his offer, and continue to supply him with biscuits equally as good as those you have for the last six months sent to our kennel. Waiting your answer, I am, Sir, yours, &c. JAS. ARNOTT."

Present price of biscuit, 19l. 10s. per ton.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE must request the indulgence of several Correspondents for the delay of their favours till another month.

We have received a letter from Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE in reply to that of NIMROD, given in last Number, which we would most cheerfully insert—for we have no desire to give one an advantage over the other in having the "last word;"—but so much personality has got mixed up in their arguments, that we believe we shall best consult the inclination of our readers by here closing the controversy.

In our next Number, we shall give a List of Stallions for the ensuing season, as far as they can be ascertained; and will thank our friends to furnish us with the particulars of any horse they may wish to appear in the said list.



HARMONY.

A Pointer, bred by Mr. J. H. Rogers, London, 1851.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. N.S.

FEBRUARY, 1827.

No. CXIII.

CONTENTS.

Portrait of Harmony, a celebrated Fox-Hound	217	Master Henry, Manfred, and Anticipation	246
Mr. Hanbury's Hounds—Coachmen on the North Road	217	Remarks on Colonel Cook's "Observations on Fox-hunting," &c. by Nimrod	247
List of Stallions for 1827	222	Remarkable Sporting Anecdote	256
A Few Lines from Nimrod	225	Digging out Foxes	257
How to catch Carp	232	Kilfane Coursing Meeting	257
The Kelso, Mellerstain, and Cornhill Country	232	Town and Country-made Guns	258
A Fox-Hunter's Opinion of Coursing	233	Lambourn Coursing Stakes, 1823	259
Hint in Coaching	233	Ticks in a Dog Kennel	259
Leap with the Berkeley Stag Hounds ..	234	Stallion Greyhounds in Ireland	259
Proposal for a New Game Bill	235	The Championship—Fight between Ward and Crawley	260
Mr. Bodenham's Stud	236	Amesbury Coursing Meeting	263
Mr. Amyatt's (the Corncock) Harriers ..	237	Bettings—Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger ..	264
Chesterford Coursing Club	238	View on the River Lea	266
Breeding of Pheasants	238	SPORTING INTELLIGENCE	266
Coursing Rules, and the last Swaffham Meeting	239	TO CORRESPONDENTS	272
The Distemper and Red Mange	244	NOMINATIONS for 1827:—York (Spring and August), Doncaster, Pontefract, Malton, Chester, &c.	75
Pembrokeshire Hunt of 1826	245		

Embellished with,

I. *Portrait of HARMONY, a celebrated Fox-Hound.*

II. *VIEW ON THE RIVER LEA.*

HARMONY.

Engraved by WHEB, from a Painting by A. COOPER, Esq. R. A.

WE here give the portrait of a fox-hound bitch, well known in an old established and celebrated pack.

MR. HANBURY'S HOUNDS. COACHMEN on the NORTH ROAD.

SIR,

IT is only within a very short time that I have had the pleasure of reading any of the *Sporting Magazine* Numbers. Although a man of a down-hill period of life; although a man who has been much occupied during a course of thirty years with sports of all des-

criptions, and kept the society of sporting men, at whose houses I was constantly in the habit of seeing this amusing work well-ordered in the libraries; yet it has so happened that I never embraced an opportunity of becoming acquainted with its merits. Fortunately, during a visit to a friend (thoroughly a fox-hunter) of a few days, about a month since, I found several of your offerings to the public on the reading table. It was in my friend's dressing-room; and while he was preparing for dinner, I ran over some of the Numbers, and was much gratified by many of the communications. Being a man of Hertfordshire, my friend said, "Do look at the ac-

E q

count of a chase with your friend Hanbury's hounds; you know the country, and all the men described." I turned to the page, of course, with much interest, being accurately acquainted with such localities as were likely to be discussed. The run, which NIMROD THE SECOND enjoyed, I had heard of before, every minute character of it having been detailed by a conspicuous actor in the hilarating scene; but as your Correspondent has rather curtailed his history, I trust he will excuse my venturing to throw a little more light on its well-described brilliancy by him. I mean not to cast the most distant degree of slight on his relation, but simply to add a few circumstances which appear to have escaped his observation, and which I trust will only increase the interest of the story, and be in unison with his just feelings to render a tribute of praise so eminently due to the Master of the Hunt.

It was at Bearden Park a gallant fox was found, where many and oft have I seen the like. A fine streaming country of about eight miles, between this wood and Scales Park (*not Hales*), was flown over, with the best scent, and of course at the best pace, which NIMROD THE SECOND witnessed in high ecstasy, no doubt: nor do I doubt his being in the first rank; but he either went no farther, or the speed at which he went created a dimness in his eyes or benumbed his faculties, for he does not give the finale—the embellishment so valuable to such a run. Besides, it is only due to the hounds to relate, that they stuck to their fox through the extensive covert of Scales, with every chance of a change, and full of riot, without a check. He then gallantly faced the open country, disdaining the

chain of Woodlands: but it could not avail; for he was a conquered fox—and, after about four miles' severe running, they killed him at Newsells Park, in about an hour and a quarter. It was a beautiful run—almost a *burst*—worthy of record in those animating words of the immortal Beckford, "Sharp, short, and decisive."

NIMROD jun. speaks warmly, and truly, in praise of the Commander-in-Chief: I second his eulogies; and I wish it not to be forgotten that his indefatigable pains to obtain a first-rate pack of hounds are not wasted in air. This run, and many others I could describe, are pleasing and stubborn facts to his friends, and must give him unbounded satisfaction.

Several men I well know are named as conspicuous goers on that day. N. jun. speaks of horses also well known to me; but I think and hope that he is mistaken as to the rider upon the Vivaldi mare. The Baronet, to whom he alludes, is far from being shy of fences. I have not seen this mare; but my friend has two horses, which a man must look very sharp, and have a most determined countenance to encounter any difficulty to shake off. Mr. Haines is a good rider; and his little horse a wonder. I have rode this *mealy-thread paper*, and can justly corroborate his extraordinary merits as a flyer and leaper. Indeed, he is somewhat indebted to me for the pleasure of being in so good a place: I insisted upon his keeping this animal for a hunter. But enough of my *own field*—it is only right to stop and apologize for such personalities.

From fox-hunting, I glanced my eye to the entertaining description of the road and driving by your valuable coadjutor, NIMROD. I am an *enthusiast* in these

matters, and have had no trifling experience in the *working* department. His account of several accomplished dragsmen on the western road created rather a quicker flowing of my blood, and roused me to a comparative consideration within my own knowledge: and as I am just off a journey of many hundred miles in another *hemisphere*, mostly upon the box, I mean to attempt the venturesome task of describing one or two characters I met with, asking NIMROD's attention to my humble efforts to delineate the merits of these men. How I wish for his power of description, his curious catalogue of technicalities, his perfect display of knowledge in the whole undertaking of a stage-coach! When I think of these, I say to myself, "Thou art a bold man!" However, my object is to bring into notice two deserving personages, in my opinion of "out-and-out" qualifications as coachmen: and, although I may fail in rendering them just deserts, lacking in ability, yet I shall feel satisfied to have them recorded in your valuable Album.

CARTWRIGHT.—*Mr. Cartwright* drives the York Express Coach from Bugden to Welwyn, and back, every day—about 70 miles; one or two stages of which he provides horses for. He has done this for many years, scarcely with an intermission. I consider him under fifty years of age; bony without fat; healthy looking, evidently the effect of abstemiousness; not too tall, but just the size to sit gracefully and powerfully, as well as to render his getting up and down easy. The moment he has got his seat and made his start, you are struck at once with the perfect mastership of his art: the hand just over his left thigh, the arm without con-

straint, *steady*, and with a holding command that keeps his horses like clock-work; yet, to a superficial observer, quite with loose reins. So firm and compact is he, that you seldom observe any shifting, only I may say to take a shorter purchase for a run down hill, which he accomplishes with greater confidence and skill than any man I ever saw, untinctured with imprudence; his right hand and whip—(now I want NIMROD)—are beautifully in unison; the crop, if not in direct line with the box over the near wheel, raised gracefully up, ready as it were to reward the near-side horse; the thong—the thong, after three twists (just enough suspended for the necessary purpose), which appear in *his hand* to have been placed by the maker never to be altered or improved: and if the off-side horse becomes slack, to see the turn of his arm to reduce a twist, or to reverse it, if necessary, is exquisite; and after being placed under the rib, or upon the shoulder point, up comes the arm, and with it the thong returns to the elegant position upon the crop. I say elegant: the stick, highly polished yew, rather light, not too taper, yet *elastic*; a thong in clean order, pliable, with this man it really is elegance—the direction of the thong over the crop, without effort, simply a turn of the wrist.

This refinement in the management of the whip is not of many years birth. I remember when it was not known as a luxury in driving: even now it belongs only to a rare few to execute the accomplishment effectively and with grace. Some men, aware of the facility it gives to *punishment*, will hold the crop over the off-wheel perpendicularly, and twist away till the desideratum is obtained; and then the ears

and haunches well scored are the result.

Cartwright's perfections end not here—his manner of treating the leaders is equally fine. His teams are too good ever to require severity, therefore you cannot get to see a specimen of the different strokes, right and left. However, to see my friend use a back-handed draw over the leader's heads is worth riding many hours in a wet day for, which I did. Even this *esprit de l'homme* is rare; for his system is stillness, and to drive without using the whip. The tits are fair, not first-rate; but the steadiness and lightness of his hand, cool temper, perfect acquaintance with pace, and knowledge where the best play is to be made, renders his task more than easy—quite a pleasure; and he performs his distance always to a minute, load or no load. He is no dandy, but equipped most respectably and modestly, with good taste: he seems the idol of the road with both old and young; his manners on the box are respectable, communicative without impertinence, nor tarnished with *vant slang* (only fit for Collegiates in teens, in rough coats and pearl buttons as large as the crown of the low hat with a long brim): he is acquainted with every body, and every occupation within his sphere; and is therefore an entertaining companion even to an ordinary traveller: but, combining these with his perfect professional knowledge, *embracing all niceties*, he *enchants* an amateur; and through rain, fog, frost, or any other agreeable antidote, not forgetting a sharp easterly, you keep the box without a moment's regret. His excellent qualities have gained their reward—he is WELL TO DO; lives regularly with a happy family, envying neither lord nor peasant.

I rode through a bad day from

London to Grantham, taking my leave of the coach there; but cannot do so *here* without a just commendation—that it is by far the best conducted on the North Road. One hundred and ten miles finished by half-past eight, renders a man well inclined to the enjoyment of a quickly-managed dinner at that exquisite Inn, the Saracen's Head, where you have a cleaner cloth, brighter plate, higher polished glass, brisker fire, with more prompt attention and civility, than at most other places; indeed, as readily and effectively as if you had to pay 10s. to two first-turn boys.

The ensuing morning at a quarter after eight—listen! listen! three *lengthened* blows of a *horn*, not *bugle*—(I wish NIMROD would give me a better and more pleasing term than *blow* for this mail-coach characteristic)—announce the arrival of the Edinburgh mail, when out step night-capped passengers half asleep; however, fresh water and good spirits dispel the gloomy faces, and down go, for twenty minutes, hot rolls, boiled eggs, and best Bohea.

I slept here on purpose for the opportunity to have a ride on this celebrated mail—bribed for a box seat. Though the morning was very severe, it was clear and dry, however, and a day or two of like character rendered the roads in the most perfect order—not a puddle, not a particle of soil even stirred or dimmed the polished fellies; no impediment, excepting now and then a few of M'Adam's three-cornered DIAMONDS; but even they give a pleasing variety to the deep, round roll of a mail. I have not more room than only to offer a humble tribute of praise to this renovator of ways: he deserves both eulogy and reward.

The same coachman from Stamford proceeded—his stage being to Doncaster, about seventy-five miles. This Mr. Leech, who has been many years receiving the keen air and healthy breezes in this distance every day, is too well known for me to say much about—he is not so highly finished a man as my former friend, but he is *quietness itself*:—his horses are in the highest condition, well bred, and so much above their work as to require the strictest attention. He granted me the favour of a drive; and but from weak wrists, arising from that potent enemy to all enjoyment, the gout, I should have received a high gratification. The pace, ten miles an hour, appears nothing to do—no hurry—no distress—no whipping: he has a team from Barnby Moor to Rossetter Bridge, ten miles—four bay blood mares entirely matchless: *they go every day*, and have done so for five or six years, without an accident or a rest day asked for. The harness, the condition, and the quickness of changing—all say they are *Clark's*.

I cannot part with my friend Leech, without adverting to a most singular and unique custom I witnessed on the road, which doubtless is peculiar to the natural feeling of true hospitality and kind-heartedness in the Northern breasts. In the village of Sutton-on-Trent and its neighbourhood, the small farmers and cottagers, once a-year, and a week's continuance, prepare their homely offerings to the mail coachmen and guards, not forgetting the passengers. The time is watched with anxious care by the young girls of the families, or by the old people, if left alone in the world. Upon a tray covered with a beautiful damask napkin are displayed plum cakes, tartlets, gingerbread, ex-

quisite home-made bread; and biscuits, ale, currant and gooseberry wines, cherry brandy, and, by some, spirits. These, in old-fashioned glass jugs embossed with figures, have a most pleasing effect. As to the contents, they are superlative: Such ale! such currant wine! such cherry brandy! Oh!—The coach was compelled to be stopped, and was soon surrounded by half a dozen damsels, all enchanting young people, neatly clad—rather shy, but courteously importunate. At the close, not in ill humour, however, at the passing jokes accompanying your thanks, eat and drink you must. I tasted all. How could I resist the winning manners of the rustics, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes? My poor stomach, not used to such luxuries and extraordinaries at eleven o'clock in the morning, was, however, in fine agitation the remainder of the ride—fifty miles. Neither time nor entreaties can prevent their solicitations—they are issued to reward the men for trifling kindnesses occasionally granted. We lost ten minutes—they were soon recovered by one or two good spirits—indeed a gallop was an agreeable *finale*.

It was my intention to have given the picture of another prominent character I fell in with on my return; but I have gabbled away without thought to an extravagant length: therefore my obeisance ought to be made. But as my journey was a long one, and occasioned some occurrences amusing to myself, I shall not object to submit another offering, provided the manner and matter of this be considered acceptable.

My family are notorious for the love of curiosity and restlessness. Indeed, the fame of my brother Paul is spread over every clime. I possess neither his intellect nor

activity; but I have a good share of his impudence. However, I cannot change either my nature or name: so must be your obedient, humble servant,

PETER PRY.

January 22, 1837.

LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1837.

(Ages at May Day next.)

10. **A BJER**, at Newmarket, at 10gs.:—by Truffle, out of Briseis, by Beningbrough, grandam Lady Jane, by Sir Peter.

4. **ACORN**, at Chingford, Essex:—by Skim, dam by Orville.

9. **ALEXANDER**, at Cornbrough, Yorkshire, at 5gs.:—by Don Cosack, out of Staveley Lass (Sister to Staveley), by Shuttle, grandam by Drone.

10. **ARBUTUS**, at Norton Grange, Malton, Yorkshire, at 3gs. and a half:—by Walton, dam by Wizard, grandam Lisette (Sister to Bramble), by Hambletonian.

11. **BANKER**, at Appleton Lodge Farm, Appleton, Cheshire, at 6 sovs. and a half:—by Smolensko, out of Quail, by Gohanna, grandam Certhia, by Woodpecker.

13. **BLACKLOCK**, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 12gs. and a half:—by Whitelock, dam by Coriander, out of Wildgoose, by Highflyer.

16. **BLUCHER**, at the Windmill Inn, York, at 5 sovs. and a half:—by Waxy, out of Pantina, by Buzzard, grandam (Deceiver's dam) by Trentham—Cytherea (Sister to Drone), by Herod.

6. **BUZZARD**, at High Powbourn, Glanton, Northumberland:—by Blacklock, out of Miss Newton (Merlin and Falcon's dam) by Delphi—TippelCider, by King Fergus.

17. **CAMELOPARD**, at Wentworth Lodge, Rotherham, Yorkshire, at 5 sovs. and a half:—by Camillus, out of Minstrel, by Sir Peter, grandam Matron, by Florizel.

18. **CARTON**, at the Salutation Inn, Doncaster, at 15 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Golumpus, out of Lucy Gray, by Timothy, grandam Lucy, by Florizel.

6. **CEDRIC**, at Lambton Grange, Durham, at 10 sovs.:—by Phantom, dam by Walton, grandam by Trumpator, great grandam by Highflyer.

9. **CENTAUR**, at Newmarket, at 10gs. and a half:—by Canopus, dam by Orville, grandam (Castrel, Selim, and Rubens's dam) by Alexander.

21. **CERVANTES**, at the same place as Camelopard, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Don Quixote, out of Evelina (Orville's dam), by Highflyer.

15. **CHAMPION**, at Wem, Salop, at 7 sovs. and a half:—by Selim, out of Podagra, by Gouty, grandam Jet, by Magnet.

11. **CHAMPIGNON**, at Mr. Kirby's stables, York, at 10gs. and a half:—by Truffle, out of Maria, by Highflyer, grandam Maria, by Telemachus.

CLAUDIUS (greyhorse), at Rhienport, Montgomeryshire:—by Camillus, dam by Sancho, grandam by Highflyer.

22. **CLINKER**, at Barnoldby-le-Beck, Grimsby, Lincolnshire, at 2gs. and half a crown:—by Sir Peter, out of Hyale, by Phenomenon, grandam Rally, by Trumpator. He is nearly the only Son of Sir Peter now living.

COLEBS, at Stansted, near Westbourne, Sussex, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Beningbrough, dam Rally (Sister to Rebel), by Trumpator, out of Fancy.

18. **COMUS**, at Ledstone Hall Farm, Ferrybridge, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Sorcerer, out of Houghton Lass, by Sir Peter, grandam Alexina, by King Fergus.

6. **CYDNUS**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 10gs.:—by Quiz, out of

Persepolis, by Alexander, grandam (Sister to Tickle Toby), by Alfred.

11. **DON JUAN**, at Cawood Castle, Selby, Yorkshire, at 5gs.:—Own Brother to Gustavus, by Election, out of Lady Grey (Sister to Viscount), by Stamford.

6. **DER FREISCHUTZ**, at East Hardwick, Pontefract, at 7 sovs. and a half:—by Outcry, out of Bella, by Benningbrough, grandam Peterea, by Sir Peter.

16. **DOCTOR SYNTAX**, at Brompton-on-Swale, Catterick, Yorkshire, at 11 sovs.:—by Paynator, dam by Benningbrough, grandam Jenny Mole, by Carbuncle—Prince T'Quassaw.

15. **FILHO DA PUTA**, at Southwell, Nottinghamshire, at 15gs.:—by Haphazard, out of Mrs. Barnet, by Waxy, grandam by Woodpecker.

11. **FUNGUS**, at Phantom Cottage, Newmarket, at 6 sovs.:—by Truffle, dam by Sir Peter, grandam Hornet, by Drone, out of Manilla, by Goldfinder.

8. **GULLIVER**, at Maker Lane, at 10 sovs.:—by Orville, out of Canidia, by Sorcerer, grandam Orange Bud, by Highflyer, out of Orange Girl, by Matchem.

5. **HARLEQUIN**, at Kingston, near Lewes, Sussex, 2gs. and a half:—by Young Grimaldi, dam by Eagle, out of Aliconda.

7. **LOTTERY**, at Dowthorpe Hall, Holderness, at 16gs. and 10s.:—by Tramp, out of Mandane, by Pot80's, grandam Young Camilla (Sister to Colibri), by Woodpecker.

12. **MANDEVILLE**, at the same place and price as Clinker:—by Young Woodpecker, out of Platina (Sister to Silver), by Mercury, grandam by Herod.

8. **MACDUFF**, at Aberford, Yorkshire, at 5gs.:—by Macbeth, dam by Waxy, grandam by Selim, great grandam by Stride.

5. **MIDDLETON**, at the Horse Bazaar, King-street, London, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Phantom, out of Web, by Waxy, grandam Penelope, by Trumpator.

18. **MR. LOWE**, at Newmarket, at 5 sovs. and a half:—by Walton, out of Pledge, by Waxy, grandam Prunella, by Highflyer.

8. **MORISCO**, at Newmarket, at 10gs. and a half:—by Muley, out of Aquilina, by Eagle, grandam by Precipitate, great grandam by Woodpecker.

7. **NICOLO**, at Hepscott Hall, Morpeth, Northumberland, at 8gs.:—by Selim, dam by Walton, grandam Young Giantess, by Diomed—Giantess, by Matchem.

5. **THE NORFOLK PHENOMENON**, at the same place as Smolensko, at 5 sovs. and 10s.:—got by Young Fireaway out of a Shales mare.

ORVILLE, jun. at Newmarket, at 2gs.:—by Orville, dam by Walton, grandam by Buzzard, great grandam by Pot80's, great great grandam by Eclipse.

16. **PARTISAN**, at Oxcroft, Newmarket, twenty-five mares at 7gs. and a half:—by Walton, out of Parasol, by Pot80's, grandam Prunella, by Highflyer.

14. **PAULOWITZ**, at Bouchill Farm, Tamworth, Staffordshire, at 15 sovs.:—by Sir Paul, out of Evelina (Orville's dam), by Highflyer.

19. **PHANTOM**, at Newmarket, at 25gs. and 1g.:—by Walton, out of Julia, by Whiskey, grandam Young Giantess, by Diomed.

6. **YOUNG PHANTOM**, at Barrows Brook, Gloucestershire, at 3gs.:—by Phantom, out of Blue Stockings, by Popinjay, grandam Briseis, by Benningbrough.

12. **REVELLER**, at Hedgerley Park, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, at 10gs.:—by Comus, out of Rosette, by Benningbrough, grandam Rommend, by Tandem.

9. **RICHARD**, at Knight's Hill Cottage, Dulwich, Surrey, at 10gs.:—Own Brother to Master Henry, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia, by Stamford.

ROBIN HOOD, at Brown's training stables, Lewes:—by Octavius.

22. **RUBENS**, at Barton Court, Newbury, Berks, at 15gs.:—by Buzzard, dam by Alexander, grd. by Highflyer, great grd. by Alfred.

10. **RUBENS**, jun. at Newmarket, at 3gs.:—by Rubens, out of Web, by Waxy, grandam Penelope, by Trumpator, out of Prunella, by Highflyer.

6. **SILKWORM**, at Ashby-de-la Zouch, at 5gs and 5s.:—by Castrel, out of Corinne, by Waxy, grandam Briseis, by Benningbrough.

SOBER ROBIN, at 4gs. and 5s. at Chingford, Essex:—by Orville, out of Harpy, by Phenomenon.

10. **ST. PATRICK**, at Thornton Watlass, Bedale, Yorkshire, at 10gs.:—by Walton, dam by Dick Andrews, grandam by Highflyer.

8. **SIR WILLIAM**, at Oswestry, Shropshire, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Sir Paul, out of Streamlet, by Rubens, grandam Sister to Champion, by Pot80's.

16. **SMOLENSKO**, at the same place as Cydnus; thorough-bred ones at 19gs.; half-bred 5gs. and a half:—by Sorcerer, out of Wowski, by Mentor, grd. Maria, by Herod.

STRAIGHTWAIST, at Mitchell Grove, near Arundel—winners gratis, all others at 5gs. and a half:—Own Brother to Shortwaist, by Interpreter, out of Nancy.

7. **STRATHERN**, at Morton's hunting stables, Croydon, at 5gs.:—by Whisker, out of a Sister to Shuttle Pope, by Shuttle, grandam by Oberon.

STRYMON, at Stockwell, Surrey; blood mares, 5gs.; half bred 2gs. and a half, and 5s.:—Own Brother to Euphrates.

8. **SWAP**, at the same place as

Paulowitz, at 10 sovs.:—by Catton, dam by Hambletonian, grandam Vesta, by Delpini.

7. **SWISS**, at Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, at 1g.:—by Whisker, out of a Sister to Corduroy, by Shuttle, grd. Lady Sarah, by Fidget.

11. **SULTAN**, at Burghley, near Stamford, at 20 sovs.:—by Selim, out of Bacchante, by N's Ditto; grandam by Mercury, great grandam by Herod.

8. **THEODORE**, at Castle Howard, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and a half:—by Woful, out of Blacklock's dam, by Coriander.

17. **TRAMP**, at Tickhill Castle Farm, Bawtry, Yorkshire, at 15gs. and 1g.:—by Dick Andrews, dam by Gohanna, out of Fraxinella, by Trentham.

5. **VELASQUEZ**, at the same place as Middleton, at 5 sovs. and a half:—by Rubens, dam by Paynator, grandam by Delpini—Hutchinson's Hermit.

6. **WARKWORTH**, at Craigmillar Castle, near Edinburgh, at 6 sovs. and 5s. (mares having won 100l. or bred a winner gratis):—by Filho da Puta, dam by Delpini, grandam by Benningbrough, out of Eustatia, by Highflyer.

10. **WAVERLEY**, at Dringhouses, near York, at 10gs.:—by Whalebone, out of Margaretta, by Sir Peter; grandam by Highflyer, great grandam by Matchem.

15. **WHISKER**, at Brompton-on-Swale, Catterick, Yorkshire, at 20gs. and 1g.:—Brother to Whalebone, by Waxy, out of Penelope, by Trumpator.

12. **WELBECK**, at Helmsley, Yorkshire, at 10 sovs.:—by Soothsayer, out of Pledge, by Waxy, grandam Prunella, by Highflyer.

11. **WRANGLER**, at the same place as Blacklock, at 10gs. and 10s.:—by Walton, out of Lisette, by Hambletonian, grandam Constantia, by Walnut.

A FEW LINES FROM NIMROD.

SIR,

IN the Numbers of your Magazine for November, December, and January last, there are some articles on which I will take the liberty of saying a few words—not from any affectation of superior observation, or display of more than my share of knowledge—but from a sincere wish to benefit your work, by impressing the value of some truths more forcibly on your readers.

Count *Veltheim's* article (November Number) on summering the hunter cannot pass without remark. It is the completest answer to all advocates for the grazing system that has hitherto appeared; for it not only brings forward, in opposition to it, the opinion that prevails throughout the greatest part of Continental Europe, but that opinion is backed by this Nobleman's own extensive experience of upwards of thirty years, on a stud of from seventy to eighty horses of various breeds and descriptions. The testimony of the Cossacks also is of high consideration; for it is well known to what extreme exertions their horses are exposed; and we cannot wonder at the Count expressing his surprise that "the English, of all other people, should turn their horses to grass in summer, and thereby abate their vigour, while in the autumn and winter they require from them such hard and fatiguing labour." Against my own experience of the benefit of the hard-meat system for horses required for fast work, all the arguments of all the people in the world would not make the most minute impression; and I would ask no farther boon of Heaven than to

Vol. XIX. N. S.—No. 118.

enjoy health, wealth, fox-hunting, and friends, until that day shall arrive, when a man of known experience shall come forward and say, he has tried the grazing system in his hunting stable, and found it to be the best. Against the charge of cruelty, by keeping horses in the house in the summer, the Count's letter is a complete answer; as also to that of increased expense being incurred in their food. As to his other observations—not only practical but philosophical—they are deserving of the greatest attention from the sportsman, as well as from the breeder of all sorts of cattle; and the Count has my best thanks for the very able manner in which he has seconded and improved upon my previous observations on this highly interesting subject.

There is no question as to the propriety of Mr. Sully's plan (so well laid down) of giving cart-horses manger-meat, and also of the steamed potatoes and straw; but the difficulty arises in the obstinacy and prejudices of farming-servants.

I little thought I should ever see Sir John Fagg in print, as a dragsman. We have drunk many a glass of wine together, and have ridden many a good run to the same music; and had I known my old friend had taken to the box, I should have given him a conspicuous place amongst the amateur coachmen. Our intimacy subsisted in his father's life-time, and this accounts for my ignorance of the Baronet's present pursuits. Of his ability on the bench, then, I know nothing; but this I will say—there exists not a man in His Majesty's dominions more fond of fox-hunting than Sir John Fagg.

Turning over the leaf, I find, to

F f

my surprise, that varmint old cock, John Lockley, turned author. He writes in praise of a patent saddle; and surely no one can be a better judge of such an article than himself; for, if all the hours he has been seated in one were put together, they would almost amount to the age of man. But there is another thing that surprises me about this patent saddle, and that is, it is said to be *the invention of a lawyer*! Now it is well known, that the gentlemen of that profession have a happy knack of saddling His Majesty's subjects with costs; but, generally speaking, a lawyer is the last man of all others to *make things sit easy*, which, I understand, is the intended object of this patent saddle.

A Friend to the Chase gives us a very sensible letter on summering the hunter, in which he runs into no great extremes. He must, however, allow me to say, the grass he thinks necessary for health may be given in the house, as well as in the field; and the clay-box for the feet is much superior to "the dews of Heaven," or, as I should call them, the dews of earth. In the course of last summer, I was driving the Southampton Telegraph, and took up a passenger* on the road. Sitting beside me on the box, I entered into conversation with him, and remarked what a fine pair of horses he had in the phaeton in which he drove to meet us. "They are fine horses," said he, "and their united ages amount to forty-two."—"How have you preserved their legs and feet so well to that advanced age?" observed I. "By keeping them in the house, and letting them stand some hours each day in clay," was his reply.

There is one passage in this let-

ter on which I am obliged to comment. *A Friend to the Chase* says, "Sir Bellingham Graham would not relish being told that he did not ride well up to his hounds ten or twelve years ago, when I suppose—(an awkward word, and one of little import when wishing to establish facts)—all his hunters had their regular run at grass, during the summer." Now, on the authority of Sir Bellingham Graham, I take leave to inform *A Friend to the Chase*, that, since that gentleman has kept hunters, those for his own riding have always been summered in the house.

The concluding sentence of this article is worthy to be had in remembrance. "If men differ at all," says the writer, "they ought to differ without any feeling of animosity." The propriety of this sentiment no one can doubt; but we must be *friends to truth*, as well as *friends to the chase*.

On the letter of *Tailig*, on clipping his hunters, I have only a word to say. There certainly are some horses which will wear long coats, but I never was possessed of one, that, *after a certain time* (however long his coat), would not dry quickly in the stable. Alterative and tonic medicines are of the greatest use here. I have at this time a horse in my stable, well known in Leicestershire by the name of *Bull Dog*, that wears a long coat, but he is always dressed in half an hour, and never breaks out afterwards. If he did, I should consider him a fit subject for the clipper; for although I do not, on several accounts, approve of the system of clipping hunters, I would not suffer the rule to be made absolute. The facts stated by the above writer in favour of the hard-

* Mr. Mildmay, of Dogmersfield Park.

most system are extremely satisfactory.

There is but an atom of difference in opinion between *A Young Fox-hunter and Breeder of Horses* and myself, on the subject of summing the hunter; therefore I pass on to that part of his letter which relates to breeding. This gives me an opportunity of offering one word of advice, which I believe escaped me before:—If a half-bred mare produce a light, weedy filly, or a horse colt that does not promise well, the safe plan is to sell it at weaning time, or within the first year. It is then pretty certain to clear expenses; whereas keeping it to maturity must end in a loss. I have only to go into my own paddock to see a proof of what I have asserted.

Ant Arab is a correspondent of the right kind, and I trust, Mr. Editor, that you prize him as such, for he is a man of much general knowledge. I shall have something to say on North-country coaching in my Yorkshire Tour, to corroborate the ludicrous description he gives of the blue-stocking coachmen.

A Ruralist and myself approach very closely together on treatment of hunters in the summer, save and except that I cannot abandon the housing them at night, from the conviction that roaring is produced by exposure to night air after hot days. With respect to the charge against me of riding my hunters in the summer, I answer, that I do not imagine that gentle work on the road can be at

all injurious to sound feet, provided they are properly attended to in the stable. If it did, how would post and coach horses, and those used by bagmen, endure the work they have on the road for twelve or fourteen years, and die with sound feet at last? To such horses as are tender on their feet from injury in the navicular bone, my experience has convinced me, that keeping them constantly going (gently of course in the summer) is beneficial and not injurious. Rest, to them, aggravates disease.

The power of punctuation is very great—no less than to convert sense into nonsense, and *vice versa*, as the opposition barber in last Sunday's *John Bull** so amply shewed forth. In my own letter in this Number, p. 93, two lines from the bottom, a colon and a dash (—) between the words "reason," and "am I," make nonsense of the passage. The passage about the pole of the coach is also rendered nonsense by not placing the stops right. It should read thus:—"Neither should leaders be hit in going over a bridge which is much raised; for, when the pole points upwards, their draught on the end of it may snap it in the futchels."

The poet Gray owed his reputation to the casual appearance of his celebrated *Elegy* on a Country Church-yard, in some Magazine. Perhaps his paraphrast, *Φίλος ιωνος*, may date his from his "grass field," which makes a figure in the present Number. A little poetry varies the scene, and the horse

* Two village barbers are opposed to each other. One has the following lines written over his door:—

"What do you think
I shaves for a penny and asks you to drink."

A yekel comes in to be shaved, and after the operation, asks to taste the tap, according to articles displayed. "Stop!" said the barber; "let me read them;" which he did as follows:—"What! do you think I shaves for a penny, and asks you to drink?"

has often been a subject for the Muses.

Does not *Greybeard* confound *Laudator Præsentis ævi* with myself, when speaking of the Southampton Telegraph? I will take a trip to Cambridge on purpose to see the Times coach, and then, and only then, shall I be able to form a comparison between that and the Southampton coaches.

My letter on "the Road," owing to the miscarriage of a parcel, went to press without correction and revision, and therefore some errors crept in. I am made to speak of a flame being *united* instead of *ignited*.

Of the *Old Forester's* long and entertaining letter, nothing need be said by me. The *Sporting World* will appreciate its merits; and I have only to congratulate them on the prospect of a continuance of such agreeable and useful information.

January Number.—In a short account given by *A Ruralist*, of New Forest-hunting, the master of the pack is called Mr. *Nicholls*. Now, who put these additional letters to his name I cannot determine, but I should much sooner suspect an English sportsman of forgetting any one of the Commandments than the name of '*Sam Nicoll*.' As to Tom Smith, of the Hambledon, there are few keener or more able sportsmen, and he deserves a better country, and a better subscription. I do not like the language which *Ruralist* ap-

plies to this gentleman's establishment. When I last visited Mr. Smith, he had in his kennel the old huntsman William James, besides a man to boil, and the food appeared to be as good as money could purchase. His hounds always appear at the covert's side with two well-dressed and very active whippers-in—Sharpe and Davis—and their horses sufficiently good. Indeed I was lately told, on good authority, that the stable this year was very well filled, and the appearance of his hounds excellent; but I have not been able to be an eye-witness of the facts. By the circumstance of the *Ruralist* not knowing Mr. Nicoll's name, it is evident he has not been long in Hampshire; but I hope he has not made these—not only misapplied, but not very friendly—remarks, without satisfying himself of the truth of them. Such conduct, if generally adopted, would injure a cause to which *Ruralist* appears to be warmly attached.

The controversy between Mr. *John Lawrence* and myself being at an end, I shall dismiss, even with the pen in my hand, all hostile feeling towards him for the time to come; and heartily wish him a continuance of his green old age; and as this—old Christmas day—is the season when nought but good humour should prevail, and I have a brother-sportsman from Surrey (a sticker too—something of Old Corcoran's sort) coming to dine with me on the occasion*, he

* Several of my friends often say to me, "Cannot you give us another anecdote of Old Corcoran?"—"I could give you many," is my answer, "but they will not all bear print." The following, however, is characteristic of the man:—On the Saturday after last Epsom races, I was dining with a neighbour of his in Surrey, and as soon as the ladies had retired, we drew our chairs to the fire—for it was wet and cold—and, taking up the nominations for this year's Derby, were trying to pick out the winner. A voice was heard in the hall. "Old Corcoran, by G—!" said my host; "now good bye to a quiet evening!" The door opened, and in walked '*The Veteran*.'—"Now, Mr. NIMROD," said he, "since you won't come to me and drink my wine, I have

shall bear witness that I am not unmindful of the example set me by the great Founder of the Feast, for we will fill a bumper of claret to old *John Lawrence*, and all the rest of my literary opponents. I may then sing with the Poet—

— “ If there be
One of you all that ever from my presence
I have with sudden'd heart unkindly sent,
I here, in meek repentance, of him crave
A brother's hand in token of forgive-
ness.”

Charnwood's account of Lord Anson's sport cannot fail being interesting to me, as I know every yard of the country and so many of his field. When he speaks of Lord *Derby's* brother—[this error was the printer's—Ed.]—he, of course, means Mr. Henry Fielding, Lord *Denbigh's* brother. The mention of Mr. Charles Boulton gives me an opportunity of saying, that doubtless there are many men who can go over a country as well as he can on good hunters; but it is my firm opinion, that Mr. Charles Boulton has been the best and quickest man, on an unmade raw horse, that the Sporting World ever saw. Perhaps, in his next, *Charnwood* will give us an account of the run Lord Anson had a short time before Christmas, from Enderby (Lorraine Smith's) to Ashby de la Zouch—fifteen miles from point to point—when young Peyton went so well on his mare, *Edgecot*. The instance which *Charnwood* produces of the foul-legged mare, on which the hard-meat and

“keeping-going” system has answered so well, should be noted in the book of memory.

I take this opportunity of informing *Solicitor Shot* that I have two more Letters to publish on the Game Laws, when I shall notice some of his remarks.

The Old and The Young Forester differ with me, or rather with the opinion held by a friend of mine, as to the present state of the turf, and each brings forward rather curious arguments to prove its present respectability. The old one tells us, we must trust a trainer, however high his character for honesty may stand, *no farther than we can see him*; and, that it is a common practice for three or four gentlemen to go partners in a stud, run their horses under other names, and win with the wrong horse!! The young one supports his argument by instancing a certain heavy bettor, who (last year) goes into the ring, wins fifty thousand pounds by his book, but loses ten thousand by his pocket!

We scribblers must endure criticisms, and encounter rivals. Without this we should get idle and careless, and, as we fox-hunters term it, not “rise at our fences.” In addition to this, we are apt to be enamoured of our own productions: a little censure, therefore, improves our judgment; whereas praise too often only soothes us in our vanity, and we stop where we are.

The Young Forester (no wonder)

brought my wine to you; *here* (taking it from one of his coat pockets, and laying it on the table) *is the best bottle of Champagne in England; and there* (taking it from the other) *is his brother*. We will now sit down and be merry.” The finish of the evening I must not detail; but I remember being surprised that I had not observed the contents of the pockets when the Veteran walked into the room; but on a closer inspection of them I plainly perceived, that a couple of fowls and a Yorkshire ham might have accompanied the bottles without any inconvenience. I am sure my readers will be happy to hear that Mr. Coreoran and *The Miller* are still going—each only a little worse for wear, although I have not heard of the usual accompaniment to the Almanac for the present new year.

is startled at the sight of my lamps; at the same time he admits, by the inferiority of those now in use, that a specimen of the materials used by the ancients would be by no means amiss; "for," says he, (p. 191,) "*who has ever seen a pair of coach lamps in a coach (let them be ever so good as to principle) that were not absolutely begrimed with oil-dregs and dirt?*" Here, then, improvement in the burning materials is evidently wanting, and a second Olympus might be of service to us. *The Young Forester*, however, like the rest of us, is not proof against error; for he thinks portable gas can never be used to coach lamps; whereas, if he will condescend to travel by a pair-horse coach, he will find one from Hampstead to London thus lighted. He may also be informed, that he may now purchase a single bottle of portable gas with as much ease as a single bottle of Mr. Wright's Champagne. These two facts would have appeared in their places, had not, as before mentioned, the revised copy miscarried on the road.

Doctors sometimes differ, and so does the taste of readers. *The Young Forester* does not like this little digression from the turnpike road, not even with the lamps lit. As a set-off, however, against his objection, I was the other day told by a very charming woman, that that part of my letter was read aloud in a drawing room, and very much admired. So, then, let it pass; but I must be allowed to say, it will require a more powerful pen than that of *The Young*

Forester to alter or abridge either my style or matter.

M. P. S. will see some allusions to his queries in a future Letter on the Road.

A Fox-hunter tells us of a run with the "Worcestershire" four-hounds of one hour and five minutes, without a single check! This is a rare occurrence; but, perhaps, there might have been one when your correspondent was considering whether or not he should charge Crowle Brook, which I know well. He is quite correct in saying, that it takes a good horse, and a good man, to go over Worcestershire. I know of no *everer country*; and it is to be lamented that he did not inform us who was the seventeen or eighteen stone-welter, on the grey mare, going so well.

To my friend in France, I beg leave to return many thanks for his entertaining letter—at the same time reminding him of the *six months' interval*! No one can read his "Find, and Death of the Stag," without wishing to have been present. "Every hound," says he, "was there, and the music divine!"—It is too true that Mr. Hay declines Warwickshire, and hounds and horses are to be sold in May.

I was much pleased with the account given of the superb Gold Cup presented to Colonel Berkeley, as "a tribute of friendship," by the members of his own Hunt Club. The Colonel is highly entitled to this very flattering compliment, not only for the perseverance he has displayed in hunting a country, great part of which

* Worcestershire has produced many good riders. The present Master of the Hounds is a fine performer for a man of his weight; but Mr. John Price, of Ryeal, the noted breeder of Hereford cattle, ought to have passed his life in Leicestershire, where he would have distinguished himself as one of the quickest of the quick.

is extremely unfavorable to hounds, but for the very liberal manner in which his establishment has, for a long series of years, been kept up—thereby not merely paying a compliment to, but strongly supporting the character of, fox-hunting, now apparently on the decline.

On my return home, as usual, for Christmas, I went out with the Vine hounds, late Mr. Chute's, when I heard sad complaints of the want of foxes, as also of their destruction by poison; and I very much fear that my prophecy on this head will be fulfilled many years before the time I allotted to it. Of one thing I am certain—in this part of Hampshire there is nothing for it but a pack of stag-hounds. It is whoo hoop with fox-hunting, and one of these days I will state "the reason why." The same game is going on in other countries. I know, on very good authority, that Mr. Worth has given up, or is going to give up, his hounds in Devonshire, in consequence of the following conduct:—Having made a very good start, by killing his ten brace of foxes, he met one morning at Rackingsford Moor, where he found about a hundred farmers assembled, fifty of whom had guns, and were in the act of destroying the foxes.—*Quere*—Who are their landlords?

To conclude: The late melancholy event, the death of the Duke of York, brings to my recollection, that, in the Numbers for June and July 1832, I gave a little sketch of His Royal Highness's sporting career—that being the year in which he won the Derby, with Moses. Having affixed no signature to the article in ques-

tion, the humble tribute of respect which I took the opportunity of paying to his character could be attributed to no self-interested motive. Perhaps many of my readers may recollect what I said of him, and others may have the means of referring to the page; but to those who can do neither, it may not be ill-timed to repeat, that it was as a promoter of the manly amusements and recreations of the country in which he was bred; as having a well-known dislike to exotic customs and manners; and as himself bearing the stamp and character of an English gentleman, that I held up His Royal Highness as an example to others in his exalted station. By these qualifications I myself set great store; for there is a sort of bastard refinement now in vogue in this country, which is not only ill suited to its character and people, but which is as disgusting as it is pernicious, and which, when minutely looked into, is nothing less than a mask for profligacy, heartlessness, and insincerity.

Of the much-lamented Duke as Commander-in-Chief of this country, it is not for me to speak. An abler pen than mine will hand down his character to posterity, and doubtless do him justice. In the mean time let me record the compliment paid to the goodness of His Royal Highness's heart, from a quarter* that cannot be suspected of flattering him—namely, that "he never broke a promise, nor ever deserted a friend." Such, we know, is the testimony of the army; and such I believe to be the suffrages of all who have honesty to speak the truth.

December 6, 1833.

NIMROD.

* The old Times Newspaper.

METHOD OF CATCHING CARP.

SIR,
MAY I claim a small space in your entertaining Magazine, to inquire, through some of your correspondents, the method of catching carp in a pond or lake, which has a considerable quantity of mud at the bottom. I have endeavoured to succeed by stirring the mud from the bottom previous to a drag, but have been unsuccessful. That there are a vast number of them, where I fish, I am convinced; but any person acquainted with fishing must be aware of their extraordinary cunning. The tench are generally to be found in the same place, but they are a fish easily to be taken.

By inserting this you will much oblige, Sir, your obedient servant, a subscriber, and

PISCATOR.

P. S. A more beautiful season for fishing pike never was seen.

THE KELSO, MELLERSTAIN,
 AND CORNHILL COUNTRY.

SIR,

AS there are many readers of the *Sporting Magazine* in the North of England, and some in Scotland, you may perhaps find a corner in one of your Numbers for the few words I wish to address to you. They are for the consideration of many good sportsmen, whose important duties at home prevent them from going to any very great distance for the mere purpose of hunting. Some of them may not be aware, that, without going very far, they may have fox-hunting very superior to anything they have seen, or can ever expect to see, in their home countries.

The country to which I allude is that which the East Lothian

fox-hounds have lately been hunting. The huntsman, Williamson, who is quite first-rate, was so delighted with it—the difference was so great between it and that which he had been accustomed to hunt, viz. East, West, and Mid Lothian—that he was heard to say, “We have been hunting in a hole all our lives till now.” How some of the gentlemen who have never hunted except in the hole may relish the discovery is no concern of mine; but, if they really like fox-hunting—if they prefer a country where it is possible to see hounds to one where it is not—if they prefer stout, straight-running foxes, to short-running ringing brutes, they will certainly go to this new country, and satisfy themselves whether the report of it be correct, before coming to any determination to give it up.

I have been out in East and West Lothian, and in Mid Lothian, several times with Williamson. He is very clever in the field, and his hounds are very good; but the fun is, in general, anything but fox-hunting. I have gone with the hounds to see them find, and have been quite surprised, when approaching the covert, to find myself alone with Williamson and his whippers, the whole field having dispersed: some had gone to the farther side of a ravine, some to the other side of a bog; some, perhaps the wisest, had taken up a commanding position a mile, more or less, up the hill side; and a great many were at all times to be seen in the roads. Even when the hounds are running, it is rare to see any of the field attempting to live with them. There are exceptions, certainly; but those men who do the thing when it is possible will, I am sure, be the first

to acknowledge that it very seldom is so.

My object, then, is to mention to those who may not have heard of it, the very great superiority of the Kelso, Mellerstain, and Cornhill country, and to express a hope that it will continue to be hunted, either as it is at present (for a better huntsman or better hounds are not to be had), or, if it shall be determined otherwise—viz. that they are to hunt in the hole only—I would ask what is to prevent Kelso becoming the Border Melton? Were I living within forty miles of this capital country, I should be happy to contribute my mite, although I should hunt there but one fortnight (four days a week, observe though) in the year; and I am certain, that I should have more pleasure in that short spell, than in a whole season in any of the other Scotch provincials, which, to those who really like fox-hunting, yield nothing but perpetual disappointment.

SPECTATOR.

A FOX-HUNTER'S OPINION OF COURSING.

SIR,
THE following was found among some papers of a fox-hunter, contemporary with old Meynel, and Joe Smyth of Sholebrook Lodge, Northamptonshire. By inserting the same you will oblige your obedient servant,

VERITAS.

Blindfold, Jan. 10, 1827.

"COURSING.

"I expected to find out the gratification arising from that amusement. We went out with six brace of black dogs, three servants leading them, a foot, with the groom (who gives them galloping exer-

cise) well mounted, as manager in the field. I rode four hours at a fixed distance from my friend and his groom, except when we were interrupted by what is called diversion: the hares were soon caught, or lost in a near covert, or ran away with scarcely a turn. I pity the poor animals, and would not ride after a pack of hounds if Benvy was always in view. My friend's ambition is mortified by the loss of matches, the many accidents incident to the fine high-bred dogs, and the imaginary want of care and knowledge in his trainer. Coursing is the resource of indolence, apathy, discontent, selfishness, unsociability, puny ambition, and gambling—a groveling assemblage of degrading qualities of the human mind. Fox-hunting seeks society, endeavours to delight a country, obliges pride to be courteous, rank to be condescending, leads to a knowledge of the neighbours, and requires some degree of character to make it complete; above all, it proves the dependence that all have on the assistance of their fellow men, and expands the heart, from the reflection of having afforded pleasure to many companions in the chase."

January 3, 1822.

A HINT IN COACHING.

SIR,
MAY I be allowed to suggest the following improvement (if any can be made) to the present method of travelling.

The English are proverbial for despatch in every line of business: "What thou doest do quickly," is a favorite motto; whilst the sage precept of "*Festina lente*" is little regarded. The expeditious travelling of stage coaches at this pre-

G g

ment time is not to be exceeded. Foreigners are greatly astonished at the sight of a stage coach whirling away at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour; and, whilst they admire the dexterity of the coachman, and the with difficulty to be subdued courage of the horses, they still entertain a regard for self-preservation, and tremble as they behold. I was once seated on the roof of an exceedingly expeditious coach in company with a Frenchman, and I could not fail remarking his evident anxiety and fear, when in the distance he descried the summit of a tremendous hill. "All this," said he "is very fine, but very dangerous." Custom is second nature, as the saying is: thus it is that we find the knowing whips of the present age so regardless of a steep declivity. Would that they could jarvey through this "vale of tears" with the same ease and *nonchalance* as they work a team! But, Mr. Editor, the path of life has not been Macadamized; it is filled with ruts of adversity and stones of disappointment.

I have been running riot: let us hit it off on the true scent, and proceed to business. Accidents by stage coaches are now seldom heard of; but improvements may still be made; and I should be extremely glad to see a guard seated at the back not only of the night, but also of the day coach. Often have I seen a coachman in difficulty, merely through want of such a companion. *Collega tutissimus ibis*, is a favorite motto of mine: supposing, for instance, any part of the tackle should give way (which will sometimes occur even in the best regulated establishment), is not a guard indispensably necessary at such a crisis? Stage coachmen have, in my opinion, too much business im-

posed upon them: the handing out of luggage, the delivering and receiving of parcels, is the duty of a guard, not that of a coachman, whose only employment ought to consist in the keeping of his cattle straight. When the coachmen who drive in the vicinity of Town are thus engaged, a high-spirited team is left either in the care of a passenger, or entirely at their own disposal. Such things should not be: the business and labour of a coachman should be limited. That the addition of a guard to every stage coach may ere long become prevalent, is the earnest wish of

SECURITAS.

Canterbury, January 4, 1827.

LEAP WITH THE BERKELEY STAG-HOUNDS.

SIR,

ON reading the account in your valuable Magazine of a leap taken by a person calling himself a LONDON SPORTSMAN, I cannot help making some remarks on the occasion, as I am in the habit of hunting with the Berkeley stag-hounds.

We did, indeed, come to a deer fence in Osterly Park, one end of which terminated in a large sheet of water, and the other in a high wall. The Cockney, as he styles himself (and his right to do so I do not dispute), charged the fence in a very gallant manner, and got clear over, but not alone, as at the same instant John Bagshaw, second whip to Mr. Berkeley, on Giantess, rode at and carried away three of the bars, getting safe over: it then became unnecessary to jump, a way being made for the whole field. I can assure the Cockney that he would find it very difficult to pound the orange coats,

and that there were many there in scarlet, green, and black, that would have thought as little of taking such a leap, as he thinks much of it. You will forgive me, Sir, for having troubled you thus far, but my signature will plead my excuse.

I remain, Sir, obediently yours,
VERITAS.

December 30, 1826.

PROPOSAL FOR A NEW GAME BILL.

SIR,
YOUR able correspondent, SOLICITOR SHOT, has made some sensible remarks upon the anomalies of the GAME LAWS, and has added very excellent and judicious propositions for their improvement; but, Mr. Editor, instead of altering or increasing such a mass of inconsistent, heterogeneous, and incomprehensible Statutes, (which may date their origin to the time of the despotic William the Conqueror, who considered the life of a wild-boar far more valuable than that of a subject,) I think, with Colonel Hawker, that the matter ought to be brought under a revision by the Legislature, and reduced into one Act of the present reign, sufficiently comprehensive to include every thing that is useful or desirable in such a code, and to exclude all that is obsolete or inapplicable to the present time: for, as the gallant Colonel farther observes, from the number of superfluous Statutes, now either wholly or partially repealed, it not only becomes a business of time to wade through volumes on the subject, but it requires great attention to discriminate which of the laws are in force at the present day. My object, Mr. Editor, is not at

this moment to point out the various incongruities of the laws as they are, which would occupy too large a portion of your valuable miscellany, but to endeavour to devise some *probable means* of procuring a new code. Who are the best judges of these matters? Practical, experienced, and liberal-minded sportsmen. And I cannot help thinking, that if Colonel Hawker and NIMROD would consult together, having the professional assistance of SOLICITOR SHOT, they could prepare the *outlines of a Bill* which would be neither contradictory in its nature nor oppressive in its application. This Bill should be submitted to Mr. Peel, or some other independent Member of the Senate, and every sportsman should exert his individual influence with the persons who represent his interests in Parliament, praying him to support the measure. It is useless to be devising improvements and alterations, unless steps are taken to carry the proposed advantages into effect. Let a draft of a Bill be prepared by the "worthies" before named, and then we will make "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together."

"Qui à nuce nucleum esse vult, nucem frangat."

Anglicè—No gains without pains.

Something must be done, and that speedily. The gaols in some parts of the kingdom are crowded with convicted poachers, and newspapers are filled with penalties exacted: yet the evil increases, and the fair sportsman is more than ever curtailed in the pursuit of his favorite amusement. In the West of England, poaching was never carried on to such an extent as at present. It is a fact, that in the Christmas week, one dealer in game—a man who follows no other calling or oc-

expedition—sent off by the van from *Exeter* to London eight hundred weight of game; and a poulterer himself told me that he had refused in the same week to purchase twenty *ten pheasants, three hares, and a partridge*, the whole of which were offered to him for forty shillings!!! Indeed, it is almost incredible the quantity of game disposed of in the *ancient and loyal city* alluded to; and although it is as notorious as the sun at noon-day, that every poulterer carries on a regular traffic in game, no steps are taken to put a stop to the illegal practice—the Magistrates resting satisfied with punishing the poacher, and not the retailer. “No receiver, no thief,” says the old proverb.

Without much fear as to the event, I would stake a *cool fifty* that if the Justices would grant *half a dozen* search-warrants to one of their myrmidons, “*stylum inverte*,” he would cause as many convictions; and if the penalties were enforced for every head of game found upon the receiver’s premises on a Friday morning (the principal market day), it would prove such a *sickener* that the poacher hereafter would not easily find a purchaser for his pilfered commodities. Anxiously hoping that these hints may meet with the serious attention of brother Nix-kob, and others of our sporting fraternity, I am, &c.

TIMOTHY RAMBOD.

Near Exeter, January 11, 1878.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. BODENHAM’S STUD.

AT the sale of Mr. Bodenham’s stud by Mr. Thomas Cooke, at Stapleton Castle, Herefordshire, the following prices were obtained:

Fillikins, by Gouty—bought in at 196l.

Miss Allegro, by Waxy—bought in at 200l.

Patience, by Fyldener—22l. sold to Major Gore.

Chestnut mare, by Sir Peter Corio-lanus—bought in at 40l.

Chestnut mare, by the Wellesley Arabian—20l. to John Harris, Esq.

Brown mare, by Ambo—31l. 10s. to Lord Oxford.

Spectre, by Phantom—bought in at 2500l.; 2000l. bid by Mr. Spencer.

Truant, 5 yrs old, by Wildboy—152l. 5s. to Rev. Mr. Smithies.

The Prude, a bay filly, 4 yrs old, by Phantom—210l. to Mr. Gwalter.

Bay filly, by Bustard, 2 yrs old—bought in at 480l.; 436l. bid by Major Gore.

Bay filly, by Spectre—bought in at 60l.

Bay colt, by Spectre, out of Patience—73l. 10s. to Major Gore.

Bay filly, by Spectre, bought in at 54l. 12s.

Bay colt, by Phantom, dam by Totteridge—99l. 15s. to Mr. Spencer.

Bay filly, 3 yrs old, by Spectre—32l. 10s. to Mr. Gwalter.

Bay gelding, by Spectre, 2 yrs old—50l. 17s. to Mr. Bykes.

Bay filly, by Duplicate, out of Fillikins—86l. 2s. to Mr. Spencer.

Bay filly, by Spectre, out of Patience—35l. to Mr. Clarke.

Bay gelding, by Spectre—19l. 19s. to Mr. Pickernell.

Brown colt, by Spectre, dam by Stamford—40l. to Major Gore.

Bay gelding, rising 6 years old (hunter)—73l. to Mr. Dickinson.

Brown gelding, rising 6 years old—43l. to Mr. Dickinson.

Bay gelding, rising 4 years old—48l. to Mr. Bowen.

Bay colt, 2 years old, by Spectre, dam by Young Spear—42l. to Mr. Wheeler.

A pair of brown geldings, one rising 4 years old, 14 hands 2 inches high, and the other rising 3 years old, 14 hands 1 inch high, an excellent match—bought in at 99l.

Brown pony, 3 years old—17l. 10s. to Mr. Ball.

Beau galloway, 2 yrs. old—171. ss. to Mr. Ball.

Chesnut mare, by Wildboy, dam by Old Spear—45l. to Mr. Dickinson.

Many other lots were not bid for. Total amount sold 1189l. 3s.

Much admiration was excited by the appearance of Spectre—for symmetry and bone, and excellence of temper, few can excel him—his stock are very promising. Spectre is the sire of Granby, Sceptre, and Sylph, &c. The filly by Bustard, out of Fillikins, engaged in the Oaks 1827, also was the theme of general observation.

MR. AMYATT'S (THE CONNOCK) HARRIERS.

SIR,

I Have for many years been an old Subscriber to your valuable and amusing work, and, being now the worse for wear, am satisfied to hunt the remainder of my days on paper with NIMROD and all his friends; and I often say that the second of each month (when I receive your Magazine) is the pleasantest day I pass.

There is still a crack of the whip in me, and I occasionally attend a pack of most excellent harriers belonging to Mr. Amyatt, who has hunted our Wiltshire Plains for these last five seasons. Perhaps an account of their performances may not be unacceptable to your readers, as their runs are far beyond harrier work in general. In consequence of this being such an open country, our hares run more like foxes, and are continually killed after a burst of twenty miles.

To begin the year well, I met them on the 1st of January at Imber Furse, with a field of upwards of forty. The first part of the day was unfavorable, with little scent and an impatient field. I thought

our prospects bad; still the usual urbanity of the master of the hounds was, as ever, predominant: he certainly looked as if he was praying for an old Wiltshire Down hare and a flying scent. His prayers were heard; and, about two o'clock, one of the old sort was viewed away, and after a run of fourteen miles on the open Down, without a check, was killed in good style in thirty-eight minutes, during which many were grassed, more planted, and few in at the death. Nothing but thorough-breds can live with them on a high-scenting day, and all the horses belonging to the Hunt are of that description. I could wish, and many would join me, that they were slower; and if there is a fault in harriers being too high bred, we have it here to perfection.

Their condition is very superior, which induced me to ask how they were fed. Mr. A. informed me he fed a great deal on mangel wurzel, boiled; and, from five years' experience, he considered it an excellent ingredient to mix with the other food (particularly for hounds thrown out of work by accidents), but that it required judgment in using it. I have been upwards of forty years a sportsman, but never before heard of it as food for hounds; but as I am not prejudiced against anything new under the sun, I have made a trial of it with my pointers and spaniels, by scalding my barley-meal with the liquor of the root, which is most nutritious and cooling. Their appearance and their work are decidedly improved since. This may be a hint to some of your friends, who perhaps, like myself, never heard of it before.

But, Mr. Editor, I am digressing from the subject I first came

menaced with, and shall end in wishing many happy new years to the Connock harriers and their master, and remain, your obedient servant,

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Westbury, Jan. 5, 1827.

CHESTERFORD COURSING CLUB.

SIR,
THE following is a correct statement of the sport at the Meeting of the Chesterford Coursing Club.—Yours, &c.

SOHO.

BOTTISHAM FIELD, CAMBRIDGE-SHIRE.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1826.

For the Cup.—Mr. Robinson's red d. Snap beat Mr. Frisby's blk. d. Fling; Mr. Fuller's blk. d. Fetch beat Mr. Alston's blk. d. Archer; Mr. Fyson's brin. d. Fearnought beat Mr. Vander Meulen's blk. b. Nettle; Mr. Taylor's wh. d. Anson beat Mr. Gotobed's blk. d. Octavian; Mr. Vippan's brin. d. Victor beat Mr. Fryer's blk. b. Fly; Mr. Thurnall's red d. Herod beat Mr. Gent's blk. d. Garrick; Mr. Dobede's blk. d. Dingy beat Mr. Cole's blk. b. Clara; Mr. Perkins's dun d. Shuttle beat Mr. Evans's blk. d. Spring.

Allington Hill Stakes.—Mr. Edwards's blk. and wh. d. Essex beat Mr. Frisby's wh. d. Frank; Mr. King's blk. d. Rufus beat Mr. Vander Meulen's brin. d. Nabob; Mr. Layton's blk. d. Lactor beat Mr. Evans's brin. b. Skip; Mr. Proctor's red d. Palmer beat Mr. Theed's red and wh. b. Tulip.

TIES FOR THE CUP.

Snap	beat	Fetch,
Fearnought	—	Anson,
Herod	—	Victor,
Dingy	—	Shuttle.

Matches.—Mr. King's Rector agst Mr. Alston's Arctic—no course; Mr. Edwards's Ensign beat Mr. Proctor's Picton; Mr. Gotobed's Glee beat Mr. Fryer's Fiddle; Mr. Thurnall's Havoc beat Mr. Evans's Emilius; Mr. Thurnall's Snowball beat Mr. Edwards's Eve.

ELMDON FIELD.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1826.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Snap	beat	Fearnought,
Dingy	—	Herod.

TIES FOR ALLINGTON HILL STAKES.

Rufus	beat	Essex,
Palmer	—	Lactor.

Matches.—Mr. Vander Meulen's Nimble beat Mr. Frisby's Filbo; Mr. Dobede's Dowager beat Mr. Gent's Garland; Mr. Fryer's Spring beat Mr. Evans's Smoker; Mr. Thurnall's Hebe beat Mr. Frisby's Venus; Mr. Evans's Spring beat Mr. Layton's Leo; Mr. Cole's Clara beat Mr. Perkins's Sultan; Mr. Gotobed's Glee beat Mr. Fryer's Fiddle; Mr. Dobede's Dunkirk beat Mr. Thurnall's Hercules; Mr. Gent's Grace beat Mr. Vippan's Victoria; Mr. Thurnall's Havoc beat Mr. Fuller's Fly; Mr. Vippan's Victor beat Mr. Evans's Emilius; Mr. Gotobed's Omlet beat Mr. Theed's Tabby; Mr. Perkins's Shuttle beat Mr. Theed's Turk; Mr. Cole's Venus beat Mr. Fyson's Faithful; Mr. Thurnall's Havoc beat Mr. Vippan's Viola; Mr. Thurnall's Snowball beat Mr. Perkins's Anson.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. Robinson's Snap beat Mr. Dobede's Dingy, and won the Cup.

Deciding Course for the Allington Hill Stakes.—Mr. Proctor's Palmer beat Mr. King's Rufus, and won the Stakes.

The sport on both days was excellent—the courses generally long and well contested. The course between Mr. Dobede's Dingy and Mr. Thurnall's Herod was decided entirely contrary to the general opinion of the field, owing to the judge not being able to ride up to the dogs.

BREEDING OF PHEASANTS.

SIR,

ALLOW me, through the medium of your most excellent Magazine, to communicate a circumstance connected with the breeding of pheasants, which occurred to me in the course of this season. Having resolved, if possible, to rear pheasants this season upon my grounds, I made early application to a few Noblemen and Gentlemen's gamekeepers for some seats of eggs. I had the good fortune to obtain a considerable number; and the last I received, when

the hatching season was rather far advanced, were from Fife, from the neighbourhood of Raith. They were sent over to my direction in Edinburgh, to be forwarded to me in the west country; but from some unaccountable negligence, five days had elapsed from the time they were taken from the nest till they reached me (there was a note from the gamekeeper in the basket). When I first examined the eggs, they struck me that they had already been sat upon; but, in order to give them every chance, I ordered my keeper to put them under a hen immediately, which was done the evening they arrived. You may easily conceive the gamekeeper's astonishment, when, upon going to feed the hen the second morning afterwards, he found she had brought out three young ones; and, upon examining the rest of the eggs, he found they were spoilt. The three brought out were the most thriving birds of all I had.

Should you think this worthy of insertion, perhaps some of your sporting readers may give us some probable cause of this occurrence. The only one that I can assign is, that the uncommon heat of the last season had prevented the eggs from ever getting completely cooled.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
G.

Glasgow, December 26, 1826.

COURSING RULES, AND THE LAST SWAFFHAM MEETING.

SIR,

IN the last July Number of your Magazine, you did me the honour of inserting some rules, as well as remarks upon Coursing, which, by mistake, were delivered

to you rather prematurely, inasmuch as it was my intention to have revised them in one or two points, and also to have offered you some farther remarks in conclusion, with the view of explaining those rules which otherwise might appear to many unsatisfactory.

In your Number for December last, I find that a correspondent (equally nameless with myself) has considered my productions worthy of some attention. For the purpose of answering his remarks, I will commence with my fifth rule: viz. "If, during the course, a second hare gets up, and the dogs divide, the course shall be given to the dog that followed the slipped hare." Here your correspondent asks, *Why should not the course be deemed to end at the time of the second hare getting up, on the same principle as in the ninth rule?* My answer to this is, because I consider that some credit is due to that dog who pursues *throughout* his course the original hare. For instance, is not credit generally allowed to an old hound for sticking to his *hunted* fox or hare? Are not the qualities of a retriever estimated according as he will trace the wounded pheasant through a covert, where perhaps fifty brace may pass him? Surely sagacity deserves some *recompense*; and if so, why not allow that small portion of it to the simplest animal we use in the pursuit of game? This line of argument, respecting the nasal properties, may not perhaps be so satisfactory as your correspondent might wish, should he, like a true courser, require *ocular* demonstration. However, I cannot help thinking it somewhat applicable, and I still feel an inclination to defend my rule, hav-

ing often observed that a beaten or tired dog will change his hare, if (he thinks) he sees a weaker.

Nevertheless, I own that the alteration would render the two rules (viz. the 5th and 9th) more uniform, which decidedly is a point gained.

The decision mentioned by your correspondent, as given at Newmarket, was rather a singular instance, and certainly very unlucky; but so was it equally unlucky that a third dog of Mr. Rust's should slip his collar last year, when *Bayon* was winning the Cup from Mr. Denn's *Dreadnought*, to whom, notwithstanding the accident, the laurels were eventually awarded.

Next in order, your correspondent observes, that "*the sixteenth rule being considered three turns, or rather three points, should be only two points, unless one of the turns constitutes a cote.*" In reply to this I would observe, that the very act of the dog *serving himself*, and turning the hare a second time in succession, is, if any thing, *more* than a cote (which I commence with assuming to equal two turns), as the other dog must be very far from his post not to come in after the first turn. I think that if your correspondent will consider this, he will readily admit that the allowance of three turns is but fair play.

In my seventeenth rule, I conceive two dogs to have (as we used to say at College) an equal number of marks; but for the sake of decision I would give the course to that dog who made the first turn, considering pace as the order of the day.

In the eighteenth rule I see no objection to take the alteration proposed, rendering it thus:—"No

credit shall be attached to a kill, except in the circumstance of an equality, when, if it be a kill of merit, it shall be considered as an advantage, for the sake of decision."

Your correspondent next remarks, that "*the nineteenth rule is altogether objectionable.*" First, he asserts, that "there is no actual difference in the merit of a turn, whether the hare is leading to the covert or from it." Here I must beg leave to differ; as I trust no one will dispute, that a hare sets out all her sail, or in other words goes her best pace, when she endeavours to gain the covert, whereas she invariably *slackens* her pace as soon as she turns her head from the covert, her object being solely to make a feint; and, seizing the first opportunity, to dash with all the fire she is possessed of through her noose, and consequently must discover the *better* remaining part against her. Notwithstanding this view—*peculiar* if it should be so—which I take of the subject, I would not *heedlessly* give the credit for this turn I advocate. No: I say, "the turn when the hare is leading to the covert shall be considered more than the turn when the hare is leading from the covert, ~~provided~~ the dog effecting that turn *also* shews a desire to turn her when going from the covert." This proviso will in a great measure do away with the latter objection respecting the *waiting* dog, whose system I own should be carefully guarded against, inasmuch as he does not effect the most towards destroying the hare, which is the object in view, and the ground upon which I profess to stand.

I believe that many coursers object to a decision being given near a covert, on account of the natural

propensity of a dog to wait, and not shew his speed. This opinion I think all very correct; but I want some *rule* to go upon, be it so, or not; one way or the other, as you please. However, I will say no more upon this at present, but I should like, at some future time, to see it more fully commented upon ere I give up my point, as I must consider that some such rule is highly necessary. Perhaps your correspondent will favour us with another, to take its place, touching upon the points in question.

Having now, I trust, answered the remarks of your correspondent, I will conclude this part of my observations with thanking him for the compliment he has thought me "worthy" of; which, as I before observed, is all I seek for, and all I ever expected—with the exception of the hopes I entertained of rousing the opinions of some of the coursers of the Old School; whom I would now call upon by name, through the appropriate channel that your Magazine affords, did I not feel the highest respect for the delicacy that ought always to exist in such matters, which by such a step I might be accused of violating.

From my earliest days I have always had a strong desire for all British field sports. As a boy, I was convinced that the Christmas holidays in the country were infinitely superior to the Easter in London, notwithstanding *Mathews at Home*, and *the lions to be seen at the Tower*.

It so happened, that I, like many others, was no particular *sap*, and considered that my bark could not flow pleasantly down the stream of life without the rural amusements; and now, although many years have slipped over my head, I

still am equally satisfied that a country life, without the sports of the field, would soon lose its charms. Nevertheless, in preference to a Town life, with the Poet,

"Ego laudo ruris amoni
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, ne-
musque."

Such then being my inclination, I do feel anxious for those amusements—whether the leash, the trigger, or the bit—which I am satisfied tend to the public good. Hence, I conceive, that *public meetings* must, and do, contribute in adding vigour to that spirit which I conceive so essential to the community, and for which I own myself to be a decided advocate. Indeed, more with this view than with the ardent desire for the sport, I entered the list as a public courser; and, ever since I commenced, each succeeding day has convinced me of the absolute necessity of some rules being agreed upon, in order to give that satisfaction to the owners of dogs which I am convinced, as the case now stands, the best and most impartial judge is frequently unable, from the various opinions entertained, to effect.

One word more in favour of their adoption, and I have done. What would Lord Frederick Beauclerk or Mr. Warde say of attempting to play a match at cricket without the Marylebone rules, or with *umpires* left to decide upon the game according to their own judgment? As long as public coursing is carried on without some laws, so long will that discontent exist which is so often witnessed, and which cannot be avoided, whilst the private opinion of an individual (the umpire or judge) is left to please those of a whole club.

Not perceiving any account of the Swaffham Coursing Meeting

either in your December or January Numbers, I send you a list of the week's sport, offering you at the same time a few remarks in conclusion.

THE FIRST WEST-ACRE FIELD.

TUESDAY, NOV. 14, 1826.

For the Cup.—Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. Cheviot beat Mr. H. Villebois's bl. d. Ivanhoe; Mr. Gurney's f. b. Agnes beat Lord Dunwich's brin. b. Mayfly; Mr. Ayton's blk. b. Primrose beat Mr. Philip Gardon's blk. d. Sampson; Mr. Denn's bl. b. Daisy beat Mr. Buckworth's blk. and wh. d. Battledore; Mr. Carter's blk. d. Gas beat Mr. Young's bl. d. Vade-Mecum; Mr. Redhead's blk. d. Lancer beat Mr. Keppel's brin. and wh. d. Kew.

It was generally allowed that there were more good dogs entered for the Cup than usual; *Primrose*, *Daisy*, *Lancer*, and *Kew*, being the favorites. *Kew* certainly is a fine dog; his power is great, and at the same time his pace is good; but, notwithstanding all that *might* be said in his favour, I should not consider him a likely dog to win a Cup in *November*; because, in order to display that superiority which I believe him to possess, the hare must be good, and go a straight-forward pace, which is rarely to be met with so early in the season. As it was, the very first course he had was with a very indifferent hare; the consequence was, that he never put himself into speed, but was continually upon his haunches to make a kill. *Primrose* and *Daisy* both won easy.

MATCHES.

First Class.—Mr. Denn's blk. b. Dairy-maid beat Mr. Tyssen's blk. b. Fancy; Mr. Philip Gardon's brin. b. Shuttle agst Mr. H. Villebois's blk. b. Emp—undecided; Mr. Denn's blk. d. Despot beat Mr. Carter's brin. d. Gelert; Mr. Gurney's wh. p. d. Anson beat Mr. Keppel's blk. and wh. p. d. Minnman; Mr. Redhead's red p. b. Lively agst Mr. Buckworth's bl. p. d. Bevis—undecided; Mr. Carter's red p. b. Gavot beat Lord Dun-

wich's blk. p. b. Mary; Mr. Ayton's blk. b. Pallas beat Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. Cowslip; Mr. Buckworth's blk. and wh. p. d. Bishop beat Mr. Redhead's f. p. d. Lear.

Second Class.—Mr. Keppel's blk. and wh. d. Kneller agst Mr. Wilkinson's blk. d. Cadmus—undecided; Mr. Gurney's bl. p. d. Admiral agst Mr. Buckworth's red and wh. p. d. Boaster—no course; Mr. Keppel's brin. d. Kean beat Mr. Buckworth's brin. and wh. b. Briar; Mr. Gurney's brin. b. Acca beat Mr. Keppel's red b. Kite.

The West-Acre Sweepstakes for Puppies.—Mr. Gurney's red p. b. Asp beat Mr. Keppel's wh. p. b. Kate; Mr. Wilkinson's red p. b. Usarina beat Mr. Ayton's blk. p. b. Fuss.

Four neater, or more true and genuine bred greyhounds could not have been produced; and, with the exception of *Kate*, their condition also was quite perfect: and, lastly, their pace was racing. The courses were good and decisive.

CLEY FIELD.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1826.

TIES FOR THE CUP.

Daisy beat Agnes,
Lancer — Cheviot,
Primrose — Gas.

These courses were good and satisfactory—the winners the favorites.

MATCHES.

First Class.—Mr. Gurney's p. d. Archer agst Mr. Wilkinson's p. d. Czernicheff—undecided; Mr. Buckworth's red p. b. Baroness agst Mr. Ayton's blk. p. b. Philis—no course; Mr. Keppel's red d. Knave beat Lord Dunwich's brin. d. Mackarell; Mr. Ayton's f. b. Pearl beat Mr. Denn's blk. b. Dowager; Mr. Gurney's bl. p. d. Admiral beat Mr. Buckworth's red and wh. p. d. Boaster.

First Turn and Course.—Mr. Denn's blk. d. Dreadnought beat Lord Dunwich's red d. Major.

Mr. Redhead's red and wh. p. d. Leo beat Lord Dunwich's blk. p. d. Mowbray; Mr. Wilkinson's red p. b. Catherine beat Mr. Redhead's bl. p. b. Lyra.

Second Class.—Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. Colombine agst Mr. Keppel's brin. d. Kean—undecided; Mr. Carter's red and wh. p. b. Gossip beat Mr. Gurney's red and wh. p. b. Ape; Mr. Gurney's bl. p. d. Antas beat Mr. Buckworth's blk. and wh. p. d. Ben; Mr. Keppel's brin. and wh. d. Kew beat Mr. Denn's blk. d. Duke; Mr.

Gurney's dun d. *Asp* beat Mr. Ayton's blk. d. Pindar.

Mr. Keppel's *Kew* won his match easy, and in good style.

NARBOROUGH FIELD.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1826.

MATCHES.

Lord Donwich's brin. b. *Eel* agst Mr. Keppel's red b. *Kite*—undecided; Mr. Ayton's f. b. *Pearl* beat Mr. Buckworth's blk. and wh. d. *Battledore*; Mr. Wilkinson's red b. *Crocus* beat Mr. Ayton's blk. b. *Pallas*; Mr. Carter's brin. d. *Geleert* beat Colonel Wilson's blk. and wh. b. *Nina*; Mr. Philip Gurdon's brin. p. b. *Shuttle* beat Mr. H. Villebois's blk. b. *Imp*; Mr. Redhead's blk. p. b. *Lady* agst Mr. Carter's f. p. b. *Gadfly*—undecided; Mr. Carter's red p. b. *Gavot* beat Mr. Keppel's wh. p. b. *Kate*; Mr. Denn's blk. b. *Dairymaid* agst Mr. Buckworth's brin. and wh. b. *Briar*—two hares; Mr. Redhead's red p. b. *Lively* agst Mr. Wilkinson's blk. and wh. p. b. *Cley*—off; Mr. Buckworth's blk. and wh. p. d. *Bishop* agst Mr. Ayton's blk. p. b. *Puss*—off; Mr. Carter's red p. b. *Gazelle* agst Mr. Keppel's blk. and wh. p. d. *Kinsman*—off; Mr. Gurney's brin. b. *Acca* agst Mr. Redhead's blk. b. *Lovely*—off; Mr. Gurney's wh. p. d. *Anson* agst Mr. Denn's blk. d. *Despot*—off.

Sweepstakes.—Mr. Gurney's red p. b. *Asp* beat Mr. Wilkinson's red p. b. *Czarina*, and won the *Sweepstakes*.

This course attracted considerable interest, not from the idea that *thousands* were at all likely to *change hands*, but from the knowledge that symmetry, condition, and science were in competition. The hare was strong, and a better course I never wish to see: *Asp* laid very close to her hare throughout, and in the end effected one of the most beautiful kills I ever beheld. *Asp* is a stout and very compact bitch, *Czarina* more lengthy; and next year, should she again come in contact with Mr. Gurney's bitch, will, I conceive, prove an ugly customer, if she do not regain the laurels she has lost to her.

SECOND WEST-ACRE FIELD.

FRIDAY, NOV. 17, 1826.

For the Cup.—Mr. Redhead's blk. d.

Lancer beat Mr. Denn's blk. b. *Daisy*, and won the Cup.

Mr. Ayton's blk. b. *Primrose* withdrawn from the Cup, being lamed by an accident in the last course.

Lancer is by Mr. Ayton's Pilot, out of a farmer's bitch; *Daisy* by Mr. Denn's blue Rector (late Lord Rivers's), out of his Doxy. Of this course I have but little to say. The hare was not a strong one; and *Lancer*, as if conscious that no time was to be lost, set to in earnest, and never lost an opportunity of shewing his power; he turned his hare well, and picked her up in good time, leaving the knowing ones to settle who would have won had the hare ran another quarter of a mile. As it turned up, the *Lancer's* commanding officer won the Cup, very much to the satisfaction of all present; and *Lancer*, we conclude, looks for promotion at home.

MATCHES.

First Class.—Mr. Carter's blk. d. *Gas* agst Mr. H. Villebois's bl. d. *Ivanhoe*—undecided; Mr. Keppel's red d. *Knave* agst Mr. H. Villebois's blk. b. *Isabel*—undecided; Mr. Redhead's red p. b. *Lively* agst Mr. Wilkinson's blk. and wh. p. b. *Cley*—no course; Mr. Gurney's wh. p. d. *Anson* beat Mr. Denn's blk. d. *Dreadnought*; Mr. Keppel's brin. d. *Kean* rec. ft. from Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. *Colombine*; Mr. Gurney's brin. b. *Acca* beat Mr. Redhead's blk. b. *Lovely*; Mr. Ayton's blk. p. b. *Puss* beat Mr. Philip Gurdon's brin. p. b. *Shuttle*; Mr. Gurney's f. p. b. *Agnes* agst Mr. Ayton's blk. p. b. *Phillis*—undecided; Mr. Philip Gurdon's vel. and wh. b. *Siddons* agst Mr. Denn's blk. d. *Despot*—undecided; Mr. Carter's red p. b. *Gazelle* agst Mr. Keppel's blk. and wh. p. d. *Kinsman*—undecided; Mr. Philip Gurdon's blk. d. *Sampson* beat Mr. Ayton's blk. d. *Pindar*.

Second Class.—Mr. Denn's blk. d. *Duke* beat Mr. Gurney's bl. p. d. *Admiral*; Mr. Denn's blk. b. *Dowager* beat Mr. Keppel's blk. and wh. d. *Kneller*; Mr. Philip Gurdon's blk. and wh. p. b. *Skylark* beat Mr. Keppel's brin. d. *Kean*.

The matches were for the most part well contested; although we think one or two more might, without difficulty, have been de-

H h 2

fielded. The hares were good, and the dogs much above par. This day's sport, which was very good, terminated with Mr. Kean getting a severe dressing from a young *Skylark*, which I trust will live to fly and soar another day.

The meeting was dissolved on Saturday. The balls on the Wednesday and Friday were better attended than we ever recollect them, and the dancing was kept up to an unusual late hour in the morning. In short, upon the whole, the week's sport was good, and Swaffham Coursing Meeting appears likely to attain its pristine fame.

Ἀγρονόμος.

Amongst the company in the field we observed the following members of the Club:—Lord Dunwich, the Hon. Mr. Keppel, Mr. Anthony Hamond, Colonel Wilson, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Redhead, Mr. Robert Hamond, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Denn, Mr. Scott Stonehewer, Mr. Philip Gurdon, Mr. Buckworth, Mr. Young, Mr. Carter, Mr. Villebois, &c.

THE DISTEMPER CURED. GAME LAWS.

SIR,

YOUR note on TIMOTHY's letter made me take up my pen, which I have long intended to do, as I think Mr. NIMROD, several Numbers since, requested a receipt for the cure of the distemper in dogs; and from NIMROD we have all received so much amusement and information, that it will give me great pleasure to obey his wishes.

I have, for many years, been a great breeder of dogs; and, from living in a low situation, the distemper was particularly fatal, especially to my greyhounds. After

trying various recipes, I one day took up the paper that encloses Dr. James's powders, and there found the use of those powders recommended; and since I have used them I have never lost a single puppy or dog. When first I see a dog unwell, I give him immediately two table spoonfuls of salt dissolved in hot water, which acts as an emetic; and in about three hours after, a dose of about six grains of calomel, ten grains of aloes, and five of ginger, made into a ball. This alone very often cures; but, if I find fever continue, I then give ten grains of James's Powders morning and evening, until I find the dog's nose cool and free from fever. The dog's bowels must be particularly watched, and kept open, and the dog be kept in a warm place, with plenty of good bread and broth. The foregoing treatment is for a full-grown dog. A young and small dog must have smaller doses.

I had once a favorite greyhound who had the red mange very badly when attacked violently by the distemper, and was never in good condition; but, from giving him the James's Powders, to my surprise, I found on his recovery that the mange disappeared, his coat got sleek, and he in good condition for the first time in his life, which I attribute to the James's Powders; and believe, on trial, it will be found a cure for that bad disorder, the red mange, which runs in breeds; and I never had, except in one instance before, a dog cured of it, and he was cured by bleeding when the disease first appeared.

Now I am on a sporting subject, I cannot, as a sportsman, but regret the many fatal consequences that poaching has lately produced.

I am one of those who believe that the sale of game would totally, in a short time, put an end to our national sports of fox-hunting and hare-hunting, as well as spoil the shooting of all small proprietors of land, and encourage ill-will and trespassing amongst neighbours to a degree hitherto unknown: the consequence of which would be desertion of the country, either to large towns or foreign parts; for who would live in the country where he had no amusements? The only alterations I would make in the Game Laws would be in the qualification, and which a man should prove before he was licensed, for which he should pay 11. 6s., making the whole licence cost 51. I would likewise increase the penalty for buying game and the offering it for sale to 501., which would prevent the sale; and the poacher would not find it worth his time, and the risk of punishment that he would incur, to follow the pursuit: and here would end a practice that leads to every thing that is bad and ruinous to the habits and morals of the countryman.

Before I conclude, I must express my hopes that gentlemen who have pheasant preserves will not consider poor reynard as so deadly an enemy. Rely on it, he bears far more blame than he deserves. He kills a great deal of other vermin, and will scarcely touch feather when he can get flax; he is likewise the farmer's best mole-catcher. I have shot in most parts of England, and I think, with the exception of Norfolk, I never saw game plenty where foxes were not likewise so.

If you think this hastily-written

letter worth inserting in your Magazine, it is at your service.

Yours, VENATOR.

For the Sporting Magazine.

PEMBROKESHIRE HUNT OF 1826.

THE annual meeting of this establishment took place at Haverfordwest, on Monday, November 13*, and the town never was gayer or more full of good company. The hounds met on Monday at the seat of Captain Peel, and, owing to the sportsman-like manner this gentleman preserves his coverts, and his well-known desire to shew sport on all occasions, a fox was immediately tallied away in the direction of Treffgarne, but did not make his point good, being headed; he then turned to Poiston, and thence towards Rams Wood, when the day became so wet and bad that nothing could be done.

Tuesday, the beautiful little pack of beagles, the property of that truly hospitable good man, Mr. Scourfield, who is the life of every thing in the country, met on the race course, and shewed most capital sport; and though only about thirteen inches in height, they commonly run down three and four hares a-day. Wednesday, the fox-hounds met on the race course, and drew Dreen Hill, Dennent, and Bull Ford; they found at the latter place, and went away to Johnston, on by Clarison, into the Coal-pit country, and, after running for an hour, lost near Langham. Thursday, the beagles met again in Dennent Moor, and, though a most dreadfully wet day, had capital sport. Friday, the

* Our Correspondent's letter would have appeared earlier, but was accidentally mislaid.—Ed.

hounds met at Boulston, which, though much boasted of as a sure covert, did not that day contain a fox; and, though several other coverts were tried, the day proved a blank; and many gentlemen went home under the full conviction that *cock-shooting* and fox-hunting do not agree.

Pembrokeshire is full of foxes, and by no means a bad country to ride over; is well hunted, and the hounds are as fine as can be. The huntsman, Wilson, who has only just taken to them, labours under every disadvantage from want of knowledge of the country, &c. &c., but is very clean in his kennel, rides well to his hounds, and is likely to give sport. Had the field manager, who is said to be a good sort of man, had the advantage of a fox-hunting education, his advice in the field would be better received and more thought of. The ordinaries and balls were well attended: there was much beauty and fashion, particularly on the Wednesday and Friday nights, and every one seemed delighted with the Meeting. During the week the Bishop had a field day, which took away the "Great Dandy;" yet no one seemed to regret his loss so much as the door-keeper, who lost his five shillings.

MASTER HENRY, MANFRED, AND ANTICIPATION.

SIR,

THOUGH I believe you are friendly to just criticism in your entertaining publication, you would avoid, if you could, any thing like animadversion; and you so far succeed, that I know no other magazine or newspaper that has so little. You will almost suppose, by this preface, that I am

going to indulge in some severe criticism; but you will be mistaken. My object is only to call your attention to three stallions, two of which have been much talked of, and which I saw three successive days in this last month at Mr. Tattersall's, when one or two of them, but not all, were for sale—I mean Master Henry, Manfred, and Anticipation—and if I appear rather hard upon one, I shall make it up by praise of another.

From the money they were bought in at, and from other circumstances, I was led to believe that Master Henry, an untried stallion, was a greater favorite with his master than Manfred, who is a tried stallion, and a tried good one too. In the lottery of breeding, a tried stallion is surely, under any terms, preferable to an untried one. Every thing from Manfred has run—nothing from Master Henry has started. Master Henry is a great dark bay horse, about sixteen hands high, a little coarse about the head, as Orvilles usually are, with a neck that lies well into his body, and the best shoulders and fore legs I ever saw. Here, however, his good points, in my opinion, terminate. His back and his loins are pretty good, but his hips and hind legs are short, and in every respect unlike a racer; his tail is badly put on, and his hind parts are, in short, as faulty as his fore quarters are faultless. I have myself heard his master say, that proportion is as necessary in a race horse as in a watch; and the remark he added to it made a great impression on me for its novelty and cleverness, and which I will, if you will allow me, repeat. "If you hear," said he, "a person say, when he is looking at a horse, 'What beautiful shoulders!' or 'What a very fine loin!'

it is ten to one, if the person is the least bit of a judge, but that the horse, though he may have fine shoulders or a fine loin, is deficient elsewhere, or these points would not be so conspicuous." This is true, undeniably true; but how he can reconcile this with his praise of Master Henry, I cannot imagine, whose shoulders are very good, but appear still better than they are from his great deficiency in his hinder parts.

Manfred is a blood bay, about fifteen hands and a half, shewing a great deal of blood, and his proportions are so good that no one knows where to say he is best, or where he is worst. He is the sire of Tattler, the first favorite of the Derby, who has done, if the Staffordshire people are to be believed, what no two-year-old ever did before; and I don't think there is one of his get (if I except a mare of a Mr. Campbell, who nobody ever heard of in the racing line), that has not been a winner. In my mind he is the most perfect animal I ever saw, and must get race horses.

Anticipation has been said little about: he is of a chesnut colour, standing nearly sixteen handshigh, rather coarse about the jaw, and heavy in the neck, tolerable shoulders, with a body and hind legs far superior as a race horse to Master Henry. They are all well bred; and in this particular I own Master Henry has the preference; for he is out of a Stamford

mare, which is the best sort in the world—for, besides his brothers and sisters, they are the dams of Magistrate, Borodino, Gustavus, Fleur-de-Lis, Emilius, and Maria, the first favorite for the Oaks.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
SPECTATOR.

London, Dec. 22, 1826.

REMARKS ON COLONEL COOK'S BOOK:

Intitl'd "Observations on Fox-hunting, and the Management of Hounds in the Kennel and the Field, addressed to a Young Sportsman about to undertake a Hunting Establishment."

SIR,

I Have been applied to by two or three brother sportsmen—one of them a personal friend of the author's—to offer my sentiments on Colonel Cook's "Observations on Fox-hunting," &c. published in the course of the last summer. The Colonel, previous to a residence of some years on the Continent, hunted one of the provincial countries, called the Rodings of Essex, and part of Suffolk, now occupied by Lord Petre; and, from the description* given of a portion of it in the work before me, capable of shewing very good sport. He also hunted great part of Lord Anson's present country, in which I once saw his hounds; and when he relinquished it, the flower of his pack was purchased by Sir Bellingham Graham.

With Mr. Beckford's "Thoughts

* The following is a specimen of part of the country Colonel Cook hunted, and now occupied by Lord Petre. "From Myless, near Ongar, to Bigods, a covert on the other side of Dunmow, a distance of nearly twenty miles, I do not know of a single earth. The enclosures are large, the country flat, and you can go from point to point nine miles without meeting a single covert. From Man Wood to Lord Maynard's High Wood, near Dunmow, a line of country the foxes generally took, and from the latter to Lord Petre's High Wood, near Writtle Park, are still greater distances. The country is chiefly under plough, but well drained, and it rides light in comparison with other ploughed countries: the ditches are rather wide, but not blind, and the scent after Christmas is invariably good! It is unnecessary to state the foxes here are stock-bred, and, it seems, of a peculiarly stout sort.

upon Hunting" still in the press, it is a difficult task to write upon these subjects; and no one can read the modest and unassuming introductory letter of Colonel Cook—addressed to the great John Warde—without perceiving that he himself is aware of the difficulty suggested, and that the object of the present work is—to use his own words—"the endeavouring to convey instruction to the young sportsman, with now and then a friendly *souvenir* for the old, and advocating a manly rational amusement, conducive to health, and in unison with gentlemanlike feeling." All then that remains for me to do is, to notice the leading topics as they present themselves to my view, which I shall do with the greatest deference to the author, as an older and more experienced sportsman than myself, and also in high respect for his character as a man; but the chief burthen of the task—the notice of the most difficult points—has been taken off my shoulders by the receipt of a critique from the pen of a late master of fox-hounds—suggested perhaps by the frequent mention of the work in the society of sporting men: and I think my readers will agree with me in the opinion, that he has done ample justice to his subject. As for myself, I feel highly flattered by his making me the channel of his valuable communication; and only hope I may be able to prevail upon him to favour us now and then with a little of the result of his long experience of business in the field.

Colonel Cook commences with remarks upon breeding hounds, which are well worth the attention of sportsmen. Perfect form in a fox-hound is no doubt desirable, and to be aimed at; but, after all,

what avails it without *nose*? That is the motive of action here; and I have always fancied some similarity between a dog hunting a scent, and a man running in the dark. The latter cannot get on without seeing his way; neither can the former unless the scent guides him. Philip Payne could give us a lecture on this subject, and account for the Duke of Beaufort's hounds killing their foxes in the way they have done for many years past, over a bleak and cheerless country—stained very much with sheep, and pretty well pressed upon by hard riders on thoroughbred horses. As to the speed of fox-hounds, it is very much upon a par. It is good noses and good condition that catch stout foxes, and bring horses to their short strokes. It is to be lamented that the Colonel's absence from England prevents his alluding to the best blood of the *present* day; though nothing perhaps can be better than the favorite sorts he produces. Mr. Meynell's *Gusman* (one of them) is about as far back as my notice of hounds can be dated, and I have more than once alluded to him. His throat was not free from *chitterlings*, but his nose and temper were perfect, and his stock invaluable.

P. 22. The Colonel pays a handsome, and I think just, compliment to a pack of hounds he lately saw in Wiltshire. These no doubt are Mr. Codrington's, and I considered them very clever. The remark the Colonel makes here, of "hounds that can kill a fox quick in covert, seldom failing out of it," cannot always be applied. It is a different system of chase; and although it may succeed in one instance, it might fail in the other.

The remarks on entering young hounds are good—for instance, to

the game they are intended to hunt. Entering them to hare is inhuman. Some enter to badgers with their tushes broken. When Mr. John Walker had hounds, he gave a badger twenty-five minutes' law, and killed him at the end of an hour. This is more consonant to reason than hare-hunting one day, and then flogging for it the next.

My able correspondent having touched on the distemper of hounds, I have only to observe, that it seems to be a reflection on the ability which it appears God has so liberally bestowed upon men of the present day, that neither preventive nor cure of this fatal disorder has hitherto been discovered. The same remark applies to glanders in horses.

Our author's observations on the stoves in the lodging rooms of the Goodwood kennel corroborate the facts I produced of their good effect in the Shropshire kennel, in my visit to that country, last winter. On the kennel management recommended by the Colonel, I am silent—an abler and more experienced hand having noticed it.

What is said of the war between the pheasant and the fox, is but the echo of the voice of all who wish well to the noble science of fox-hunting; but when the Colonel speaks of the hampers of *game* sent up by the coaches from out of Hampshire, what must those who keep hounds and horses in that county say to the hampers of *foxes* that have been sent out of it by the coaches? A friend of mine told me he knew of a dozen in one year; and I have good reason to believe that three foxes have been poisoned in my neighbourhood within the last fortnight. That foxes and pheasants

will abound in the same coverts, we want no man's authority; for, every day's experience confirms the fact.

"A stock of *old foxes*," says our author, "is as necessary (to sport) as a stock of old hounds; foxes of the year are weak, and those of two years old know but little country." It was to this advantage that I laid the account of the many long and tiring runs Mr. Smith had the first year he took the Hambledon hounds. The country had lain fallow for two or three seasons, and the stock of foxes had not been "killed down," as we term it.

Colonel Cook's directions for hunting a country are so good, that I transcribe one passage, and they cannot be too well observed: the non-observance has done much mischief.—"A country," says he, "ought to be regularly hunted, the good and the bad alternately*, to give general satisfaction; and in the long run you will have better chance of sport. If you are continually disturbing your best country, you may have blank days, and the foxes will be very shy. Where there are many earths, they will lay at ground. The keeping a country, and requiring owners of coverts to preserve, without hunting it, is too much to expect, and gives people an opportunity of alluding to the story of the "dog in the manger."

The law respecting *breaking ground* in another man's country is very well defined, and is as absolute as those of the Medes and Persians. I may have occasion to allude to this subject in my Yorkshire Tour, in consequence of a little mistake that occurred in that country before Christmas.

* This perhaps is going a little too far.

Our author's words on *hounds coming to a check* are well worthy of remark. "It is the general opinion," says he, "that when hounds check, the fox is forward." I cannot say I think so; on the contrary, if there are no sheep, deer, cattle, &c., to foil the ground, and the fox has not been coursed by a cur-dog, *why should they check if he is gone on?* The greater probability is, that he has headed, or made a short turn to the right or left; therefore, if you *cast at all*, a forward one is the least likely to succeed.

Perhaps our author goes too far when he says, he never knew a mangy fox in a friendly country. As this disorder is caused by a vitiated state of the blood in the first instance, and, in the second, is contagious (saying nothing of the disposition to disease in the animal world, even when in a state of nature), I see no reason why wild foxes as well as domesticated dogs should not be sometimes mangy.

The fagot coverts, which Colonel Cook alludes to as something new since his day, are described by me in my *Tour of 1825*:—they are very bad for hounds to draw.

I was not before aware that foxes would avoid a covert in which one of their own species had been killed, *for so long a period afterwards*, as the Colonel speaks of. I certainly do remember Lord Middleton telling a gentleman in Warwickshire, that, in consequence of his having had a large party of rabbit shooters one day in a covert, he despaired of finding there again for the rest of the season; and his Lordship attributed the mischief to the scent remaining on the discharged wadding of the guns.

The remarks (from page 72 to 78) on the subject of countries being *kept together as they were originally hunted*, and the strict observance of the customary laws relating thereto, are made with great judgment, and the advice to settle all difficulties by gentle means, if possible, does honour to the disposition of the writer.

Having sojourned some time in France, the Colonel's testimony to the blessings of a legalized sale of game are worthy the attention of those who recommend a similar traffic here. His allusion to Lord Warnccliffe's Bill to that effect, and his surprise that, from its justly-apprehended consequences to fox-hunting, it should emanate from a Yorkshireman—"a Yorkshireman and a sportsman," says he, "being synonymous"—calls forth a word from me. In the course of last hunting season, I spent six weeks in Mr. Musters's house, in Northamptonshire, with the second son of this Nobleman, and he declared to me that there did not exist a more zealous promoter of fox-hunting than his father, then Mr. Stuart Wortley.

At page 89, I find the name of NIMROD. I rejoice to find the Colonel's ideas on summering the hunter in unison with my own, although it appears he did not practice the in-door system in consideration of the expense. I take this opportunity of reminding my readers of the account I stated of the charges incurred in summering six of my own horses on hard meat, which only exceeded those which would have been incurred by grazing them, in the trifling sum of 13l. 8s.

Speaking of the late Mr. Corbet, of Sundorne Castle, Shropshire, who hunted Warwickshire

so many years, and whose name there will never die, the Colonel says—"I cannot say I admired his hounds in kennel. It was nothing but Trojan, Trojan, Trojan; and yet he did not know how this famous hound was bred." Now, with all my inalienable partiality to the memory of that distinguished sportsman, I am willing to allow that I do not think Mr. Corbet's hounds would have admitted of a comparison with some of the crack packs of the present day, or even perhaps of their own; but the objection to breeding from Trojan, *because his pedigree was unknown*, is, in my opinion, a groundless one. It was not only unknown where the Godolphin Arabian was bred, but we are ignorant as to what part of the globe he was foaled in, whether in Arabia or not; and yet it is recorded of him in the *Stud Book*, that there has not been a superior horse on the turf without a cross of his blood. That the dam of Trojan was accidentally purchased is readily admitted; but that Trojan was the issue of a cross from Lord Spencer's kennel is ascertained on the authority of one of Mr. Corbet's most intimate friends and brother-sportsmen; and so thorough-bred a fox-hound was he in his nature, that "he would never look at a hare." Let us once more hear his character, for it is the very acmè of excellence:—"He realized," says Mr. Corbet's friend (see Number for May 1826), "all Mr. Corbet's hopes and expectations; and I believe there never was, in any pack, a more efficient and perfect hound. He never, by any chance, got lamed (here must have been legs and feet!), or missed a day's hunting in eight years (here must have been a con-

stitution!). He was always to be depended upon. His speed enabled him to be at the head to guide the pack; he could hunt over a fallow or dry ground like a harrier; and his stoutness was such, that, after the longest and hardest day, he always appeared at the end fresh and gay." Some peculiar exploits of this famous hound are afterwards mentioned by this well-known good sportsman, as well as a gentleman on whose veracity we can depend; but after what I have already said, I beg leave to ask the gallant Colonel, with all due deference, whether, if Trojan had been got by Mr. Musters's Collier, out of a bitch by the Beaufort Justice, out of Demirep, (the Colonel's favorite sort,) he would have been, in intrinsic value, one shilling the better for it? I answer, he would not. I grant that we are not authorised to set bounds to nature; but, in the animal creation, the ruling principle is, "like begets like;" and where it fails, it is only the exception to the rule, and nature is not always true. A good principle, however, may be pushed too far; and I believe it was admitted that the owner of Trojan confined himself too much to his blood.

Colonel Cook touches very lightly on *scent*, which I confess I lament, having anticipated some results of his experience in that interesting phenomenon. The mystery, I fear, is beyond human comprehension—at least, I find it so; but, at a future time, I intend making mention of a few *peculiarities* respecting it, which have passed under my observation.

The Colonel expresses a wish that his friend's field may be composed solely of *real* sportsmen.

Vain hope! Not six fox-hunters in twenty care much about hounds, *provided they will but go*; and there will be *tigers* in all countries.

I do not think the Colonel accounts satisfactorily for the New Forest lameness; and as to its prevailing in Mr. Compton's kennel, "*although built on an eminence*," that is little to the purpose. The worst and most springy subsoils often exist in high situations, and it is the exhalation from the subsoil that does the mischief. Some houses are dry, some are damp; and so it is with kennels. When Sir Bellingham Graham hunted the Atherstone country, almost his whole pack were lame. When removed to Pytchley, they were all sound; and Lord Anson only got rid of kennel-lameness by draining the ground the kennel stood upon. Shoulder-lameness in hounds cannot be mistaken.

Colonel Cook thinks a pack of fifty couples of hounds equal to four days a-week; and so it is, and more than enough, if all were to stand sound, and no bitches to be put by; but this cannot be expected. Twenty-one couples, as the Colonel observes, make a proper pack for any country, and in Leicestershire eighteen are preferred.

Spaying bitches, I am happy to say, is getting out of fashion. It is a most severe operation, and does not always answer the end intended. Indeed, a bitch called Bilbury, the property of Sir Bellingham Graham, had a litter of puppies after the operation had been performed, and two very clever hounds out of her, called Admiral and Amazon, were among the produce.

I am pleased at reading the powerful testimony our author ad-

duces in favour of the manly and *health-giving* amusement of fox-hunting. "During my sojourn in France (now a number of years), I of course," says he, "have had to lament the loss of many of my friends and acquaintances; I scarcely ever take up a newspaper but it contains the death of some one I have known; yet, although the majority of my friends are fox-hunters, it is not a little singular that I have only lost *one* of that description during the whole period of my absence."

I have conversed with several masters of hounds on the subject of Colonel Cook's calculations of the regular expenses attendant on fox-hunting establishments of various sizes, and they all agreed that they are greatly under the mark. Earth-stopping varies very much. In Northamptonshire, for instance, it is done for little less than 200*l.*, whereas 80*l.* is the maximum charged by the Colonel for a full-sized county. It must be observed, that the Colonel's calculations do not include the charge of a huntsman, which he estimates at 300*l.* per annum—his horses included, of course.

A friend of mine—a hard-riding fellow, but caring little for hounds—objected to one hundred pages of this book being filled with lists of hounds. I begged leave to differ with him, considering the perusal of them extremely interesting and instructive to all who call themselves sportsmen; and we must feel indebted to the Colonel for the trouble he has taken in collecting them. How pleasing to see the various crosses of blood, and how some masters of hounds travel from home for it, while others, conscious perhaps of the superiority of their own, seldom

send a bitch out! For example, in Mr. Hanbury's kennel, not half a dozen of his pack (and a large one too) are got by his own hounds; and in Mr. Warde's and Lord Lonsdale's inclusive, not more than twelve couples are got by any other man's. Mr. Osbaldestone and Mr. Musters also, for the last three years, have confined themselves very much to their own blood.—An awkward mistake of the printer's has arisen in Lord Lonsdale's list. The *dams* are placed in the column of *sires*. Thus, Prophet, got by *Lady*, out of Mr. Osbaldestone's *Proctor*, reads queer.

Colonel Cook's book is published by subscription, and the list of subscribers is a very ample one. It contains the names of almost every master of fox-hounds in England; and I should have been sorry not to have seen my own name among the number of private individuals, for encouragement is due to all who write on subjects conducive to the amusement of mankind, and the support of our national character. It also, I hear, has an extensive sale.

To conclude.—My opinion of this book, never having had the management of hounds, may be of little worth; but such as it is I give it honestly. To masters of fox-hounds, it may not afford many wrinkles; but to the admirers of fox-hunting, and to those who aspire to be at the head of affairs, it contains much that may amuse the one, and instruct the other. I now subjoin the remarks made by a very celebrated as well as experienced masters of fox-hounds, and one of the best gentlemen-huntsmen of the present day; to which are added a few words from another eminent artist in the same line, in a

letter I received from him by yesterday's post, little supposing that, at the time he was penning them, I was writing on the same subject.

NIMROD.

January 10, 1827.

"DEAR NIMROD.—Many years having elapsed since a book appertaining to hunting alone has been offered to the public, it was not without considerable interest I looked forward to the perusal of one written by Colonel Cook, who for a long series was a most able and zealous master of fox-hounds. Mr. Beckford, in his 'Thoughts on Hunting,' has treated the subject in so masterly a style, that I could not help thinking it was a difficult and arduous undertaking to tread the same ground, so as to afford anything new on the subject; as I believe there is no part of 'the noble science' that he has not entered upon in a scientific and satisfactory manner; but it is now long since, and—

'Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur ab illis.'

However, although it may be 'Auld lang syne,' since the book I have alluded to was written, yet I may venture to say, that Mr. Beckford's opinions upon most fox-hunting subjects are still practically observed, both in the kennel and the field; and in my humble opinion, it will require the pen of a very able writer to convince us of the necessity of superseding his theory. I will now endeavour to make a few observations upon Colonel Cook's book, and which I hope to be allowed to do without being considered either fastidious or argumentative.

"In respect to what is stated to be *now* the value of hounds, I cannot agree that the passage in the 'Taming of the Shrew' mean,

that the price of a good hound in Shakespeare's time was twenty pounds; my idea of this point is much the same as that of a man who happens to have been well carried by a favorite hunter through a severe chase, and in the ardour of the moment exclaims, 'I would not sell my horse for a thousand,' when in point of fact, it is the mere *façon de parler*, and probably he would not be averse to the taking two or three hundred for him. The huntsman differing from his master as to the merits of the hounds, is much the same as in the present day—most of them being too conceited to allow an opinion but what emanates from themselves.

"As to the *distemper*, there is certainly no positive remedy for it. Having myself kept fox-hounds for many years, I tried almost every thing suggested. Garlick I gave one year, and never lost a single whelp; the next season I pursued the same course, and lost above half my entry; from this and other observations, I have no doubt it attacks hounds much more virulently some years than others, in the same way that epidemic diseases with us, like scarlet fever, typhus, or measles, are of a more favorable or fatal description.

"I must also here state, that I am a most decided advocate for dressing hounds, and cannot but think that the Colonel (should he have another pack) would find them not looking so blooming as his neighbours, if he persisted in his resolution of never dressing them; nor do I agree that it brings off their coats at an unnatural time. Hounds are like horses, and only change their coats twice a year, Spring and Autumn; so that it is the huntsman's fault if he

dresses them when they are likely to be almost naked. The time I adopted was the latter end of May, when the weather was generally mild, and again in August, about a fortnight before they began hunting, preferring it to be scratched off in the coverts, to its hanging about them an unnecessary time in kennel. I perfectly coincide with the Colonel about gentlemen hunting their own hounds; for, as he justly observes, a good education must be of advantage. They will have the same practical experience as a professional huntsman, if they begin hunting them early in life; added to which, they will have a double gratification, should their sport be good, having the *esprit* of the master of the pack, combined with that of the huntsman's, to urge them in the pursuit; and who is he, that having once undertaken to hunt a pack of fox-hounds, would not exert his utmost abilities in so enthusiastic a situation?

"I now come to that part of the book in which it is stated, that, when regular hunting begins, the laborious part of a huntsman's duty is over. This is quite a matter of opinion, and one in which I by no means agree; no huntsman would wilfully take his young hounds, during the cub-hunting season, where he was not certain of finding plenty of foxes, and at that season they are easily kept in the coverts, without much trouble to the huntsman—the whippers-in being the persons who have the greatest share of the labour in stopping the foxes back, and keeping the hounds from running other than their proper scent. For my own part, I always found much more labour *with a half scent during regular hunting*—the field con-

tinually riding hounds to check; obliged to make repeated casts, which, when recovered, were as constantly marred by the horsemen—than ever I found in a cub-hunting morning, when there were no persons to interfere, and the only object was to keep foxes and hounds in covert, which was the surest and the easiest method of bringing them to their senses, and making them handy and steady.

"In writing on the New Forest, the Colonel mentions the great impression he received from hearing old Tom Sebright's 'melodious voice,' and other concomitant circumstances appertaining to the chase, in that peculiar and romantic country. Whether he means to infer from the passage here alluded to, that the said Sebright was a good sportsman, I cannot quite make out; but I do not think he could have experienced such high gratification if he had not so considered him; but 'doctors differ;' for, having the pleasure of being well acquainted with many New-Foresters, I can venture to say, in speaking of Sebright as a huntsman, he was there generally thought

Vox, et preterea nihil.

His son, now with Lord Fitzwilliam, is inferior to no one, and rarely to be equalled in his profession.

"There is a plan also proposed by the Colonel, although good in theory, I cannot conceive ever possible to reduce into practice with any prospect of success: I allude to that of each master of hounds shewing, for a prize, the two cleverest couples of his entry for the year. In the first place, how could it be decided? The

hounds of Lord Lonsdale are as different from Sir John Cope's as it is possible to be; those of Lord Darlington are equally so from the pack of Mr. Lambton. The man who is fond of a large hound will scarce allow a small one any merit whatever; and, to sum up all, there are hardly any two masters of hounds who agree in what is the perfect shape of a fox-hound. To say that it bears the least analogy to an agricultural meeting is quite out of the question. There, a certain frame of an animal is ascertained, which, when it has attained perfection by feeding, must produce a greater return to his proprietor than another, who is not equally favoured by nature with those points which are now so generally known to all agriculturists. But, in the case of a fox-hound, it is in a great degree a matter of opinion; one person considers depth in the chest, another fancies the loins, &c., &c., to be the most material; for, as Beckford quotes, 'So many men, so many minds: but there is one point in which all agree, namely, that *substance and bone are indispensables*.'

"I cannot conclude this without relating an anecdote, to shew how much it occupied the thoughts of a very famous huntsman. It is long since I heard it, and, my memory being treacherous, I can only say, I think it was a servant of Sir Gerard Noel's, who, after having hunted his hounds for many years, was at last called to 'that bourne from whence no traveller returns.' He laid many hours at the point of death without speaking; at last, he beckoned his son, who was to succeed him, to his bedside, and said, '*Whatever you do, my lad, breed them with bone enough!*'

These were the last words he uttered.

"I cannot close these few, imperfectly made, observations, without saying, that in Colonel Cook we have lost one of our best practical performers, as a master of hounds; and I sincerely hope, that, should he return to the profession, his long sojourn abroad will cause him to come to the scratch with renovated zeal. His absence has been felt by many, and by no class more than the Sporting World. He was an able and scientific sportsman, an entertaining, agreeable, and convivial companion; and the worst wish that I bestow on him is, that he may be again in his element at the head of a pack of fox-hounds; but if Fate has ordained it otherwise, I trust (though not on his escutcheon),

REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

"By the way," says my other correspondent, a 'top sawyer' in his line, "have you seen Colonel Cook's *Observations on Hunting*? I think he is generally very near the mark, and understands the subject he has taken in hand. In one respect, however, he is under the mark—I mean, in the food of hounds. His calculation might have done in his time, but it will not do now. For instance—I purchased, the other day, sixty-six quarters of meal, and the charge, with the miller's expenses, is 150l. Now this quantity will only last my hounds nine or ten weeks at the outside; consequently, the meal alone, at this rate, would amount to 900l. per annum, independently of flesh, which, for my sixty couples of hounds, we may reckon at 200l. more, at the cheapest times."

REMARKABLE SPORTING ANECDOTE.

SIR,

ON once meeting an Irishman, and inquiring of him what trade he was, he replied, I am, Sir, by *profession* a wood cutter; so I, who am by profession a thistle whipper, take the liberty of sending you an account of a circumstance which occurred some years since; but, going past the spot the other day, it came full into my recollection; and as it will serve to record the achievements of an honest dog, I thought the subject would be worthy a place in your delightful columns; and at the same time not unworthy the attention of your engraver.

Mr. George Cooper, a miller in this place, from a natural infirmity in his legs and feet, was no great traveller either on horseback or on foot; but, as he must be doing something, he frequently amused himself with rat hunting; and in his short walks up the banks of the river was constantly attended by his favorite dog Hoaxer, bred between a terrier and a spaniel. Hoaxer was a deadly foe to the rats; their favorite haunts were all known to him; and whether on the low bending willows or on the rushy banks they were seldom safe from him: for the instant they took the water, and dived, he was under after them, and rarely failed to bring them up between his teeth. One summer's evening, extending his walks a little farther than usual, he came to a remarkably high poplar tree, which leaned very much over the river, and was feathered with small boughs to the bottom of it. At full thirty feet from the ground, it forked out

into large branches, on one of which was an old magpie's nest. At the bottom of this tree Hoaxer struck a scent, and worked it up the tree to the fork, where, finding he could get no farther, he gave his tongue very free at the nest, and shoved his feet against the branch; when, at that amazing height, out bolted the rat, and dropping past Hoaxer's nose, he threw himself at it: down they both dashed into the water, both went under, and the good old soul came up with it in his mouth; and, as if conscious of some great exploit, laid at his master's feet.

I have another reason to remember him; for although I now scratch a grey head, when I was just strong enough to hold up a gun, I winged a wild duck near the mill; which, diving immediately, came up under some flags and beat me. Being the first I ever shot at, I was of course very anxious to get it, and ran down for Hoaxer, who was always ready for a lark. He came up with me, dashed into the flags, soon winded her, struck at her, down they went, and I had the satisfaction to see him come up with the result of my first effort in his mouth.

If you think the subject worth engraving, the river, forty feet wide, runs from South to North, the tree leans from West to East; the dog, about eighteen inches high, a light tan, rather rough, not wiry; in the back ground, about two furlongs from the tree, the mill.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A THISTLE WHIPPER.

Biggleswade, Dec. 29, 1826.

DIGGING OUT FOXES.

SIR,

THE East Kent fox-hounds are this season in beautiful order
VOL. XIX. N. S.—No. 113.

and condition, and some excellent sport has been enjoyed. There is one evil only attending this establishment capable of galling the pleasure of a brilliant day; viz. the unsportsmanlike and absurd practice of digging from earth a beaten fox. Surely humanity and reason should put a stop to such proceedings! When reynard has shewn the field an open country, and brought many a fiery steed to a complete stand still, is it not far better to let him repose in peace in that lodging which fate has kindly reserved for his safety, than to waste a couple of hours in the use of the pick-axe and spade? The digging-out system has often deprived a large field of sportsmen of a second good run. This plan, I believe, is adopted in no other county, but is peculiar to Kent alone. I hope ere long to see it utterly abolished.

Mr. Oxenden, who has the management of these hounds, would not, I am certain, hesitate to perform any thing which might be conducive to the pleasure of the subscribers and members of the hunt. I am certain that the singular practice of which I complain is disapproved of by not a few.

If, Sir, you will insert this in your next Number, you will confer a favour on

A Well Wisher to the E. K. H.

KILFANE COURSING MEETING, IRELAND.

ON THE WHITE FIELDS.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1826.

FOR the *Puppy Cup*.—Mr. John Power's, jun. blk. and wh. d. Pieball beat Major Keating's blk. d. Sultan; Mr. Alcock's blk. and wh. b. Blast beat Mr. H. Baker's blk. d. Rodney; Mr. H. Baker's blk. d. Rufus beat Mr. Alcock's wh. d. Snowball; Mr. John Power's, jun. Brin.

K k

b. Kate beat Major Keating's bl. and wh. b. Bluebell.

TIES FOR THE CUP.

Pieball beat Blast,
Rufus — Kate.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1826.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. John Power's, jun. Pieball beat Mr. H. Baker's Rufus, and won the Cup.

Pieball, the winner of the Cup, was got by Mr. Edward Cripps's Ebony (son of Platoff, out of Calypso, the grandam of the famous bitch Emerald), out of the dam of Mr. Biggs's Bertram.

Matches.—Major Keating's blk. b. Fly beat Mr. C. Bayly's wh. d. Sinbad; Mr. H. Baker's blk. p. d. Rodney agst Mr. Alcock's blk. and wh. b. Blast—undecided; Major Keating's blk. and wh. b. Whizgig beat Mr. Alcock's brin. d. Javelin; Mr. W. Hunt's wh. d. Young Archer beat Mr. H. Baker's red p. b. Rhoda; Mr. J. Power's, jun. red b. Caroline agst Mr. J. Baker's red b. Cowslip—undecided; Mr. Keating's blk. and wh. d. Merlin agst Mr. J. Power's, jun. blk. and wh. d. Belzebub—undecided; Major Keating's bl. b. Venus agst Mr. C. Bayly's blk. b. Sylph—undecided; Mr. H. Baker's blk. p. d. Rodney beat Mr. Alcock's blk. and wh. p. b. Blast.

Mr. John Power, jun. has, by great perseverance and attention, brought the Kilfane Coursing Meetings to great perfection, and their popularity stands deservedly high. Both friends and antagonists were quite delighted at his success, this being the second Cup he has won since the regular establishment of these meetings. Ebony was sent over to Ireland by Captain Lidderdale to Mr. Alcock, and has been destroyed by some person or persons throwing poison into the kennel, which deprived Mr. Alcock of a very valuable stallion greyhound.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-MADE GUNS.

SIR,
"A LOVER OF THE TRIGGER," in your December Number, un-

der the head of "*Improvements in Guns*," in speaking of town and country gun makers, says, "taking them *all in all*, London, in my opinion, beats them *out and out*." I beg leave to differ with him upon this point. I speak of country *gun-makers*, not *gun-smiths*. Take several of these gun-makers, who have acquired some celebrity in their respective counties, and I will venture to say that their barrels shall be equally good and perfect, both as regards "bore and polish," consequently quick and hard firing, as those of any London maker; that the locks will be equally well filed and put together; and that the stocking will, generally speaking, be neater. And why should it not be so? Their barrels come from the same manufacturers, and their locks are filed by the same operators: then, why should not a *gun-maker*, who has served his time with one of the first London *artists*, be able to put the finishing stroke to the whole? Do the amateurs of London, and all that emanates therefrom, imagine that the air of the country stupifies the genius or the faculties of its inhabitants? I will venture, amongst many others that I could name, to cite "Tom North," of Southampton, (a maker with whose guns I am *most particularly* acquainted,) as equal to turn out a gun, in point of appearance and *execution*, to any London first-rate. I speak with confidence, for I have shot his guns against destructive ones, and I have never been beaten. I can give a reason even why the *ensemble* of a gun turned out by a country *maker* should be, and is often (as the French say), *plus soigné*. A country *maker* has his reputation at stake; a London first-rate artist cares not a fig about

it. He is sure of his fifty or sixty-guinea customers. Let those who like to pay the same for the *imaginary* value of a London-built gun, do so; but let others be *assured* by one who has had some years experience, and who is a lover of impartiality, that, with half the money, he will *do the thing quite* as well.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

HAWTHORN.

Nancy, 21st December, 1826.

THE LAMBOURN COURSING STAKES, 1823.

SIR,

THE NORTH WESTWARDLY OLD COURSE wishes to know what greyhounds ran against Mr. Hoskins's Highlander for the Lambourn Stakes at Ashdown Park, and their breed. I refer him to pages 65 and 66 of your Magazine for November 1823; there he will see the classing of them, likewise the running.

The pedigree of each:—

Mr. Browne's Briton, by Waller's Remus, dam by Platoff.

Mr. Long's Leopard, by Sainsbury's bl. and w. d., out of Lynx, by Champion.

Mr. Pettatt's Pantaloon, by Platoff, out of Bounty.

Dr. Meyrick's Magnus Troil, by Bragg, out of Bounty, by Champion.

Mr. Palmer's Arachne, by a son of Nestor, out of a sister to Link-boy.

Mr. Goodlake's Goldenlocks, by Gelart, out of Goldfinder, by Grig, out of Goldfinch, by Rolla.

Mr. Capel's Jewel, pedigree not known.

Highlander would not have won this stakes, but a bad slip in high

turnips was in his favour, having seen the hare the moment she got up, and a short distance from home. Magnus never saw until she was close to covert; then he made a tremendous loose, which brought him nearly neck to neck with Highlander. Had they gone a few yards farther Magnus would have given him a go by, as he shewed a great superiority in speed to Highlander when he caught sight of the hare.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

FORESIGHT.

January 20th, 1827.

TICKS IN A DOG KENNEL.

SIR,

YOU will much oblige an old subscriber to your valuable Magazine, by informing him the best mode of destroying the ticks in a dog kennel.

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

A. B.

London, Dec. 27, 1826.

For the Sporting Magazine.

STALLION GREYHOUNDS IN IRELAND.

THE two celebrated greyhounds, Beverly and Magnus Troil, will ward greyhound bitches at Waterford, at three guineas each.

Beverly was late the property of John Browne, Esq. of Salperton, near Cheltenham, and was got by Jasper (own brother to Captain Lidderdale's Champion), out of Belle, and is brother to the dam of Mr. Browne's celebrated dog Boxer. (See *Sporting Magazine*, February 1825.) Beverly was supposed to be full as speedy a dog as Boxer.

K k 2

Magnus Troil was late the property of Dr. Meyrick, and was got by Mr. Blake's Bragg, out of Bounty, by the celebrated dog Champion (own brother to Jasper), out of Captain Lidderdale's Lineage by Comet (son of Hutchinson's Snowball), out of Spinach, by Mr. Shippery's bluedog (brother to Daphne, the dam of Mr. Goodlake's famous dog Gamecock), out of Turner's Tagg, by Captain Lidderdale's Smoker (son of Old Snowball), out of Turner's Tickle. Magnus Troil beat the two celebrated bitches, Arachne and Goldenlocks, at Ashdown Park. (See *Sporting Magazine*, November 1823, for his performance and pedigree.) Bounty was the dam of Sampson, that won the Bowers Cup 1825.

Beverly and Magnus Troil are fine made greyhounds, with immense powers, and were extraordinary speedy runners.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE anticipations of the best wishers to the Ring have at length been realized; and a manly battle has done much to sooth the irritation previously excited by the dishonorable conduct of some of its professors. The foundation of a new era is laid; and if the men will, as in the instance of Ward and Crawley, "do their best," patronage will doubtless be not wanting to support the science of Pugilism. The fight between these two "big ones" took place on the 2d of January 1827, on Royston Heath, on the borders of Cambridgeshire and Hertfordshire, thirty-nine miles from London, and has received the highest encomiums from the admirers of true courage and manhood; no cross

was attempted, nor did one wrangle take place during the contest, either between the men or their seconds. In short, it was a gallant battle throughout.

The following are the achievements of the men previously to the present encounter:—

Ward had beaten Dick Acton; Burke, of Woolwich; Ned Baldwin; the Bath Champion; Phil Sampson, twice; and Cannon. He was beaten by Josh Hudson, and gave in to Bill Abbott.

Crawley had beaten Sutcliffe, a butcher; Southern, a yokel; and Dick Acton. He was beaten by Tom Hickman.

Most of the Fancy proceeded towards the scene of action on the Monday; and the men were deposited, Crawley at the Red Lion, on Reed's Mill Hill (two miles from Royston); and Ward at the same sign, at Royston. The place fixed on for the fight was a meadow at Haydon Grange; but Bill Gibbons, the Commissary, disobeyed orders, and set the ropes on Royston Heath, five miles off; the consequence of which was, that hundreds who had proceeded to the Grange arrived at the scene of action just after it was all over! The Commander-in-Chief threatened a Court Martial—but as Bill had never before been at the halberts, the breach against the articles of war was, from a consideration of past services, commuted to a reprimand.

At ten minutes to one o'clock, Jem, in high spirits, threw his castor into the ring, soon followed by Peter—the former attended by Josh Hudson and Reuben Marten, and the latter by Tom Belcher and Harry Harmer; both the men in the finest condition, Ward weighing 12st. 7lb. and Crawley 12st.—

the odds at setting to 11 to 5 on Ward. Crawley won the toss, and on shaking hands, they threw themselves into position. The superiority in point of height on the part of Crawley was obvious; still Ward seemed covered at all points, and the attention of the ring was intense.

ROUNDS.

1. Short sparring, each man looking for an opening, and both cautious; at last Crawley, anxious to begin, went in, and hit out ineffectually with his left; Ward was awake, stopped him with his right, countered with great cleverness with his left in return, and catching him severely under the right eye, dropped him cleverly as if he had been shot, amidst the cheers of his friends. This blow produced first blood at the corner of Crawley's eye, and decided at once the bets on the first blood and the first knock-down blow.

2. On coming to the scratch, the effect of the blow on Crawley's ogle was clear, the eye being a good deal puffed; still he was cheerful, and prepared for mischief. The men again sparred for the first hit, when Crawley threw out his right, but was stopped. Ward then went in and hit right, and left at Crawley's *cannister*, but did not make any impression. More caution—when Ward again made play—but Crawley was awake, stopped his left with great precision, and smiled confidently. Crawley then commenced fighting, but Ward threw up his right and left and got away in beautiful style. More sparring—and mutual caution—at last Crawley saw a vulnerable point, pushed in, and delivering a thundering hit with his right on Ward's left cheek, dropped him in turn. [Loud cheers and exclamations of "Peter, it's your own."]

3. On Ward being lifted on his second's knee, he looked wild, and was evidently suffering from the effects of Crawley's *tickler*. Josh, however, shook him, and brought him to the scratch ripe for action, although a little *posed*. After some sparring and admirable stops on both sides, evincing the superior science of the men, Ward hit short with his right at the body. Crawley smiled, and collecting himself for work, threw out his right and caught Ward slightly on his *nob*. Ward, in endeavouring to get away, fell upon his hands and knees. Crawley was about to strike him jocularly on the part that was uppermost, when Ward jumped up and both men went to their seconds.

4. More good stops on both sides, when a tremendous rally commenced, in which

the deliveries, right and left, excited the loudest applause. Ward retreated towards the ropes, Crawley close with him. In this situation there were some good interchanges, and *claret* was freely drawn from the *conks* of each. In the end, Ward went staggering down, Crawley upon him.

[The greatest agitation was here excited among the spectators. The outer ring was broken in, and confusion prevailed to the conclusion of the fight, although the pugilistic corps, under the auspices of the Commander-in-Chief, did wonders in endeavouring to preserve order. Many persons got inside the roped ring, and were with difficulty ejected.]

5. Both came up bleeding, and a little *puffy*, from their late exertions. After some sparring for time, Crawley hit out with his left, but was stopped; and, in turn, Ward was stopped by Peter, who had all his senses about him. At last the men came to a rally, and desperate hitting ensued; each countering with great energy and force, and making due impression by their handy work. Ward, in getting away, repeatedly hit up with his right, but missed his blows. In the end, the men closed and went down, Crawley uppermost, and both bleeding at the mouth and nose.

6. A good weaving round, in which Ward caught Crawley round the neck with his right, and, as he pulled him across the ring, hit him up several times with rapidity. Crawley at length closed, and both went down in a scramble, heavily punished and distressed.

7. The men came up piping, and, as if mutually feeling the necessity of recovering their wind, sparred with caution for some seconds. At last Crawley let go his left, but Ward got away. Another short spar, when Ward hit slightly with his left, but was cleverly countered by Crawley's right. A terrific rally ensued, in which all science seemed to be set aside, and the *weaving* system went on in a style of manly indifference as to the result. Each appeared bent alone on making an impression, and the appearance of their *pimples* shewed that mischief alone was intended. The whole ring was electrified, and a more courageous attack was never witnessed. The blood flowed freely from each. Crawley retreated towards the ropes, Ward still with him, till at length Ward rushed in, and seizing him with the gripe of a Hercules, threw him an appalling cross buttock, which not only shook Peter himself, but the very earth on which he fell. This fall was allowed by Crawley's seconds to have done him more harm than all his previous punishment; and a good judge who was within the ring rushed out, and offered ten to one against him, and no takers.

8. Peter came up open mouthed, and greatly distressed. It was thought Ward

would have gone in immediately to finish; but to the surprise of most, he kept out, and only sparred at arm's length. It was pretty clear, however, that he was himself the worse for wear, and did not consider it politic to throw a chance away. After some time Crawley tried with his left. Ward stopped this intended visitation, and returned with his right. More sparring, when the men having got their wind, once more got to work on the weaving system, and the interchanges right and left were sufficient to daunt the stoutest heart; but still both gave and took without flinching. Their heads echoed again with the quick following blows, till Ward becoming weak, or desirous of avoiding farther compliments, went down on his knees—rather weak. Crawley went to his second's knee, and was evidently coming round.

9. This round commenced with distant sparring. Ward attempted a blow at Peter's mark, but hit short—Peter laughed, and kept out. A few seconds were occupied in this light play, when another terrific rally took place. Both men again went to work, putting science aside, and rattling away at each other's *nobs* with downright goodwill. Hit followed hit with the rapidity of lightning—neither would give an inch, but stood to each other with as much *sang-froid* as if sparring with the gloves. Nothing could exceed the fearless execution of this rally, and the shouts of the multitude bore testimony to the determined game of the men. Ward repeatedly hit up; but was instantly met with Crawley's left, who preserved his self-possession, and never lost sight of his object. At length, as a sort of climax of terrific weaving in all parts of the ring, Crawley retreated to the ropes, where a close took place, and both fell, Crawley uppermost. Both were much distressed, and evidently fast approaching the close; but Ward was still the favorite, and 2 to 1 was bet upon him by one who professed to be a good judge.

10. Notwithstanding the severe exertion in the last round, Crawley came up smiling. Sparring was continued for a short time, when another most desperate rally commenced. It was clearly a powerful effort, on both sides, to bring the fight to a close. Nothing could exceed the resolution which both men displayed: they followed each other from place to place, hitting with unprecedented game and courage. Ward repeatedly having recourse to his under hits. In this extraordinary way did the conflict continue, till both men, on reaching the side of the ring, were so exhausted as to be incapable of lifting their hands, or striking another blow, and at length both went down, unable longer to stand, although supported for some time against the ropes. A more terrible encounter was never witnessed in the prize

ring, and the repeated jobbing of Crawley's left produced the most fearful effects on Ward's face.

11, and last. Such was the state of the combatants on coming up at the commencement of this round, that it was impossible to form an opinion of the probable issue. Both were *piping*, and in painful distress, but Crawley appeared to stand best on his legs. Very little time was lost in consideration, and Ward, open mouthed, attempted to go in. Crawley, as if aware that this round must terminate the fight, collected all his strength, struck out lightly with his right, and then drawing back a short step, he rushed in, and catching Ward a severe job with his left on the mouth, dropped him to rise no more! He fell flat on his back, and drawing his hands up towards his stomach, became to all appearance senseless. Josh lifted him from the ground and placed him on Marten's knee, but he was no longer "himself." He was deaf to the call of his friends and admirers; and, with the battle, lost his claim to the Championship. Crawley stood looking at him, satisfied that his labours were at an end. He endeavoured to shake hands with his fallen foe, but poor Ward was insensible to this noble conduct, and Peter walked to his chaise. Ward was shortly after carried out of the ring, and thence to his inn, in a state of insensibility.

The fight lasted twenty-six minutes. Ward was taken to his quarters at the Red Lion, in Royston, where every attention was paid to him; but a long period elapsed before he recovered his recollection. Considerable apprehensions were at first entertained for his safety, but he gradually recovered, and was brought to town next day. He was bled soon after the fight was over; and so completely was his stupor, that he was totally unconscious of the operation. Peter, after passing a few hours in bed at his inn, was able to return to town the same night. Both were heavily punished.

Ward, though beaten, fell nobly; and, perhaps, the best opinion of his merits may be found in the eulogiums passed on him by his gallant opponent at the Tennis Court on the following Thursday,

when Harry Holt and Bob Baldwin took a joint benefit. Both the combatants were present; and Jem, on mounting the stage, was received with marks of general approbation. Ward's backer came forward, and said, so confident was he of Jem's deserts, that he was ready to back him again, either against Crawley or any other man in the kingdom, from a hundred to a thousand pounds. Crawley then mounted the stage, and was received with acclamations. He said, he came before the Court as a winning man; but he felt it his duty to say, that he never had engaged with a better or a braver man than Ward. Upon the subject of the challenge which had been made, he had but one answer to make. Every man had a right to be the judge of his own actions; and he had determined, from that day forth, to resign the character of a prize-fighter, and would never again enter the ring to please the King of England. In making this declaration, it was not out of disrespect to the liberal patrons of the Ring, to whom he felt grateful; but from a sincere conviction, that, if he were to fight for seven years to come, he never could place himself in a more enviable situation than he stood at present. Glory, and not money, had led him to the field; and as he had reached the pinnacle, he would leave to others to fight for that Championship to which he begged to resign all claim. The brave fellow then put down two sovereigns towards a subscription for Ward, and, after shaking hands with his late antagonist, retired amid the cheers of the company.

The collection on the ground for the beaten man was very trifling.

Ward has since addressed the

following letter to the *Sporting World*:—

"I trust the *Sporting World* in general are satisfied with my exertions in the late fight, and will allow that, although defeated, I have not been disgraced. I have the gratification to state, that my friends are still willing to back me; and, as already announced at the Tennis Court, I am most anxious for another trial with my brave opponent, Peter Crawley; but, as he has publicly declined fighting, I have surely an undoubted right to the Championship, and I will maintain it against all comers for 200l. or 300l. aside.

"JAMES WARD."

AMESBURY COURSING MEETING.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1827.

THE Cup.—Mr. Heathcote's wh. d. Hudibras beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Larissa; Mr. Biggs's f. d. Belzoni beat Mr. Mills's blk. d. Marmaduke; Mr. Etwall's wh. b. Matilda beat Captain Wyndham's blk. d. Woden; Mr. Dansey's red b. Deborah beat Mr. Bayley's red b. Votive; Mr. Vivian's yel. b. Vapid beat Mr. Wyndham's bl. d. Wallace; Mr. Etwall's blk. d. Express beat Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Dauntless; Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. d. Hamlet beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Bagatelle; Mr. Mills's bl. d. Marmion beat Captain Wyndham's bl. b. Woe.

Stonehenge Stakes.—Mr. Etwall's blk. d. Elastic beat Mr. Bayley's bl. d. Volatile; Mr. Lawrence's bl. b. Luna beat Mr. Mills's bl. d. Manfred; Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Blowing beat Captain Wyndham's bl. b. Wanspeck Witch; Mr. Dansey's wh. and blk. d. Dymock beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Hannibal.

Dyke Stakes.—Mr. Lawrence's blk. d. Lake beat Mr. Dansey's bl. d. Durham; Captain Wyndham's bl. d. Walla beat Mr. Etwall's wh. b. Emma; Mr. Biggs's red d. Bolivar beat Mr. Bayley's blk. d. Venture; Mr. Heathcote's wh. and blk. d. Hosein beat Mr. Mills's red b. Maiden.

Tidworth Stakes.—Captain Wyndham's blk. d. Waldemair beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Bounty; Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Haasan beat Mr. Dansey's red d. Druid.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1827.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Marmion	beat	Deborah,
Belzoni	—	Hamlet,
Hudibras	—	Express,
Matilda	—	Vapid.

TIES FOR THE STONEHENGE STAKES.

Dymock	beat	Luna,
Blowing	—	Elastic.

TIES FOR THE DYKE STAKES.

Walla beat Bolivar,
Hoezin — Lake.

Deciding Course for the Tidworth Stakes.—Captain Wyndham's *Waldemair* beat Mr. Heathcote's *Hassan*, and won the Stakes.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1827.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Belzoni beat Matilda,
Marmion — Hudibras.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. Mills's *Marmion* beat Mr. Biggs's *Belzoni*, and won the Cup; *Belzoni* the *Guinness*.

Deciding Course for the Stonehenge Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's *Blowing* beat Mr. Dansey's *Dymock*, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Dyke Stakes.—Mr. Heathcote's *Hoezin* beat Captain Wyndham's *Walla*, and won the Stakes.

Amesbury Stakes.—Mr. Mills's blk. d. *Marcellus* beat Mr. Etwall's blk. d. *Eagle*; Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. *Larissa* beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. *Bagatelle*.—Mr. Mills's *Marcellus* and Mr. Lawrence's *Larissa* divided the Stakes.—*Marcellus* was drawn lame.

All Age Stakes.—Mr. Dansey's bl. b. *Dauntless* beat Captain Wyndham's bl. b. *Wansbeck Witch*; Mr. Mills's blk. d. *Marmaduke* beat Mr. Dansey's bl. d. *Durham*.

Deciding Course for the All Age Stakes.—Mr. Mills's *Marmaduke* beat Mr. Dansey's *Dauntless*, and won the Stakes.

Druid Stakes.—Mr. Heathcote's red and wh. b. *Homespun* beat Mr. Dansey's red d. *Druid*, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Biggs's blk. b. *Bounty* beat Mr. Mills's red b. *Maiden*; Mr. Biggs's blk. and wh. d. *Bandit* beat Mr. Bayly's blk. d. *Velocipede*.

Marmion is by *Blue Rector*, out of *Reply*—won the *Guineas* at *Dartford* in December 1825.

Belzoni, by *Skim*, out of *Nankeen*.

Waldemair, by *Ryan*, out of *Artful*—won the *Guineas*, as *Dandy*, at *Amesbury*, in November 1825.

Blowing, by *Rex*, out of *Blast*.

Hoezin, by *Grasper*.

Marmaduke, by *Blue Rector*, out of *Red Rose*—won the *Guineas* at *Amesbury* in November 1826.

Homespun, by *Hawk*, out of *Harebell*.

This Meeting had the finest sport that was ever seen by the oldest sportsman. All the Cup Courses were particularly fine, the hares running so strong, and being over such fine turf. There were some excellent dogs entered for the Cup and the Stakes. *Marmion* is altogether the best greyhound we have seen, as he runs well in all parts of his course. Mr. Mills, Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Heathcote were the principal winners.

 BETTINGS ON THE DERBY, OAKS, AND ST. LEGER.

SIR, Tatterall's, Jan. 22, 1827.

THERE was a good muster at the room, and altogether some brisk betting, particularly on the ST. LEGER.—Glenartney (Web) is gradually on the advance, although it was circulated that he had failed in his trials, and that Mameluke was five points better—reports that are utterly without foundation, and raised only for sinister purposes, in order to mislead and entrap the inexperienced. Tatler with difficulty maintains his station—8 to 1 being laid at the opening of the room; towards the close, 9 to 1 was offered; and, if he had not been warmly supported by two or three of the chief bettors, must have receded farther. *Espagnolle* remains stationary, and, excepting what was done by a certain Noble Lord a few weeks back, he is hardly noticed. *Trumpeter*, *Gaberlunzie*, *Defence*, &c. &c., each alternately have the lead; so that it is difficult to say which has the preference, many heavy bets having been made with the first favorites, and against each other, and immense sums are pending on the issue. *Dahlia* and *Spondes* (Metre) were brought

more into notice, and they were done several times in hundreds, but not in that decisive way to warrant one in saying that they are likely to get points higher on the betting list. The Duke of Grafton's lot are only cursorily noticed; as, "what do you want to do against the Duke?" or, "what odds will you take?" and immense odds are instantly offered; and, although there are two or three promising colts in the nomination, their chance is considered very remote. Several of the outside ones are creeping up; and, looking to the magnitude of the field, we have a right to expect greater changes.

The OAKS has not varied a point the last month—the field being backed at only 11 to 2; and, contrary to the general opinion, its supporters have become more select than for many years past. Calypso jumped up considerably, and is likely to become a great favorite, the offers against her being freely accepted. In fact, the betting is chiefly confined to particular mares; such as, Maria against any two, and with each other, and some of them for a very large amount.

Reviewer is declining, 12 to 1 being repeatedly offered; and, notwithstanding he has been backed for such immense sums, he must eventually go back again. The fact is, it was money, more than the good qualities of the horse, which got him up to be first favorite. A few days back, one of the best judges in the room took 45 to 1 about the Olivera colt, and he has since rapidly risen, being barely a point behind Reviewer, and to all appearance he will shortly be at the head of the list. He is a very promising colt, given to Mr. Gas-

VOL. XIX. N.S.—No. 118.

coigne by a friend; and they appear to be fond of their horse. The next five are extremely near together, giving rise to considerable betting; and, judging from public running, we may say they are correctly placed, and must excite unusual interest throughout the season. The nomination is somewhat less, Mr. Watts and Lord Kennedy falling short; but the field is considered stronger, and there is already more doing upon it, than on last year's.

Yours truly, Z. B.

DERBY.

- 8 to 1 agst Glenartney.
- 8 and 9 to 1 agst Tatler.
- 14 and 15 to 1 agst Espagnolle
- 20 to 1 agst Defence.
- 20 to 1 agst Trumpeter.
- 21 to 1 agst Gaberlunzie.
- 21 to 1 agst Mameluke.
- 22 to 1 agst Gustavus.
- 22 to 1 agst Catherine.
- 25 to 1 agst Dahlia.
- 27 to 1 agst Spondee.
- 30 to 1 agst Gamelinus.
- 30 to 1 agst Augusta.
- 30 to 1 agst Cressida.
- 30 to 1 agst Jemima.
- 30 to 1 agst Snowdrop.
- 35 to 1 agst Turcoman.
- 35 to 1 agst Chieftain.
- 35 to 1 agst Antar.
- 35 to 1 agst Protestant.
- 40 to 1 agst Eliza Teazle.
- 40 to 1 agst Pythoness.
- 40 to 1 agst Roderic.
- 45 to 1 agst Edmund.
- 45 to 1 agst Prestbury.
- 45 to 1 agst Windermere.
- 45 to 1 agst Chrysalis.
- 50 to 1 agst Cat.
- 50 to 1 agst Apollo.
- 50 to 1 agst Sir Huldebrand.
- 50 to 1 agst Juggler.
- 50 to 1 agst Zoffani.
- 50 to 1 agst Gramarie.
- 50 to 1 agst Amazon.
- 60 to 1 agst Moor Buzzard.
- 60 to 1 agst Pandarus.
- 60 to 1 agst Romp's Dam.
- 65 to 1 agst Intruder.
- 250 to 2 agst Seymour Filly.
- 11 to 8 Glenartney agst Lord Jersey's stable and Defence.
- 6 to 4 Defence beats Spondee.
- 1000 even Gaburlunzie agst Gustavus.

L 1

OAKS.

5 and 6 to 1 agst Maria.
 11 to 1 agst Totteridge.
 12 to 1 agst Brown Duchess.
 16 to 1 agst Souvenir.
 16 to 1 agst Translation.
 17 to 1 agst Calypso.
 20 to 1 agst Scornful.
 20 to 1 agst Lunacy.
 24 to 1 agst Hampden.
 25 to 1 agst Morel.
 25 to 1 agst Pantina.
 26 to 1 agst Zeal.
 24 to 1 agst Seymour.
 35 to 1 agst Shoveler.
 35 to 1 agst Barossa.
 35 to 1 agst Medora.
 35 to 1 agst Donna Clara.
 35 to 1 agst Whimper.
 35 to 1 agst Mirth.
 40 to 1 agst Miriam.
 40 to 1 agst Vignette.
 45 to 1 agst Stella.
 50 to 1 agst Belvidera.
 50 to 1 agst Helenus.
 60 to 1 agst Recruit.
 60 to 1 agst Addy.
 60 to 1 agst Varennes.
 60 to 1 agst Clematis.
 100 to 1 agst Fair Helen.
 100 to 1 agst Novice.
 5 to 2 Maria beats Calypso; 5 to 5 on Maria agst Souvenir and Duchess; even betting Maria against Totteridge and Translation.

ST. LEGER.

12 and 13 to 1 agst Reviewer.
 13 and 14 to 1 agst Olivera.
 20 to 1 agst Matilda.
 20 to 1 agst Popsy.
 20 to 1 agst Granby.
 22 to 1 agst Moonshine.
 22 to 1 agst Rancho Panza.
 30 to 1 agst Glenartney.
 30 to 1 agst Emma.
 30 to 1 agst Noaglus.
 30 to 1 agst Tatler.
 30 to 1 agst Nivalis.

30 to 1 agst Hartsbury.
 40 to 1 agst Pedlar.
 40 to 1 agst Jupiter.
 40 to 1 agst Manuella.
 40 to 1 agst Defence.
 50 to 1 agst Gustavus.
 50 to 1 agst Pelican.
 50 to 1 agst Tom Jones.
 50 to 1 agst Moch.
 50 to 1 agst Leda.
 50 to 1 agst Lunacy.
 50 to 1 agst Atlas Emma.
 50 to 1 agst Justitia.
 50 to 1 agst Romeo.
 55 to 1 agst Snowdrop.
 55 to 1 agst Spondes.
 55 to 1 agst Nancy Dick.
 60 to 1 agst Medora.
 1000 to 20 agst Tatler winning the Derby and St. Leger.
 1000 to 10 agst Spondes winning the Derby and St. Leger.
 1000 to 4 agst naming all three winners.

VIEW ON THE LEA—THE CROWN, BROXBOURNE.

IN the December Number of this Magazine, we presented our angling friends with a representation of the King's Arms, a subscription-house on the River Lea, much frequented by the anglers of the Metropolis. We now present them a similar representation of the Crown at Broxbourne, also the resort of sportsmen, the localities, &c. of which we hope to be able to speak of in some future Number.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

INTELLIGENCE FROM MELTON.

[By some error of the Post, the following letter reached us too late for insertion in last Number.]

Sir, Melton, Dec. 15, 1826.

THE season has been commenced some time; but there having been no sport worth recording, I have

neglected writing till the present, in hopes we should have had something worth giving an account of; but the truth is, that the sport has been of so mediocre a nature, I really did not think it worth my while, as there could be no interest in it either to yourself or readers. I believe it is the complaint with all the packs I am acquainted with, that they have



VIEW ON THE L.E.A.—The Crown, *Wharfedale Bridge.*

Published by J. Thomas, Tinsell Street, London, E.C. 4.



had little or no sport. The Duke of Rutland has had the best, upon the whole, of any in this part of the world. Lord Londale has had nothing to boast of, until Tuesday the 5th, when he had, most certainly, the finest run of this season. The hounds met at Laund Wood, and after killing their first fox in that covert, they went and drew Lodding-ton Reddish (a large wood), and found immediately. He broke away by Tilton Wood, over Skeffington field, to Bilsdon, through the covert at the Coplow, by Quonby Hall, to Hungerton, leaving it to the left, by Baggrave Spinneys to the Lowesby Plantations—the fox here gained some time in the gardens. He then went away over Newton Hills, back to Tilton Wood, where he did not hang a minute; skirting Lodding-ton Reddish, down to East Norton, leaving Belton on the left, over the Hill to Riddlington Park, to Ayston; he then bore to the right nearly to Uppingham, back to Ayston, where he was viewed. He then pointed back to Uppingham, where they ran in to him, after one of the finest hunting runs ever seen; the time, three hours and twenty-four minutes—of course, from the length of the time, it could not all be fast; but the pace to Baggrave was very good, and very few saw anything of it. I believe Sir H. Goodricke and Mr. T. Heycock had the best of it, through all the fastest part. — The hounds hunted him uncommonly steady, and killed him in a style highly creditable to themselves and their huntsman.

The Quorn had a good thing from Martinshaw Wood, on Tuesday the 12th, an hour and thirty-five minutes over the Forest, and killed him in good style. Though they must have had a few good runs, there has been nothing upon the whole worth notice.

Melton is pretty full: Lord Plymouth, (whom we were the more rejoiced to see, as it was reported he would not join the hunt this season,) Lord Barnard, Sir Harry Goodricke, Sir Jas. Musgrave, Captain Ross, Mr. Maher, and most of our old friends

are here. Mr. Holyoake, Mr. John Wormall, and two or three more have deserted to Leicester. Sir R. Mostyn and several more are also quartered there. In hopes I shall have it in my power to give you a better account of our sport through the remainder of the season, I remain, Sir, &c. N.

Sir—A Subscriber to, and constant Reader of, your valuable Magazine would feel obliged by the insertion of the account of a gallant chase as here below.—On Friday, Jan. 19th, the harriers belonging to Richard Lewis, Esq. of Llantilio, Monmouthshire, had a most brilliant day's sport. A fox, which had long been the terror of the hen-roosts of the neighbourhood, was unkenelled in the Kemys woods, overhanging the Usk. He immediately broke covert; crossed the turnpike road, and made for the Trostery Woods; but, declining to seek refuge in the large covert of Coed Bonnet, boldly faced the open country, and passing through the parish of Gwehellog, crossed the turnpike road leading from Ragland to Usk, at about two miles from the latter place; thence taking the low grounds of Llandenny through a most severe and deep country, he steered his course in a straight line through the parishes of Gevernessey, Llangwm, Wolveshewton, and Kll-gwrug, where he was viewed by some countrymen entering Chepstow Park. This wood, which contains many hundred acres, has often afforded reynard a safe retreat, but on this occasion proved no protection from his merciless pursuers; for, although these high grounds were covered with snow, it only shewed to greater advantage the superior hunting of this gallant pack. Here the lovers of the chase had an opportunity of witnessing some of the finest hits and steady hunting ever displayed by any hounds in this country. The scent improving, they soon forced him to quit this strong hold, and, crossing the Chepstow road close upon his brush, drove him to the woods of

Timern, leaving Windeliff a little to the right. A more animating scene than here presented itself can scarcely be conceived. The numerous workmen employed in these woods, leaving their various occupations, all joined in the chase, and in the true Welsh style made the hills re-echo to their cheers. After making several rings in the coverts near the Abbey, he again broke away through the large enclosures above Wyse Wood, turned short to the left, and, skirting the village of Trelleck, made a bold attempt to reach the earths in Will Pitch Wood; but being too hotly pressed, was obliged to resign this daring effort. Here he was repeatedly tallied by some of the horsemen, and gallantly run in to and killed just entering a small brake in the parish of Cwm Carvan, about four miles from Monmouth.—The master of the pack (universally known in his neighbourhood as the *Old Squire*), though above seventy-seven years of age, was, as usual, the first at the covert side, and appeared in excellent health and spirits, to the great gratification of his numerous friends.—Long may he live to enjoy such sport, and animate the hunt by his presence!

On Friday the 12th of January, Sir Tatton Sykes's fox-hounds met at Burton Agnes, the seat of Sir Francis Boynton, Baronet. On the arrival of the hounds they were taken to Barmston Whin, a well-known and justly-celebrated covert. Here three foxes were found: one was chopped in covert, the other two stole away, one making for Barmston village, the other keeping above it. Not having time to "tree the fox and blood the hounds," the huntsman, Tom Carter, with his usual alacrity put his hounds on the fox making for Barmston, but not hitting him off very cleverly, he made a cast back, when the hounds began to hunt pretty briskly on the scent of the second fox. The first point they came to was a farm house called Stone Hills, where the scent became brilliant, and the hounds

getting well "laid on," went away at a "nailing pace," crossing the drain that divides the manors of Lissit and Barmston. Here the huntsman was nearly meeting with an accident, but fortunately escaped with merely indulging in a cold bath. The head whip took the management of the hounds, and continued till the end of the run. From the drain they went along skirting Lissit and Gransmoor over a deep country, crossing the drain that divides the manors of Gransmoor and Kilk, making for Kilk Whin, when, doubling to the right by Tottle Hill, they took across Hurpham moor, leaving St. John's Well a little to the left, and went for Burton Agnes. By this time most were ready for a check, having run about forty minutes, and very fortunately the hounds came to "default." A few minutes elapsed, when the cheering tally-ho proclaimed Mrs. Reynard had just been viewed. Leaving Burton Agnes village to the right, the hounds were cast forward, and hit the scent off, running through a small plantation of Sir F. Boynton's, then took into Burton Agnes open field, making for Boynton, then doubled to the left, and went across into Rudston field. In justice to the hounds, and in favour of their staunchness and mettle, it is just to observe, that the slow pick hunting across Burton field was admirable; and although "slow in pursuit, yet were they matched like bills each under each." No sooner had they entered Rudston field, than the hounds made a splendid hit, and went away, breast high, through Mr. Dickinson's plantations, dividing the manors of Rudston and Kilham; here "a cry more tuneable was never halloo'd to nor cheered with horn;" then, hounds and horses all seemed to have got fresh vigour, and went away at a "slashing pace." After crossing the Rudston road into Mr. Duesberry's plantations, and running some way up them, they turned to the left, making for Dotterel Whin, skirting which and Mr. Creyke's plantations on the right, and crossing Hewing Road,

they mounted Byedale Hill, thence making direct for Kilham. The descent towards Kilham was rapid; the hounds went a racing pace, telling they meant to kill their fox. Crossing Kilham to the west, went to Pockthorp, when, running through the plantation, the two leading men, R. Bower and J. Dickinson, Esqrs. viewed reynard, and saw it was nearly all over. After dodging and trying to gain a little time, he, no longer able to make a gallop of it, was fairly run in to, after a chase of one hour and fifty-five minutes.—A run like this has seldom been seen by the oldest sportsman, considering that the ground was covered with snow nearly three inches deep, and that a hail storm fell before the throw off. There will be matter of speculation for the theoretical writers on scent from this run.

The harriers of J. B. Coles, Esq. of Parrocks Lodge, near Chard, last week started a hare near Titherleigh Inn. She ran without a single check into the town of Chard, closely pursued by hounds and horse-men; there she leaped two walls, the lowest measuring upwards of seven feet high; then making her course towards Chardstock, within half a mile of the village poor puss was killed after running a distance of fifteen miles.—*Jan. 24, 1827.*

On Tuesday, Dec. 26, Mr. Bennett (of Devon), with his couple of hounds, unkenelled a fine fox near Clifford Bridge. He ran through Cud, Windyby, Mayne and Thomas Cleeve woods, across Blacky marshes, into Bridford woods. These gallant hounds were sharp upon him, made him again break covert, when he took away to the Helltorr Rocks, where he was killed in his hole by the terrier. Strange to say, that immediately another fox bolted from the rocks close at hand, and ran over Westcott Farm into Bridford Downs, where he was met by a sheep dog, which foiled the scent, and he escaped.

Caledonian Hunt.—At a Meeting of the Royal Caledonian Hunt, held

at Edinburgh on Tuesday, Dec. 19, they fixed that their Autumn Meeting shall be held at Dumfries: and they elected for the ensuing year—Sir John H. Maxwell, Bart. president; John Hope Johnston, Esq. treasurer; Hon. Captain Gordon, Hon. John Gray, and David Baird, Esq. counsellors; William Haggart, Esq. secretary.

Dinner to Col. Berkeley.—On the 26th December, the Plough Hotel, Cheltenham, was a scene of the highest festivity, when the members of the Berkeley Hunt Club gave a sumptuous dinner to their distinguished leader, Col. Berkeley, on the occasion of presenting him with the splendid piece of plate noticed by us in our last Number. At seven o'clock, John Browne, Esq. of Salperton, was called, by acclamation, to the chair, in the absence of the Marquis of Worcester.—After the removal of the cloth, the President proposed "The King," which was drunk with enthusiastic cheering; after which the usual toast of "Fox-hunting" was given.—The Cup was brought in, and on its being placed at the top of the table, Mr. Browne rose and said,

"I lament extremely, that, in consequence of the illness of the Marquis of Worcester, who intended to have presided here this day, a task of so much moment as the present should have fallen into such inefficient hands as mine. I hope Colonel Berkeley and the gentlemen present will make every allowance for my taking the Chair at such short notice; and will give me credit, that what may be wanting in words will be made up by warmth of feeling. In proposing the health of Colonel Berkeley, and wishing him many happy returns of this day (his birth-day), I take the opportunity of mentioning that he has hunted the Gloucestershire country for nearly twenty seasons, at a very great expense, and without any subscription; that in the year 1809, a Hunting Club was established, which has constantly increased; and at present it consists of about forty members. From the regular and constant manner in which my friend Colonel Berkeley has hunted the country, the Club have been anxious to shew some testimony of esteem to their chief, for the disinterested manner in which he has afforded them, as well as the country, sport. I, therefore, Sir, in behalf of my brother-members of the Berkeley Hunt Club, beg your acceptance of this

piece of plate, as a token of respect and regard for the liberal, constant, and indefatigable manner in which you have conducted the hounds. Long may you live to have this testimony of our regard in your possession; and, as it descends to your latest posterity, may it, through all ages, be a memorial of the sincere and heartfelt friendship entertained for you by the present members of the Hunt! Long may you live to enjoy their esteem, and to hunt this country as you have hitherto done!"

At the close of this address Mr. Browne proposed "the health of Colonel Berkeley," which was received with the most exhilarating applause.—Colonel Berkeley acknowledged the kindness of his friends in a very animated speech; in the course of which the gallant Colonel said,

"In ranking fox-hunting high among our pleasures, I think I shall be borne out by the concurrent opinion of many of the most brilliant and highly-educated members of society; and I will take it on myself to pronounce it to be an amusement wholly without alloy. I have followed it for nearly twenty years; and with truth I can aver, that it has ever cheered my cheeriest hours, and invariably solaced some of my saddest moments. It has been the bond of union, the source of lasting friendship; and while it enlivens the present day, it brings in its train all the most agreeable recollections of 'auld lang syne.' I can assure you, that when the grim huntsman who never misses his game—though in some instances, like huntsmen of this world, he makes short bursts of it, and in others long-hunting runs—when he shall have run me to my last earth, I shall derive consolation in leaving behind me this mark of your friendship and esteem; and while memory exists, during this chase of life, it is a token which will be cherished by me with an affectionate and grateful feeling, which you, the donors, can well imagine, but which I have no power to describe. That Providence may bless you with happiness and prosperity, is the sincere wish of your old friend and companion, who now most heartily drinks to all your healths."

"The health of the President, John Browne, Esq."—"The Marquis of Worcester"—"The Duke of Beaufort and his hounds"—"John Bushe, Esq. and the Cheltenham Harriers," were among the toasts which followed, and a happier evening was never spent.

The Hunt.

The celebrated horse Figaro, belonging to Mr. Farquharson, was sold at Tattersall's last month to Mr. Payne, for thirteen hundred guineas.

Stamford races will this year be later than usual. They are fixed for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in the week after the Newmarket July meeting.

The following are the Nominations for the Oxford Cup 1827:—

Lord Macclesfield names Tittle Tattle, by Sam, 4 yrs old.

Lord Abingdon names Christabel; by Woful, 3 yrs old.

Lord Ailesbury's ch. c. Brother to Barefoot, 4 yrs old.

Mr. J. Fane names br. c. by Rubens, out of Marianne, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Coker names Maldonia, 4 yrs. Mr. Ashhurst names Comedian, 5 yrs old.

Mr. W. J. Lenthall names Miss West, 5 yrs old.

Mr. Peers names Nimrod, aged. Lord Churchill names Sister to Panic, 3 yrs old.

Mr. J. I. Lockhart names Joeko, 4 yrs old.

Mr. H. Langston names M'Adam, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Annesley names ch. c. by Anticipation, 4 yrs old.

Mr. E. Simeon names The Constable, 4 yrs old.

Mr. R. Weyland names Rapid, 6 yrs old.

Mr. F. Craven's b. h. El Dorado, 6 yrs old.

Sir W. W. Wynne's ch. c. Mayfly, by Piscator, 4 yrs old.

Duke of York's Stud.—The Racing Stud of His late Royal Highness the Duke of York comes to the hammer the 5th of February at Messrs. Tattersall's. The following is the catalogue, with their engagements, it being understood that such engagements apply only to those made in Mr. Greville's name, all entries in the name of His Royal Highness being off:—

The well-known stallion Moses.

Don Carlos, brother to Manfred, by Election, out of Miss Wasp, by Waxy.

A grey Barb horse, from Tripoli.

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Lionel Lincoln, 4 yrs.

Rachel, 3 yrs. engaged in a Match with Ld. Exeter's Recruit, for 200l. h. ft. Recruit, 8st. 3lb., Rachel 8st. D.M., Craven; and with Mr. Rush's Carthago, Monday, First Spring Meeting, D.M. 500, h. ft. 8st. 5lb. each; also in the Port Stakes of 100, h. ft., Friday, Craven Meeting.

Bay Colt, rising 4 yrs. old, by Woful, engaged in Forfeit Class of Outlands, 10 sovs. D. I. Craven Meeting.

Chestnut Filly, rising 4 yrs. by Rainbow.

Lillias, rising 4 yrs.

Miriam, rising 3 yrs.; engaged in Riddleworth; 1000gs. Stakes; Oaks; Filly Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., at Ascot, 19 subscribers; in the Grand Duke Michael, in a match with the Duke of Grafton's filly by Woful, out of Miltonia, A.F. October, Miriam, 8st. 4lb., Woful filly 8st., 100 p.p.; in a Sweepstakes of 100, D.I., colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 2lb., 5 sub., Spring 1838.

Colt, rising 3 yrs, by Merlin, engaged in a Sweepstakes of 200, 6 subs.; Sweepstakes of 200 each, h. ft. First Spring Meeting, colts, 8st. 5lb., fillies, 8st. 2lb. D.M. 6 subs.; and in the Derby.

Colt, rising 3 yrs, by Merlin; engaged in the Derby.

Colt, rising 3 yrs, by Waterloo; engaged in a Sweepstakes, Craven Meeting, 100, h. ft. D.M. colts 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb., 6 subs.; ditto Sweepstakes, 200, h. ft. R.M., colts, 8st. 7lb. each, 4 subs.; First Spring Meeting, Match for 100 h. ft. D.M. 8st. 5lb. each, with Mr. S. Stonebrower's Theorem; and in Grand Duke Michael, in October, 50 each, A.F.

YEARLINGS.

Brother to Rachel; engaged in Sweepstakes, 200, h. ft. Craven 1828, D.M. colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb. four subscribers; and in the Derby.

Colt, by Moses, out of Gramarie; engaged in Sweepstakes, 200, h. ft. Craven 1828, colts, 8st, 5lb. D.M., three subscribers; Sweepstakes, 200, h. ft. Craven, colts, 8st. 7lb. A.F. three subscribers; and in the Derby;—in Sweepstakes, 100, h. ft. Second October Meeting, D.I. colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb. (3lb. allowed), eight subscribers;—in Sweepstakes, 200, h. ft. Second October Meeting, D.I. colts, 8st. 7lb. four subscribers;—Craven 1829, in Sweepstakes, 100, D.I. colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb., eight subscribers.

Colt, by Buffalo, out of Hernia.

Colt, by Waterloo, out of Orion's dam.

Colt, by Selim, out of Gift, by Cardinal York; engaged in Sweepstakes, 100, h. ft. Craven 1828, R.M. eight subscribers, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 5lb.

Filly, by Whalebone, out of Varennes (sister to Quadrille), engaged in 1828, Match, 200, h. ft. D.M. with colt by Merlin, out of Prue, 8st. 7lb., filly 8st. 4lb. First Spring Meeting;—Match, 200, h. ft. T.Y.C., with Duke of Grafton's filly, by Selim, out of Pope Joan, 8st. 5lb. each;—in 1000gs. Stakes; and in the Oaks.

FOALS.

Brother to Rachel; engaged in the Riddleworth; Sweepstakes, 300, h. ft. Craven, colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb. R. M. four subscribers; Sweepstakes, 300, h. ft. ditto, ditto, six subscribers.

Colt, by Tiresias, out of Dahlia's dam; engaged in Sweepstakes, 100, h. ft. D.M. six subscribers, Craven, colts, 8st. 5lb. each.

Filly, by Moses, out of Orion's dam.

Filly, by Moses, dam by Election, out of Lionel Lincoln's dam.

Filly, by Waterloo, out of Sister to Premium.

Filly, by Moses, out of Favorite; engaged in October 1828, Match, 200, h. ft. T.Y.C. with a filly by Centaur, out of Twatty, 8st. 5lb. each;—Match with colt by Merlin, out of Prue, 8st. 7lb., filly, 8st. 4lb. T.Y.C. 200, h. ft.

BLOOD MARES.

The dam of Moses; and

Quadrille, by Selim, out of Canary-bird (she is the dam of Pastime); produce engaged in Riddleworth 1831.

Gramarie, by Sorcerer, dam by Sir Peter, out of Deccit, the dam of Prince Leopold.

Mare, by Waxy, out of Moses's dam; was covered by Waterloo.

Dahlia, by Phantom, out of Waxy mare.

The Dam of Orion, sister to Prince Leopold; in foal to Master Henry.

Sister to Bourbon, by Sorcerer, dam by Precipitate.

Rowena, by Haphazard, out of Prudence, Sister to Pope, Pledge, &c. in foal to Merlin; produce engaged in Column Stake, 50, h. ft. Wednesday, Craven 1830, 59 subscribers.

Favorite, by Blucher, out of Scheherazade; in foal to Moses.

Bugilism.

The fight between Gas and Robinson for 200 sovs., which was fixed for the 9th of January, and postponed in consequence of the death of the Duke of York, took place on the 23d at Monmouth Gap. An inducement was held out to the combatants, that if they would fight in the neighbourhood of Hereford, the Fancy of that town would give 100l. to be divided between them, and the fixture

was consequently made there: but the Magistrates having determined to prevent the exhibition in their district, the ring was formed at Monmouth Gap, and a better was never witnessed. The concourse of people was immense. About one o'clock the men entered the ring, both feeling confident of success—Robinson attended by Spring (the late Champion) and Harry Holt; while Gas was waited upon by Ben Burns and Dick Curtis. Both were comparatively novices; the former having only once appeared in the Prize Ring, when he fought and beat Crosbie, in Scotland; and Gas having distinguished himself in his fight with Tom Gaynor at Epsom Races. Robinson, in length and weight, appeared to have a point in his favour; while the friends of Gas considered his hardihood and game as fully equivalent to this fancied superiority, and backed him freely at 6 to 4. After stripping, and shaking hands, they lost no time in commencing business. Twenty-five rounds were fought in thirty-five minutes, of which the following is an abstract:—

In the first round Gas went up manfully to his antagonist, who proved that he was no flincher, but met him in the most courageous manner, and some good right and left hits were exchanged, when Gas was thrown. In the second round the manoeuvres were pretty much of the same character, Robinson falling accidentally on his hands; but in the third Gas received such a tremendous hit from Robinson's right hand over the left eye, as for a time nearly deprived him of his senses—he went staggering down, but was soon rallied by his seconds. On coming up in the fourth round, Gas shewed evident symptoms of the disordered state of his upper works; but still he evinced thorough game, and rattled away as if intent alone on delivering without regard to the consequences. Robin-

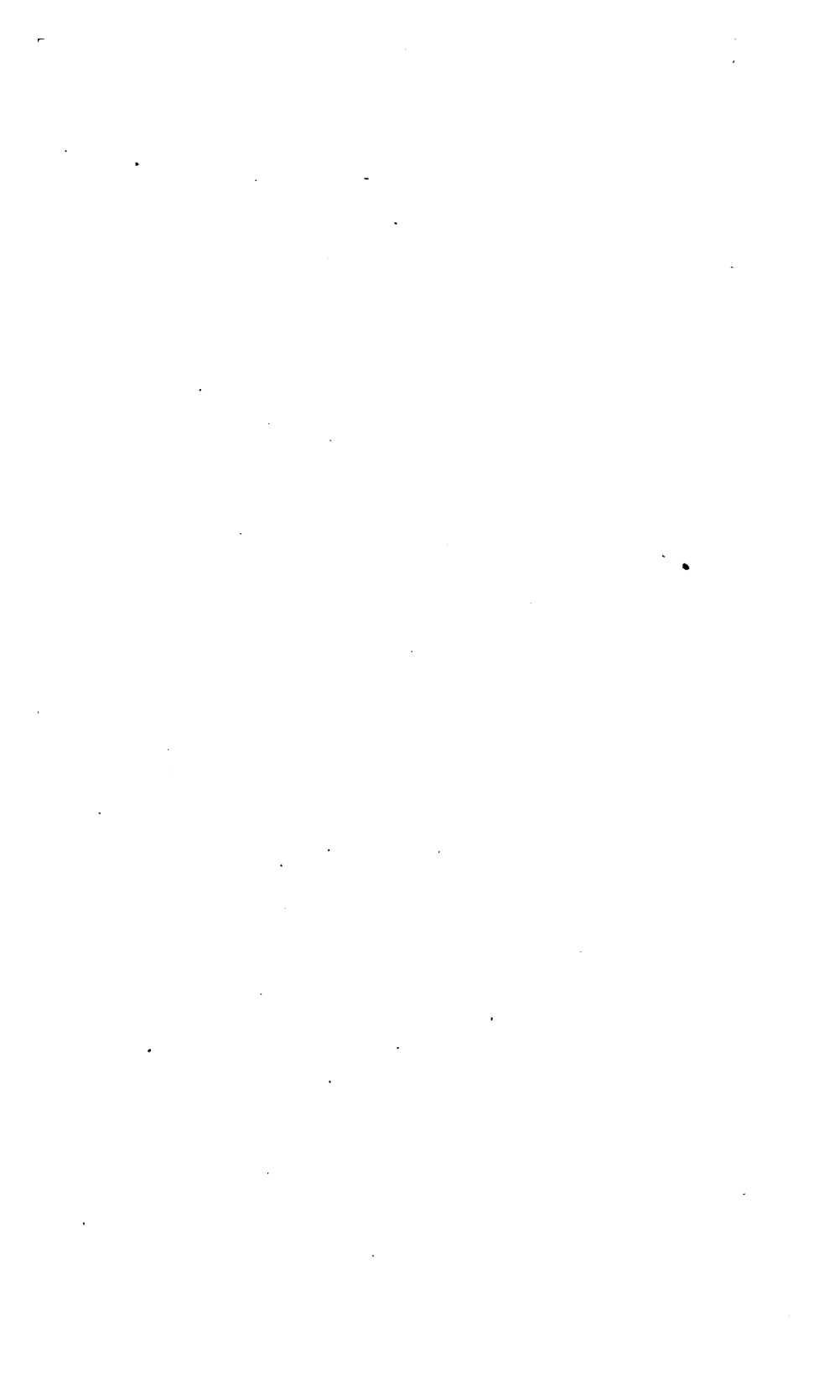
son, seeing his advantage, *peppered* him right and left in admirable style; and in this way the fight continued till nearly the last round—Robinson having a manifest advantage, and the friends of Gas candidly confessing the "game was up." Dick Curtis, however, cheered up his man, reminding him that all London would be in darkness if the *Gas* was extinguished. Gas felt the appeal to his honour, and though dreadfully jobbed continued to *weave* with all the vigour of an expert manufacturer; but still the odds increased against him; and the fine scientific style of Robinson, combined with the powerful effects of his well-directed and straightforward deliveries, rendered him the favorite at any odds. In despite of all these unfavorable symptoms, however, Gas still came up with unshaken courage—he was weakened, but not subdued; and while a chance remained he was evidently determined to continue the contest. At length, after a dreadful rally—which ended in the fall of both—Robinson, upon being lifted on his second's knee, dropped his head, and was "deaf to time."

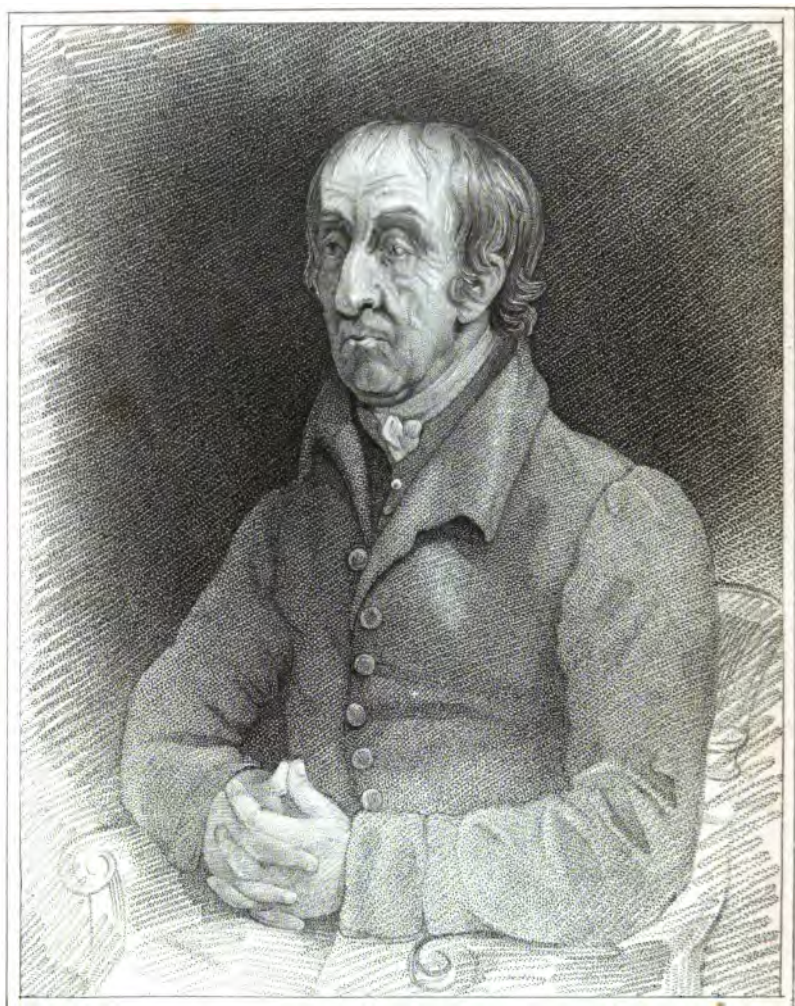
This unexpected result excited surprise; but from subsequent explanation it was understood, that about the middle of the fight Gas fell heavily on Robinson's body, and shook him so severely that he was not "himself again," and became gradually exhausted, till, in the end, he lost all power of motion. Had he been able to give one or two hits in the right place with his wonted force, such was the state to which Gas had been reduced, that it would have been impossible for him to come again. This was all felt by Gas's friends, and they all acknowledged that a fight had never been got more completely "out of the fire."—Gas, before he left Hereford, received 25l. of the 50l. which had been promised.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several favours have come to hand, which shall receive due notice in next Number.

ERRATA.—P. 114, col. 2, line 2, and p. 115, col. 1, line 6, for *petition*, read *petit ecy*.
—P. 188, col. 2, line 33, for *nothing* read *something*.





TOM GRANT.

Published by J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-Yard, London. Mark A. 1800.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. N.S.

MARCH, 1827.

No. CXIV.

CONTENTS.

Biography of Tom Grant, Huntsman to the late Duke of Richmond	273	The Distemper—A new Powder Flask...	318
<i>The Young Forester</i> , on Turf Matters.....	277	The Finale of a late Controversy, &c.....	319
<i>Nimrod's</i> Fifth and Last Letter on the Game Laws.....	281	Sporting Anecdote.....	320
On the Breeding of Race Horses.....	300	Dead Game.....	331
Sport with Colonel Jolliffe's Hounds.....	304	A Letter from "Timothy Ramrod," containing an Extraordinary Charge against <i>Nimrod</i>	321
Ode from "Horace in Cambridge"	305	Highlander and Magnus Troll.....	322
List of the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds	306	Altcar Coursing Meeting.....	322
The Hunter's Revelry.....	308	The Crown Inn at Broxbourne	324
A Fox-Hunter's Reply to "a Fox-Hunter's Opinion of Coursing"	309	Letter from "A Ruralist" on various Subjects	324
Memoir of Mr. W. Jones, the celebrated Huntsman of T. W. Coke, Esq. with an Account of a Chase with him Thirty Years since	310	SPORTING INTELLIGENCE—A Few Lines from <i>Nimrod</i> :—"The <i>Nimrod</i> Coach"—Changes in the Hunting Countries—Effects of Legalized Sale of Game elucidated—Bettings at Tattersall's, &c.....	325
Wrestling—Relative Merits of Cann and Polkinhorne.....	314	TO CORRESPONDENTS	326
A Pack of Beagles	316	RACING CALENDAR—Nominations at Newmarket, &c.....	329
On the Treatment of Hunters.....	317		

Embellished with,

I. Portrait of TOM GRANT, Huntsman to the late Duke of Richmond.

II. DEAD GAME.

TOM GRANT, HUNTSMAN TO HIS GRACE THE LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND. AT GOOD WOOD

Painted by Mr. R. F. DAVIS, and engraved by Mr. FRY.

HAVING taken a pleasure

Tom Grant, the well-known huntsman to the late Duke of Richmond, we have much pleasure in offering the annexed engraving from it to the notice of our readers; together with the following biography of him, received from the Gentleman who favored us with the picture.

"Well," said I to Grant one day, as I met him sauntering from his garden to his house

at the kennel, between two dogs blind from age and service—

"Well, and how goes on the world with you? how are you, Tom?"

"Why," he replied, shaking himself, "I don't know how I be: I am not so young as I was, and I am so very dead and mopey like—I miss hunting sadly. The Colonel don't let me know when he comes high hard. A few hours with the hounds sets me right for some days."

"Why September, you know, is early, Tom," I replied; "too much sun-shine for fox-hunting yet: the regular days are not fixed of course."

"Aye, that's true," said Grant; "but I don't fancy them out near

M 19

hand and not to know it. His Grace gives me a run for my hunter, and he is not up from Halknaker Park yet. My pony would carry me well enough in the coverts for a few hours; besides, I am quite sure the Colonel wants my help, though he don't think so. You know he has lost Robert: so I am sure he wants assistance, though I don't dare tell him so. Aye, they may say what they please, Mr. —, but there is no hunting now. Lord bless you! 'tis all very well if the hounds can kill their fox alone; if not, your gentlemen huntsmen get mad—they d—n the hounds, the weather, the people, and the country, and all is in fault but themselves; they know more of hunting and the country than I do, after riding over it for fifty years. Mr. —, our old friend Mrs. Dorrien still rides well, and egad looks quite young again. She is always very kind to me; but poor Mr. Bingham Newland is gone. You remember him well; he was game to the last: he hunted a few days before he died. A great pity, Mr. —, that this place—(pointing to the kennel)—is not kept in better order. I should like to see hounds in it once again. Not a nicer man in all England, Sir! (pointing to Goodwood House)—that fall was a sad one for us all."

"No doubt," I replied; "but Mr. Grant, they tell me you have had your likeness taken, and that it will be engraved for the *Sporting Magazine*. I am exceedingly glad to hear it, and wish to have a little chat with you on the subject. Pray is it like you?"

"They tell me it is," said Grant; "but all I know about it is, that I had nearly dropped out of my chair asleep a dozen times—

d—d nonsense, Master; but my family have many times wished it, and I would not sit to ne'er another man in England; he was down here you know painting some brood mares for his Grace. They tell me the Duke thinks my picture very like me."

"Well, that I am glad to hear," I replied; "and I wish to say something about you, Grant, to go with your portrait: will you sit to me also? But do you think the painter had any idea of doing so? Did he bother you, while sitting, about your services and your opinions?"

"I can't say," replied Grant, "what he wanted to know; but he was civil and chatty, though that might be to keep my eyes open. He may recollect a little of us years back, and may be able to say something of his own head."

"Well, Mr. Grant, will you oblige me then with a few particulars of your late hunting establishment?"

"I will tell you all I can," he answered; "but if my name is to be put in print, don't put it down Mr. or Thomas Grant, but plain Tom Grant, because every body knows me as Tom. Why even the ladies and children at Goodwood call me Tom Grant. I like it best so: use, you know, is every thing."

We sauntered into his house, and sitting ourselves snugly together in his back room, without the aid of any inspiring beverage—for Tom, like myself, was never a disciple of Bacchus—he began his reminiscences:—

"I was born at Lyndhurst, in the New Forest, in the year 1754. I suppose you don't want to know who my father and mother were, or what they did. I took to hunting very early, and never rode above

ten stone in my life. I have had many a day with the King's stag-hounds before I was nine years old. I got into service as whipper-in to Sir Philip Jennings, who hunted the New Forest. I learned little there, and so hired myself to Lord Castlehaven, whose hounds were hunted by that noted man of his time—Abram Booker—a real good one, depend on't, master. That was in the year 1771—(the hounds were kept at Grovely in Wiltshire)—I lived there about six years; and then came to the third Duke of Richmond, to whip-in to Mr. Budd—the very best day's work I ever did—the pack was then kept at Charlton, just handy over the hill. The Hunt had a Club or Lodge, as they called it, and many a good bout I have known there. Few alive now, Sir, that used to meet us in the field earlier than some of our sportsmen go to bed now—that was the time for fox-hunting. You must know that the third Duke bought the pack of Sir John Millar, about the year 1757, but then they were different from what you can remember them. There is a picture of hounds and the people, painted by Mr. Stubbs, at the house; but they were a different sort of hound, for when his Grace brought them from Charlton kennel to this, in the year 1790, a great improvement took place.

"I was made huntsman in the year 1791, and persuaded his Grace to make some farther alterations in the appearance of his pack: this country don't require a large heavy hound; a neat close shape, shewing fine breeding, and not exceeding twenty-one inches, is the thing for us—they will beat any thing, depend on't. Our pack was a good deal improved by get-

ting drafts from Lord Egremont and Mr. Powlet. When his Lordship gave up his hounds we had a fine choice to mend ours; they were originally from Sir Thomas Gascoigne, a real thorough-bred fox hound, and old Luke Freeman was a clever huntsman, though an immense weight for a horse to carry—in fact, as good as ours there might be, but there could not be better in all the world. Oh, what a pity, Sir, that they should come to what they did! I thought I should have died when I was told that his Grace had given them to his present Majesty to hunt calves or donkeys with—poor fun that to my thinking—this was in November 1813. They tell me that they enjoyed reynard if he crossed them, and that they continued good and handsome up to the unfortunate time when madness got in their kennel; for, in the summer of 1821, nearly the whole pack was destroyed at Brighton, when down there—for the benefit of their health I suppose. I never went to see them after they left Goodwood, although they often invited me up, and I have no doubt but they would have made me welcome. I was at Sir John Cope's last season—aye, that's the best pack I have seen for some years—they manage things there uncommonly well."

"Well, Tom," I replied, "I am obliged to you for so much, and we shall, I hope, see it in black and white—and perhaps you will some day give me a copy of that celebrated run hanging against your wall, as it may be deemed worthy a corner in some Number when they lack matter—so thank you for so much:" and away I trotted home, dwelling on the delights which remembrance gave me of

Tom Grant and his pack in their best time.

The necessary characteristic of a good huntsman is a clear notion of the sort of hound fit for his country; a quick perception in adapting his connexion to improve the breed, and get his pack to look like one family; to adapt excellences in shape and goodness, in order that you may reasonably expect the produce fit for his kennel; to have a nicety of eye at his feeding time to keep them in sufficient condition for work; a feeling to enable him to observe the health and spirits of his hounds; and to be satisfied with his home when not engaged in the business of the field. These few requisites a good huntsman *must* possess. To enumerate *all* that is required is needless: we will add, that humanity, sobriety, neatness, and punctuality, are indispensable in his character. Honesty to his employer is one of the first virtues of a servant in any situation; but the greater his charge, the more is this virtue in demand. The entire management of a pack of fox-hounds is a charge of great trust, particularly as it frequently happens that it falls to the lot of a man who can boast of no other instructor than a certain natural feeling or bent towards the thing, and which in some classes of society is understood by the name of genius. They act upon a power which springs up within them, not to be defined very easily by any of us—they act upon the many movements of a complicated machine formed by the fickle hand of Nature, making a perfect whole out of a variety of contradictory parts. The temper, speed, form, activity, and peculiarity of two hounds ought to be well understood and studied before you can expect a produce

likely to suit the eye, or the purpose. A good kennel huntsman *must* be able to *feel* all this—as, if study *alone* were requisite, his years must be lengthened beyond our ordinary period.

A good huntsman ought to be a good horseman. His actions in the field should be marked by promptness; a knowledge of the nature of the animal he pursues; an eye and ear quick in detecting if his hounds are beyond their scent—to feel the moment when they no longer are in their business. Hounds may be driven beyond their scent by many causes, and this is often destructive to their sport.

The character which we would recommend, as necessary to make a good huntsman, was as much centered in Tom Grant as we may readily meet with in one man. If he were deficient in one quality, as nothing is perfect, he made up for it by possessing *many*, and the greatest among us is no more. To enumerate all his qualifications, after what has been already said, is needless: there is no question but that he made his pack, in goodness and appearance, quite equal to any pack of fox-hounds in England—and that in a country exceedingly ill calculated for such sport. He had the good fortune to live under good masters, consequently his country abounded in game: plenty of foxes must make good hounds; and the Dukes of Richmond have always created too much esteem in their neighbourhood to meet with opposition to their pleasures. There was always a good sprinkling, as it is termed, of sportsmen around them, and these lend great aid to the general good.

A race of young farmers too, willing, for the love of the thing, to preserve, and able from the fru-

gality and good luck of parents to join in the chase, is always desirable: they can always be a source of plague or profit to the cause—for if they do not choose to destroy foxes, they may wink at those who do; and they afford good walks for young hounds too; in fact, do infinite good or harm. Many of those are now creeping to the downhill of life, who were initiated in the art by Tom Grant: many are the tales they tell of his pack and his worth, and do sincerely regret that Goodwood kennel no longer is the seat of their former joys. Tom Grant is now a pensioner of his Grace; the house he has long inhabited he lives in, and a stall for his horse is found him. We may be allowed to end this with a verse adapted to the feelings of an old sportsman—

Shoud Death, that old sportsman, to
smuggle you strive,
Get astride on your gelding and ride for
your life,
Never heed his grim looks while your geld-
ing can go,
For you'll never be caught while you cry
Tally-ho.

We should do the artist, Mr. R. B. Davis, a great injustice if we closed this article, without naming that his Grace the Duke of Richmond was so highly pleased with the execution of the picture, that he has granted Mr. Davis permission to dedicate the engraving to him.

ON VARIOUS TURF MATTERS.

SIR,

IT is not, nor ever was, at all my intention to set myself up as a champion, to prove the present purity of the Turf "against all comers;" nor am I aware that it has ever formed any part of my ar-

gument to insist on its great respectability in *the gross*. What I have before adduced has been with regard to the state of the Turf, as to the encouragement held out to *bona fide* racing; and I most certainly never intended to illustrate the foundation of my reasoning, by referring to the quantum of bets made, or paid: on the contrary, so far from my bringing forward the statement to which NIMROD refers, as a proof that such doings have enhanced the respectability of the Turf, he will find, if he will take the trouble of reading the passage aright, that I have but mentioned such matters, as an answer to those who imagine what they see and hear of the exploits of the ring-goers to be the thermometer by which the rise or fall of legitimate racing is indicated. However, "we scribblers," as NIMROD has it, "must endure," not fair criticism alone, but misrepresentation also; "or else the blank verse must halt for it." Though I have thought it due to myself to say thus much in explanation, I must say I am grieved that NIMROD's opinions do not permit him to give the cause his powerful support; and I am the more surprised thereat, as I really was not aware, until the receipt of your last Number, that he was at all inimical to the sports of the Turf, or that he conceived its upholders had in any way degenerated.

If I differed also with NIMROD with regard to his asserted want of improvement in our coach lamps, it was not at all my intention to detract from the merits of his ingenious and erudite essay; but I think he can hardly wonder at my surprise, considering the startling nature of the subject. I can only say, that was it possible

for a second Olybius to arise from the ashes of his renowned ancestor, and fairly bring his trade with him to this great metropolis, why then indeed we might bid defiance to all the difficulties of dark nights: but till when, I am afraid we must be content to put up with the "oil-drega," or something worse. The fact is, it may be all very well, by way of theory, to talk of purchasing gas as you would a bottle of wine; but it will, I imagine, be found a more difficult task to compel people in general to *swallow* such a potion. Seriously, I do not think NIMROD can mean to infer, from portable gas being used in a Hampstead coach, (which is only done by way of novelty, to attract passengers, and not from any advantage of superior light,) that it will become general; for the chance of accidents and intricacy of the apparatus required must ever be a bar to its introduction—setting aside even the doubtful question, whether any advantage as to increase of light would arise from its use. However, on recollection, I do not know that I dare say much more on the subject; for NIMROD tells us, that that part of his letter referring to lamp improvements was read "aloud in a drawing room," and, as he was informed by "a charming woman," much admired. As *Hawthorn* sings, "to sovereign beauty mankind bend the knee"—"so let it pass:" and I am even happy to add one more proof as to the infinite knowledge of the admirable *Sir Fretful*, who constantly reminds us in *The Critic*, "that the women are the best judges after all."

There may possibly occur an opportunity, at no very distant period, for NIMROD to try the experiment he so strongly recom-

mends on one of the Southampton coaches; the distinguishing name of which I am not yet able to point out. A few weeks will suffice to determine the matter: till when, I leave the subject. I may perhaps be allowed to add, while speaking of Southampton coaches, that it appears "The Telegraph" has been so long "the go" on that road, that, in spite of the defection of one of its principal performers, NIMROD must, I think, still allow it to be the *Peer-less* drag.

One word more and I have done:—I have no desire to continue a bickering with NIMROD, who, I do not hesitate to confess, is by far too old and too able a tactician to heed my growling. I only think, one person—as he himself has lately told Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE—cannot expect, or be expected, to be infallible on *every* subject: though I am at the same time free to say, that, unless I was to go purposely to the wrong side of the question, merely for the sake of the honour arising from an argument with such an antagonist, I know of none other items, through a wholeseries of monthly and yearly communications with which NIMROD has favored the *Sporting World*, but the one I have now touched upon, in which I could materially differ from him. To the concluding sentence of NIMROD's remarks on my letter, I most willingly bow—"and there an end;" and trust your readers will forgive me this long piece of "much ado about nothing."

The particulars of the sale of the stud belonging to his late lamented Royal Highness the Duke of York, which came under the hammer of Messrs. Tattersall on the 5th of February, have appeared so fully in the daily journals, that

it is needless for me to notice them here; besides which I doubt not of finding them in your pages for the ensuing month; and I therefore touch upon the subject merely to notice the opinion which seems to have pervaded most people, that Moses was sold very cheap; and it is a fact that a number of bets to a small amount were made in the yard previous to the sale, that he would fetch 1500 guineas! On what data such opinions were founded I really am at a loss to imagine; and I cannot for my own part conceive otherwise than that he was sold for a very fair price. It is true Moses won the Derby, and as equally true that a horse (Figaro), which he had beaten in that same race—about which, by-the-bye, a great many people ask questions—had been sold a few days previously for 1300. But I think no question can possibly arise as to the relative merits of the two horses, whether as to actual deeds performed in racing, or capabilities for getting stock. There are doubtless many good points about Moses, and he comes out of the stable for a show in the right sort of way to please the many—beautiful head, &c.: but to my thinking—though such an opinion is but a single one, and may not go for much—there is something tilly-willy (if I may be allowed the word) about him, discoverable through his stallion condition; and that he was an *inferior horse in his training*, most people are aware. It was the remark also of a much older and better judge than myself, who saw him a day or two before the sale, when he had not been so terrified by the number of his visitors as subsequently he must have been, that his *very full tail* took off greatly the appearance of *substance*, which

a *switch* would have helped amazingly. There is one thing, however, in the horse's favour, and that is the number of good mares he has had during the little time he has been covering—of course through being in such good hands—more, perhaps, than the average of horses get during their lives. But all these advantages have also been attendant upon Figaro; and I think it will be found, on referring to the Calendars, in a greater ratio. That he is qualified also to get *stouter* stock than Moses, not only from his individual running, but from his blood, is a recommendation which I think should be prized by the Newmarketonians, to whom, though they may have reached the acmé of *speed*, a little of the former quality is much needed; and it may be remarked that (with the exception of Filho-da-Puta) Figaro is the only stallion now covering descended direct from Haphazard.

It has long been matter of surprise to me, that so few of our Southern breeders have been courteous enough to pay Filho a visit, particularly considering that he travelled some hundreds of miles to shew them sport; and considering also that his stock has now been at "the top of the tree," as to number of winnings, two successive seasons.—THE OLD FEXTER has in his former letters particularly pointed out how high all well-wishers to the Turf should esteem that excellent and staunch friend thereto, General Grosvenor—and I beg to be permitted to add my mite in his favour also—by pointing out his refusal to dispose of Troy "at any price to go abroad;" the General considering his blood (by Filho out of Briseis) too valuable to be lost to this coun-

try, and preferring to let him for a season at a low price—which I believe he did on the sale day in Messrs. Tattersall's yard—than to take a handsome foreigner's price.

In the catalogue they call the colt by Whalebone, out of Sister to Castanea, "Brother to Moses." Now it is an undoubted fact, that the mare was covered Moses' year, not only by Whalebone, but by Seymour also (at that time in the Duke's possession); so that though people believe, and I have learnt that in fact, from circumstances, there is little doubt but that Moses is the son of Whalebone, still there is a stain, and it is hardly fair to give colts, got by the latter horse only, the title of "Brother to Moses." It is a somewhat curious coincidence, that old Seymour was in the catalogue for sale the very same day as his reputed (half) son, and would, had there been any one to buy, have been sold for a song; in fact, but a few weeks previous—then certainly in very bad condition—he had been absolutely sold for twenty guineas by Messrs. Tattersall*.

I have often derived great amusement from the facetiousness and good humour which Mr. Richard Tattersall dispenses on all occasions, particularly during his occupation of the rostrum; and never more so than on the day of the Duke's sale: for, although on ordinary occasions he has a great share of patience to bestow, yet the very protracted length of the sale on that day must have worn out, and rendered nine people out of ten fidgetty and irritable at the tri-

fling biddings towards the close; but Mr. T.'s wonted pleasantry did not once forsake him; and I remember, when the dogs were brought up by candle light, some terrible noisy fellow began to hellow with all his might—"a ring! a ring!" Upon which Mr. Tattersall observed—recollecting probably his own knock-'em-down employment at the time—"Aye, you, my good fellow, are like a great many more who make a d—d noise about getting into the ring, and when there do the least." On the whole, however, I think it must be allowed that the average prices for the Duke's racing stud were very good; for there were most certainly two or three dreadful weedy young ones, which I should have thought very dear at a gift, and all of them fetched their fifties and sixties a-piece.

Let the croakers groan on about the degeneracy of the Turf, as they are pleased to term it: I will go to the other extreme, and rejoice at its prosperity; and I trust we need not despair, when we find our Most Gracious Sovereign adding to his racing stud. Long may he be blessed with health to enjoy the pleasure of hearing of his favorite's success! The period is fast approaching, when many changes in horses and odds may be expected, as the Almanack's have it—to take place. I may again in the interim, have something to say on the prospect before us for the ensuing season; until when I beg to subscribe myself

THE YOUNG FORESTER.

Feb. 15, 1827.

* Since writing the foregoing, I have seen a flaming advertisement in *The Times*, stating that "Seymour, bred by his late Royal Highness the Duke of York," was to be disposed of; and adding that he was the sire of that noted horse "Moses," who had been sold for so many hundreds and a fraction; and winding up with the information that Seymour would, if preferred, be exchanged for a hack or two!

NIMROD'S FIFTH AND LAST
LETTER ON THE GAME LAWS.

(Continued from Vol. XV. p. 308.)

SIR,

TWELVE months have passed away since my last letter on the Game Laws; and almost the only notice the public has had of them in the interval has been the offences committed against them, which, I lament to say, appear to be on the increase. Previously to touching on the cause of, or reason for, this increase, permit me to make a few more observations on my Lord Suffield's pamphlet, intitled "Considerations on the Game Laws," published February 10, 1825.

The gist of the argument here adduced amounts to this:—Lord Suffield, by changing the nature of the property, changes the character of the poacher to that of a thief; and then, as in the other instance before mentioned, his Lordship's bowels cease to yearn, and the culprit goes unpitied to gaol. "Game," says Lord S., "when legally saleable, would become an article of ascertained value; a sense of moral wrong would soon attach to the offence of stealing it; and while this feeling might (as he says it certainly would) operate as a mean of diminishing the crime of poaching, *severe punishment* would no longer be unjust or inconsistent with the principle upon which our penal code is established." Thus, it appears, his Lordship's object is, to create a legal traffic in game, as part of the produce of the earth; but in chalking out the plan for this, I must do him the justice to say, he strongly dissents from that

most extraordinary clause in my Lord Wharnccliffe's Bill, which vested in the *owner*, and not in the *occupier* of a farm, *under lease*, (where no reservation had been made,) the property in the game which such a farm might breed and feed. Indeed on this part of his subject, Lord S. speaks fairly. "The proposed alteration of the laws," says he, "will not make the slightest change in the existing relations of landlord and tenant in this respect, but leave the game a subject of mutual arrangement. In point of fact, no man," (I differ with his Lordship here,) "even at the present moment, hires a farm liable to injury by game, without claiming an abatement of rent on that account."

It would quite exceed the limits of your pages, were I to follow Lord S. into all the arguments he makes use of in support of legalizing the sale of game, and thereby converting himself*, with thousands besides, into wholesale vendors of hares, partridges, and pheasants; but he takes care to assure us, there would be nothing to fear from the apprehension of a small landed proprietor being able to seduce the game from the large landed proprietor's preserves (a material point to his Lordship!); and, *vice versa*, for the sole purpose of taking it to market—affirming this on his own extensive experience—that is to say, "if the keepers do their duty." Now how this duty would be performed, will be best explained by the following anecdote related by his Lordship—page 67:—"In September last, a gamekeeper complained to his master, that one of the tenants had begun to cut a piece of barley at

* I am bound here to say I only speak conditionally; but I take it for granted Lord Suffield would sell some of the superabundance of his game.

the wrong end of the field, in consequence of which sixteen pheasants had strayed to the border of the property, instead of taking their course in another more desirable direction. The gamekeeper feared scolding rival gamekeeper's efforts to attract and retain—(mark these words, reader!)—the said sixteen pheasants; he therefore proposed to his master, and received permission, to guard against this impending calamity by any means in his power—(mark these words also)—and that very night caught fifteen of the sixteen pheasants alive in a net, and carried them three or four miles from the spot, into the centre of his master's property, where he deposited them beside a large stack of barley, in an extensive wood, and where they have doubtless since remained, unless shot by the proprietor or his friends."

Now I must be allowed to say, the foregoing is rather a curious argument against the probability of any dealer in game being able to allure it to his own land from that of another, and to keep it there when he has gotten it. Legalise the sale of game, say I, and there would be a Joint-Stock Net-making Company, by steam, directly; for no individuals could supply the demand for nets; and what a harvest the country lawyers would have!

Had I never heard of Lord S.'s name when this pamphlet was put into my hands, I should have immediately exclaimed—This is written by some Norfolk game-feeder*; and as far as it relates to the crime of poaching, which it wishes to do away with, instead of the remedy, the cause cured, the temptation to commit it, appears in every page.

The education of the poacher is here accurately marked out through all the grades of his calling—from the artless boy (Page), who gazed on the quantity of Lord Sumfield's game which the higgler wanted him to catch for him, to the heart-rending story of the convict Green, who ended his life on the gallows. The recipe to make a poacher, however, you shall have in his Lordship's own words; and I confess it reminds me of the story of Dives and Lazarus. "Search out," says his Lordship, "and you need not go far—a poor man, with a large family, or a poor man single, having his natural sense of right and wrong, and as much more as he was taught before he was seven or ten years old:—let him exist in the midst of lands where the game is preserved; keep him cool in the winter, by allowing him insufficient wages to purchase fuel; let him feel hunger upon the small spare pittance of parish relief; and if he be not a poacher, it will only be by the blessing of God." Now were it not for the kind reception of Lazarus in Heaven, one might thoughtlessly exclaim—"Surely God troubles not himself about such poor wretches as these!" What a melancholy picture of human life! But does Lord S. imagine that a mere "sense of moral wrong" would restrain the actions of men of this description, if once they have stepped out of the right path? I venture to say it would not; but if, "by the blessing of God," such should be the case in some instances, the curse of God will never visit such a man—the poor man with a large family for instance—as Lord S. has pictured to us, for taking a pheasant or a hare out of the useless

* This is a new name in the Sporting Dictionary; a very ungentlemanlike one, I must declare, and smells strongly of the shop.

standance he sees around him. Who is it that says, "Lead us not into temptation?" and who places the temptation here? Crime was produced by temptation, and as it continues to be propagated; and one, whose wisdom is bound up with Solomon's, is made to exclaim—"Give me not poverty lest I steal!"

I am prepared to say that the evils of the present Game Laws are not more to be found in those who break them, than in those who hold out the temptation to break them. *It is the extravagant and useless quantity of game on so many great men's estates that brings all this disgrace on our present laws;* and, by Lord Suffield's own showing, has altered the very features of our country. "The class of poachers now to be described," says his Lordship, "consists of men generally less indigent, better informed, and originally more desperate—men who, incited to a first breach of law by some temptation, other than that before mentioned, resolve to live by crime. These men provide arms for, and hire a number of assistants, which, of course, they would not do but for the value of the price. The thieves," continues his Lordship, "also, who become poachers, united with the poachers who have become thieves, are usually those who lead the gangs, whose bloody and ferocious deeds are so frequently recorded in the newspapers." The

existence, however, of this description of poacher Lord S. admits cannot fairly be exclusively attributed to the Game Laws; because, if there were neither game nor Game Laws, these men would exist a nuisance to the public.

Another instance, shewing that I am borne out in my assertion that this over-preservation of game has altered the face of our country, will be found in the fact of Lord S. producing (p. 88) an instance of a gentleman in Norfolk "establishing an army of watchers," the numbers of which were so well known in the neighbourhood as to deter any gang of poachers from attempting to oppose it! To this I will add the battle (p. 27) between thirty-six poachers and twenty-five gamekeepers in the wood of a Norfolk game-preserved, about the hour of midnight—the victory, by the keepers, being owing to superior tactics; for "gamekeepers," says Lord S. "*who know their business, reserve their attack;*" &c. &c. The "*engagement lasted more than an hour;*" and the return was—killed 1, wounded 3, taken prisoners 7; condemned to be hanged 7. Oh, monstrous! might the *Morning Chronicle* justly observe; all this bloodshed for a tough cock-pheasant, the driest and worst bird that comes to a gentleman's table*!

Lord Suffield partly admits (p. 84), that, but for the licensed purchasers of, or dealers in, game,

* On the subject of Spring Guns, the following passage, from the pen of one who styles himself (as Lord S. does) the owner of an estate, "*celebrated for the quantity of game, in which it abounds above most others, even in Norfolk, and the success with which that game has been preserved,*" rather startled me:—"In what," says his Lordship, in his pamphlet, "does the necessity of this excessive quantity of game consist? It may be fairly inquired, Is it to tempt the poor man, and seduce him from the path of honesty into a course of vice and crime? Is it for the purpose of destroying the farmers' crops in the adjoining fields, and creating an endless source of complaint and disagreement between the landlord and his tenants? Does the necessity lie in the ability to kill more game in a single day than our forefathers were well amused and content to kill in a whole twelvemonth?"

poaching, is the absence of prohibition (i. e. non-right of possession), would be increased. Have we not licensed dealers in several other articles; but does their existence prevent a contraband traffic when it can be carried on? His Lordship asks, "Where would the poacher find a market for his stolen commodity?" I answer—where all other thieves or smugglers find one for theirs—in the consciences of those who think it no harm to cheat the King; and that number of His Majesty's loyal subjects we know to be considerable.

The following passage is worthy of remark. "It has been contended," says the pamphlet, "that if game be legally sold, the consumption of it would be so great, and poaching would be so much increased by the facility afforded for illicit traffic, that the stock in the country would soon be exhausted." To this I cannot speak; but I bear in mind Sir Hussey Vivian's suggestion in the House of Commons, that "the licensed dealer, by virtue of his monopoly, would be able to give a tempting price for game." The words of another Member of Parliament also frequently present themselves when thinking on this subject. "Poaching," said the Member for Corfe Castle, "will be extinct only with the extinction of game."

Amongst the commonly prevailing objections to the present Game Laws, and the disqualifications, which Lord S. brings forward, is the restraint of man's natural rights. "We see," says his Lordship, "the hundreds and thousands of persons who are seduced into the commission of dishonest and dishonorable acts, by unjust and impolitic restraints upon the exercise of their natural rights. It is no-

torious that a sense of natural right in the case of the Game Laws prevails over the vain interdict of Acts of Parliament; and so it always must and will in a free country, should the Legislature attempt to impose such restraints upon men's natural rights as are not founded in justice, not conducive to the advantage of the public, and therefore not supported by public opinion." Here his Lordship must excuse my telling him his argument confounds the civil law with the law of England, and introduces not only false notions of natural right, but a false conception of the original foundation of all property. Natural right never did exist whilst civil government existed; neither is it possible it can exist. We disarm ourselves of natural strength and freedom, and submit to a state of bondage—at least to a state of responsibility to the common consent of those among whom we live, our well-being in the State being secured by it.

If such a doctrine as the *nullius in bonis* nature of game, or, what is the same thing, a natural right to it, were to be insisted upon, every head of game would soon be destroyed, and there would then be an end to poaching. We might as well ask for the Agrarian law at once. I could descend farther on the subject of natural right, but it would be irrelevant here. Suffice it to say, that this sweeping demand has already upset one neighbouring country, and will upset any other into which it is admitted without most powerful limitations.

Lord Suffield presents us with the form of a petition of the Justices of the Peace in the county of Norfolk (himself one of them), to be presented by himself to the House of Lords. The petition

commences by setting forth, that the petitioners are "Magistrates for a county remarkable for the extensive preservation of game;" and finishes by a prayer, that their Lordships would *withdraw*, by the establishment of legal provisions, some of those temptations to poaching so obviously arising out of the present Game Laws." Now in my humble opinion, one of the most effectual methods of "*withdrawing* these temptations to crime" rests with these great game-preservers; forasmuch as it is a well-established fact, that poaching has increased nearly in an exact ratio with the increase of game—pheasants in particular. To this fact my own testimony may be not altogether inconclusive. I was born, and lived to the age of manhood, in a neighbourhood which, though purely agricultural, was conspicuous for the wealth and respectability of its inhabitants. In one respect—considering its great distance from the metropolis—I will venture to say it was unequalled. Taking the market town for its centre, I can reckon up thirty-five gentlemen's seats within the space of eight miles. Up to the period of my quitting it, game was preserved merely sufficient to afford a day's shooting to a sportsman, and to supply the tables of the proprietors, not forgetting their friends. The cockneyish appellations of *game-feeders* and *battues* were never heard of, and pheasants were but little known. What was the result of this? Why, the crime of poaching was nearly as rare as that of housebreaking.

Lycurgus said—"Must we root up our vines because of the intemperance of drunkards?" and Lord Suffield may say, Are we Norfolk game-feeders to give up our game

because poachers are about; no? Certainly not; but it is rather too much that the peace and happiness of the greater part of England; that the rights and privileges of those who have so long enjoyed them; that the sport of fox-hunting so long established; and lastly, that the characteristic respectability of the Old English country gentleman should all be disturbed, or destroyed, merely because two or three hundred great game-feeders must slaughter a thousand pheasants in one day! I again repeat, that this mania for game preserving has altered the face of the country, and has set man against man. Hear what Lord S. says, p. 102. "I appeal to the observation of every one, whether sportsman or not, who has been in the neighbourhood of great game-preservers, will not a poor man with a gun or a dog in his house—both, possibly, kept for the protection of his property—become more or less an object of suspicion?" Again, his Lordship says, "Can a yeoman of small landed property, in a game county, presume to carry a gun and shoot his own game in the neighbourhood of game-feeders—(I abhor that name)—without becoming an object of jealousy at least, if not of positive hatred and spite?" I answer, Yes—the poor man can keep his dog; the yeoman may carry his gun in any county in Great Britain, save those in which the face of society is changed and distorted by this cursed mania for game. I warm with my subject; but it is ably said, that the horror of crime may be used as an engine of tyranny, and here we have an example.

The words *battue* and *battueing* frequently occur in Lord S.'s pamphlet. They are words of foreign

cremation, and I wish they could be returned to the country that gave them birth, for they form no part of our sporting vocabulary. The practice they bespeak has converted shooting into a burlesque, and a London pigeon-shooter may be the best man there. But it bids fair to do more than this. I do not now speak merely my own sentiments, but I echo those very generally expressed, when I assert, that to battues of pheasants the noble diversion of fox-hunting must in time give place; as, although not incompatible, they will seldom be permitted to exist together. Legalise the sale of game, and the death-warrant is signed. When on this part of my subject, I will insert a letter I received some time since from a gentleman of considerable property in Gloucestershire (a keen and good sportsman), to whom I wrote for a little local information, and from which it appears that I am correct in asserting, that foxes and pheasants, as matters now stand, may abide together :—

"I am very glad to find that you mean to write on the subject of over-preservation of game, which I consider a great and growing evil, and wish I could suggest any thing that would be of service to you. I never hunted in the Berkeley country; but, from what I hear, am inclined to think there is no lack of foxes during the season, notwithstanding the show of game of every sort, particularly pheasants; but it is by some suspected that foxes are turned out as occasion may require*.

"I think it is a very mistaken

action that the destruction of fens is necessary for the preservation of game, which is too common an opinion amongst great game-preservers. At Farmington Grove†, for instance, there has always been abundance of game for some years past, and yet always a good show of foxes; and also in Lord Sherborn's coverts, where there are clouds of pheasants. But, since the rage for preserving game has prevailed to the extent it lately has, I think gentlemen are become more selfish and unsocial in their amusements, and the fox that is found in a preserve is, generally speaking, not worth much. The amusement of hare-hunting also, much esteemed by those who are too young or too old for the nobler diversion of fox-hunting, is now quite at an end in most countries, owing to the superabundance of hares. Even on the Cotswold Hills there is scarcely a space of two miles without a preserve of hares. I conclude by telling you that you will render an important service to the cause of fox-hunting, and indeed I would almost say to the national welfare, if you could point out calmly and dispassionately the evils attending the present extraordinary mania for game preserving."

To a certain extent the evil complained of is working its own cure. At one of the last audits of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, the damage by game claimed by the Hampshire tenants amounted to an alarming sum, and the consequence was, an order for its being considerably thinned. In some instances—(I have it from the best au-

* When I applied to my friend for information, I thought he was in the habit of hunting in Colonel Berkeley's home country, where pheasants and foxes abound. Indeed, I have reason to believe the Colonel's keepers only retain their places in his service on that condition.

† A celebrated covert in the Duke of Beaufort's hunt.

therity)—the full amount of rent was demanded and allowed. Another check was given four or five years back to an intimate friend of mine, who resides within an easy morning's ride of my house. He had preserved his game to that extent that all his tenants near his preserves quitted their farms. He set to work to thin the vermin, and, in the month of March only, *he destroyed one thousand hares!* He now hoped to get his tenants back; but now—the burnt child dreads the fire; and there is my friend, who abhors farming, with fifteen hundred acres of land on his hands; and I will answer for it, if he were asked to-morrow, he would not be able to tell, within scores, the number of horses, cows, and sheep he is the lord and master of.

Now my Lord Suffield gives us to understand (p. 106), that, as he resides “in a corner of the kingdom,” he is indebted to the abundance of his game for the happiness of “being surrounded during the winter months by those whose company form one of the greatest pleasures of his life.” Of the personal attractions of his Lordship I can say nothing, not having the honour of his acquaintance; but of my friend at H—— I can safely assert, that no such *bonne bouche* is required to bring his friends to see him. His place is a beautiful one; he is a most agreeable companion; and, as my correspondent in France says, “his victuals are of the best manufacture.” My friend also keeps an excellent pack of harriers, for the enjoyment of which he is obliged to hire a place forty miles from home; for, hunting hares there would be something like hunting

rabbits in a warren. I could bring sundry other instances; but, as these are near home, they presented themselves first to my mind, and they answer the intended purpose.

Another very powerful excitement to the offence of poaching is to be found in the present distressed state of the agricultural population of this kingdom; for poverty, above all other conditions, is beset with temptations to evil. In the year 1823 we were told in the *Courier* newspaper, in language more flowery than true, that “a brighter or a more auspicious future never played before a nation's hopes; that the vessel of state was now calmly and majestically pursuing her course with a sunny sky, a bright horizon, and fostering gales.” I wish from my soul that these hopes had been realised, and doubtless the writer wished so too; but hopes will not avail, and we are too often deceived by the flattering illusion. “*Sic volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.*” The reverse of this picture, I have reason to fear, is the case. A celebrated political writer (Defoe) says, “no man in England, of sound limbs and senses, need be poor merely from want of work.” This sounds well upon paper; but if the writer were to visit me, it would not occupy me long in shewing, even in this agricultural county, some scores of healthy men in that unfortunate situation*. If farmers are not remunerated by their crops or the markets, how can they employ the population of their respective parishes? They support them, it is true, by their contributions to the poor's rates; and, I grieve to say, that, within the last five years, hun-

* The Hebrew Statute says, “Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn;” but what is to be done where there is no corn to tread?

dreds who one year contributed to this oppressive fund were themselves supported by it the next.

Lord S. says (see Preface), that the present administration of the Game Laws "must soon yield to the more just, liberal, and enlightened policy of modern times." Perhaps it may; but the science of the law is slow:—

("Such time, such toil, required the Roman name,
Such length of labour, for so vast a frame;")

and I have reason to think many years will pass by ere a remedy for all this alleged mischief is produced; and, indeed, his Lordship himself (p. 101) deems it a forlorn hope. Evils of all kinds are more easily endured than removed; but moral evils, proceeding from political errors, when sanctioned by popular prejudices and long-standing habits, are particularly difficult of cure. The repeated attempts to legislate upon this subject confirm what I advance; for they have all proved abortive—save and except in doubling penalties, and increasing the severity of punishment, which has been rendered necessary by the conduct (I mean nothing personal or disrespectful to Lord Suffield) of such great landed proprietors as the writer of the pamphlet before me. As, however, game has increased, prohibitory enactments have multiplied also; therefore, game-feeders have nothing to complain of on that head. Notwithstanding this, the evil remains.

Far be it from me to attribute any but the very best of motives to the noble author of this pamphlet; on the contrary, I look upon it as the warm-hearted effusion of a man who wishes to benefit society and his country, by di-

minishing the amount of crime, and he discusses his subject with the temper and liberal feeling of a gentleman. His object is evidently to meliorate the condition of the people—first, by enabling the rich, not possessed of land, to purchase and eat game legally, instead of in violation of law; and secondly, by altering the name and character of the offence, to deter the poor from taking it, by fear of the increased punishment which would await them on detection. His Lordship's proposed alterations would certainly effect the one, but not the other. Poaching was carried on during the severity of the Forest Laws, which proves that the rigour of the law was unable to stop it; and may I ask Lord Suffield, whether—particularly after his admission of the strong impression on the vulgar in favour of natural rights—the mere declaration of the Legislature would reconcile the lower orders to view the matter in the same light as themselves, and alter the character of that species of animal which we now call game? Be assured, my Lord, it would not. Your argument is plausible in theory, but not applicable to practice. The name of the offence would you alone be able to alter; the character, in their eyes, would remain what it is; and, with the present temptation in the way, you would do little more than incite the commission of a greater crime, to prevent the detection of a less.

Lord Suffield's proposals for amendment of the present Game Laws are simple, and justice demands I should state the leading points. All qualifications being removed, he makes game saleable, under licences, to seller and buyer,

which would enable that to be done legally which is now done in defiance of law;—the property to be vested in the owner of the soil; and in default of reservation, in the occupier.

This reads well on paper; but experience, rather than theory, is the great source of practical wisdom; and as we know the worst of the present system, perhaps we had better not speculate deeply upon another—fraught as that also is with unanswerable objections. "It is good," says Lord Bacon, "not to try experiments on states, except the necessity be urgent and the benefit be evident:" and, "after all, old ways are often the safest, and the best," says Sir Edward Coke—the lawyer of the Crown and the people. Popular law-givers are not to be trusted; every innovation is of dubious consequence; and the edicts of our forefathers have not often been improved upon*. We read in history, that when the Greeks were restored to their ancient laws, privileges, and customs, by the Roman general Flaminius, their acclamations were so loud as to be heard out at sea, and the birds of the air were stunned by the shouts of the people assembled at the Isthmian games.

I shall conclude this part of my subject by observing, that to whomsoever the lot may fall (if fall it do to any one) of framing and establishing a new code of Game Laws,

a difficult task will be undertaken. In the ordinary course of legislation, and even in the distribution of public justice, tenderness is due to the general opinion and feeling of the people; but here the new law must be deaf to every voice but that of public benefit. The question lies between two distinct parties—not between those who have land and those who have none, but between those who think that game should be bought and sold by all ranks of people, and those who think that it should remain as a privilege attached to the land that feeds it. Neither can these laws be relative to ancient manners and customs, as, Hume says, equity and justice are. Custom† obtains the force of law, and our constitution itself teaches us never to despise what owes its origin and value even to common consent only.

Fame should be the consequence, not the motive, of our actions; but the most enviable situation in life is that of a successful legislator—a man who meliorates the condition of humanity, and adds to the happiness of his fellows. This is he, who, in my estimation, is best entitled to the applause of the world. "The vain titles of the victories of Justinian," says his eloquent historian, "are crumbled into dust; but the name of the legislator is inscribed on a fair and everlasting monument."

Pliny speaks of the pleasure he

* Blackstone has the following remarkable passage:—"A standing rule of law, whose reason was forgot, or could not at present be discerned, was seldom set aside or altered by statute, but the inconvenience of the changes afterwards appeared."

† "Opinion of right," says Paley, "always follows the custom, being for the most part founded in nothing else; and lending one principal support to Government, every innovation in the constitution, or, in other words, in the custom of governing, diminishes the stability of Government. Hence some absurdities are to be retained, and many small inconveniences endured in every country, rather than that the usage should be violated, or the course of public affairs diverted from their old channel." Herodotus represents the Persian King, Cambyses, as a madman, for deriding the customs of nations.

took in introducing a young friend to the notice of Fame. Here then is an opportunity. If any man of practical ability—for ability is not wisdom—could new-model our Game Laws to the satisfaction of all parties, what honour would be due to him! Having accomplished that, if the same man could give us a legislative remedy for the evils of our Poor Law, and settle our religious contentions, he would be almost a second Messiah. Tully's panegyric on the Manilian war would justly apply to him:—"Itaque unus vir, unus annus, non modo nos illā miserā ac turpitudine liberavit, sed etiam effecit ut aliquando verē videremur omnibus gentibus ac nationibus, terrā marique impare."—"One man, one year, not only delivered us from that state of misery and disgrace, but effectually proved to all the nations and people that we were at length become the real lords of the earth and sea." I fear, however, this second Saviour is not to be found; and we must be content with our present lot—

"Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by these shadowy expiations."

Were I to talk of sporting senators, and say that a sportsman was the only man likely to point out a legislative remedy for the evils of the Game Laws, I should subject myself to a just rebuke; but this I will say, whoever he may be, he must be a man conversant with country life, or he could never balance the account, and determine on which side the odds lie.

Let us look a little into remedies proposed by various writers on this anomalous subject, and I think we shall perceive that, anomalous as it is, the proposed remedies generally keep it in coun-

tenance. That learned lawyer, Professor Christian, starts by telling us (p. 294, *Treatise on the Game Laws*), that the first improvement he should suggest would be, that every one who pursued game, *without leave*, upon another's ground, should be liable to pay full costs in an action of trespass in the first instance, though the damages were under 40s. "This," says he, "would be one mode of making game respected as property." That payment of costs should be the first suggestion of a lawyer, is nothing remarkable; but that, this being the law, England would only be fit for lawyers to live in, is evident to the meanest capacity. Dog, they say, will not eat dog; but no private gentleman could step out of the high road except on his own estate, which, common consent—here quite equal to law—has hitherto allowed him to do.

Mr. Christian next encourages the odious character of informer, by giving one half of the penalty (which he doubles) to the occupier; and when game is made legally saleable, "every nobleman and gentleman who intended to sell his game within a certain parish, should take out a certificate or licence, which should be published like the present game certificate, and every shopkeeper who intended to sell game in a public shop should do the same."—"Licenced to sell game" may not look amiss over the shopkeeper's door, but it would be a sorry appendage to the nobleman's escutcheon.

Mr. Christian finishes by proposing the following problem: "What quantity of game should be supported and sold upon a given farm, or what proportion should it bear to the vegetable production, that the sum of both

should be the greatest, or would best enable the occupier to pay his rent and maintain a family?" The farm, thus stocked, certainly should be a "*given one*," for as to payment of rent from game, that is a vain illusion. Who can for a moment entertain the idea of planting grain* for animals over which he has not only no controul, but which may be here to-day, and there to-morrow? Such theory may do in Gray's Inn-square, but no where else; and when the Learned Professor tells us that the London poulterers only wish for the power of selling game *legally*, and that profit is no object (quoting the said poulterer's words), he makes a strong claim on the credulity of the public. People don't work for nothing in these days, and they would be great fools if they did.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hawker, author of a work of much celebrity, called *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*, appears to have given this subject some consideration, and he also seems to despair of the remedy. In one respect he is worthy of being quoted:—"It is much to be lamented," says the Colonel, "that these laws (the Game Laws) are not brought under a revision by the Legislature, and *reduced into one Act of the present reign*, sufficiently comprehensive to include every thing that is useful or desirable in such a code, and to exclude every thing that is obsolete or inapplicable to the present time, which is only calculated to mislead or to ensnare the unwary." This would doubtless be of universal benefit; for the *novels*† of Justinian could not have exceeded the

enactments, amendments, and decisions of the English Game Laws. Mr. Chitty's work alone exceeds one thousand five hundred pages, in which different subjects are treated of, with cases and decisions given; Blackstone, and several writers of more ancient date, have all contributed to the bulk; and it would require an able hand to separate the gold from the baser particles by which it is at present surrounded.

Again—Colonel Hawker says, that "from a superfluous introduction of repealed statutes, it not only becomes a business of time to wade through volumes on the subject, but it requires some attention to discriminate *which* of the laws are in force at the present day; and they are sometimes misunderstood, from the very preambles that are intended to prevent their being so." Here he is quite correct; and every one must agree, that laws which are to be enforced by the Magistracy of the country cannot be rendered too clear. "*Jus dicere, et non dare*:"—The Judge should be no part of the law, but the mouth that utters it, and the Magistrate only the hand to execute it.

Colonel Hawker suggests a few improvements, but seems to consider any advantageous change as a hopeless case. Making game private property, he thinks, would not give satisfaction, but lead to disputes and quarrels which the most correct man would be liable to get into. He proposes to do away with qualifications; to increase penalties; to enable a freeholder of five hundred acres of land (or an occu-

* Some idea may be formed of the mischief done by pheasants, from the fact of one thousand six hundred and six grains of barley being found in the crop of one a few days since: at least so said the newspapers—stating time and place.

† *Laws annexed to the old code.*

pler to the same extent, with consent of his landlord) to appoint a gamekeeper; to permit those who are lawfully possessed of game (without making it private property) to sell it to such as are licensed to buy it; and adds a little more to the bulky code.

One of his suggestions I by no means approve of. He proposes 100*l.* penalty for buying game of one who has neither a certificate to kill it, nor a licence to sell it—the vendor having the power of turning informer. Swearing to the persons through spy-glasses, and killing game for longing ladies, ~~is~~ ^{is} very well on paper, but no where else*.

There have been several letters on the Game Laws, at different times, in the *Sporting Magazine*, advocating, as may be supposed, each side of the question. A little difference existed between two practical sportsmen, RAMRON and X. Y. Z., on the respective amusements of hunting and shooting, and the former considered the latter was rather severe in his strictures on the admirers of the trigger. In my own opinion, though fond of shooting, no comparison can be made between the sports: vice may as well be compared to virtue; notwithstanding which I cannot admit that shooting is a selfish amusement. The quantity of game alone rescues it from that charge; for both the shooting and the eating of it must be partaken of by many; and it is also the fountain of many kind acts. I learned at school not to quarrel with other people's sport†; and it

is most desirable that hunting and shooting should be made as little obnoxious to each other as circumstances will admit. That foxes and game—if suffered to do so—can exist together, with very little sacrifice, is sufficiently apparent to all sportsmen; and there was a very satisfactory letter on that subject, a short time since, from your correspondent FAREPLAY.

In the Number for April 1824, there is a most excellent letter signed "B." addressed to Lord Suffield. It is written in language both nervous and appropriate, and points out in the clearest view the injustice of Lord Wharnccliffe's Bill. After describing one of the clauses as "such a mixture of injustice, of partial legislation, and absurdity, that human patience cannot dwell upon," he concludes with these words:—"In submitting these observations to your Lordship, I am actuated by a fond affection for my native field sports, which this Bill bids fair to destroy; I have an inherent love of equal and impartial justice, which it seeks to violate; and I have a sincere regard for the farming tenantry of England, whom this Bill tends to distress and degrade. To your Lordship's protection, therefore, I commit them; and your long-tried patriotism and private worth are a sufficient guarantee for their security." I wish my limits would enable me to transcribe the entire of this excellent letter, but I can only strongly recommend it to the notice of my readers.

Several of your correspondents

* Some short time since a keeper of the Duke of Buckingham's sold a man by the name of Makepeace some game, for the purpose of enforcing the penalties; but the parties dared not appear to press the conviction, so indignant was the public feeling against them, both at Banbury and at Brackley.

† "Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprobas.
Nec, cum sperni volet ille, poemata pango."—HORACE.

—SCOTT BARRANBOUR, &c. &c.— have proposed amendments of the Game Laws, and the Number for January contained one from *Solicitor SMOT*, containing several, and these among the most rational I have yet seen. As my object is not to legislate—leaving that task, as RAMMON says, to wiser heads—I pass over them all, and only notice NIM NORTH's remarks on the effects of the French Game Laws, which admit the sale of game; and coming as they do from a practical sportsman, an accurate observer of men and things, and a considerable game-preserver (and fox-preserver also), they are entitled to the notice of all who think or act on this (to the country) most important subject. "As to France," says he, "there is no country where poaching is carried on to a greater extent, for the simple reason, that they have an easy and legal market for the produce of their robbery; and, except in places where it is defended by a regiment of armed *gardes*, game is both scarce and wild. The game (he adds) is the property of the owner of the soil." Hear also, what my amusing correspondent in France says on the same subject, and in the same Number:—"You go on, I see (says he), with the Game Laws. We have sad examples of the results of a legalized sale here. The game is nearly extinct, to what it was twenty or thirty years ago; and is publicly sold *all the year round*." My friend proceeds to state, that in the King's Royal Forests, which are guarded by day and by night by horse and foot patrol, poaching goes on! Rome sent to Athens for Solon's laws, but we must not go to France for theirs.

The most plausible theories, when

reduced to practice, are often attended with the most futile and pernicious consequences; but I must be allowed to say, that, in the argument in favour of legalising the sale of game, I do not discern even plausibility—the *good would never balance the evil*. The speech of Sir John Brydges in the House of Commons, on Lord Wharnccliffe's Bill, is well worthy of note:—"It has been argued (said the Baronet), that the present Game Laws are oppressive, and savour too much of the feudal system; and how was it proposed to cure this evil? *Not by abolishing the overbearing lords, but by multiplying their number; not by leaving power and privilege in the hands of persons of birth and education, but by opening them to the wide command of the purse*. Instead of one haughty lord, we should see hundreds of mean oppressors; and, what is worse than all, *an addition to our penal code!*" Mr. Horace Twiss also observed, that nothing could tend more to the injury of country gentlemen than the support of Lord Wharnccliffe's Bill, for it would cast new imputations of severity upon them. He thought the Bill *augmented the temptation, the crime, and the punishment!* Mr. H. Twiss is a lawyer.

The following objections to breeding game for sale must strike every one who thinks. How can that be called private and disposable property that is mine to-day and yours to-morrow? I breed it, you feed it, and I catch and sell it. Suppose I breed game to sell on my farm, and you do not on yours which adjoins it. What is to become of your crows? You dare not destroy my game when feeding on them, and I can neither shepherd it nor fold it. It will go

whether it lists: it is free as the air that fills its wing.

Let us suppose the following question put to myself:—"If you were in Parliament, would you legislate on the Game Laws?" I should answer—No: the difficulty of the task would scare me from the attempt. Notwithstanding this, I do not see why some alterations might not be made, and, *by a regard for consistency*, the clamour against them in great measure appeased. Mr. Secretary Peel says, at present a gentleman of thirty thousand pounds per annum cannot give a qualification to his sons, and is obliged to connive at the breach of the very laws, which, as a Magistrate, he is called upon to enforce against other offenders." Surely this objection might be done away with! As game is the property of, or rather appendage to, the land, might not all the sons of large landed proprietors be allowed to shoot on paying a certain tax? As matters now stand, justice does not prevail, and to which point I have alluded in a former letter. The anomaly about the Esquire's son (an acknowledged oversight in former legislation) might also be altered. What can be more absurd than the law which enables the son to do what the man, who gave him his being dares not do? I myself am a case in point here. I am not, I am sorry to say it, in possession of one acre of freehold land, but being an Esquire by virtue of the King's sign manual, my eldest son can shoot; whereas the son (if he had one) of my very next neighbour—who has many thousands of acres, but is a clergyman and not an Esquire—could not legally kill a partridge on his father's estate. One

point I will never give up: I will never give game to "mob and money," as your correspondent P. P. has it. It is the exclusive privilege of land: it cannot live in counting houses, or feed on Bank-notes; and money has no right to demand it. If, however, money will have it, money and not the statutes are in fault.

The law, no doubt, in its origin, designed an equal distribution of right to every one, which is strongly expressed by the Greek word *πονος**; but that right is soon lost sight of; and who will tell me that the Lord Mayor of London has any right to make me sell the produce of my land, which may have been acquired by the industry or good conduct (or any other means) of my ancestors, if I do not feel disposed to do so? As I said before, he may as well insist upon my selling him one of my horses. After all, the most vital objection to selling game would be in the increased penalties to protect it, which would never be palatable to the liberal feelings of the present day, as they would ruin thousands: neither would they be enforced. Impunity is the consequence of immoderate rigour, and, as one of the finest writers that ever put pen to paper, observes, "Humanity sprang from the bosom of Cruelty, and relief from the hand of Rapacity."

I hate to look back into the dark ages of my country; their history forms a satire on the human mind, and we turn from its pages in disgust. We cannot, however, shut our eyes to passing events of the present day; and it is evident that a change is working in the character of Englishmen, to which a certain newspaper—eminent for its talent—has long directed our

* *από το νηπιον*—a distribuendo.

attention. I allude to that hypocritical cant and humbug; that spurious affectation of super-human benevolence and fine feeling; that "whimpering the wrongs of Jacko Macacko" in the first place; and next, to the splinters, if I may be allowed the expression, into which sectarian discord is shivering the established faith. The prospect is by no means a cheering one. History has recorded that nothing can equal cruelty and vengeance covered by the mantle of religion; and religion—or rather, man with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other—has committed more enormities than all other human passions put together: above twenty millions of lives have already fallen in this "field of blood," and yet neither party cries "Enough." This is not all. The question Philip put to the Eunuch might be put to them—"Knowest thou what thou condemnest?" and more than half would be unable to answer it*. Some will say there is nothing to fear from this; but the fable tells us, that, by tearing and scratching, the bramble became at last the king of the trees.

Sorrow is better than laughter,

says Solomon; "but I deny that," says Sterne, in one of his sermons; and so do I. "It may do," says Sterne, "for a crack-brained order of Carthusian Monks, but not for men of this world. For what purpose are we made?" continues he: "for the social sweets of the well-watered valleys where He has planted us, or for the dismal deserts of Sierra Morena?" I dare not quote the rest, although delivered from the pulpit; because his Reverence talks of snatching some fugacious pleasures on our road—and his was a most bewitching pen. This, however, I will say—I am neither a scoffer nor a sceptic, but I hate all pious frauds, and the words of the text but ill became a man who ransacked all the world for its pleasures. But pleasure is the gift of nature; it is the first good thing that she points out to us from the moment we appear in the world, and therefore it ought to be cherished. If, then, honour be estimated by its use, no man need blush for having employed his time in affording amusement to mankind, in the promotion of those sports which nature seems to have intended we should enjoy; neither is any man's heart very much vitiated who seeks for such gratifi-

* This assertion reminds me of the following fact, which forms rather an amusing anecdote:—The coachman of a brother of mine—a clergyman—gave him warning, a short time since, after three years' faithful service. Anxious to know the cause of the proposed change, the following conversation took place:—

Parson.—What is the reason of this, William?

Coachman.—I have no fault to find with my place, but there is no meeting-house near.

Parson.—Meeting-house! Why, am I not sufficient for you?

Coachman.—No, Sir; you don't preach the Word of God.

Parson.—Why, William, I did not know you were a Dissenter. Pray, what are you? The Coachman scratched his head; but no answer.

Parson.—Tell me, William, what sect you belong to?

Coachman.—I am a Calvinist.

Parson.—A Calvinist! What do you mean by a Calvinist?—Another scratch, but no answer.

Parson.—Come, William, tell me what a Calvinist means?

Coachman.—Christ was a Calvinist.

Parson.—You great ass! Christ was crucified fifteen hundred years before Calvin was.

cation. Do what we will, evil will creep in, for the persecuting spirit claims it as a birth-right. But, may I ask, is she excluded from the closet? Certainly not; it is there that vice is "clothed in the charming witchery of language," and more mischief is produced than from a cockpit, or even a bull-bait. "How many thousands are there," says a great moralist, "who spend their time in counteracting happiness, and fill the world with wrong and danger, confusion and remorse!"

All writers agree in the importance of encouraging field sports, so consonant with the habits of Englishmen; and in a political view, their influence has always been acknowledged. "Englishmen," says the noted Roger Ascham, "need fear no outward enemies—the lustie lads verilie be in England." Field sports also afford almost the only counterbalance to the allurements of great towns, the dissipation of which is by no means favorable to the public health. In the time of Hadrian, Rome was said to have attracted *all the vices of the universe*, and I suppose London is not much behind her in this respect. One thing, however, is certain. In accounting for the fall of states, all histories are unanimous:—they have advanced from simplicity to refinement, from refinement to ruin.

I do not mean to say this is a sinking nation; on the contrary, I believe her energies are equal to the burthens that oppress her; and we may say of her people what Moses said of the Israelites—that they are the fewest of all people, but a mighty and strong nation. This strength, however, will soon

begin to decline, if the national characteristic is destroyed; if the tame amusement of battue-shooting is to take the place of the rough and manly diversion of fox-hunting; and if, in subservience to the quackery and deceit of the day, it is considered a crime to be seen on a race-course or in a cockpit, and deemed cruel to encourage prize-fighting or any other daring sports. If this is not truth, history has deceived us; for we read of many parallel instances. When the Athenians saw themselves raised above the other Grecian states, they gave up their exercises, and became degenerate. Cicero says of them, that "they prided themselves more upon a victory at their games, than the Romans did in a triumph*," but when they relinquished such pursuits, the love of ease and pleasure destroyed their love of glory, and they fell, to rise no more. Rome shared the same fate; for her ancient spirit, that conquered the world, lasted no longer than her manly character. When her clergy began to preach nothing but patience and pusillanimity, and her Emperors forsook the camp for the synod, that mighty empire did not last long.

In one respect, a great change has taken place in the situation of the lower orders of the English people. I allude to the general diffusion of knowledge, the eventual effect of which is a point much controverted. A popular writer (Arthur Young) has said, that education was given to the people to sharpen the ingenuity with which they can make themselves miserable: others, again, are of opinion that the more people are instructed in all that is

* *Gloriosior erat illos viciare, quam apud nos triumphare.*"

essential to their good, the more likely they are to see what that good is; and therefore popular knowledge, to a certain extent, cannot but be desirable*. What, however, is to be the result of attempting to make philosophers of them all, is quite another question; but we cannot forget what philosophy did for France: it buried in one grave a good-humored King, a handsome Queen, the Constitution, the laws, and the religion.

"Reaching above our nature does no good;

We must go back to our own flesh and blood."

Individuals, they say, profit by experience, but nations seldom do. I have reason to believe there are very many able politicians who much condemn this over-education of the lower orders of society, and pretend to discern an increase in violence and depravity; the assuming a species of insulting equality, that may be very difficult to controul; and, eventually, the downfall of the Empire†. For my own part, I seldom reflect on these matters; but when a neighbour of mine told me, the other day, that he had an excellent groom, but he spent all his evenings in reading novels, I confess it brought to my recollection a pretty fable of the Philosopher and the Shepherd, which I learned in the nursery.

Philosopher.—Whence is thy learning?
Hath thy toil

O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refined,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?

The Shepherd modestly replied—
I ne'er the paths of learning tried.
The little knowledge I have gain'd
Is all from simple Nature drain'd:
Hence my life's maxims took their rise;
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry:
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog—the trustiest of his kind—
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove:
The hen who from the chilly air
With pious wing protects her care:
And every fowl that flies at large
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

What then, it may be asked, would you keep the people in ignorance? Would you chain them to the earth, with their back to the light? Certainly not: I would enlighten the mind, as well as exercise the hand, but only to a certain extent. That the learning of the age contributes to its moral prosperity, all past experience denies. In the reign of Pericles—the time of Socrates, the time of Aristophanes, the time of Phidias—when Greece was the distinguished seat of literature and fine arts, Athens was the sink of human depravity: the virtues and the liberty of Rome did not long survive the famous Augustan age: and, in the more modern periods of Leo X., Louis XIV., and our Second Charles, vice and profligacy kept neck and neck with human learning.

It is now time to bring my letter to a close; and I shall conclude it with a few observations on the present prominent features of this

* When speaking on this subject Mr. Burke observed, that "education teaches the lower orders to calculate wealth they can never possess, and read of happiness they are not destined to enjoy."

† In the famous comedy of *The Clouds*, Aristophanes gives us a good moral lesson. By a little perversion of the doctrine of the philosophers (which he laughs at), he shows how easily their disciples reconcile themselves to annihilate all proper subordination, and give colour to every species of fraud. The son who beats his father, and cheats all the world, argues, philosophically, that he finds he has a right to do so.

country, and endeavour to shew, that, although there has always existed in mankind a propensity to exalt the past and depreciate the present, those features would still wear about the same stamp that they did before I was born, if England remains what England has always been, and her sons grow up as her hardy plants. One thing, however, is to be observed, in allusion to my present subject—namely, that we are creatures of circumstances, and *circumstances* have lately operated very powerfully against the lower orders of the people, and consequently on the practice of poaching—they *have been starving in the midst of plenty*: and when we see that human nature is subject to frailties, even when “graced by virtue and dignified by honours,” how can we be surprized at excesses being committed when reduced to a state of wretchedness? Hunger, it is said, will break through stone walls; and who will be bold enough to assert, that the distress of the times has not mainly contributed to the crime of poaching? It is, however, useless grumbling; for we fought for our existence, and are now paying the price of it; but the burthens of the country impoverish the Government, the Nobleman, the Gentleman, the manufacturer, and the farmer, and consequently the poor suffer: they then have recourse to the parish for relief, where labour is calculated as a bare existence; and in such a situation what will not man do*?

It is curious to hear some peo-

ple speak and write about poaching, as if it were invariably and unavoidably the first step to the gallows. It is the easiest, I admit, because the property is easiest to come at; but will any one read the following extract from a sermon, preached in the Bridewell of my own county a few days since, and say, that, had there not been a head of game in England, the ill-conditioned rascal here alluded to would not have made his exit on a gallows?—The paragraph is headed POACHING. “About seven years ago, John Biddlecomb was found guilty and executed for housebreaking, under the most aggravated circumstances of violence and cruelty. He commenced his career, as he told me with his own lips, by playing at cricket and other games on the Sabbath day; which games usually ended by retiring to the ale-house, where he frequently became intoxicated, and was thereby unfitted for his customary employment on the Monday. In a short time, labour was irksome to him, and, for his support, he had recourse to killing, as he expressed himself, a few birds. This could not last long. Poultry was his next object of attack; and every species of cattle-stealing followed. At length, neither the persons nor the property of his neighbours were held sacred; ‘his hand was against every man;’ and such was the desperate daring with which he perpetrated his crimes, that ‘every man’s hand was against him.’ Unable to face the light of

* The evils of the Game Laws are but a drop in the ocean when compared with those relating to the poor of this country. “With them,” as Mr. Colquhoun says, “there is something radically wrong in their execution;” and, as another writer most justly observes, “half the dishonesty, and more than half the insensibility to crime, must be ascribed to the Poor Laws.” The age of man has not yet passed over this national evil, but it has made most rapid growth in the time; and, unless checked, it will reduce this country to the state of another, now long since annihilated, which, her historian tells us, could neither bear her misfortunes nor their remedies.

the sun, for awhile he lurked unseen by day, and wandered as a vagabond by night. Justice at last overtook him, and he ended a life of iniquity and sin by a death of ignominy and disgrace."

It is greatly to be desired that large landed proprietors should reside on their estates in the country; for the example of those elevated by rank and fortune possesses a powerful influence in the production of good or evil; and, doubtless, the good greatly preponderates here. But country life, in England, even among the higher orders, is not what it was*. In ancient times Englishmen had high notions of the *rights of hospitality*, now called *rules of civility*; and here the National Debt has also had its weight. The character, however, of the old English country gentleman still remains the same. It has been transmitted to him, from his ancestors, pure and unsullied, with the constitution he has grown up with, and I should be sorry to see it shorn of its beams. Legalize the sale of game, and he drops from his post; for, if a sportsman—(and who has a greater right to be one?)—he becomes, in Lord Westmorland's words, either a poulterer or a robber.

We are often ruined by the accomplishment of our wishes. I have read somewhere, in an Eastern tale, of a man who was always importing the gods to give him a supply of water, and at last they granted his request: the river Ganges was turned into his grounds, and away went shepherd, sheep, and all. Thus, perhaps, it may fare with ourselves. As Sir John

Shelley said, "we have gone on well so far, and have licked all the world when necessary; and why alter our national character?" There are spots on the sun's disk, and the game laws may be a blemish on the fair face of the British Constitution; but

"Whoever thinks a *perfect* state to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er will be."

I now take my leave of the Game Laws. When I entered on the subject, I little thought of going so far; but I found it interesting, and was encouraged by the approbation of my readers. I make no apology for the errors I may have fallen into: having no one to assist me, they must be numerous; but I only hope that, should the question again come before the House, it will be fairly discussed by some sporting senators, who will meet it fairly; and that the rest of the Members will think seriously before they put to the hazard all country sports, and so materially alter the characteristic of the country. The popular cry, we know, is against them; but let them be firm:

"The nation sinks, by darling schemes
oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request."

NIMROD.

POSTSCRIPT.

As I find my letter is not gone to press, I add these few lines. In some remarks I made in the Number for May 1823, on the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Game Laws, I mentioned the evidence

* On the subject of gentlemen not residing on their estates in the country, Mr. Soame Jennings thus expresses himself:—"Hospitality is done away with, and the stream of charity that would have otherwise gladdened the hearts of the poor neighbours is stopped, their inferiors deprived of their example, encouragement, and protection, and the manners of the country altered for the worse."

before it of "a highly respectable house (a grocer's) in a market town in a certain western county, who regularly dealt in game, and that the Chief Magistrate was one of their best customers." Your February Number, now just published, states a similar instance in the same part of the kingdom, where one game-dealer, in the Christmas week, sent off eight hundred weight of game by the vans—from Exeter! Your correspondent, TIMOTHY RAMROD, adds, "all this is as notorious as the sun at noon day, but no steps are taken to put a stop to the illegal practice—the Magistrates resting satisfied with punishing the poacher, and not the retailer." Now, I always thought that prevention of crime (at all events, *nothing else will preserve the honesty of the people*), and not punishment, was the grand object of justice; but surely, if this statement be quite correct, justice does not prevail in that quarter. Why is the poacher to be punished, and the man who employs him to escape? The crime is equal.

TIMOTHY RAMROD directs my attention to SOLICITOR SHOT. I have already said I perused that gentleman's suggestions with considerable attention, and I hope they will meet the eye of the Members of the House. There appears to me but one great objection to them; namely, the qualification by money; and how is the clear income of six hundred and fifty pounds a-year from trade to be ascertained?

The following hints have been suggested by a game-preservee, as a security against poachers, and also as a protection of game from other dangers:—

Unperch pheasants an hour after roosting time, in fir trees, and in other exposed situations, and on moonlight nights.

For all winged vermin bait the traps with eggs, but never with flesh in the summer time, as pheasants naturally draw to the flies which it breeds.

The painted imitations of pheasants are now much used, and act as a decoy to the poacher. They are screwed to the bough of a tree, and the keeper sits concealed hard by.

If the laws are weak, they must be strengthened; if bad, they must be altered. Let SOLICITOR SHOT then, a lawyer, and no doubt a sportsman, pursue the subject, and he will be listened to. Practice and theory must here go hand in hand.

NIMROD.

ON THE BREEDING OF RACE HORSES.

SIR,

I Am not a man of many words, and am not often to be heard disturbing the peace of society, by vociferating my own opinions in defiance of the rest of my kind; either through the medium of the voice which nature has given me, or in *print*—the very idea of which tickles the brains of half the world, and produces an exuberance which they fancy will please the palates of the other half.

Though I do not often care to give utterance to my cogitations, I am very fond of amusing myself at my leisure hours, in looking over, and examining, the published ones of others; and occasionally I find such strange ideas saddling themselves upon the back of some fine new-fangled system, and endeavor-

ing to ride high upon the popular prejudices of the day, that I often vow I must give battle to these mushroom propagators and knights of "*The New Lights*," and face them with my old-fashioned weapon, tempered by no other hand than Mother Nature on the simple anvil of plain Common Sense.

Upon these occasions I feel my blood rise high with satisfaction at my purpose; but when it lowers again to its natural temperature, away vanish my gay hopes, and I sink with despondency into my arm chair. I see my fate in the future, myself and my notions ridiculed as those of an *ould* fool, and passed by for the readier wit of a young one—as the unfortunate four or five-year horse, containing the old English blood, gets the go-by by a cat-legged, long-backed devil of a two or three-year-old, with a feather on his back, in a race of a mile or two, who perhaps only on one great occasion performs the wondering feat, but nevertheless becomes the *fashionable* stallion of the day; while the poor old fellow, that would have distanced the younger of his race, had there been a fair trial of wind and bottom as well as speed, is *not placed*, and is consigned, if ever he is used as a stallion at all, to the lower departments of his calling.

I have thus, Sir, got more rapidly into the heart of my favorite subject than I meant to do; but I find that I cannot command my pen any other than my thoughts—they will run upon the fond subject of my earlier days' delight, which I am not ashamed to acknowledge was horses—horses: and during these happy years I imbibed a passion, which death alone can extinguish, for our old English race horse, the noblest of

all animals; aye, the noblest in the world!

But oh, Sir, let us know how to value such a breed as we now have, containing the extracted essence of every race that was estimable in the universe; possessing the purity, beauty, and stamina of Arabia's fondly cherished animal, wrung from the proud and fond possessors only by the more powerful charm of gold; combined with the power and stately form of the African Barb, and grafted on the elementary stock of our own Island. Such materials, such ingredients in the hands of our countrymen, mixed with all the intelligence and zeal which such a subject well deserved, and sown on the soil, and nourished by the well-adapting climate of England, have at length produced an animal that is at once the pride, the pleasure, and the boast of the land that gives him birth. But, Sir, if we now claim him as our own, let us not forget the unwearied exertions of our ancestors to plant this noble form, the growth of centuries, on the ground which now rears him: let us also never forget that the noble inheritance which they have left us is, like every thing else in this world, only valuable in proportion to the power of the possessor to value it: that, again, it is an inheritance, like the land which feeds him, liable to decrease in its value, and to go back to its native wildness, in proportion as the *weeds* are suffered to crawl upon its surface, and to generate their misshapen and ill-begotten species. Unfortunately, the true tests of excellence and the former measures of value are no longer the same.

Every thing must now be done at a *pace* that the eye can hardly follow, and the reasonable part of

our nature vainly attempt to do. Men now make fortunes in a year, which formerly required a lifetime; and the mushroom produce, a nest of young aristocracy, is seen vaunting its wealth about; which it is in as great a hurry to get rid of, and often with no bad success, as it was first accumulated. All our sports must now be followed up with the speed of the wind, or they are considered as unworthy of pursuit. When the 12th of August or 1st of September arrives, a man, to keep his place amongst the first-raters of the day, must be up by day-light; be out till dark; have three markers, nay, even a charge of cavalry, as it is called, to ride the birds down; have three double-barrelled guns, and as many men to load them; tire three brace of dogs, and himself to boot: but he must not give in. At this rapid rate he must go on for a week, till he has killed nearly all the game upon his manors, knocked up his dogs, and so satiated himself with this killing of the feathered tribe, that with his head, heart, hand, and shoulder sore in themselves, and sickened of the sport, he is feign to fly to some Hell in St. James's neighbourhood, and thus endeavor to keep up the violent excitement, till some other double-quick-timed amusement or pursuit rises for him to pursue, either in spectre or reality.

Racing, like all other things, is removed into the narrow compass of velocity, and only estimated by the application of its scale. A colt is hardly reared from its mother but it must go into the hands of the trainer, and before nature has well completed her mould, and given the animal strength to carry itself, it has to undergo all the se-

verities of training, and to be ready to be placed at the post, for a two-year-old spirt, of half a mile or a mile (for racing it is absurd to call it), which is as often decided by the accident of a good start, or a little devil being able to steal away quickest at first, as by the real merits of the contending animals. From two they are trained on till three, when the great prizes being open to them, it is of the highest importance that they should then be equal to the exertions required of them. To effect this, every unnatural mean is resorted to, at an age when nature never intended that it should be so; and the consequence is, out of the many hundreds that are put in training, how few, by comparison, ever come at all; or, if they do come, are sound when brought to the post! and still fewer are able to *run on*, as it is termed, or, in other words, are able to run *when* and *as* they ought to run.

Now, Sir, I come to the marrow of my notions, and I fancy your limits will very soon limit me, and make me pull up, however hot in the pursuit of my favorite doctrine. Let me see a horse, arrived at the age of *horsehood*, which I consider to be five years old, fit to carry twelve stone upon his back over a four-mile course. Give me the animal that can beat the others of his year at this age (thus giving a proof of power, speed, wind, and bottom), and then, if his form and mould be equal to his performances, and his temper kind, I should pronounce him as the deservedly favorite stock-getter for future generations.

It is with delight, Sir, that I have lately seen, in some of the last Numbers of your Magazine,

some well-written letters on the subject of "Breeding for the Turf," and an effort made to rouse the good sense of our countrymen to the plain truths which they endeavor to inculcate; and of one in particular, that, if we wish to preserve our fame, as the first breeders in the world, let the stallions we select, as stated before, be selected for other excellences as well as speed. It is with equal delight that I have seen within the last six months engagements and stakes made for four and five-year-old horses. May they increase and multiply is my earnest hope:—if I had power, would be my fondest endeavours; if I had persuasion, my fondest entreaty. This is the thing to do it, Sir; this the thing to raise us from the brink of the pit into which we were fast tumbling. This will induce breeders to breed the right sort of animal, and men on the turf to keep them till they know their merits. I am not overdisposed to attribute mercenary views to any set of men, as I detest them as well as their accompaniments; but a man must be blind who cannot see their influence in the world, or that the one must breed those that will sell the best, and the other those best calculated to win the highest prizes.

I warned you, Sir, that this is a dangerous subject for me to get loose upon, though I have yet but broached it; and as we are not much acquainted with each other, I feel that I have already perhaps thrust myself too forward upon the company of yourself and readers. A man, who espouses a new cause, or who attempts to revive an old one, I am well aware much deceives himself, if he expects to make as many friends as enemies, or to escape without censure. I

am also aware that your Magazine, though I doubt not but it will ever be open for the expression of truth and right, is, as it were, a theatre, like the gay world itself: the pages of the one, like unto the scenes in the other, being a description and a display of what is stirring around, and the writers and actors, for the most part, however able and good, too often to be seen clothing and being clothed in the colours of prejudice and the garb of fashion. Now and then an Antiquary comes upon the stage—like unto that which circulated as good in bygone days half a century ago, and that which may do again half a century hereafter—that now is the laughing stock of the piece, is ridiculed by all, and understood by none. If he is to be tolerated at first, and expects to be able to go through his part without being hooted off, he must not be too long—he must remember that he is only one out of the many that whine around the circle of life—that he must not expect that the world is to be squeezed into shape for him. Nor, in like manner, am I, Sir, to expect that you will countenance an attempt to cram your readers with that which is not savoury to the generality of their tastes.

In conclusion, Sir, I shall add but one word more, in the shape of a favour, which may I beg of you? If you find me disagreeable, tell me so, as I wish to be no where but whither I am welcome. If otherwise, you will hear from me again shortly on the subject of breeding; and now, Sir, I beg to subscribe myself your obedient servant,

A NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

February 3, 1827.

SPORT WITH COLONEL JOLLIFFE'S HOUNDS.

SIR,

THE following are accounts of two famous runs which have lately occurred over a country, called by some impassable, and where, I grieve to say, some vulpes reside, who require your excellent correspondent ROUGH AND READY to curry them a little.

On Wednesday January 17, Colonel Jolliffe's hounds met at the twenty-third mile stone on the Reigate road, and immediately found two foxes in Slips Hatch, Hartwood (Mr. Clutten's). After a little trouble they settled well to one, and ran him to Reigate Park, Reigate Heath, Flanchford, Leigh, Nalder's Wood, and Horse Hills; whence he turned back to Flanchford and Gadbroke: here the hounds got closer to their fox, and the pace became a trimming one: he again turned back by Collingdean to Horse Hills, re-crossed the turnpike road to Collingdean, and faced the country, skirting Charlwood Park, over West Field to Ifield, and by the right of Crawley into St. Leonard's Forest, at the entrance of which, at half-past five o'clock, being quite dark, Mr. William Jolliffe and another gentleman, the only two remaining out of a good field, succeeded in stopping, or rather carrying in a wrong line, the best part of the pack; two couple, however, drove their fox for Handcross, near which place they were heard running him more than an hour afterwards. From Gadbroke to Crawley is at least twelve miles—pretty well for a finish, at the best pace. Nothing but blood could stand it after the work of the morning, in the early part of which the hounds shewed what they meant, and which they fully demonstrated later in the day,

when they set to as if they had done no work, and, as I have before said, beat every horse except two.

The next run was on Wednesday the 31st January. Found at Sheep Wash Rough, New Lodge (the seat of Mr. Aldridge), near Horsham; and, after a sharp turn in St. Leonard's Forest, ran our fox through the following places: Den Park, Nuthurst, West Grinstead Park, Shipley, Billinghamurst, West Chilton, Worminghurst Park, to Sillington near Storrington, at the foot of the South Downs, where they ran in to him at four o'clock. The distance from point to point is not less than twenty miles, and good judges say the ground ran over must have been more than thirty. It is rather extraordinary, that, with two foxes, these hounds should thus have measured the distance between Betchworth and the South Downs, for the place of finding on the 31st was very near where they whipped off on the 17th. In both these runs the hounds proved themselves uncommonly staunch, and (as in all other countries) that none but out-and-out good horses could live with them.

Now, Sir, after the good proofs to the contrary which these excellent days' sport afford, let us hope that the common cry of "the country being unrideable and unfit for fox-hunting" will be a little checked. All we want is plenty of foxes; and if this should happen to meet the eye of any gentleman who now allows their destruction, I trust that he will not so far fly in the face of all reason, as to persist in these pleas, which surely are the only ones which can even *pretend* to justify sacrificing the sport of a county to individual caprice.

I am, &c.

SCARLET.

ODE FROM "HORACE IN CAMBRIDGE."

SIR,

I Have selected the following Ode from "Horace in Cambridge," which I shall feel obliged to you to insert in your next Number, if you think it worthy of a place in your interesting work.

I am, Sir, &c.

ALIGUIS.

Cambridge, January 17, 1827.

ODE III.

Sic te Diva potens Cypri.

TO THE COACHMAN OF "THE TIMES."

So may the lovely Cyprian Queen
That bears thy vow, be kind!
So may thy good box-coat thee screen
From every ruder wind!
So may the daily quart of gin
Be temper'd to thy mind!
As thou shalt see
My friend Jack Lee,
That jolly soul, that pleasant FELLER,
Set down in safety at the White Horse Cellar.
Ah! sure it was a coat of steel,
Or good tough oak, he wore,
Who first unto the ticklish wheel
'Gan harness horses four;
Nor shudder'd, as he roll'd along,
To thread the mazy, whirling throng
Of furious coach with sluggish dray,
Contesting every inch of way
Thro' Holborn, and the direful strait
Of Temple Bar, or Bishopsgate!
In vain, alas! from London's towers,
Dread haunts of sin and pride,
These innocent and holy bowers
Wise Heaven hath parted wide,
If o'er the road, in six short hours,
"The Times" and "Tele" glide!
What is there mortal man won't do,
When mischief is the end in view?
Since Roger Bacon first began,
With gunpowder to frighten man;
What host of wars incontinent
Throng'd on the human race!
Grim Death, that erst full slowly went,
Quicken'd at once his pace.
And now the demon foul of Steam
Hath shew'd his front, some mighty scheme
Shall roll as thro' the realms of air:
Great Jupiter will scarce forbear
His angry thunder soon,
Beholding with astounded eye,
Us busy mortals mounting by
A rail-road to the Moon.

DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS.

SIR,
 AS you have my veteran acquaintance, Philip Payne, in the *Sporting Magazine*, I think you ought to have his hounds. I beg leave to enclose you a list of the celebrated Beaufort pack, at the time of Payne leaving the Duke of Beaufort's service in the spring of 1826.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

VENATOR.

February 7, 1827.

LIST OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS.

Ages.	Names.	Sires.	Dams.
11 years	Nectar	Mr. Heron's Nectar	Diligent
10 years	Waterloo		
	Wellington	Mr. Smith's Collier	Gladsome
	Whimsy		
	Wary		
8 years	Derimant	Denmark	Dalliance
	Rival	Lord Lonsdale's Rifter	Affable
7 years	Dreadnought	Nectar	Dorcas
	Emily	Ragland	Paragon
	Regent	Ditto	Honesty
	Dandy	Denmark	Dalliance
	Rifleman	Roderick	Lovely
	Gaylass		
	Governess	Lord Middleton's Roman	Gladsome
	Plunder		
	Playful	Duke of Grafton's Cardinal	Prophets
6 years	Gainer	Denmark	Graceful
	Libertine	Ditto	Laundress
	Lovely	Ditto	Ditto
	Ranter		
	Ruby	Ranter	Rival
	Raffle		
	Racket	Roderick	Bravery
	Rubens	Rutland	Paragon
	Rustic	Nectar	Rarity
	Diomede	Ditto	Dalliance
	Vaulter		
	Vanity	Lord Middleton's Vanguard	Sprightly
	Darter	Lord Middleton's Danger	Brilliant
	Dashwood		
	Diligent	Ditto	Gladsome
	Dauntless		
5 years	Guzman	Denmark	Ditto
	Ransom	Dexter	Rival
	Rampish		
	Rarity	Lord Middleton's Denmark	Ruth
	Dorcas	Lord Middleton's Dampier	Brilliant
		From Lord Middleton.	
	Conqueror	Commander	Elegant

1827

Ages.	Names.	Sires.	Dams.
4 years	Platoff	-	-
	Pontif	-	-
	Princess	Nectar	Playful
	Furley	-	-
	Pastime	-	-
	Lancaster	Ditto	Lively
	Edgar	Ditto	Emily
	Empress	-	-
	Wildair	Denmark	Wary
	Wonder	-	-
	Daphne	Waterloo	Doxy
	Jasper	-	-
	Jessamine	Waterloo	Jesse
	Workman	-	-
	Wilful	Wellington	Prophetess
	Bluster	-	-
	Brusher	Dorimant	Bravery
	Boxer	-	-
	Harbinger	Lord Lonsdale's Julian	Honesty
3 years	Partner	-	-
	Pilgrim	Mr. Ward's Pilgrim	Brilliant
	Dashaway	-	-
	Driver	Duncan	Jesse
	Dainty	-	-
	Duncan	-	-
	Dexter	Ditto	Wary
	Ragland	-	-
	Rallywood	Dorimont	Rival
	Rutland	-	-
	Dragon	-	-
	Dalliance	Ditto	Bravery
	Gaiety	Ditto	Gaylass
	Niobe	Nectar	Prophetess
	Nimrod	Ditto	Gertrude
	Aimwell	Absolute	Governess
	Edwin	Waterloo	Emily
	Elegant	Ditto	Ditto
	Barrister	-	-
2 years	Bluebell	Ditto	Brilliant
	Rafter	Lord Altherpe's Ottoman	Restless
	Pugilist	-	-
	Pillager	Mr. Codrington's Pugilist	Paragon
	Restless	Nectar	Restless
	Pasquin	Ditto	Playful
	Parasol	-	-
	Policy	Ditto	Ditto
	Valiant	-	-
	Vanguard	Jason	Vanity
	Victor	-	-
	Archer	-	-
	Amorous	Vaulter	Amorous
	Piper	-	-
	Pelican	Plunder	Doxy
	Prophetess	-	-

<i>Ages.</i>	<i>Names.</i>	<i>Sires.</i>	<i>Dams.</i>
2 years	Duster	Dorimant	Emily
	Destiny		
	Delicate		
	Rapture	Waterloo	Rampish
	Rachel		
	Reveller		
	Rhapsody	Warrior	Rival
	Reamond		
	Costly		
	Columbine	Sir Thomas Mostyn's Edwin	Whimsey
	Charmer		
	Waverley		
	Wrangler	Sir Thomas Mostyn's Wrangler	Wary
	Wanton		
	Woodbine		
1 year	Denmark	Dorimant	Rival
	Dimity		
	Daffodil		
	Whirlwind*	Ditto	Willful
	Whisker		
	Willing		
	Damsel	Ditto	Diligent
	Latimer		
	Vulcan		
	Vanquisher	Plunder	Vanity
	Ravager		
	Grecian		
	Gossip	Nectar	Gaylam
	Gladstone		
	Garland		
	Proctor	Vaultor	Paragon
	Tandem		
	Toilet		
	Tuneful	Sir Thomas Mostyn's Tandem	Rampish
	Winifred		
	Gaudy		
	Benedict	Mr. Shirley's Guardsman	Pastime
	Baronet		
		Mr. Shirley's Benedict	Emily

THE HUNTER'S REVELRY.

BY inserting the following in your entertaining Miscellany, you
will greatly oblige, your obedient servant,
Brighton. I. O. W. H.

RIDE on, ride on, the covert is far,
Where our good coursers wait;
All the red riders are muster'd there—
Shall we—shall we be late?
No! by the horn St. Dunstan wound,
Who dearly loved the horse and hound;
He swore the latest on meeting ground
Should ne'er be Beauty's mate!

* Killed; kicked by a baker's hack; leg and thigh broken. 8th Dec. 1884. The
baker had been cautioned before not to come near the hounds with his kicking horse.

Hark! he's gone away; tally-ho!
 Reuben, drag on him again.
 The hills may rise, the rivers flow,
 To check our course in vain.
 Sweet is the sigh of Love's caressing;
 Sweet regret is thy parting blessing;
 But sweeter far, on his wild game pressing,
 Is the huntman's bugle strain.

Oh! there is nothing in life so sweet
 As the daring hunter's cry!
 When scent lies well, and hounds are fleet,
 We ride it merrily!
 Then when the clouds of life grow black,
 When Love cries "forward," and Fate "hark back,"
 When Care will drag on our weary track,
 Away to the hunter's revelry!

A FOX-HUNTER'S REPLY TO "A
 FOX-HUNTER'S OPINION OF
 COURSING."

SIR,

I Cannot help thinking that the opinion of the fox-hunter, in respect to coursing, sent to your Magazine by VERITAS, is most ILLIBERAL. An old fox-hunter myself, I am as ready as any man to assert the great superiority of that noble amusement over all others: but I can by no means admit that coursing is necessarily attended by all those miserable passions mentioned in the paper to which I refer. It is, at least, far from an unsociable amusement; for it brings together, very frequently during the season, a great number of friends, who enjoy themselves as merrily, and with as much good fellowship, as is to be found even in a society of fox-hunters. As to gambling, so far from this being a consequence, the very reverse is the fact. The beauty of coursing is, that all the stakes are so low, as to afford no temptation for any of those disgraceful tricks practised too often on the turf: nor can the loss ever produce such misery. The moment coursing becomes the

resort of gamblers, and, like horse-racing, is attended by those gentlemen usually called *legs*, then there will be an end to it. No doubt there is much to mortify the courser; but there is oftentimes also much to gratify; and if (as it is constantly found to do) it affords pleasure to the worn-out fox-hunter, or the country gentleman whose means, or the situation of whose residence perhaps, prevent his entering into the more expensive and assuredly more noble amusement of fox-hunting, I really can see no good reason why those who pursue it should be reflected upon in so unhandsome, unjust, and, I cannot but repeat, illiberal a manner. I am not aware that the coursers have ever come forward to give offence, or in any way to interfere with the fox-hunters. Many, very many, of the best sportsmen in England, at this moment, keep greyhounds; and, as "comparisons are odious," and none more so than offensive ones, I do hope that in future VERITAS will be a little more governed by

JUSTITIA.

P. S. I have not noticed *seriatim* all the other train of evils to which

coursing is said to give rise—apathy, indolence, discontent, selfishness, &c.—but I deny *in toto* that on a liberal mind it is calculated to produce such an effect. On any other, the worst of passions may be generated by the most trivial causes: a fox-hunter may feel as jealous of his neighbour being a superior horseman, or possessing a better horse, as a courser may of his antagonist having a better trainer or a faster dog. If apathy is one of the consequences of becoming a courser, then it seems a contradiction in terms to say it produces discontent, selfishness, or puny ambition; for these feelings must arise from an interest inconsistent with apathy. In short, the friend of VERITAS appears to have written his Remarks on Coursing without consideration, and the only considerate act of VERITAS himself has been concealing the author's name.

MEMOIR OF MR. WM. JONES,
THE CELEBRATED HUNTS-
MAN OF T. W. COKE, ESQ. WITH
AN ACCOUNT OF A CHASE
WITH HIM THIRTY YEARS
SINCE.

SIR,
AT length the Curfew has toll'd the knell of the famous Jones. —I have just read in your Obituary for this month an account of the death of this much respected parson. From whose pen the panegyric has emanated, I am ignorant; but I can corroborate most fully the justness of it. He attained a great age—and during a long career continued the marked favorite of his Noble Patron, and always commanded the esteem of every one at Holkham. His death brought to my recollection days of

old days when the vigour of youth and the ardour of enthusiasm were often passed in the sphere of his action. The retrospect of olden times is a pleasing occupation to a feeling mind, having a potent effect upon lovers of nature and sports. His name, quite forgotten, and as it were annihilated, flashed upon my fancy, renewing scenes of animating emulation, scenes of true delight, to be enjoyed only from twenty to thirty, as these were with me. How wonderful are the stores of memory! Where are the cells? where lie the interesting and never-erring impressions?

“Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age, unnumber'd treasures shine;
Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain:
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.”

In a moment, Essex, coverts, hounds and their names, fine runs, escapes, deep ditches with friends at the bottom, good riders and bad riders, all danced before me in magic beams; and then, my hero, in his elegant attitude, with his superior and engaging address, his inherent love of the sport, his pride, his just pride in the magnificent pack—his own selection—the high discipline attained, the respectful manners and admirable conduct of his two whippers-in (formed by his tuition), uniting with his own scientific skill and mode of hunting, completed the spell—and I could not resist the impulse to pourtray the effects of the mirror.

I think I can see him waving his hand to his eager and difficultly-restrained favorites, with straightened sterns and intelligent heads

turned up towards him watching the signal—"aloo, aloo in!" and aloo in, away they fly, spreading in mute struggle, and taking the fence altogether in a line. How exquisite this dash under good control! And when a challenge struck his quick ear, to see him erect himself, with cap aside, to listen, was perfect. "That will do! hark! hark! Jasper, Jasper, Jasper!" Then, no longer in doubt, in a moment more bursting with extacy—"aloo, aloo, aloo, boys!" This was his favorite halloo—his beautiful halloo—the thought of which is now thrilling through my veins, and I can scarcely keep my chair in quiet. Many sportsmen, grey in the service, like me, can never have forgotten the enchantment inspired.

I must now leave fancies; indeed, rhapsodical pictures are not necessary to illustrate Jones's characteristics: a simple view of them is more justly his due. He was earnest and animated in drawing, judicious and decided in his casts, energetic in chase, persevering in disappointment and difficulties, and withal possessing a cool collected judgment, which carried him to the height of his profession, and placed him without a rival.

He was born in Shrinham, in Berkshire, on the 28th March 1737. The son of a huntsman, hunting and its concomitants were scarcely second nature. At first he served as groom to several gentlemen, till Governor Leyborn employed him as a general *factotum*. The General resided at Bradwell Grove, near Burford, Oxon. In 1760 he left England, and the late Lord Sherborne, who married Mr. Coke's sister, became the occupier. His Lordship established a pack of fox-hounds, and engaged Jones

as whipper-in. The huntsman was named Catch—a man of first-rate abilities, but with violent temper and rough manners. Catch was afterwards huntsman to Sir Peter Warburton; then to the Duke of Beaufort, in whose service he died. Lord Sherborne's hounds acquired great celebrity under Catch and Jones's management.

In 1773, Mr. Coke returned from his Continental Travels, and resided very constantly with his brother-in-law; he joined him in the hunting establishment, and they formed a second pack of hounds—Catch taking the old pack, and Jones the younger. They hunted alternate days over Mr. Coke's coverts in Oxon and Bucks, and Lord Sherborne's in Gloucestershire. In 1775, Mr. Coke married Lord Sherborne's sister; and at that time he took the whole of the hunting establishment on his own account, and continued in that country till 1776. Catch retired upon this arrangement, and Jones was appointed Chief. Mr. Coke now removed the whole into Norfolk, and Jones continued in his service till the day of his death, in the 90th year of his age.

Norfolk and the greater part of Suffolk were hunted by Mr. Coke, having several kennels in those counties. In 1785, at the invitation of Montagu Burgoyne, Esq. he extended his hunt into Essex, and had a kennel at Harlow Bush. The proximity to London being convenient to Mr. Coke, he continued to occupy this district till 1795, when he gave up hunting entirely, and presented the hounds and stud of horses to his favorite huntsman. Jones sold the hounds and horses at Tattersall's—his fa-

mous horse Caractacus, reckoned the best hunter of his day, was purchased by Mr. Thurlow; the second, little or perhaps not at all inferior, was brought by Lord Derby. When Mr. Coke declined hunting, John Wilkinson and William Fyler were his whippers: the former became the crack huntsman of Sir W. Rowley; the latter was at first taken as gamekeeper; he afterwards went as huntsman to Lord Craven, and I believe eventually to Lady Salisbury, in whose service I think he died.

Jones now finished his career as huntsman, and, in the words of a friend, whose authority is indisputable, I will close this biographical sketch. "No huntsman was more justly esteemed than Mr. Jones, not only by his liberal employer, but by all gentlemen who attended the hunt: he was prominent for skill and superior abilities in his profession, and peculiarly easy and engaging in his address to all ranks. The late Mr. Meynell (no mean judge) used to say of Jones 'he is the best huntsman in England; he is a *chef d'œuvre*;'—and the late Lord Maynard said of him, 'Jones is a gentleman-huntsman: I would sooner sit in his company than in the company of half the Melton Mowbray gentlemen.' Many other gentlemen have expressed similar opinions of Mr. Jones."

In your obituary statement, the attachment of his patron, the respect felt by all the family, and the marked esteem in which Jones was held, are affectingly described; his own excellent character is also displayed in touching traits. I could extend this account, with many other interesting details, but I am fearful of impatient readers. He was buried at Holkham, at-

tended by a great concourse of people of all ranks, wishing to show their respect to his memory.

In the progress of this recital, a particular run was brought in full force before me; and as it is the fashion with many of your correspondents to describe with much interest such events in their own localities, I feel inclined to follow the example, and to trace in a plain way the history of one thirty years ago. It appears to me justly due to the memory of Jones to offer one specimen of his successful efforts: so here goes:—

A day in February, with "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky," the hounds met at Roydon Park, near Stanstead. The situation of this wood is peculiarly fine—it lies on the side of the Essex line of hills overlooking the Lea River, directly opposite to the rising ground of Stanstead-bury and Hoddesdon; the fine meadows bounding the river just forming the valley and dividing the county from Herts—the spot of waiting in a pasture immediately under the covert. Jones and his men were in high feather, flushed with continued good sport, finely mounted, in plain scarlet and caps, with corduroys, and boot tops in mahogany taste, varmint looking after all, clean and *appearing like business*—I mention these in honour of old fashioned days. In this refined age, white cords and white tops may go faster, but I am positive they don't go surer.

They found instantly, and settled to their fox with a good scent, Jones cheering in his thrilling tone. After taking one turn he broke, Williamson viewing him; they got away remarkably quick and well together, so no confusion ensued. I think Beckford says, "a fox well found is more than half killed;" and here

the saddle proved true. For an hour and a half they scarcely ever threw up. First to the Deel Park, then to Wistry Wood; they then turned to the left over Bradley Common, not touching the Forest, direct to Latton, and crossing the high road through Harlow Park, leaving Harlow just on the left, they kept the line of the Dunmow road to Matching Park: here that splendid country burst upon the view, leading to Main Wood, which was left on our right; so the point was pretty straight up to Canfield Hart, where they ran in to him, about eighteen miles distance, over as strong a country as any in England. Up to Latton Park, strong fences upon high banks and deep ditches, and very deep ground: thence the character is changed—sound ground in large fields—wide ditches; but taking off and landing to be depended on. These *yawners*, as they are styled in Essex, become awful if you don't keep the wind in your horse; otherwise they are easily got over; but in most runs over it, a cart or a plough horse have been found most important friends.

It was in the middle of the week, which made the field small and select. The chase was well rode; but one man in particular was very conspicuous, F. Franco, Esq., upon a very favorite black mare. Although she was carrying fifteen stone, she started with the hounds; and was never headed—she was a famous hunter over any country, but then she had a capital helmsman to steer her—a most decided man; his points were always in his eye, at least a field before him—his nerves equal to his firmness, no practicable fence ever turned him. His ear acute, and his sight as quick,

he got sooner to hounds than any man of his day—within his own sphere—he is now alive; and little did he think I was about recording his feats when we shook hands not long since; if he sees these lines, he may possibly trace the delineator, who followed him this day in constant wonder. There were many other excellent riders, who were in their proper stations—Messrs. Bell, the Rev. Mr. Conyers, Messrs. Hankin and Humphreys, Mr. Peter Pry, &c. &c.—a few Essex yeomen—of whom my friend Charles Hapbury, who knew them well, used to speak, “I say, *Cousin*—they are awkward customers, Sir”—all these, with Jones and his people, saw every turn, using such discretion as never to bring the hounds to check. It is this alone that can ensure sport, and establish a run. In the present day contests in riding appear the prominent impulse. In those days the same courage, the same emulation prevailed; but the pursuit appeared more intuitive—each man's object was to ensure sport, not to spoil it, and, till a chase was made, all forbearance and watchful stillness; but when difficulties were vanished, and hounds began seriously to run, then farewell fear and thought—determined to get to the head, it was accomplished in good fellowship, and with emulating ardour.

When I had the pleasure of addressing you last month with a little fox-hunting and driving, I little thought of so soon being induced to ask for a space in your columns, on a fresh scent; but Jones's ghost haunted me, and I felt compelled to satisfy its earnestness. I hope some of his old companions will read my humble attempt to record his merits.—My

R r

Northern journey is not exhausted; and I intend to give you a little more of driving beyond Doncaster, not forgetting the man I have promised to describe—Mr. Clark, coachman to "The Liverpool Umpire."

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

PETER PRY.

Feb. 16, 1836.

WRESTLING—RELATIVE MERITS OF CANN AND POLKINHORNE.

HEALTH and long life to you, Mr. Editor! May you see many, many happy Christmas's, and may I be here to compliment you on them! May revolving years find you still the impartial distributor of the good things in the *Sporting Magazine*, and myself possessing the faculty to enjoy them! and, to sum up my good wishes at once,

"O may that side the sun's upen
Be all that's ever turned to thee!"

Thus in the fulness of his heart spake the MEMBER OF THE BURTON HUNT.

Et pour commencer!—Having lately seen a great deal concerning the manly sport of *wrestling*, I think I cannot do better than express my opinion on the relative merits of the *soi-disant* champions of the counties of Cornwall and Devon, Messieurs Cann and Polkinhorne. Indeed, from the horizontal position to which I have lately been condemned, (owing to an awkward fall I got in Leicestershire the early part of the season,) I am precluded from other topics. My eldest boy, who is now at my elbow, says he is an adept in this art, and is already able to throw most of his varmint chums. For the truth of this I cannot vouch, as I am at present more solicitous

about his progress in *Hic, Hoc, Hoc*, than his triumphs on the science I mean to decant on. However he presses me to write a letter to the *Sporting Magazine* on the subject, and as it is holiday time, I mean to humour his whim.

Wrestling I consider a most noble and manly exercise, being free from the bitter feelings which often exist in the breasts of the members of the Prize Ring, and less likely to disfigure the "human form divine;" and it gratifies me exceedingly to see it so warmly patronized in the county which gave me birth. Of the champions above mentioned I am not enabled *confidently* to speak; but from the knowledge I do possess on this subject, I certainly cannot consider either of them entitled to the glorious distinction of "Champion of their county." The FOX HUNTER ROUGH AND READY, who gave us in a late Number so pleasing an account of the Chudleigh meeting, (and whose spirited productions are at all times an acquisition to the Magazine,) will probably correct me when I am at fault, as I perceive he is quite *au fait* on the subject in question.

My opinion then in the first place is, that Polkinhorne and his opponent did not meet on equal terms: again, that neither are the flower of their respective counties; and lastly, that this science has sadly degenerated. Were I to say I had not come in contact with a few real ones, natives of each county, I should pay little regard to the *mens conscia recti*. I have been acquainted with the first sporting characters in Cornwall and Devon, and I therefore wish to premise, that any remarks I may here make will be quite impartial, and free from party spirit. What I have

seen of Cann is certainly *assez bien*. He is a fine grown man, and has substance sufficient to meet any giant. He is fresh, and young, and has proved, in his various rencontres, his adroitness with the *toe and hip*. Undoubtedly he is a very good man, and may travel far ere he meets his match; but I cannot believe he is the "Hero of Devon." Where are Willoughway, Flowers, Jackman, and John Jordan? Are they second to this man of sinew? I should think not. Polkinhorne I know well; he is a firmer and stouter built man than his opponent, also more aged and stale, and his legs (the chief agents in this science) are *past firing*. His best day was some fifteen years ago; and even then, in the zenith of his fame, there were always better men to be found in his county. I have seen him play remarkably well and successfully, but I must confess I have also seen his brawny shoulders salute the ground. At the period I allude to, there were—not to name Parkyns who was a perfect phoenix in his way—Hawke, Tremayne, the Truscotts, Collins, and many others (whose names I have forgotten), who were always too much for the hero Polkinhorne: and can it be, that Cornubia's lusty race of sons are so fallen, as to yield to this "gude mon," who, from having long retired from the ring, and living in the luxurious manner in which mine hosts of the *Black Lion*, &c. generally do—added to the frequent visits of that most unpleasant of all guests, the Gout—can hardly be a match for his opponent? Oh! I cannot think such is the fact. Polkinhorne is certainly a *trump*; he possesses several essential qualities for the science; viz. courage, great care and coolness,

with amazing strength of arm; in proof of which, I need only repeat Cann's assertion, that, "had he not by a successful *mancuvre* released his hand from the deadly gripe in which it was held, he verily believed the total loss of the limb would have been the consequence."

With respect to this meeting, the Devonians lay stress on Cann not being so *heavy* a man as Polkinhorne, and this is a wonderful advantage, say they; but I will shew that theory and practice, in this case, as in most others, do not go *hand in hand*. I say Cann was fresher, and sounder in stamina, and younger: and did not he (Cann) meet him in the true Devonshire style of play; viz. exercising with his shoes (in which he is so able a tactician) on the gouty legs of Polkinhorne? None can deny that this was the case, or that this is an advantage. I will not venture my opinion on the propriety of kicking; contenting myself by allowing, that, as Polkinhorne was *aware* of the mode of warfare to be exercised against him, he was bound to meet Cann without a grumble on that score. That Polkinhorne threw Cann at Devonport, according to the articles agreed on, is, I believe, acknowledged by all unbiassed spectators. I was not myself present at the combat; but were they again to come to the scratch, I would venture a cool fifty that Cornubia would bear away the palm of victory.

Now as to the disadvantage—*weight*—I can instance Polkinhorne himself, who, even in his meridian splendour, I have seen thrown several times by little Hawke of St. Kewe, who weighed certainly not beyond eleven stone. Hawke has

frequently been victorious over sixteen stone men; nor do I think his back ever come to the grass. He entered the ring, as all men should do, regardless of weight, ever placing himself against a good and tried man. It may be said, there is no rule without an exception: granted; but how used little Truscott, Kingdon, and others, whom I have seen throw their men? It could not be by length or strength, for they possessed neither quality; but it was that thing called *science*, without which the strongest must fail. How, in days of yore, did *John Soper* and little *Rogers the Cherryman* fling all before them? I consider that no man who has ever lived worthy to be put in competition with *John Soper*. He was tall, thin, and weighed somewhere about twelve stone; and, although only twenty years of age when the *grim tyrant* laid him low, had never met his fellow. Neither he, nor *Hawke*, ever told or tired the patience of the beholder, but went into play like good ones; and science and tactics were the order of the day. Wrestling has unquestionably retrograded. We never see such men now as *Soper*, *Serjeant Pollard*, the *Higgs's*, *Clements* the *Sweep*, *Tim Weymouth*, *Cornelius Philp*; and, of later date, *Lark*, the *Cleaves*, and *Moses Sloggett*. These men thought little of weight, and would have cast to mother earth any of the present generation of wrestlers. That the present, however, may become in spirit what the past has been; that this fine amusement may be roused from the lethargic oblivion in which it has so long slumbered; and that England's sons may be themselves again, is the sincere and ardent wish of

your very obedient and humble servant,

A Member of the Burton Hunt.
January 20, 1827.

A PACK OF BEAGLES.

SIR,

I Hope you will not think me encroaching on the limits of your valuable Magazine, by informing you of a small, though crack pack of beagles now to be sold in the neighbourhood of Walthamstow. I can truly recommend them to any one who wishes to increase his pack, or to set up one in a small way, as being most staunch little dogs—their height not above sixteen inches. My friend, who is just going to give them up, is a decided sportsman, and would not on any account part with them; had he more time to do them justice, and fewer calls to London. People may say what they please, but I think few will contend with me when I say, that there is nothing like seeing a pack of beagles work well under the superintendence of a skilful manager.

Begging the favour of an early insertion, I am yours, &c.

VENATOR.

London, Feb. 12, 1827.

TREATMENT OF HUNTERS.

SIR,

I Wish, as an impartial person, (though quite unknown to him,) to return Mr. LAWRENCE my acknowledgments for the amusing and instructive letters he has written on the management of the hunter. I have been also much pleased with all NIMROD's writings, except those on the management of the hunter through-

out the year, where I conceive him to be greatly in error; and, with all my respect for his talents, it will require greater powers than he possesses to convince me, that the horse summered in the stable will perform better than the one after having had a run at grass. Let no one believe this, I say, till he finds his own horse beat by another, with different treatment; for I am firmly persuaded (would Nimrod make the experiment), that half of his disciples would be as glad to follow him in a new fashion, either in the cut of his coat or in the trimming of his horse's tail, as they are now in feeding a horse according to his directions. As Mr. LAWRENCE has justly observed (October Number, p. 421), "It is a Whim Plate, and let the whimsical run for it; none other will." And again, forcibly enough, (December Number, p. 120,) "In imitation of my superiors, I call Question! Question! No one has yet honored me with an answer. Where are the hunters—where are they, which, summered abroad, and well trained thereafter, have failed, either at the commencement or the conclusion of the season? Name—prove this as a sufficiently general case, and we pertinacious and majority-grazing men will submit; for, as Necessity has no legs (*lex*), we must needs carry her."

Much has been said about the pernicious tendency of a change from dry food to green. Why then, I would ask, are Lord Egremont's race horses (his most valuable ones, the stallions I mean) thus managed? His Lordship's head groom told me how very desirable the plan was considered by him, that they had the earliest green food that could be grown for

their use. And as to Mr. LAWRENCE's opinion of nine-tenths of the hunters being summered abroad, from my own inquiries and actual experience, I am firmly persuaded he is within the mark. In the last few years I have followed three different packs of foxhounds, and, for my own satisfaction, purposely inquired of the proprietors, whether they did or did not turn their horses out to grass—and the reply from each was, that they did. I will mention their names—Colonel Wyndham, Sir John Cope, and Colonel Henry Wyndham.—(The latter has this season parted with his hounds, being unable to join them the last year or two in consequence of his military duties, and is now in Portugal with the command of the cavalry.)—A fleet pack than Colonel Wyndham's, I should think, it would be difficult to meet with, frequently killing three or four foxes in a week, and several yield to their fate in less than twenty minutes; so that if grazers can keep pace with them, who will complain? and if they could not, surely the proprietor would be willing to alter his system, or retrograde in the breed and pace of his hounds.

I have myself tried Nimrod's plan of summering the hunter, for two years, on two different horses; and on one horse I found no difference whatever either way; while on the other I can safely declare he did not do so well as when grazed in the summer. I have known two farmers also who have tried the hard-meal system throughout the year, and who derived no benefit from it; but I should think it probable the horses might exceed Nimrod's in travelling nine hundred miles in the

summer, and the few hundred miles extra might have done the mischief. But not so, I suppose, in the DEVONIAN's estimation, who can "with ease make four horses, summered in the stable, do as much as six" upon the other plan.

I have stated that one of my horses, after NIMROD's summer treatment, did not do so well as after being turned out to grass. It may be then inquired of me how I would account for it? Reasoning from analogy between the powers of men and of horses, and by what means the strength of both are best continued and preserved on trying occasions, or for any emergency, I should say it was by stimulating the body *when required* for great exertions, and not from year's end to year's end; for if you excite the body whilst living in indolence, what can you add when Nature requires this assistance? "*Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.*" In support of this reasoning, let any one look at the common labourers, and he will find that the increase of labour (in harvest for instance) is done by living better at that time than they had been previously accustomed to do. I would also affirm, in support of my reasoning, that a turn out at grass is as likely to be attended with as many advantages as a journey to Cheltenham would be to the man who has been constantly living in London among all its luxuries.

In order to place the DEVONIAN's declaration of making four horses do as much as six in a strong point of view, I will state what two horses (grazers) of Sir John Cope's did at the commencement of the last season: they went out regularly for six weeks together, each horse following the hounds three days in the week.

Why therefore pamper the horse all the year round, unless it be to shew hard flesh and a fine coat? for beyond that can no man prove anything, as is well known, or would not the grazers, who take up their hunters as late as September, and after, have the laugh against them? And, I believe, there are few people who will not allow, that fox-hunting is no sport till November; and that there is, till that time, a greater want of condition in the foxes than in the hunters.

SUSSEX.

February 1827.

THE DISTEMPER—A NEW POWDER FLASK.

SIR,

I Beg to offer my mite for your columns. As a cure for the distemper, in its incipient state—i. e. when the symptoms are loss of appetite, looseness, dimness of sight, with a husky cough—use one of Blaine's Powders, and, in three days afterwards ten grains of James's Powder—warm broth, and saugly housed.

In three most confirmed cases, when accompanied by fits, &c., I have found the same remedy infallible, but then in doses nearly doubly as strong; with a little boiled rice, some laudanum, and a hot bran poultice to the throat.

I think your friends in the country should be told, that a very ingenious Powder Flask has just made its appearance; under patent to Lang, of the Haymarket, which prevents the possibility of any thing settling in the pipe of the flask; (which in covert shooting is too often the case). It is so constructed, that in case of ignition in the act of pouring down

the powder, the worst that can happen is the burning two or three drachms of powder. It is simple and handy.

If some kind Correspondent of yours would give me a hint where I could find a trusty clever fellow, some forty or sixty miles from town, who could break five or six high-bred pointers in good style, at a rational price, it would confer a great favour on your most obedient servant,

J. F. A.

Our Correspondent must inform us where answers will reach him, should any be sent to the inquiry.

THE FINALE OF A LATE CONTROVERSY, AND ON SEVERAL TOPICS.

SIR,

I Submit without murmuring to your editorial discretion, as expressed in the "Notice to Correspondents" of the January Number, waving any plea that might be made in the case. Indeed I have an additional sanction, in the extremely handsome and liberal conduct of my *ci-devant* opponent, NIMROD (Feb. Number, p. 228), with whom I participate in the full warmth of feeling, and whose example I shall follow with enthusiasm, an opportunity being about shortly to present, in the company of two or three friends, old readers of the *Sporting Magazine*. Gall is not a prevailing article in my composition, nor do I entertain the slightest tincture of acerbity towards NIMROD. Men are as necessarily born to differ in opinion, as to die; and, high moral considerations apart, it is about as rational to quarrel with a man, or hate him, for a difference of opinion, as on the score of his stature or complexion. Controversies, however necessary

and unavoidable, seldom make converts, which is the business of time, reflection, and actual proof. Thus NIMROD and I—perhaps laughable enough—remain in *statu quo ante*, and it yet remains to us to jog on in our opposite roads, in Christian meekness and peace. As to the grand and jaw-setting bone of controversy—*summering the hunter*—it is no doubt fitting that every gentleman should do as he please, and reap the benefit of his own experience. In the mean time, I repeat, it is desirable to ascertain how the practice stands in the country, and what progress the new plan has thus far made. I am making inquiries to that effect, and would recommend a similar course to those who hold an opinion on the subject different to mine. I thus dismiss the subject for the present.

Notwithstanding the teasing of a sore throat and cough (incurred by my own imprudence), and a seven days' confinement within doors, I must find myself at liberty to make a few remarks—but without any references—which will be no loss to the attentive readers of the *Magazine*. Much has been lately said on the wonderful slow-paced exertions of the French horses. From what I have seen of the lowest class of the English, Welsh, and Scots, I conceive they would play a good second fiddle to the French, and trot on through life at the rate of five miles per hour. It is the pace that kills the horse: *that* we found out long ago. We have read too of indigenous English racers: things neither to be found, so far as my researches have extended; in black letter, sporting annals, nor living experience. The English have been immemorially importers of foreign horses; and of such, as

appear from history, consisted their racers engaged in *Smoothfield*, now *Smithfield*. Arabs, Barbs, Turks, and other Oriental horses, were imported long previously to the Civil Wars—in course long before the mission for the purchase of Royal mares: which proves nothing more than the increase of the business of the Turf subsequently to the Restoration, and the consequent demand for an additional number of brood mares. The breeders of that day obviously knew better than to go about making racers out of their own indigenes, gummy, round-legged, and coarse-haired stock. I endeavored however, long ago, in one of my books, to demonstrate, that racers might be so manufactured, offering it as an admirable plan to those who might fortunately possess more of time and money than they could otherwise expend.—The supposition, has, likewise, been rashly ventured, that the immediate descendants of our celebrated foreign stallions owed their high character chiefly to the limited extent of racing in their day, and the want of competition. There is not the slightest ground for such a notion. The mistake is equally strange and obvious in the notion, that no Oriental horses in England, since the time of the Godolphin Arabian, has directly produced good racers. A decline there has certainly been, but it was gradual for the first thirty years. Of late years, notwithstanding the vast numbers imported, who can name one that proved worth trial as a stallion? To those who view the matter in the light above stated, it is recommended to compare the produce of the lately-imported horses (say within twenty or thirty years), both for size and performance, with

the produce from the Godolphin Arabian, and the immediate descendants of that produce.—To the remark, that a horse cost as much grass as two bullocks, I answer, it is to our grass, in the first instance, we are indebted for our improvement in the size, and power, and goodness of every description of the horses imported from other countries. Other countries have corn equal to ours (some say superior) in its nutritious quality; but the gramineous soils alone produce the horse in size and perfection, though corn be the parent of condition and labour. I hope NIMROD, and your correspondents generally, will not forget that the seed season for *maïlot* approaches. A single square rod will prove sufficient for an experiment.

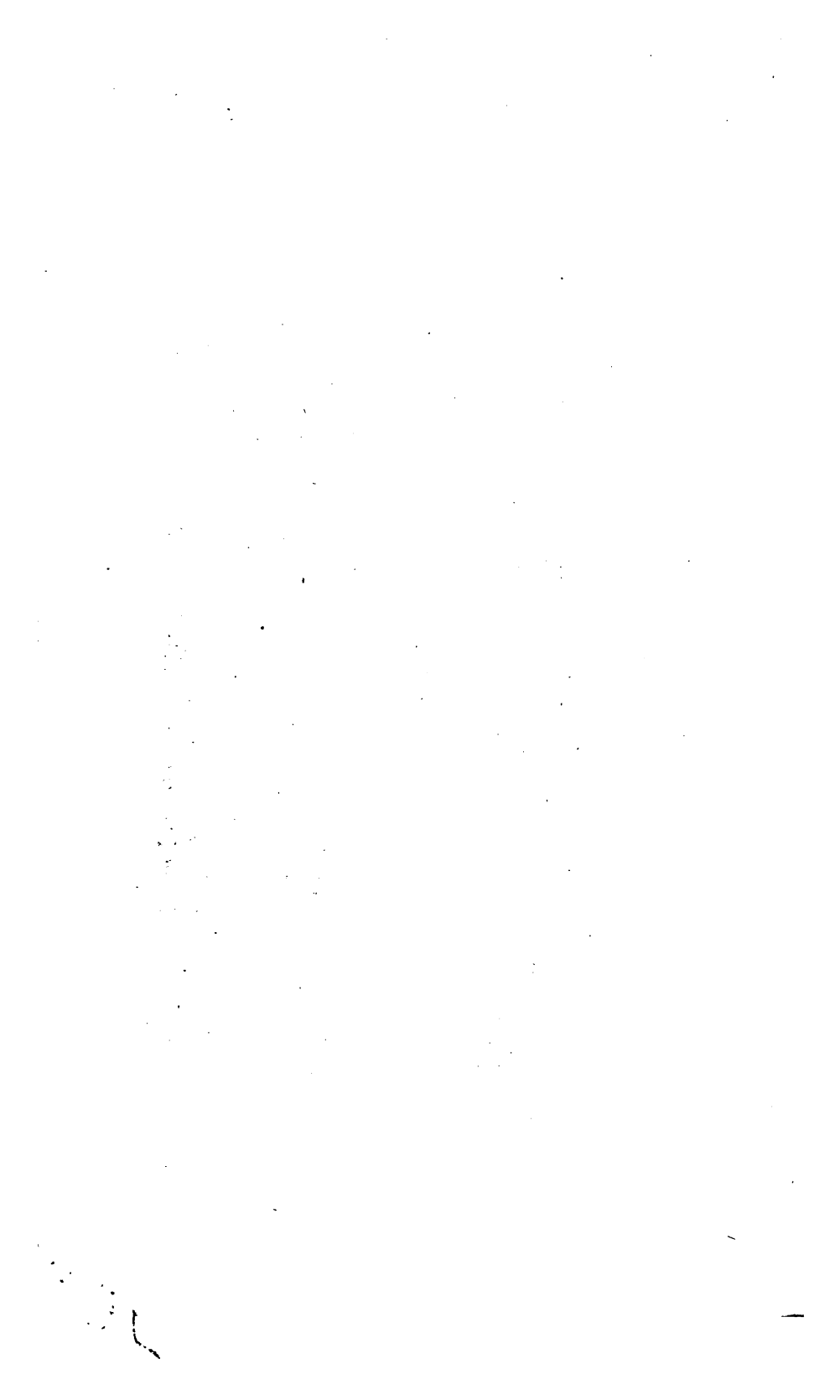
JOHN LAWRENCE.

P. S. Lately looking over my Note Book, date August 1806, I found a *Memoir*: "that M. Noyer, veterinary surgeon, of Mirapois, had published an Essay on the good effects of *shearing the ox and horse*." I suppose that might have been my inducement for making some remarks on the subject, according to my late recollection. Perhaps some of your correspondents may know something of this *Memoir* of Noyer.

SPORTING ANECDOTE.

SIR,

A laughable circumstance occurred at Enville a few weeks ago. Lord Grey was shooting in covert; and the village butcher, by way of relaxation, after the fat of slaughtering Christmas hives, &c.—still having an eye to "death doings"—joined the beaters. A disturbed hare, from what motive I know not, ran towards the man





DEAD GAME.

Printed by S. Groom, 11, Mark Lane, London, E.C. 3.

of *chops*, leaped on his shoulder, knocked off his hat, severely scratched his face, and then escaped without a shot being fired at her. If there is a transmigration of souls, I would say this hare contained that of an old poacher. The butcher stood breathless with astonishment. Had this occurrence taken place some forty or fifty years ago, when superstition and credulity were so prevalent, the man would, under similar circumstances, have gone home and torn his wife's shift, to prevent the next born child from being *hare-shorn*. I did not learn whether the butcher performed this operation.

Yours, &c. BRUSH.

DEAD GAME.

Painted by COOPER, Jun. and engraved by WEBB.

THIS engraving is from a painting by a young artist, and we think will be viewed with approbation by our numerous friends. The subject sufficiently explains itself.

A LETTER FROM "TIMOTHY RAMROD," CONTAINING AN EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE AGAINST NIMROD.

"*Actæon canibus præda fit ipse suis.*"

SIR,

I Am aware of the ticklish ground I tread upon, when I venture to notice a few words from NIMROD. I almost fancy my little self annihilated by this literary LEVIATHAN; and, for my temerity

in presuming to doubt the correctness of a single sentence which has dropped from his pen, shall expect such a lashing in your following Number, as will deter me in future from such dangerous essays, well knowing that "he who prieth into the cloud may be stricken with a thunderbolt." But, Sir, with all my apprehension of the punishment that awaits me, and with a real sense of my own weakness, I cannot refrain from bringing before my brother sportsmen the circumstance which has occasioned me so much surprise. Perhaps it may hold good with me, that "*quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*:" however, I shall stand my chance. In taking up your last Miscellany, and turning first, as I invariably do, with anxious delight to the letters of the "mighty hunter," I was shocked at the inhuman and horrible practice he asserts to have witnessed. Read his own words:—"When I last visited Mr. Smith, he had in his kennel *the old huntsman and a man to boil*, and the food appeared to be as good as money could purchase."—*Boil a man!* One's blood boils, or rather freezes at the very thought.

—"Grim Death, in different shapes,
Depopulates the nations: thousands fall
His victims; youths and virgins, in their
flower,
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
Unfinished:"

but for the poor old huntsman, after so many years of faithful service, to fall a sacrifice, and, like *Actæon*—

"To shun his once-lov'd dogs,
And from their huntsman to become their
prey—
is horrible, most horrible*!

* This puts us in mind of the Lewes bricklayer, who, having been employed in a time of scarcity to fix a *copper* for the purpose of distributing soup to the distressed population, sent his bill in to the parish officers as follows:—"Te hanging a *cooper* to make soup for the poor."

Surely, Mr. Editor, NIMROD must be speaking metaphorically, unless human flesh has the peculiar property of improving the nose, or rendering the dogs more savage.—*Verb. sat.*

Having a large acquaintance, Mr. Editor, among the sporting characters in this part of the kingdom, perhaps I shall be serving your interest, if I name to you that I have very frequently heard it suggested that more space should be devoted to the "trigger," than has been hitherto done. This you will say is not your fault, but that of your correspondents, who are guilty of the crime of omission: I hope, therefore, they will henceforth give us a little more information upon this most interesting subject*. The *summering and training of hunters* are excellent points for inquiry, and, to a certain extent, useful and entertaining, especially to the sportsman who has the means and inclination to keep up a large stud; but to men of moderate incomes a lengthened disquisition becomes stale and unprofitable, and, as a proof of the utility of continuing this subject, I shall quote from your last Number the words of the most able correspondent that ever adorned the pages of your Magazine. He says, "Against my own experience of the hard-meat system for horses required for fast work, *all the arguments of all the people in the world would not make the most minute impression.*"—Then it is quite time to stop the ball, for other gent's may have the same kindly feeling towards their own system.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

TIMOTHY RAMROD.

Near Exeter, February 10, 1827.

* The Editor joins in this hope of his correspondent.

HIGHLANDER AND MAGNUS TROIL.

SIR,
YOUR correspondent FORESIGHT must have a superior title to the name he has assumed, if he could *foresee* that Highlander "would not have won the Sweepstakes" at Ashdown, from what has occurred in the short deciding course between that dog and Magnus Troil.

This *Champion* of Magnus's blood, who uniformly defends "*Belus et omnes à Belo soliti*," is too old a sportsman not to know that a greyhound far behind *always* seems to be going faster than the dog who is getting very near to the hare; but he may, perhaps, be ignorant that Highlander was the winner of the Newmarket Gold Cup and many other prizes, and that he was an acknowledged first-rate greyhound, or he would not so positively—I will not say flipantly—have affirmed that Magnus would have won.

I appeal to all present, whether such an inference could fairly be drawn from what took place on that occasion?

It is equally ludicrous to find the honour of beating Goldenlocks claimed by the present owner of Magnus, on the same day, when it must be recollected by so many people that the hare was picked up in turnips, the instant the dogs were slipped.

I am, Mr. Editor, your new correspondent,
RETROSPECTION.
Derbyshire, Feb. 10, 1827.

ALTCAR COURSING CLUB.

THE Members of the Altcar Club met, as has hitherto been

their practice, at the Waterloo Hotel on the evening previous to the Coursing; when the dogs were drawn for the different Stakes, and such other arrangements made as were necessary to the regulation of the field. In consequence of the late frosts, and the appearance of a return, many of the Members were prevented attending; yet, notwithstanding, forty-five dogs were brought to the ground. The Stakes and Matches this Meeting were more numerous than hitherto, and, consequently, an additional day was required to run off the ties. It, perhaps, would be difficult to decide on which day the sport was most interesting, though it was generally considered superior on the Tuesday, the hares proving themselves stronger on that day. The weather was particularly favorable, and the ground in the most beautiful order. It may be worthy of remark, that at the November Meeting, Lucius ran a most beautiful course with Storm, in which he very much distinguished himself; and, at the present Meeting, his match with Rosetta (bred by Lord Rivers) was most severe and trying. During the early part of the course, the dog displayed his speed by continually fetching his hare; whilst the bitch, though she performed her part, betrayed a deficiency in that respect; but, towards the close, the bitch did the work, and killed her hare in very good style.

Lord Molyneux, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Sudell, were the most fortunate, and produced some very good greyhounds; though it may be remarked the dogs in general appeared a little above their work, in consequence, perhaps, of the continued frost.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1827.

Sefton Stakes.—Mr. Seel's bl. d. Stretch beat Mr. Hoghton's bl. d. Harlequin; Mr. Alison's r. b. Lunaria beat Mr. Unsworth's yel. and wh. d. Udolph; Mr. Sudell's blk. b. Blush beat Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Laughter; Lord Molyneux's blk. b. Mary beat Mr. Willis's blk. d. Merryman.

Croxeth Puppy Stakes.—Lord Molyneux's wh. b. Morel beat Mr. Seel's wh. b. Spot; Mr. Lloyd's blk. b. Linnet beat Mr. Unsworth's blk. d. Ulick.

Formby Stakes.—Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Lascar beat Mr. Alison's blk. d. Charnock; Lord Molyneux's blk. and wh. b. Mergilina beat Mr. Formby's wh. d. Comet.

Matches.—Mr. Grenfell's blk. b. Glance beat Major H. Molyneux's blk. b. Money Musk; Mr. Sudell's brin. b. Fly beat Mr. Blackburne's wh. b. Pink; Mr. Sudell's blk. and wh. b. Swan agst Mr. Alison's brin. d. Tinker—undecided; Mr. Lloyd's r. d. Linnet beat Mr. Hoghton's bl. b. Harriett; Mr. Sudell's brin. b. Flora beat Mr. Heskeith's d. Hasty; Mr. Alison's blk. and wh. d. Mentor beat Mr. Heskeith's Hetman; Mr. Hoghton's bl. d. Rosetta beat Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Lucius; Mr. Blackburne's wh. b. Fly beat Mr. Willis's wh. d. Jock; Mr. Sudell's blk. and wh. b. Catch beat Lord Molyneux's blk. b. Miss; Lord Molyneux's blk. and wh. b. Musk beat Mr. Hoghton's bl. and wh. d. Ringouze; Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Lucifer beat Mr. Hoghton's yel. b. Flip; Mr. Lloyd's brin. b. Lutestring beat Mr. Formby's r. b. Flight; Mr. Alison's blk. d. Charnock beat Mr. Sudell's blk. and wh. b. Catch; Mr. Seel's blk. and wh. d. Snap beat Lord Molyneux's blk. d. Mervyn; Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Lunardi beat Mr. Formby's r. and wh. d. Tippoo; Mr. Sudell's blk. and wh. b. Swan beat Mr. Alison's f. b. Muslin.

TIES FOR THE SEFTON STAKES.

Blush beat Stretch,
Mary — Lunaria.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1827.

Deciding Course for the Sefton Stakes.—Mary beat Blush, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Croxeth Stakes.—Morel beat Linnet, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Formby Stakes.—Lascar beat Mergilina, and won the Stakes.

Beaten Stakes.—Mr. Alison's r. b. Lunaria beat Lord Molyneux's blk. b. Miss; Mr. Willis's blk. d. Merryman beat Mr. Unsworth's yel. and wh. d. Udolph.

Matches.—Mr. Sudell's brin. b. Flora beat Mr. Formby's r. b. Flight; Mr. Seel's blk. and wh. d. Snap beat Lord

Molyneux's blk. d. Mervyn; Mr. Alison's blk. and wh. Mentor beat Mr. Formby's r. and wh. d. Tippoo; Mr. Alison's blk. d. Charnock beat Mr. Unsworth's blk. d. Ulick; Mr. J. Blackburne's wh. b. Blanch agat Mr. Lloyd's blk. b. Lavinia—undecided; Mr. Sudell's brin. b. Flip beat Mr. Alison's blk. d. Charnock; Mr. Grenfell's blk. b. Glance beat Mr. Seel's wh. b. Spot; Mr. J. Blackburne's wh. b. Fly beat Mr. Lloyd's blk. b. Lucky; Mr. Willis's wh. d. Jock beat Mr. Formby's wh. d. Comet; Lord Molyneux's blk. b. Musk beat Mr. Hoghton's blk. b. Harriett; Mr. Seel's blk. and wh. d. Spanker beat Mr. Hoghton's bl. and wh. d. Ringouze; Mr. Alison's blk. and wh. d. Mentor beat Mr. Hoghton's bl. d. Harlequin.

Deciding Course for the Beaten Stakes.
Merryman beat Lanaria, and won the Stakes.

THE CROWN, BROXBOURNE BRIDGE.

SINCE our last publication a correspondent has sent us the following, in explanation of our fishing plate given in last Number:—

"Mrs. Scorer's is about four miles from Shepherd's, and is the only good place of accommodation on the Lea, between Rye House and Waltham Abbey. The extent of water belonging to this house is two miles, which is free to all those who put up there, as it is not a subscription water. The Crown is pleasantly situated, with extensive views across the marshes; and in one of the rooms, which appears to be appropriated to anglers, are hung a variety of pictures of fish and fishing. There are some spirited paintings by Mr. Laurie, an amateur artist, and brother of the angle.

The waters between the Rye House and Broxbourne Bridge are Mr. Gill's:—Subscription tickets, 10s. 6d. to be had at Crane's Lock. This water runs through the Oak-tree Field, which is famous for good

angling. Page's water is private; but the Gull in Nazing Marsh is free. Scorer's water reaches to King's Weir; and thence to Thoroughgood Sluice is Mr. Weston's. Subscribers pay one guinea per annum; tickets may be had at Scorer's. This part of the Lea is very retired, so little of the towing path passing through it: it is stored with trout, and advantageously joins the Government water at Waltham Abbey, which is full of fish, and well protected."

LETTER FROM "A RURALIST" ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

SIR,
ALL is at a stand still in the Sporting World. Our great enemy, the Frost, appears determined to make up this season for his rare appearance the two last years: nor do I see the slightest symptom of any change at present; though I hope, before this letter goes to the press, we shall be hard at it again. A Job's comforter just now told me, he thought this frost would last through the spring, but I trust he is not a Daniel.

I am just returned from Oxfordshire, where I hear the Duke of Beaufort and Sir Thomas Mostyn have been peculiarly lucky in their sport this year. Will Long, I am told, gives general satisfaction in the situation to which he succeeded on the resignation of Philip Payne, both by the correctness of his deportment, and his management of the hounds in the kennel and in the field. To enter upon a situation which has been ably and successfully filled by a predecessor, is no trifling concern: to succeed at first in that situation, and to give satisfaction to our employers, is still more difficult. On

this score Will Long deserves the greater credit.

I will now take the liberty of saying a few words on the remarks NIMROD did me the honour to make in his last communication on a letter of mine, signed A RURALIST, in your January Number. In the first place, he brings me up for mis-spelling Mr. Nicoll's name, and from this circumstance concludes I have never hunted much in Hampshire—*still quibbling upon words and letters!* I own that this is my first season in Hampshire, which may account for my not knowing how to spell the name of the Master of the New Forest Hounds. Surely this is not a crime of any very great magnitude; too trivial, I should have thought, to have been noticed by NIMROD, especially to have been made the subject of a rebuke—too unimportant too, I trust, to affect any statement I may have made in my last communication. Let this pass.

Your correspondent NIMROD, however, would seem to bring against me a heavier accusation, and against which I am more anxious to defend myself—namely, that I have made “mis-applied and unfriendly remarks” with regard to Mr. Smith's establishment, and that I have done so “without satisfying myself of the truth of them.” He would appear to hint that I have done this intentionally.

Now I always endeavour to speak, act, and write according as my poor judgment directs me, “nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice;” neither wishing, on the one hand, to curry favour by “flattering fibs,” nor, on the other, fearing to speak the honest truth, however unpleasant that truth may be.

In the second place, what I said of Mr. Smith's establishment I intended as the highest compliment I could pay him as Master of the Hambledon Hounds; that, considering the small subscription he had, and *consequently* the rough way in which the hounds were turned out, it was astonishing the wonders they had performed. From my own feelings I supposed he would have taken this as a compliment; nor do I know that he does not. It is not reasonable that an establishment, to which so little support and encouragement is given, as Mr. Smith's—it is not reasonable, or fair, to expect that it should appear in the form and with the same advantages as those which are enabled, by more liberal subscriptions, to be carried on upon a larger and more complete scale. The more sport it has, therefore, the greater is the credit due to him who has the management of it. This ~~was~~ my meaning in speaking of the Hambledon Hounds—these were my feelings. But if Mr. Smith considers his hunting establishment entitled to be put on a footing with those of his neighbours, then the remarks which I intended as complimentary may have appeared unfriendly.

Now I would observe to NIMROD, with all due deference, that I have *not* “made these, not only mis-applied, but not very friendly remarks, without satisfying myself of the truth of them.” I have met these hounds at the covert's side several times, and I spoke of them in my letter according as I thought, unprejudiced on either side. My ideas of a hunting establishment may certainly be mistaken; but I appeal to any unbiassed sportsman who has seen it, and he will bear me out, that in my

former letter I said nothing contrary to truth. If I have in the least degree hurt Mr. Smith's feelings, I regret it much, and can assure him I did it unintentionally; and, so far from being prejudiced against his hounds, there are many

packs in the kingdom to which I should prefer his for enjoying real sport. I consider him a thorough sportsman, and ever anxious to afford amusement to his field.

A RURALIST.

February 19, 1827.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A FEW LINES FROM NIMROD.

SIR,
I was my intention to have loitered a few days on my return to the North in one or two of the midland counties, and to have given you a little account of what is going on in the hunting way, but the long-protracted frost has altered all my plans. Such a stop to hunting has not, I believe, occurred at this advanced period of the winter for many years past. Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds, I hear, have only hunted eight times since the first of January!

Several changes have lately been talked of in the hunting countries, besides the one about to take place in Warwickshire. Mr. Musters—after some of the finest sport ever seen, during the open weather—has given notice of relinquishing Northamptonshire at the end of this season, unless his subscription is made up 2000l. a-year. It is also said Sir Richard Sutton retires from Lincolnshire; and that Mr. Osbaldestone wishes to give up the Quorn, and succeed Sir Richard. It has also been confidently reported, that Lord Anson gives up his hounds after this season, and Lord Chesterfield takes to his country. Here I want faith. I had it on pretty good authority this morning, that his Lordship was never more keen for the sport than at present, and that he is paying the greatest attention to the proceedings of his kennel. Time will shew.—I am sorry to say his Lordship has lately had a severe fall, owing to his horse slipping up with him in

the field.—I also regret to state that the Craven country (late Mr. Warde's) is again becoming vacant, Mr. Horlock having declared his intention of retiring after hunting the season out. Having so lately read the account of the Hunt ball at Hungerford, the appropriate decorations of the ball-room, the uniform of the members, and their chivalrous conduct towards the ladies of the neighbourhood, I was somewhat surprised to find that the whoop was so near at hand.—I don't like to hear of all these commotions in the fox-hunting world; for they strengthen my fears that the cause is every year becoming weaker, and that, ere many seasons pass away, some of our best countries will be vacant, from want of sportsmen to occupy them, which will be a new æra in the modern annals of Old England.

I have, however, one thing to mention which may not be *mal-à-propos* just at this moment. Your readers are well aware that I have long been on the road, but I never was in harness till now, the cause of which I will here explain:—In consequence of an alteration having taken place in the servants of the Southampton Telegraph, that very celebrated coachman, JOHN PEEB, was obliged to leave it, after ten years' service on that equally celebrated coach. That he was obliged to leave it, it is only necessary to say that, had he remained on it, he would only have had five hours' employment out of twenty-four, which would not do for a man in the prime of life, without injustice to himself

and those depending on his exertions ; for, to his credit be it said, Peer supports his father, who, after upwards of *thirty years' service on one coach*, retired from the box some years since, but without those means which less honorable conduct towards his employers might have secured him.

I am not to enter into the merits or demerits of the business ; it is sufficient to say that he has left it ; and, calculating on the good will he has obtained on that road, himself and Mr. JAMES WATERHOUSE have determined on starting a Southampton coach on the first of March. I was asked by Peer if I had any objection to its being called *THE NIMROD* ? " So far from that," replied I, " I shall be happy to put ten horses on ten miles of your ground, provided the thing is done in a workmanlike manner."—" Be assured of that, Sir," said Peer ; " the drag shall be turned out in the very first style, with patent axles, plate-glass windows, and green silk blinds, fit for the sort of passengers we shall have the honour of carrying in *THE NIMROD*. We also purpose that the fox's head shall be the only ornament on the pads and winkers, with a flying fox on the hind boot. I also propose that all the harness shall be made by one man, Mr. Palliser, of Finsbury Pavement, who will turn it out all right."

So much for the start of *THE NIMROD COACH*. We cannot command success, but must endeavour to deserve it.

I have this morning perused in the Morning Papers an *official* article, headed " The State of Crime in France ;" by which it appears, that, in the year 1825, the enormous and almost incredible number of *EIGHTY-SIX THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY-ONE INDIVIDUALS* WERE IMPLICATED IN OFFENCES AGAINST THE FOREST AND GAME LAWS !!! So much for the blessings of a legalized sale of game ! *NIMROD*.

London, February 21, 1827.

We have received the following letter from Oxford :—

Extraordinary Sport with Sir T.

Mostyn's Hounds.—On Thursday, Dec. 14, Sir Thos. Mostyn's hounds unkenelled a fox at Grendon Wood, and ran him thence through Doldershall Wood, to Oven Hill, where he was headed in the Aylesbury road ; he turned back again, through Doldershall, skirted Grendon, pointing for Edgecott, and through Charndon House Wood, and Shrubs Wood, leaving Claydon House to the right, to Steeple Claydon ; thence to Adstock, over the field, making his point for Great Horwood Field. Headed from there, he went to Boitton Break, turned at the river, and left Thornborough on the right, pointing for Furzen Field ; turned at the road, and the hounds ran in to their fox at Thornborough, after a chase of two hours and five minutes. The last half hour the hounds ran very fast, and it was most distressing for horses.

Saturday, met at Weston Peat Pits—found a fox at Busby Spinny, and after a burst of thirty minutes killed him in the Earl of Jersey's Ridings. Found a second fox at Ardley Wood, and went away over Heyford Fields, crossed the canal by Steeple Aston, by Hopcroft's Holt, through Barton Wood, and ran him to ground in Juniper earth, one mile from Glimpton, in fifty-seven minutes. The pace was tremendous, and the distance ten miles from the place where the fox was found.

On Tuesday, Dec. 18, the hounds met at Wescott Gate, and drew the Wilderness ; thence they went to Lord Chesterfield's new covert, where the hounds had scarcely entered, when away went reynard, with the hounds close at his brush, by his Lordship's late mansion up to the Wilderness ; thence to Lodge Hill, leaving Wootton new Wood to the left, crossing the Aylesbury road by Wescott, then over the enclosures, away up nearly to Lees, headed under Quainton, then over the open field, where he was again headed. He then made his way, leaving Oven to the left, to Hartwell, by Hardwick, then over the brook to Lillies, crossed the Aylesbury road again, and

through Abbott's Aston, away for Lady Lovescot's; turned again, steering his course by Wing Grove, when nature failed him, and the hounds ran in to him in Leighton Buzzard field, after an hour and fifty minutes, without a check, the distance from point to point being fifteen miles. The country was most severe, with tremendous fences; and the pace, considering the distance, is supposed to be unequalled.

It would be invidious to particularize any sportsmen in the above chase, when so many went well; but nothing but the most determined hard riders were able to see the end of it. Nevertheless, it is but justice to Mr. Deakins, of the King's Arms, Bicester, to say that he had four horses out, all of which were up at the death, and had been going in a most superior style; his bay horse, Shepherd, ridden by Capt. Drake, was very conspicuous, having taken the lead during the greater part of the chase, and appeared very fresh at the last. Several, who considered themselves well mounted, were not able to go the first twenty minutes, and in less than an hour were completely done up.

On Thursday, Dec. 21, they found at Charndon Wood; the hounds immediately divided, when about fourteen couple broke away from the coverts after a gallant fox, crossing through the Great See Wood, through Finmere Hill; thence to Dodder-shall, and skirted Grendon Wood, into Oven Hill Wood; crossed the London road, leaving Wooton to the right, and ran in to their fox at Ashington after one hour and five minutes hard running.

On Saturday, Dec. 23, they found at Flingford Gorse; went away immediately in view of the fox, through Drury's Furze, leaving Stempson's Mill to the left; headed at Newton Morel, through Willastor Spinnies and Spillmore Wood; skirted Fenmere diggings, through Barton and West Wood, and killed him at Tingewick after a burst of thirty-eight minutes. Such was the pace, that the fox was at no time able to head

the hounds more than one hundred yards. They then tried Goddington Cow-pasture, and found immediately. After running for three quarters of an hour, the fox at length broke covert, and ran a circuitous rout for three quarters of an hour, when they stopped the hounds close to the fox going into the covert where they found him.

The sport since Christmas has not been so good, the weather having been unfavorable.

Lord Petre had a brilliant day's sport on the 1st of February in the Danbury country. The hounds met at Kit Hall, and drew on to Tile Hill Grove; but this country has become very short of foxes, and many of the best coverts were drawn without success until nearly two o'clock, when his Lordship gave orders for the huntsman to trot on to Trussells' Rows. Here, immediately after the hounds were put into the Great Wood, a gallant old dog fox was viewed away on the other side, going for Cank Wood. Reynard gained time by a quick start, but the hounds were soon on the scent, and went off at such a pace that the fleetest and stoutest horse alive could not keep with them in that deep and distressing country. From Cank Wood they went to Hawes's Spring; on for the Woodham Hills, between Edwins Hall and the Marshes, leaving the Lowlands, back up to Woodham Hall Wood, which was the first twenty minutes' burst, and scarcely a man in the field saw a hound after the first five minutes, only now and then getting a sight of the huntsman, who kept well on the line, and got up to the pack at Woodham Hall, straight through and to Foakes's Wood, to New England, on for the Corporation Wood, and set his head straight up to the Hanging Wood for Hazeleigh Hall covert, which he reached in fifty minutes, but not a beaten fox, for he was gone away. He had been running up to that covert entirely on the wet ploughed, and took the fire pretty well out of the pack. This covert was reached with delight by

the horsemen, who anticipated a lighter country; but old reynard, as if conscious of his own stoutness, and determined to try that of the hounds and their condition too, went about half way down the covert, and turning short, quitted, and pointed away for another part of the country as deep as the former. Now began a lesson for masters of hounds; for nothing but good noses and condition can catch a stout old fox in February. On we went, smoking along as if by steam, by Jenkins, Rushes Grove, to the back of Maldon, up the hill to Mundon Furze, straight through on the Round Bush Farm, and through the gardens, pointing for Purleigh Howe to the left, up to Norton Hall, over the large fields, straight for Farnbridge Hall, and through as quick as lightning. Now it was evident to those who saw and knew the trick, the hounds were racing for their fox. Away went Benedict, Dreadnought, Danger, Wafter, and Pastime, as if they flew, followed by the next fleetest of the pack, which now, for the first time in the day, brought them to tailing; up the hills, through the groves, to Stow Church, where they ran in to him in view. The chase lasted *one hour and thirty-seven minutes!* and was certainly with these hounds by far the best thing this season. The horses were all beaten, and after the chase was over, the best horse in the field, when his noble owner was remounting, dropped down from excessive fatigue; but the valuable and favorite animal is likely to recover.

On the 7th of February, Lord Scarbrough's hounds had a burst from Finningley Park, and killed their fox at Wadworth Wood, after crossing Potterick Carr, a country hitherto counted impracticable; they first ran nearly the whole length of it, and leaving the decoy close on the right, made a point for Balby; but being headed in the fen, they turned up under Loversall. Six horses alone crossed the Carr with the hounds, all the rest of the field being either unwilling or unable; of these six horses five of them came out of Mr. Foljambe's

stables, and the sixth belonged to a farmer of the name of Harrison. An unlucky event happened to a valuable horse of Mr. Foljambe's, just under Wadworth Wood: in going through a gap, his hind leg slipped, and he fell on a stake which injured him so much that he was obliged to be shot immediately. He was thorough-bred, being got by Langton, out of the famous Mandane, and having been first favorite at the time of starting for the St. Leger.

Sir George Sitwell's fox-hounds met at Woodhouse Mill, on Friday the 19th January, and tried Elmother Hill, Treton Wood, and Burnt Wood, all blank; then Canklow Wood, where they found. They broke covert immediately, but did not proceed far before he was headed, took north, and again headed, and returned into the wood, where he ran a little while, and then went away at a racing pace past Moorgate to Brooke, where he was again headed, and turned to Whiston; then up to Wickersley, past Morthen Hall to Brampton Quarry, down the valley towards Ulley, turned up to Brampton village—after this “hold hard” was never heard. He then turned short, and went like an arrow to Aston, where they had a check, and afterwards some slow hunting to Swallow Nest.—Here great merit was due to Tom Day, for his perseverance and judgment in recovering his fox from the very worst terms possible.—Hence they ran to Nicker Wood—(here two couple of hounds were speared)—and hunted up to him, and went off with a delightful crash, heightened by the joyful tally-ho! He made a turn or two in the wood; but finding no longer any refuge here, went away at the north corner, and they flew past Aston, Spring Wood, across the Aughton and Aston road, towards Swallow Nest Bar, up to and through Treton Wood, skirted Burnt Wood—(here Governess made an excellent hit)—thence to Treton Quarry, crossed the river to Howorth, (the field from various causes was now very select,) up to Brinsworth, thence to Tinsley Park, which they ran nearly round. He then faced a

fine open country, again descending Hay-Field-Spring; here was a short check, and a couple of hounds were seen two or three fields forward. Tom's horse being beat, Mr. Wright took an active part, and succeeded in getting the hounds together: they again got upon good terms with him, and crossed the Handsworth and Rotherham road, along the meadows opposite Treeton Mill, up to the Foot Bridge, where they had a check, and much time lost, occasioned by a gentleman (no friend to fox-hunting) with a brace of pointers; it was at length discovered that he had crossed the bridge. Messrs. Boomer and Wright succeeded in getting their horses along the bridge; two more attempted, but their horses fell into the river and swam to the sides, and were got out without sustaining any apparent injury. There being now no huntsman or whipper-in, &c. &c. the worthy Baronet desired the hounds might be stopped, which was done accordingly as soon as they could be got to. Thus ended this excellent day's sport, after a run of four hours and twenty minutes, in which were hunting, chasing, and every other variety that constitutes the superiority and manly diversion of fox-hunting above every other field amusement.

We understand that Mr. Fellows has agreed to take the management of the Warwickshire hounds, provided the gentlemen of the Hunt will support it in a way that so good a sporting country deserves.

The members of the Craven Hunt gave a most splendid ball Feb. 6th, at the Mansion House, Newbury. The rooms were emblematically furnished with foxes in all positions, from the drag to the woo-whoop, and the motto of "fox-hunting for ever" was beautifully inscribed in the centre of the room. Among the company present were—the Lord High Steward, the Earl of Carnarvon, and family; the Lord Lieutenant of the county, the Earl of Abingdon, and the Countess; Lady Charlotte Bertie; the Members for the county, and families; the High Sheriff, William Mount, Esq.; J. B. Monck, Esq.

M.P.; Sir J. Cope, Bart.; Sir Charles Rich, Bart. and family; Colonel Blagrove; the Mayor of Newbury, and lady; and all the neighbouring families.

Several hounds belonging to Sir John Shelley, of Maresfield Park, having been bitten some time since by a strange dog, supposed to be mad, the worthy Baronet, unwilling that animals so necessary to his pleasure should be destroyed on suspicion only, referred the case for physical examination to a medical gentleman at Maresfield, who, to ascertain whether the suspected dog, which had been killed, was really in a rabid state, inoculated a rabbit (an animal the least to be dreaded of any that could be thought of in case of hydrophobia resulting) with the spume or saliva of the dog. The rabbit retained for several days its naturally innoxious and harmless disposition; but after awhile the scene changed, and the poor creature, who was wont to yield to every foe, and to fly before the meanest enemy, suddenly became an aggressor, attacking indiscriminately every animal, and even man himself, who came within the limits of its confinement. The experiment was conclusive—the rabbit was destroyed, together with sixteen favorite and valuable hounds.

The Turf.

Epsom Races.—The Sporting World will observe with gratification the exertions making, on the part of the new Steward of this Meeting, to promote an increase of sport. No less than three new Stakes are open for the present year, which promise to become permanent; and a Produce Stake of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. is made for mares put to Mr. Maberly's horse Middleton, during the ensuing season, to be ran in 1830; colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb., the Woodcot Course, to which Mr. M. adds 100 sovs. This is doing the thing with spirit and as it should be, and is, at the same time, the most effectual method of bringing an untried stallion into public notice. Whether the qualifications of Middleton as a racer, or his high family connexions,

(being got by Phantom out of Web, a sister to Whalebone, Whisker, and Waterloo,) are considered, he cannot fail becoming a most fashionable stallion, and no doubt there will be a numerous list of subscribers to his Produce Stakes.—Some of the first-rate mares, we learn, have already arrived at Shirley near Croydon, where, as also at the Bazaar, Middleton will cover this season. We are also happy to observe the Meeting is to continue four days as during the last two years. We sincerely hope Mr. Maberly's never-failing exertions will produce the much-wanted and long-meditated improvements in the race-course, and that the ensuing Meeting will not pass over without effectual measures being adopted to bring about this most desirable object.

Warwick Races:—A day's racing, at which much sport is anticipated, will take place on Warwick Course some time in March. The gentlemen at Leamington, and others, connected with the Warwickshire Hunt, are the principal promoters of this new meeting. Three races of two-mile heats are expected to be run, and several matches. We hear that upwards of 200l. have already been collected.

The first stone of the Grand Stand on the race-course at Wolverhampton was laid on the 6th of February.

STALLIONS, 1827.

Breeders for the Turf in Northamptonshire and the adjoining counties will be glad to find that Mr. Wm. Lumley has hired Troy of Gen. Grosvenor, at a large price, to cover this season, at Northampton, Market Harboro', Kettering, Wellesborough, and Newport Pagnell.

5. NIMROD, at Hampton Court Park, at 2 sovs. and 5s.:—by Childe Harold, by Sancho, dam by St. George.

SMOLENSKO was erroneously stated in our last Magazine to cover at 19gs.; it should have been 10gs.

BETTINGS.

SIR, *Tattersall's*, Feb. 19, 1827.

There was more bustle than usual at the room to-day. Several gentlemen from the different hunting countries were present, the severity of the wea-

ther precluding them from enjoying the sports of the field; yet the betting was by no means commensurate with the attendance; for, excepting upon double events, or between horses, it was flat and indecisive. Glenartney being a very promising colt, and holding well, was freely backed, 7 to 1 on the field the very outside; and towards the close this odds could barely be obtained. Tatler has recovered his lost ground; but although his party made great efforts to get him up again, it is doubtful if he can maintain his station, three or four of the best judges freely laying the odds against him. Defiance is a rising favorite, and, being a very fine colt, the offers against him were freely accepted. Espagnolle remains as before, 14 to 1 being occasionally taken, merely to keep him in his place. Mameluke is highly fancied, keeping uncommonly well; but, owing to the very elevated situation of Web, is rather in the shade. With the exception of Dahlia there is scarcely any alteration against any of the outside ones, the weather still continuing too unfavorable for private trials.

The betting on the Oaks within the last three weeks has been exceedingly dull. Maria training on, and winning all her races so very easy, has advanced her half a point: in fact, Maria, and Maria only, is the go; and, if any dependance is to be placed upon public running, and continuing well till the day of starting, the prevailing opinion is that victory is easy and certain. Totteridge, Duchess, and Souvenir, are all receding, the odds being repeatedly offered against the latter, and scarcely taken. Lord Exeter's Pantina advanced considerably, but the betting is not to a very heavy amount, neither is she very strongly supported; and, exclusive of the double events, the betting is altogether spiritless.

A few weeks since a little generalship was exhibited, and a strong attempt made to get Reviewer back: it succeeded for the time, as Olivera was backed several times over at 600 to 500 against him; but on the following Monday and Thursday, Lord Kelburne's party came up, and

drove Olivera back, reinstating Reviewer in his former position, where in all probability he will continue, as they stand unusually heavy upon his winning. Sancho Panza, from being in Mr. Watt's stable, is second favorite, although a loser; many, however, are of opinion that he will not stay there, and the speculators are very liberal in their offers. Olivera has retrograded five points, notwithstanding the strong support he lately received, and the betting is flat upon him.

One singular bet was offered in a double event, and taken; namely, 5000 to 100 against a colt out of Shoveller winning the Derby of 1828.

The Riddlesworth was slightly touched upon, Lord Jersey's two being great favorites, but nothing definite done, the horses being too closely confined to their stables.—Z. B.

DERBY.

13 to 2 and 7 to 1 agst Glenartney.
 9 and 10 to 1 agst Tatler.
 12 and 13 to 1 agst Defence.
 14 to 1 agst Espagnolle.
 20 to 1 agst Gaberlunzie.
 20 to 1 agst Dahlia.
 21 to 1 agst Mameluke.
 22 to 1 agst Trumpeter.
 23 to 1 agst Gustavus.
 25 to 1 agst Spondee.
 25 to 1 agst Catherine.
 30 to 1 agst Jemima.
 33 to 1 agst Gamelius.
 35 to 1 agst Turcoman.
 35 to 1 agst Johnny (Cressida).
 35 to 1 agst Augusta.
 35 to 1 agst Snowdrop.
 40 to 1 agst Maresfield (Antar).
 40 to 1 agst Chieftain.
 45 to 1 agst Eliza Teazle.
 50 to 1 agst Roderic.
 50 to 1 agst Paramour.
 50 to 1 agst Pontiff (Pythoness).
 50 to 1 agst Cat.
 50 to 1 agst Windermere.
 50 to 1 agst Chrysalis.
 50 to 1 agst Edmund.
 50 to 1 agst Apollo.
 50 to 1 agst Prestbury.
 50 to 1 agst Protestant.
 50 to 1 agst Sir Huldebrand.
 50 to 1 agst Pandarus.
 60 to 1 agst The Juggler.
 60 to 1 agst Zoffani.
 60 to 1 agst Moor Buzzard.
 60 to 1 agst Amazon.
 65 to 1 agst Constantine.
 65 to 1 agst Pantaloon.
 100 to 1 agst Intruder.
 100 to 1 agst Seymour filly.

6 to 5 Dahlia agst Mameluke.
 11 to 8 Dahlia agst Gustavus.
 The field agst the first eight.

OAKS.

5 to 1 agst Maria.
 12 and 13 to 1 agst Totteridge.
 13 to 1 agst Brown Duchess.
 15 to 1 agst Translation.
 16 and 17 to 1 agst Souvenir.
 18 to 1 agst Pantina.
 20 to 1 agst Morel.
 20 to 1 agst Calypso.
 24 to 1 agst Lunacy.
 30 to 1 agst Hampden.
 30 to 1 agst Scornful.
 30 to 1 agst Shoveler.
 35 to 1 agst Fair Helen.
 35 to 1 agst Donna Clara.
 35 to 1 agst Gulnare (Medora).
 35 to 1 agst Barossa.
 35 to 1 agst Seymour.
 40 to 1 agst Zeal.
 40 to 1 agst Whimper.
 40 to 1 agst Emma (Mirth).
 40 to 1 agst Miriam.
 45 to 1 agst Helenus.
 45 to 1 agst Vignette.
 45 to 1 agst Belvidera.
 50 to 1 agst Addy.
 50 to 1 agst Seacrow.
 50 to 1 agst Livonia (Stella).
 50 to 1 agst Recruit.
 65 to 1 agst Varennes.
 1000 to 12 agst Novice.
 35 to 1 agst Glenartney and Maria both winning.
 7 to 4 Maria agst Translation.
 ST. LEGER.
 13 to 1 agst Reviewer.
 17 and 18 to 1 agst Sancho Panza.
 18 and 19 to 1 agst Olivera.
 18 and 19 to 1 agst Jupiter.
 20 to 1 agst Granby.
 20 to 1 agst Popsy.
 22 to 1 agst Matilda.
 23 to 1 agst Moonshine.
 25 to 1 agst Glenartney.
 28 to 1 agst Emma.
 30 to 1 agst Romeo.
 30 to 1 agst Tatler.
 30 to 1 agst Harpur.
 30 to 1 agst Nivalis.
 35 to 1 agst Pelican.
 35 to 1 agst Pedlar.
 35 to 1 agst Nonplus.
 40 to 1 agst Medora.
 40 to 1 agst Justitia.
 40 to 1 agst Beggar Boy.
 50 to 1 agst Leda.
 50 to 1 agst Manuela.
 50 to 1 agst Defence.
 50 to 1 agst Laurel.
 50 to 1 agst Miss Emma.
 60 to 1 agst Tom Jones.
 60 to 1 agst Gustavus.
 65 to 1 agst Spondee.
 65 to 1 agst Gaberlunzie.
 65 to 1 agst Lunacy.

1800 to 4 agst Gustavus winning the Derby and St. Leger, and Maria the Oaks.

RIDDLESWORTH.

Glenartney and Mameluke are the favorites, and 10 to 1 agst Johnny.

SALE OF HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK'S RACING STUD.

This important sale took place at Hyde Park Corner, under the able direction of Messrs. Tattersall, on Monday, Feb. 5, 1827. The Yard was excessively crowded by the greatest variety of visitors from every quarter of the kingdom. Previous to the sale of the Royal stud, eight lots of blood stock, the property of General Grosvenor, were submitted for sale, but not disposed of. Messrs. Tattersall then proceeded to the sale of those belonging to the executors of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York.

The following Noblemen and Gentlemen were in the Yard. Duke of Richmond, Marquis of Graham, Earl of Mountharles (who attended for the King), Earl Bruce, Earl of Chesterfield, Lords Southampton, Fitzroy, Orford, Harborough, and Pembroke, General Grosvenor, Colonels Russell, Leigh, and Udney, Messrs. Greville, Charlton, Payne, &c.

The sale consisted of thirty-two thorough-bred horses, seven hacks, ten lots of carriages, gigs, and harness, &c. and twelve dogs. Of the ten grey barouche geldings, two were on job to His Royal Highness from Mr. Vernon, and fetched 198 and 160 guineas; eight were on job from Mr. Milton, and were sold in the course of the day, by private contract to a foreigner, for the Duchess de Berri—the price, we believe, 1500 guineas; two hacks, on job also, fetched 160 and 165 guineas, and were sold to Lord Pembroke and Mr. Hetherington.

As we gave in our last Number the full particulars of the lots, with their engagements, we consider the repetition here unnecessary. We shall, therefore, do no more than briefly name them. The following is the list and prices:—

The stallion Moses—1100gs. to the Duke of Richmond,

Don Carlos, by Election—195gs. to Mr. Wigram.

Grey Barb, from Tripoli—179gs. to Mr. Macdonald.

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Abigail—81gs. to Lord Lowther.

Rachael, 3 yrs, by Whalebone—560gs. to His Majesty.

Miriam, 3 yrs, sister to Rachael—not sold.

Lionel Lincoln, 4 yrs, by Whalebone—480gs. to Mr. Sowerby.

Bay colt, rising 4 yrs, by Woful—170gs. to Mr. Howe.

Colt, 3 yrs, by Merlin, out of Gramarie—not sold.

Colt, rising 3 yrs, by Merlin, out of Dahlia's dam—670gs. to Mr. Tattersall.

Colt, rising 3 yrs, by Waterloo—not sold.

Chesnut filly, rising 4 yrs, by Rainbow—91gs. to Mr. Burnett.

YEARLINGS.

Brother to Rachael—370gs. to Mr. H. Harvey.

Colt, by Buffalo, out of Hernia—60gs. to Mr. Field.

Colt, by Waterloo, out of Orion's dam—81gs. to Mr. Beardsworth.

Colt, by Selim, out of Gift—105gs. to Mr. Bonnet.

Colt, by Moses, out of Gramarie—200gs. to Mr. Payne.

Filly, by Whalebone, out of Varennes—200gs. to Mr. Payne.

FOALS.

Brother to Rachael—370gs. to Duke of Rutland.

Colt, by Tiresias, out of Dahlia's dam—155gs. to Colonel Russell.

Filly, by Moses, dam by Election—140gs. to Mr. Payne.

Filly, by Waterloo, out of Sister to Premium—48gs. to Mr. Payne.

Filly, by Moses, out of Favorite—not sold.

BROOD MARES.

The dam of Moses—230gs. to His Majesty.

Quadrille, by Selim—530gs. to Mr. Payne.

Gramarie, by Sorcerer, dam by Sir Peter—120gs. to Mr. Angerstein.

Sister to Bourbon, by Sorcerer, dam by Precipitate—not sold.

Favorite, by Blucher, out of Scheherazade—155gs. to Mr. Maberly.

Rowena, by Haphazard, out of Prudence—370gs. to Lord Chesterfield.

The dam of Orion, Sister to Prince Leopold—320gs. to His Majesty.

Mare, by Waxy, out of Moses's dam—220gs. to Lord Exeter.

Dahlia, by Phantom, Waxy mare.—220gs. to Lord Chesterfield.

HACKS.

Bay gelding (quiet with troops), 180gs.; Roan ditto, 115gs.; a bay mare, 34gs.; Putty (a brown gelding), 160gs.; a dun Galloway, 175gs.; a chestnut ditto, 90gs.; a bay gelding, 82gs.

CARRIAGES, &c.

A chariot, 10gs.; a headed chaise, 5gs.; a four-horse break, 43gs.; a ditto, 184gs.; a gig, 36gs.; a pair of state harness, 15gs.; a set of six-horse harness and saddle, 56gs.; curicle harness, 3gs.; two sets of bars, 16s.; and 13 saddles and bridles, in lots, 34l. 12s. 6d.

DOGS.

Ranger, 94gs.; Carlo, 5gs.; Sam, 2gs.; Rapp, 25s.; Sweep, 25s.; Juno, 4gs. (all pointers).—Neptune (a Retriever), 66gs.; Cossack (Newfoundland), 2gs.; Laurie (ditto), 3gs.—Finder, 6gs.; Flora, 5gs.; and Mumbo, 35s. (spaniels).

RECAPITULATION.

Racing stock	-	-	-	7632gs.
Hacks	-	-	-	767
Carriages	-	-	-	274
Dogs	-	-	-	111

Grand total - - - 8904gs.

STALLION GREYHOUNDS.

MARMION, blue, by Garouise, Brother to Mr. Wilkinson's Gesta, out of Pass, by Mr. Gowing's Fawn Dog, Sire of Mr. Rust's Beatrice:—at Flax Ovan, near Walsall, Staffordshire.

REMUS, blk. by Mr. Longden's celebrated d. Remus, out of Ladybird:—at Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

GRASPER, red, by Nelson, Sire of Bergani, Claret, and Vengeance, out of Negress:—same place as Remus.

COCKING.

The annual main between the gentlemen of West Sussex and East Hampshire, of 11 cocks, was decided on Monday, Feb. 2, at the Fleece

Inn: feeders and heolers for Sussex, Cobden and Turner; Hall and Cox for Hants. Sussex gained eight battles of the eleven.

SHOOTING.

At the grand battu, at Berkeley Castle, on the 1st of February, which closed the shooting season, the following was the quantity of game killed by Colonel Berkeley and a party of friends:—viz. 392 pheasants, 78 hares, 55 rabbits, 2 woodcocks, 1 moor-hen, and 1 snipe; total 529.

The undermentioned game was shot by a party of noblemen and gentlemen, friends of the Duke of Buckingham, on part of the Noble Duke's estates in Buckinghamshire, from January 15th to February 1st (inclusive): the Marquis of Chandos and Lord Temple were the principal shots on the occasion: John Cobden, gamekeeper:—1096 pheasants, 722 hares, 10 partridges, 48 widegeons, 1028 rabbits—Total, 2904 head.

On the 31st of January, a party of noblemen and gentlemen were shooting in one of the coverts of A. V. Corbet, Esq. near Acton Reynald, when a pied cock pheasant rose, and fled with such velocity against an oak tree, that his head and neck were nearly severed from his body, and he was taken up quite dead. It is remarkable that this very bird had been shot at the four or five last seasons, and always escaped; and Mr. Corbet, previous to commencing the day's sport, had requested that, should he be flushed, he might not be shot at.

Sir Arthur Chichester, at Yoolston Park, near Barnstaple, on the 19th of January, bagged, from his own gun, 23 woodcocks. Up to that day cocks were never known so scarce in Devon.

A great number of old birds being this year left to increase the breed of partridges, it is thought they will, in consequence, be found extraordinarily numerous in September next.—The percussion-lock, it seems, has lost much of its fashionable celebrity among sportsmen, many of the most experienced and expert shots having abandoned the use of it; and among their chiefs, we understand, may be named the Prince Esterhazy and Sir John Shelley.—*Lewes Journal*.

Pugilism.

The fight between Ned O'Neal and Tom Cannon, for 100l. a-side, took place on the 20th of February, at Warfield, Berks, about twenty-eight miles from London. The assemblage of spectators was immense, but the greater part of the crowd was collected from Windsor and the surrounding country—the metropolitans forming but a moderate proportion of the whole. Several bang-up vehicles gave consequence to the meeting; and the presence of many *Corinthians* patrons of pugilism proved that the *milliner* school is still in vogue, and only wants purity on its own part to obtain ample support. The odds were in favour of O'Neal, 6 to 4; from the time of the match being made, Ned being only 22 years of age, while Cannon marked 38; and Ned was considered a more scientific boxer. They then rose 7 to 4, and finally to 2 to 1. Tom's known good qualities, however, induced his friends to take these odds with some avidity, and the betting fell to its original standard, 6 to 4. The men entered the ring shortly after one o'clock, Cannon attended by Harry Harmer and Peter Crawley, and O'Neal by Harry Holt and Josh Hudson—both confident.

ROUNDS.

1. A few minutes occupied in sparring; O'Neal commenced, and attempted to make a blow with his right hand, which was stopped by Cannon: O'Neal followed him round the ring, and at last both closed; and, after a severe struggle, Cannon was thrown lightly.

2. Some good counters were exchanged; Cannon rushed forward with vigour, and Ned was thrown. Cannon fell with him, but unluckily came with his head in contact with the stake, receiving a heavy blow on the ear, and a deep incision in the skin behind, which bled profusely.—Cheers for Ned, but Cannon got up smiling.

3. Cannon threw O'Neal after a short struggle; no mischief.

4. Both men eager to begin, and fought rather wildly; Cannon tried to make a body blow, but failed; Cannon closed and fell on O'Neal.

5. Several heavy blows exchanged; hit followed hit; and at length Ned fell heavily on his head.

6. Dreadful slaughtering work; tre-

mendous heavy blows struck by both men, until Cannon threw O'Neal very heavily against the ropes.

7. Cannon hit a heavy body blow, and in the throw O'Neal sent Cannon down on his head.

8. Cannon, rather groggy, fell on his knees, and smiled.

9. Cannon weak, but in good temper. Cries, "Go it, O'Neal;" and O'Neal hit Cannon against the stakes; a close, and both fell. Cannon under; O'Neal had the advantage decidedly in this round.

10. Cannon on his guard; but O'Neal piped a little, and gave Cannon a heavy nose; closed, and in the fall O'Neal under.

11. Both very cautious; at the end of a short round both men down, O'Neal's head coming heavily to the ground.

12. O'Neal got Cannon in the corner of the ring, and both struggled hard for the throw;—hard fighting, in which Cannon got O'Neal under him at the close.

13. Both appeared at the scratch with unshaken courage; heavy punishing blows in the bread basket, and right and left was the order of the day till both men went down.

14. Cannon hit O'Neal fall in the mouth several hard blows; at last Cannon pulled O'Neal down in the close.

15. Both men so exhausted that they could hardly come to time; at last they both fell on their backs.

16. O'Neal got Cannon against the ropes in the ring, when both men fell together out of the ring.—Six to 4 on Cannon.

17. O'Neal's face was covered with blood, and both men much distressed. A few minutes' sparring; Cannon hit O'Neal a heavy blow on the chest; O'Neal caught hold of Cannon with a firm grasp, and prevented punishment; at the close, Ned fell on Cannon.

18. Cannon gave O'Neal a *frater*. O'Neal then got his arm over Cannon's head, and punished him severely, till Cannon went down to save himself.

19. O'Neal hit Cannon a heavy blow, which sent him against the ropes; O'Neal followed up his advantage, and threw him heavily. Odds turned in favour of O'Neal, but not more than 5 to 4.

20. Several heavy blows exchanged, till Cannon was thrown heavily on his right shoulder, O'Neal falling on his head.

21. Cannon much exhausted; O'Neal threw him heavily.—Ten to 1 on Ned.

22. Cannon was brought forward almost powerless, when Ned went in to finish, and hit him down with his left, Cannon falling outside the ropes.

On "time" being called, Cannon came slowly under the ropes; almost

in a state of stupefaction; but before he could reach his ground, the umpires declared the time to have expired, and Harry Holt, throwing up his hat, proclaimed O'Neal the winner, to the infinite delight of himself and his backers. It was clear that Cannon could not have continued the fight; his right shoulder was severely hurt in the 20th round. In point of punishment, however, O'Neal shewed the worst of the hitting; and such was his state of distress in the middle of the fight, that the most competent judges booked him as a loser. Both men were taken from the ground in a state of insensibility. The fight lasted thirty minutes.

Dick Curtis and Barney Aaron, for 100 a-side, and Young Dutch Sam and Gipsy Cooper for 50, were to fight the 27th February, of course too late for us to give the result till our next publication.

SPARRING.

Jem Ward took a benefit at the Tennis Court on the 6th of February, and was supported by numerous *swells*, who had promised to patronize him for the bravery exhibited in his battle with Crawley—there was a strong muster and a prime exhibition. Jem still boldly challenges for the Championship, and as yet no one has

ventured to dispute his claim. It is true, Brown will meet him for 500, and no less! Whether Jem can come up to the mark, remains for others to determine—he is *determined* to risk his all; but as that is only a drop in the ocean to Brown's *Ultimatum*, it is conjectured—at least for the present—to be no go.

Young Gas had announced a benefit in the same arena for the 13th; and as he had been triumphant in his late battle with Robinson, it was thought his *light* would have been brilliant: but if he did not lose, he was no gainer. The pipes were all laid down, but the machine was out of order—the sets to very indifferent. There were a few fifth-rate Bristol exhibitors, with the Northampton Baker, who, however, unfortunately sprained his left arm in a bout with Fisher, and was obliged to draw off, before, as he said, he was *half done*. None of the *big ones* were present.

FIGHTS TO COME.

March 6, Ned Savage and Jem Wallace, 25l. to 20l.

March 13, Larkins and Abbott, 50l. a-side.

April 10, Martin and Gybletta, 100l. a-side.

April 24, Ned Baldwin and James Burn, 100l. a-side.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Monitor" on Gaming, Play-or-Pay Betting, &c.—"Sir Mark Chase,"—"Amator Justice,"—"Cantab,"—"Solicitor Shot,"—"The North-Wester," and several other favours, stand over from pre-occupation of our columns—"Scarlet" will always be acceptable.

J. F. A. has our thanks, but there are more difficulties in his proposition than he is aware of.

We thank two friends who have sent us classical communications, but fear they are rather too learned for the generality of our readers.

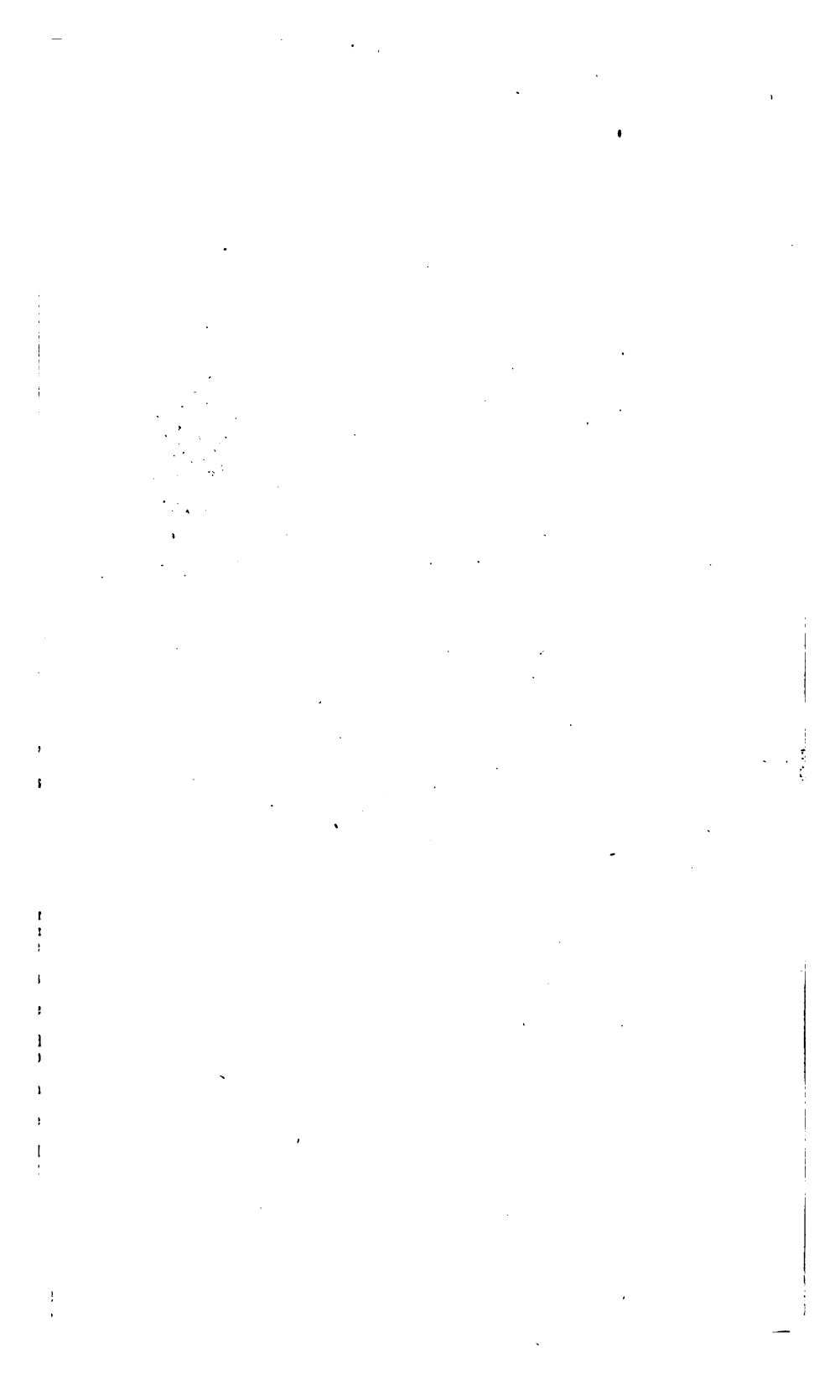
Another correspondent's communication on the subject "De Veritate" writes on had been printed before his letter came to hand. The same remark will serve as a reply to "Anti-Cannibal."

The quotation respecting which a correspondent inquires about is to be found in Horace.

We regret "Anti-Humbbug's" decision, and hope he will change his mind, as we cannot alter ours:—as far as we know he is alone in his objection.

"An Amateur of the Turf" has written us a letter recommending a Law to be passed by Parliament "for the more effectually ordering Horse Racing"—by registering thorough-bred stock, and insuring faithful pedigrees, in all cases either of Racing, or Horses changing owners. He would, however, enforce his enactments by penalties about as mild as those of Draca.

We are unable to answer the inquiry respecting the dog Billy.





PARASOL.

The Parasol, a new and improved design, for sale.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. N. S.

APRIL, 1827.

No. CXV.

CONTENTS.

Pedigree and Performances of Parasol.....	337
Epsom Coursing Club	339
Destruction of Foxes.....	340
Flint and Percussion Locks—Ammuni- tion—Battle-shooting	341
Veterinary Information.....	342
Letter from the Foxhunter Rough & Ready.....	343
<i>Str. Mark Chase</i> on a late Controversy— Firing—Chipping—Finale to the Run with <i>Lord Howe's</i> Stag-hounds.....	345
The approaching Gay Season—Gambling Houses—Turf Matters—Play or Pay Betting, &c.....	349
Defence of Devonshire Farmers.....	351
Leap with the Berkeley Hunt	353
On Taking Calp	353
History of the Saddle, by <i>Nimrod</i>	355
Observations on <i>Nimrod's</i> Letter on the Game Laws	357
Chesterford Coursing—Reply to " <i>Soho</i> ,"	359
Mr. Trafford's Harriers	359
Mr. Hanbury's Hounds	361

A Letter from a North Countryman on Breeding—Stallions, &c.....	369
Epsom Meeting, 1830	372
Poetic Address to <i>Nimrod</i>	373
A Fox-hunter's Wishes.....	373
Sport with the Northumberland Hounds.....	374
The Union Deptford Coursing Meeting	375
The <i>Nimrod</i> Coach	376
Burton-upon-Trent Coursing Meeting.....	377
Ticks in Kennels	378
Inquiries on Breeding	379
"Solicitor Shot" on the Game Laws.....	380
On the English Racer, as derived from the Barb and Arab, by "A Northern Gentleman and Breeder"	383
<i>Remus</i> , a celebrated Greyhound	384
Derbyshire & Malton Coursing Meetings.....	385
Bettings at Tattersall's	388
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.....	389
TO CORRESPONDENTS	403
RACING CALENDAR	79
INDEX to the Volume.	

Embellished with,

I. PARASOL.

II. REMUS, a celebrated Greyhound.

III. VIGNETTE TITLE PAGE TO THE VOLUME.

PARASOL.

Engraved by WEBB, from a painting by
Mr. BARENGER.

PARASOL, a bay mare, foaled in 1800, was bred by his Grace the Duke of Grafton; got by Pot8o's; her dam, Prunella, by Highflyer; grandam, Promise, by Snap; great grandam, Julia, by Blank; great great grandam, Spectator's dam, by Partner; great great great grandam, Bonny Lass, by Bay Bolton—Darley's Arabian—Byerley Turk—Taffolet Barb—Place's White Turk—out of a natural Barb mare.

PERFORMANCES.

At Newmarket July Meeting 1803, PARASOL won the Town Purse of 50*l*. with Mr. Perram's 20*l*. added, for three-year-olds—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st. last mile and a distance of B. C.—beating Lord Clermont's Rumbo; Lord Grosvenor's Cesario; and Mr. R. Boyce's The Doctor:—6 to 4 agst Parasol, and 7 to 4 agst Rumbo.—In the First October Meeting, she rec. ft. from three others in a Sweepstakes of 100 each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, A.F.—Next day, she won one third of a Subscrip-

A U

tion Purse of 25gs. each, with 50l. added, for three-year-olds:—cots, 8st. 6lb.; fillics, 8st. 3lb. D.I. (16 subscribers)—beating Col. Legh's gr. f. by Precipitate, dam by Woodpecker; Sir C. Bunbury's Pamela; Mr. Watson's Dreadnought; and Mr. Howorth's Alderney:—6 to 4 agst Parasol, and 7 to 4 agst Dreadnought. Won quite easy.—In the Second October Meeting, at 7st. 10lb. she won 50l. for three and four-year-olds, A.F., beating Sir C. Bunbury's Orlando, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.:—6 to 4 on Parasol. A good race.—In the Houghton Meeting, at 8st. 5lb. she rec. 35gs. compromise from Lord Stawell's Elizabeth, 8st. D.I. 100gs. h. ft.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting 1804, PARASOL, 7st. 10lb. won the Second Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. D.I. (9 subscribers), beating Mr. Warrington's Hardbargain, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb.; Lord G. H. Cavendish's Lignum Vitæ, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.; Mr. Browne's Flambeau, 5 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.; Mr. Branthwayt's Harefoot, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.; and Lord F. G. Osborne's Phoenix, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.:—7 to 4 agst Parasol, 5 to 2 agst Lignum Vitæ, and 7 to 2 agst Harefoot.—In the First Spring Meeting, at 7st. 8lb. she rec. 60gs. compromise from Mr. Mellish's Eagle, 8st. 9lb. A.F. 200gs. h. ft.—In the Second Spring Meeting, at 7st. 5lb. she rec. 70gs. compromise from Mr. Howorth's Malta, 6 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. Ab. M. 100gs.—Next day, at 8st. she beat Lord Sackville's Enchanter, 5 yrs old, 8st. R.M. 100gs.:—13 to 8 on Parasol. Won easy.—In the First October Meeting, at 8st. 4lb. she won one-third of a subscription of 25gs. each, with 50 added, D.I. (16 subscribers), beating Sir F.

Standish's Brother to Stamford, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.; Col. Legh's Nitre, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.; and Lord Grosvenor's Baron Bull, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.:—7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Parasol, and 5 to 2 agst Brother to Stamford. Won very easy.—In the same Meeting, she won the King's Purse of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards, R.C., beating Sir C. Norton's Sir Harry Dimsdale, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.; and Sir H. Williamson's Walton, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb.:—11 to 5 agst Parasol, 7 to 4 agst Sir Harry Dimsdale, and 5 to 2 agst Walton. Won quite easy.—Same day, at 8st. she rec. 40gs. compromise from Lord Foley's Watery, 6st. 8lb. two middle miles of B.C. 100gs. h. ft.—In the Second October Meeting, at 8st. 7lb. she beat Mr. Mellish's Buss, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. D.I. 200gs.:—5 to 1 on Parasol. Won easy.

At Newmarket First Spring Meeting 1805, PARASOL walked over for the King's Purse, for five-year-old mares, 10st. each, R.C.—In the same Meeting, at 8st. 7lb. she won 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards, D.C., beating Lord Foley's Hippocampus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. J. W. Wardell's Houghton Lass, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. Ladbroke's Sir David, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.; Lord F. G. Osborne's Elizabeth, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.; and Mr. Howorth's Enterprise, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.:—even betting and 5 to 4 on Hippocampus, 7 to 2 agst Houghton Lass, and 4 to 1 agst Parasol. Won very easy.—In the Second Spring Meeting, at 8st. 3lb. she won the Jockey Club Purse of 50gs. B.C., beating Sir H. Williamson's Walton, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb., and Mr. D. Radcliffe's Petruccio, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.:—11 to 8 on Walton, 6 and 7 to 4

agst Parasol, and 8 to 1 agst Petrichio. Won very easy.—In the First October Meeting, at 8st. 6lb. she walked over for a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for four-year-olds and upwards, B.C. (21 subscribers.)—Same day, at 8st. 6lb. she rec. 50gs. compromise from Mr. Mellish's Pipylin, 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. B.C. 200gs. h. ft.—In the same Meeting, at 8st. 5lb. she walked over for a Purse of 50gs. free for any horse, &c. B.C.—Next day, at 11st. 6lb. she walked over for the King's Purse of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards, R.C.—In the Second October Meeting, she beat Lord Foley's Sir Harry Dimsdale, both 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. each, for a Subscription of 25gs. each (16 subscribers), B.C.:—11 to 5 on Parasol. A severe run race, and won by a length and a half.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting 1806, PARASOL, 8st. 5lb. rec. ft. from Lord Foley's Hippocampus, 8st. B.C. 200gs. h. ft.—In the First Spring Meeting, she rec. ft. from Sir H. Williamson's Walton, 6 yrs old, and Lord Foley's Hippocampus, 4 yrs old, in a Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each, B.C.—Next day, at 9st. 10lb. she won the King's Purse of 100gs. for mares, R.C. beating Mr. Abbey's Margery, 6 yrs old, 10st., and Mr. Wyndham's Glory, 3 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.:—12 to 1 on Parasol. Won in a canter.—Next race she won 50l. for four-year-olds and upwards, R.C. beating Mr. C. Browne's Antipator, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.:—20 to 1 on Parasol. Won in a canter.—In the July Meeting, at 8st. 12lb. she won 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards, D.I. beating Sir C. Bunbury's Lydia, 4 yrs old, 8st.:—3 to 1 on Parasol. Won easy.—In the First October Meeting, at

8st. 9lb. she received 50gs. compromise from Mr. Mellish's Cesar Peter, 8st. B.C. 200gs. h. ft.—In the Second October Meeting, at 8st. 11lb. she beat Mr. Arthur's Cardinal Beaufort, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. B.C. 200gs.:—6 to 5 on Cardinal Beaufort.

At Newmarket First Spring Meeting 1808, PARASOL, 8st. beat Mr. Sitwell's Taurus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 100gs. B.C.:—3 to 1 on Parasol.—In the Second Spring Meeting, at 8st. 12lb. rec. 100gs. from Sir C. Turner's Thorn, 8st. B.C. 200gs.

She was afterwards put to the stud, and was the dam of

	foaled in
General L. Gower's ch. c. Parachute, by Sorcerer	1809
Lord Rosmore's b. f. Promise, by Walton (sold into Ireland)	1810
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Partisan, by Walton	1811
Duke of Grafton's b. c. (died young), by Walton	1812
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Picacon, by Selim	1815
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Pindarrie, by Phantom (sold to India)	1817
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Polygar, by Walton	1818
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Pastille, by Rubens	1819
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. by Rubens, Duke of Grafton's ch. f. (died a foal), by Election	1820
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Parapluie, by Merlin	1823
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Paramour, by Merlin	1824
Duke of Grafton's, by Sam	1827

In 1813 missed to Vandye, 1814 to Walton, 1816 to Waxy, 1821 to Phantom, 1825 to Merlin, and in 1826 to Centaur.

EPSOM COURSING CLUB.

SIR,
HAPPENING to be in the neighbourhood of Epsom on the first of this month, and hearing that the first meeting of the Epsom Coursing Club was fixed for

that day, I was induced to go and see it. Judge, Mr. Editor, of the feelings of an *old courser*, who has often witnessed the anxious and enduring patience of true sporting men in looking for good *hares* to run off the ties for a Cup, to find the Members of this new Club running off their last ties from the trap. Surely, Sir, sporting must be degenerating; and I trouble you with this hasty letter, that you may let the gentlemen of Surrey know that this is not as it ought to be. We all know that the riding and the hallooing of a concourse of people will often frighten a *wild hare* out of her wits, and spoil the course! What possible chance, then, has a poor devil that has lost its wits already, by being shut up in a box, of ever recovering them, and affording such a course as ought to decide a Cup?

I wish well to all coursing; and, as there seem to be some real lovers of it among the Members, I trust, with your kind assistance in correcting this error of coursing trap-hares, that the Club will grow into celebrity; for they have much favorable ground, and the county is not the *Zero* of all coursing countries, as NIMROD calls it of hunting ones.

The dogs did not appear particularly worthy of notice; but I should mention as exceptions, a bitch called Trinket (Mr. Knight's), whose symmetry and condition would have done credit to the kennels of our first-rate coursers; and another black and white bitch (Mr. Northy's), very neat, but too fleshy for her best speed. The presence of dogs like these at the Meetings shews that they have some blood in the county: and hoping that these hints may be the occa-

sion of the Club discontinuing the practice of running off their ties from the trap, I remain your constant reader,
AN OLD COURSER.

Chipstead, 15th March, 1827.

DESTRUCTION OF FOXES.

SIR,

THE trapping and destruction of foxes increases so rapidly, that the prediction of NIMROD will shortly be verified in every part of England, except those most favored by nature, and preserved, either by immense landed proprietors, or by those in whose hands the sport of every country is placed—let it consist either in foxes or pheasants, or both—the farmers; and fox-hunting, east, south, and west of London, will be known but by tradition. Every proprietor, tenant, and (God save the mark!) preserver of fifty acres, for the sake of a pheasant, a rabbit, or some other equally valuable article, is in arms the instant that a report reaches his ears of a fox being in his neighbourhood. Against a wolf the tocsin could not be more eagerly sounded. He is followed without cessation by every cur, backed by every ragamuffin in the parish; and the scoundrel who is fortunate enough to bag him—for which they toil and watch indefatigably—is looked upon as a sort of hero, a conqueror; and comes to every door, exhibiting, as his trophy, the source of amusement and gain to gentlemen and farmers, dangling at his back with two ounces of shot through its brains.

I know it is in vain to attempt to dissuade persons bigoted to their own opinions and to their own superior knowledge: it

is in vain to assure those who never had five pheasants in their lives upon their whole estates, that some of the finest preserves in England are the most certain finds for a fox. (To name one, for instance, out of a thousand, Mr. Caswell's, in Hertfordshire.) No, No; to waste time and paper upon such impenetrable stuff is equally futile and provoking; but I have another proposal to make. Brother fox-hunters, do not think me a half-bred one on account of what I am about to say. Had you been so long and so hopelessly witnessing the triumph exhibited in the destruction of your sport, I believe you would join with me, when I say to *such people, and to such only*, "Trap the foxes;" but trap them in muffled traps or pit hutches, and send them to the nearest kennel; and (if I must go still farther) with this proviso, that they shall not be unbagged within a certain distance of your coverts.

Many have woods lying so badly for hounds, and so wide of their usual places of meeting, that they are seldom drawn; and on that account, as they conceive a pack of fox-hounds ought to be always at their beck, destroy foxes. Many, who would not otherwise shoot a fox, dislike their woods to be made breeding coverts; a still greater number wish a fox at the devil, whenever they see him. By the plan I have recommended, I conceive all parties may be, in some degree, accommodated and mollified; and, though I dare not say sport will not be lessened wherever trapping is countenanced, it will not be thoroughly destroyed.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

BRUSH.

FLINT AND PÉRCUSSION LOCKS — AMMUNITION — BATTLE- SHOOTING.

SIR,

I Am happy to find among your correspondents some advocates for the gun, and to see it in such able hands as RAMBON'S and A LOVER OF THE TRIGGER'S: I hope they will take the hint expressed in your last, and favour us with a little more on the subject.

The case of "Flint v. Copper Cap" appears to be at rest; and it seems to be admitted generally that flint shoots strongest into the bird and with less recoil, but that the cap will have the preference for its quickness in all weathers. Colonel Hawker, to whom we are indebted for some wrinkles, has long come to this conclusion; but neither he nor any one else have cleared up the paradox.

I have been, sometimes, induced to think that the cap contains too much fulminating powder, and consequently that the flame, being so intense, passes through the powder, actually giving the shot a lift before the main charge has ignited: whereas, the cap should merely light and leave the powder to do its own work. Talking of powder, Mr. Editor, I wish you would call the attention of Mr. Pigou, or Andrews, to their powder canisters; the cork is extremely troublesome, if not dangerous, and the sliding lid is still worse.

The shot manufacturers want titivating too; for the way in which they graduate their shot is quite unpardonable: they should come to some understanding among themselves, and let us have, to a certain extent, one uniform scale—not, as in No. 4, four different Nos. 4, &c. &c.

Many very good shots are extremely fastidious on this point, and bring little to bag without they have the *right size*; and I really believe, that, to do great execution, you must have as much confidence in your charge as your piece itself.

The Sporting World seems at sizes and sevens—(N.B. shot). I cannot think either so good as Malthby's No. 5.

No. 6 fills a sheet of paper delightfully at forty yards, but 5 leaves no room for the bird to escape, and hits twice as hard. In fact, were a man limited to one size the season through, he could not do wiser than choose fives.

There is a rage for equal proportions as the charge for both flint and cap. I have not found the advantage of it, except perhaps in November; and still adhere to the old plan of a stricken charge of powder to a bumper of shot.

The passion too for guns of 12 and 18lbs. is surely absurd; they may be admissible at the Red House, but across a country are quite *insupportable*.

For a legitimate sportsman a 15 gauge, or large 14, is by far the prettiest tool. But who can talk with patience of legitimate sporting in these days, when fox-hunting, the very soul of it, and the liberty of some thousands of our fellow creatures are to be sacrificed for the *battue*—a pursuit we have borrowed from the French, at once cruel, selfish, and unmanly, which, from its very signification, supersedes the most bewitching part of all our sports—the assistance of the dog; and consists in

the slaughter of some thousand heads of game in a few days*?

Fond, nay devoted, as I am to shooting, dearly as I cherish my pointers and my purdey, still, God knows, I would consign them all to the devil, and take to chasing rabbits (*à la Française*) with a lobster, and killing hares with Spanish snuff, sooner than have the fox disturbed, or this *battue*-ing tolerated.

But I trespass too much on your patience and pages, and am your obedient servant, J. F. A.

VETERINARY INFORMATION.

SIR,
BEING a warm admirer of that truly noble animal the horse, and of those delightful sports, hunting and racing, in which he is invaluable, I am at all times anxious to promote his welfare and to lessen his cares and sufferings; and therefore shall request you to do me the favour to insert the following particulars in your next Number.

Having occasion, a few days since, to go to the stables of a veterinary surgeon in the town in which I reside, I observed a fine cart mare labouring under all the peculiar and well-marked symptoms of inflammation of the bowels. Upon minute inquiry I learnt that she had been some days previously attacked with obstruction of the bowels; and though every means usually employed had been resorted to, still no relief could be obtained; consequently inflammation ensued, which no doubt would

* The under-mentioned game was shot at the Duke of Buckingham's from Jan. 15 to Feb. 1:—1096 pheasants, 722 hares, 10 partridges, 45 widgeons, 1028 rabbits—total 2064 head!

very soon have destroyed her, had it not been determined on, at my request, to try the effect of Weiss's patent-injecting syringe, which, by enabling us to throw up, not a quart or two, but a large stable bucket full of warm soap suds, the great obstinacy of the bowels was, to our gratification, very soon overcome, and, in consequence, the inflammatory symptoms gradually subsided, and the mare is now perfectly recovered. The result of this experiment I conceive to be of the greatest importance to the Sporting World, as many a valuable horse has been lost by this highly dangerous disease: indeed, a few years since, I myself lost a very fine blood filly from the same cause, which I am persuaded might have been saved, if the same measure could have been resorted to.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. G. R.

March 12, 1837.

LETTER FROM THE FOX-HUNTER ROUGH AND READY.

ON the 25th of last month, that horrible, dreary fellow, Jack Frost, left us: whilst he, the hard-hearted tyrant, reigned, he scattered around him in death the feathered bipeds. It seemed as if the last bird was about to sing his last song. The east wind poured its dark, dry, cold desolation upon us: the horse looked dull and rough in his stall, and the bound moaned in his kennel. It looked as if the last hunting day was past and gone for ever! However, joy be to all—a kind south-wester has driven away this hard-hearted tyrant over man and beast!

Mr. Pode's hounds again took the field on Tuesday the 27th of February. As I wished to ascer-

tain as far as possible how weather influenced scent, I have noticed a few hunting days.

February 27th.—Thermometer, in an exposed situation, stood at 20 above freezing; wind S.W.; rain and fog. Unkennelled—the scent very bad—could do nothing.

March 1st.—Thermometer 19 above freezing; wind N.W., and cloudy; rain about three o'clock. Turned out three hares before Mr. Treby's harriers, who have particularly good noses: the scent so very bad they could not carry it a yard.

Friday, 2nd.—Thermometer 14 above freezing; wind N.W. by N. and cold. Unkennelled one fox about eleven, and one about two o'clock, with Mr. Pode's hounds; but could do but little, the scent so desperately bad.

Saturday, 3rd.—Thermometer 21 above freezing; wind S.W. and stormy; rain in the afternoon. Mr. Pode's hounds unkennelled a badgering foil-running fox in a bad scenting country, which went to ground in about one hour. The scent was doubtful, and, I rather think, with a go-along fox would have been good. Mr. Treby's harriers, on the same day, killed a brace of hares in brilliant style, the scent being breast high.

Monday, 5th.—Thermometer 11 above freezing; the wind veering about and very cold. Mr. Treby's harriers hunted up to their hare with a capital walk, yet when puss was a-going there was no scent at all after her; two hares were turned out with the same certainty of not being tormented (poor timid animals!) for five minutes.

Tuesday, 6th.—Thermometer 13 above freezing; wind N.W. and stormy. Mr. Pode's hounds unkennelled; but the desperately

had scent made reynard grow fat before them.

Wednesday, 7th.—Thermometer 12½ above freezing. Five hares were turned out before Mr. Treby's harriers, and are all now alive and kicking, as far as the hounds are concerned. The extraordinary scarcity of scent left them to increase the breed of hares.

Friday, 9th.—Thermometer 3 above freezing; wind N. E. Mr. Pode's hounds chopped one fox, unkenelled a second—the scent as usual saved him.

I should be glad to learn if the scent, since the frost went away, has been so very bad in other places as it has been in this neighbourhood: perhaps some of your correspondents may have looked into this, and can inform me. Indeed, we have had all through this season not above three or four good scenting days.

Your Magazine of this month is like unto the ill-omened raven perched upon the top of an aged elm tree, croaking forth notes of death and dismay to all fox-hunting concerns. We of the West must pray for better tidings from the East; we hope, yea even in despair, that the pheasant preservers will take to horse and hound, and lay aside the gun.

I am much obliged to the MEMBER OF THE BURTON HUNT for the compliment he pays me; and, as he asks my opinion, I must say I never saw so good a player as Abraham Cann. He has certainly been sometimes thrown, but never twice by the same man; and, as I have heard, has never failed of having his revenge, and has taken back their hard-earned glories to add to his own honour. I have seen him throw John Jordan, Flower, Wreyford, Simon Webber,

Couch, and many others, the best players in Devonshire. I never saw him meet Willoughway, but have heard they are upon equal terms, each having thrown the other. I do think that with a stout pair of shoes on, he last year, for the best of three falls, was equal to any man in England. *He is now a publican.* I saw the match between him and Polkinghorn, and the Cornishman threw him the first turn, and he threw the Cornishman the second, according to the judgment of three out of four of the triers; and, as the fall was very near where I sat, I think it was as fair a one as ever was thrown—however they tossed for it, and Cann lost. The last fall could not be decided upon; so the whole of this big match, or as by some it was called big job, ended, as an old hard farmer said, in a big nothing. Although I am very fond of wrestling, I hope never to see a Devonshire and Cornish man play together again. The one kicks like a horse; the other *soals* like a bullock: they are both equally good in their way, says —, an old wrestler, and I agree with him: let the kicker be harnessed to the kicker, and the *zoaler* to the *zoaler*, and you will have good play: *if otherwise managed, it almost always ends in a brawl or wrangle.*

N.B. *To soal*, a Devonshire word, is to pull about, to cross-buttock, to use feats of strength and activity. I give it to you as the old one gave it to me. I have no more to add at present.

Foxhunter Rough and Ready.

P. S. Alas! alas! O misery! Oh! dolorous news! I have just heard that Mr. Pode has given up his (by me dearly beloved) fox-hounds. I can write no more, my hand is paralysed.

"SIR MARK CHASE" ON A LATE
CONTROVERSY — FIRING —
CLIPPING—FINALE TO THE
RUN WITH LORD HOWE'S
STAG-HOUNDS.

SIR,

NIMROD has invited me, in very flattering terms, to enter once more the arena of the *Sporting Magazine*. The "*laudari à laudato viro*" is certainly a temptation which I might possibly find difficult to resist, were not the ground on which I feel myself most at home already pre-occupied by combatants of more general skill and experience than myself. This being the case, I do not presume to enlist myself among your regular contributory forces, but shall occasionally maintain a sort of independent guerilla warfare—at one time making a sortie upon, and cutting up any weak points which may appear in your columns; at another, supporting the *march* of intellect with all the power of my small artillery. In short, I shall emulate the uncompromising virtues of all camp-followers, and fall, indiscriminately, upon foes or friends, should I find them tripping.

The first of your correspondents whom I shall notice is Mr. LAWRENCE; and the precedence is due to his years, if not to the profit he has made of them. Fair argument, and the deductions derivable from it, having evidently formed no part of his septuagenarian education in the fields of controversy, he has most unfairly inferred, from a question put by me to NIMROD, that I am secretly a friend to the twaddling Old-school green system, although my words convey most explicitly a contrary meaning. The question alluded to was this: "Did, or did not, the most valu-

able of Sir Bellingham Graham's horses run out at grass during the previous summer?" I had more than one reason for putting this question. In the first place, I wished to arrive at the truth or untruth of the fact; I was anxious to know whether that excellent sportsman had changed his determination—expressed to me at the close of the previous season—of sending his best horses to grass in Yorkshire. My second reason is not addressed to Mr. LAWRENCE—to him it will be unintelligible. It was this: a desire that the point at issue should be decided, not by drawing wrong inferences from right premises—not by a plurality of words, but by weight of evidence. Truth is, or ought to be, the only legitimate object of argument; and this end can be attained solely by a collision of opinions. The "*audi alteram partem*" is a maxim which holds as good in fair controversy as in law. NIMROD has his opinion, and maintains it stoutly by practical proofs; others, myself among the number, follow his steps, though it be "*haud passibus æquis*." All must allow the Baronet I have mentioned to be a great authority in cases where the horse is concerned, from his unrivalled judgment and knowledge of the animal: all who saw his stud last year must admit that the condition of his hunters was excellent. It requires no "*second Daniel*," therefore, to draw the inference, that, could the advocates of the grazing system have come forward with his stable at their back, it would have been a strong prop to their declining cause. I thought it but fair to give them this last chance; and I rejoice to find, on NIMROD's authority, that it has failed them. Mr. LAWRENCE, forsooth, ("cccc

ierum Crispinus!") advances, that "I evidently incline to be, that is, to continue, a grazier;" and this in the very teeth of my direct assertion to the contrary. This, to say the least of it, implies that I have knowingly advocated opinions which I believe to be founded in error, and which militate against my own conviction. Of the courtesy and liberality of such an adversary I leave your readers to judge. But mine is not a solitary instance of this unfair system of argument. Mr. LAWRENCE assumes his own speculative theories—his own *αυτος εφηρη*—as facts, and then proceeds to draw his inferences from them. For example: He says (Number for October, p. 421), "I have already proved that the hunters and hounds of days long past achieved as great things in the field, as our highest famed of the present day. Those hunters were summered at grass:"—*ergo* (he would have us conclude) summering at grass is "the thing." Q. E. D. But, I would ask, *where* has he *proved* the fact, that the animal, horse or hound, of former days equalled that of the present in performances? He has *asserted* it, I admit; but assertion is not proof. This is one of the very questions upon which we are at issue; but such a style of argument needs no refutation: for if a man start upon a wrong hypothesis, he will very naturally arrive at a wrong conclusion. Poor Mr. LAWRENCE! as Bildad the Shunamite said to his namesake, the man of Uz (not *us*), "he is yet in his greenness."

I cannot help thinking, however, that this gentleman, with all his faults, has been too hardly used by NIMROD and THE OLD FORESTER. He deserves a sound rating to be sure, for one of the

worst vices a hound can have—skirting (an argument) and running cunning; and I care not how heavy the arm of the whipper drop upon him. Yet NIMROD ought to appreciate better the high vantage ground on which he stands, than to compromise himself by condescending to use the weapons of scurrility and invective. He owes this to himself—to his cause—and to the supporters of it. "Flat"—"dunce"—"*malevolence*"—are terms difficult of digestion. The last, indeed, I must be allowed to say, is totally unwarranted by any remarks of Mr. LAWRENCE's which have fallen under my observation; and if the two former cognomina had been left, to be conferred by the discrimination of your readers, I should have thought better of the good taste of the writers. On this point I agree most fully with your correspondent RUSTICUS: "When NIMROD *condescends* to quibble upon misprinted and mis-placed letters, to cavil upon misquotations of Latin, he makes it appear that the argument is nearly worn out." I will go farther, and say, that by so doing he will eventually "make the *worse* appear the *better* cause;" for invective is any thing but argument. It is the forlorn hope, the last resource of an expiring cause: *as such* will it ever be considered by all unbiassed judges; and therefore, *as such*, it is unworthy the triumphant pen of NIMROD. There is a trite proverb, which says, "Those who live in glass-houses should not be the first to throw stones at their neighbours' windows." Now NIMROD ("*horresco referens*") has fallen into errors precisely similar to those with which he has taunted Mr. LAWRENCE. For instance—"cocher" (Number for December, p. 123) is

not the French term for "*coach*." But what shall we say to a complication of errors in one, to a compound fracture of metre and meaning! not only to a classical mis-quotation, but to a flagrant fault in quantity arising in consequence! The following could not have been a *lapsus* of your printer's devil, Mr. Editor, or the *devil* is in it with a vengeance! (Number for June 1825, p. 40.)

"*Dum Felix eris, multos numerabis amicos.*"

Now, if I mistake not, the Poet wrote "*Donec eris Felix*," &c. which would bear the same interpretation as NIMROD's *emendation*! Now how are we to reconcile an instance of this sort with the elegant and generally correct classical allusions with which NIMROD has favored us of late, except upon the charitable principle, that, "to err is human"—and that "*aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*?"—One word more on "*the Comedy of Errors*." Would that the OLD FORESTER (when correcting the singular error of the press, Duncius for Dennis) had translated the whole note into English for the benefit for us country gentlemen, since the sense at present, if there be any, is so involved as to be unintelligible. (Number for November.)—But a truce to this trifling. In a practical sportsman we must not expect to find the correct diction of an Addison, or the deep research of a Johnson. I will dismiss the subject, therefore, with a hope, that my remarks may be received with the same feeling which dictated them—a wish that the style of NIMROD may become as pure as his argument is good. To Mr. LAWRENCE I would say, on the score of classical errors—

—Hæc te
Crede modo insanum: nihilo ut sapientior
ille
Qui te deridet, caudam trahat.

And he, if he pleases, may retort upon NIMROD—

Dixerit insanum qui me, totidem audiet,
atque
Respicere ignoto discet pendentia tergo.

Cant, Mr. Editor, is the prevailing fashion of the day—it pervades all grades of society, from the politician to the joint-stock company jobber. Among other species of this genus is a false humanity, which is constantly appealing to the best feelings of our nature in the cause of the brute creation; but really EQUESTRIIS PRIMUS out-Martin's-Martin. He would have us do away with firing *altogether*; but *when* he shall have answered the admirable letter of your correspondent M. upon this subject, *then*, and not *until then*, will I "write me down" a follower of a system replete with unnecessary cruelty, and revolting to the common principles of humanity. I believe that the system has been (as *all systems invariably are*) carried to an extreme—I will even say a *cruel* extreme; but I am equally persuaded that *there are* cases, in which the use of the iron can alone afford effectual and permanent relief. I hope, Sir, that you may hear from M. again; or that he will at all events keep his eye upon those gentlemen who may favour you with their lucubrations upon scientific subjects, and who may bring with them to the discussion the *same sound* knowledge of pathology and anatomy as EQUESTRIIS PRIMUS!

There is another system, the *abuse* (not the *use*) of which has brought it into disrepute—the practice of clipping. A clipped horse, it must be confessed, is an un-

X x 2

sightly animal; for, besides the non-descript transformation in his colour, he will never carry with him the clean, clear gloss which is the infallible criterion of condition to the eye. I therefore thank my stars that I never yet possessed a hunter which required the scissors. But, Sir, were I master of a horse cursed with one of those *long thin* coats, on which alternatives, time, and stable-discipline would make no sensible impression, I should not hesitate to have recourse to clipping; and for these reasons: In the first place, a coat of *this* description affords but *little* protection or warmth to the body: in the next place, it will not dry with a clean and healthy appearance after sweating—there will be none of that comfortable glow on the surface of the skin which there ought to be; but in its stead there will be a cold clammy moisture palpable to the hand and eye. The roots of the hair, indeed, from being in immediate contact with the body, will become dry after a time; but the extremities, or points, will very visibly retain the chilled perspiration. And what is the consequence? The pores become choked; the insensible perspiration, that effort of Nature to relieve herself, is repelled; and hence arise fevers, particularly in the feet, inflammations, colds, and swellings in the joints; and last of all comes the surprise of master and man, and a “Lord-Sir-who’d-have-thought-it” stare of inability to trace the disorder to its primary cause.

I lay no stress on the advantage which clipping gives to a lazy groom; as no sportsman who looks over his own stable, as he should do, can have such an one long in his service, except it be

with his eyes open; but every Tyro in hunting must be early awake to this fact—that, the sooner a horse is dressed and fed, the sooner will he come again. Indeed I have always been of opinion that the inward exhaustion consequent upon long fasting is more permanently injurious to a horse than any fatigue of body arising from a long thrashing day’s hunting. Let a man of moderate appetite, used to his meals at stated periods, fast for twelve hours, taking even little or no exercise during the time, and to what a pitiable state will he reduce the *ministry of his interior*! Now, few men, except the Valet in *Tckell*, are (like the horse) epicures of five meals a day. The privation, therefore, to the horse must be still greater; for hunger in man and beast is very much regulated by habit, and the customary hours of feeding are, in the stable, as regular as clock work.

If, therefore, the period of inaction can be curtailed; if the probability of a second dressing, rendered necessary by a stable sweat, can be avoided; I think that a great point is gained by clipping: nor do I see the great risk a horse incurs of taking cold, provided moderate precautions be used. For instance, I would not have a horse clipped to-day, and exposed to all the changes of a wintry atmosphere, incidental to a day’s hunting, to-morrow. Nemo acted differently: he rode his horse with hounds “a few days after clipping; the day turned out *wel* and *unfavorable*,” a long draw, and slow hunting followed: the nag caught cold (as well as he might)—*ergo*, the system of clipping is to be exploded. But NEMO says the practice “is an outrage

upon *Nature*." Granted: yet is not our whole treatment of the domesticated horse equally so? Is he, in fact, any longer the animal *Nature* created, and intended him to be? Certainly not: for man has made him on the contrary a creature of *habit*—he is become "a bundle of *habits*" like ourselves. Did *Nature* produce oats and hay, with all the tribe of mashes, for his daily sustenance, warm clothing for his body, currycombs and brushes for the improvement of his coat, a hot stable well littered for his repose, Barbadoes aloes for his medicine, and, to crown all, the Veterinary College for his physicians and shoe-makers? Now, each of these *habits* is equally "an outrage upon *Nature*;" and, consequently, any argument founded upon this principle is either equally valid against *all*, or admissible in *none* of these cases. I consider NIMROD's position, therefore, to be untenable for an instant: for we have revolutionized *Nature*: the horse has become in our hands a creature of *art*; *habit* is now his *nature*; and upon the admission of this axiom, upon the solidity of this foundation, must the whole superstructure of NIMROD's admirable system very mainly depend*.

I think that I can furnish your amusing correspondent CHARNWOOD with the finale of the run which he describes with Lord Howe's stag-hounds. I will, therefore, take up the scent where he came to a final check—the unac-

countable loss of the deer. Various were the conjectures of the knowing ones in consequence; nor was the mystery elucidated until the following day, when it appeared that the deer had taken to the canal; and, being observed by a party of boatmen, was immediately voted a lawful capture, or *stotson*, hawled on board, broken up, cooked, and consigned to "that bourn from whence no *catables* return" in less than no time—best pace, without a check, without a grace to hallow his obsequies—and, still worse, without the concomitant of currant jelly.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SIR MARK CHASE.

Shrewsbury, Feb. 2, 1827.

THE APPROACHING GAY SEASON — GAMBLING HOUSES — TURF MATTERS — PLAY OR PAY BETTING, &c. &c.

SIR,

IT is only lately that I am become a reader of your most excellent miscellany, and therefore need not say I have not as yet been a contributor; but if this suits, you are welcome to it. I am a man of few words, have seen something in my time, and am all for a bit of truth.

A correspondent in your last† speaks of a certain person well known in St. James's, as having won large sums on the last Epsom Derby, but having lost a pretty

* I can now satisfactorily account for the luxuriant crops of whiskers, beards, and unlicensed mustachios, which we meet with at the corner of every street, and which threaten the eyes of the lieges with sudden extinction at every turn. Razors have been decided, by a Quorum of Petits Maitres, to be "too great an outrage upon *Nature*," Moses, Nestor, and Van Butchell wore beards—*ergo*, we must *naturally* do the same. The notorious profrigacy of the age may be accounted for with equal facility. The institution of marriage is "too great an outrage upon *Nature*"—*ergo* (or *argali*, as that many-waicoated logical rogue of a Grave-digger in *Hamlet* has it) it is to be violated upon every convenient opportunity.

† Number for January, p. 188.

fortune by the day's reckoning. Believe this who will, *n'importe!* but I will tell you what this person is going to do. He is going to open one of the most splendid houses in this town, fit for the proudest Duke in the land, and for what purpose? Hark'ee, Sir—these are not the words of a fool—there will be, before the summer ends, such smashing, crashing, and ruin in this fine abode as is dreadful to contemplate. Many young sprigs of fashion will be nipt in the bud, as hundreds have already been. But this is only half the mischief. Many a fond husband will be sent home to his still fonder wife, if not pennyless, what is worse—heartless: all social circles in high life will feel the baneful influence of this enchanting mansion—this splendid Hell; for 'tis now said, that not to be a member is next to not being in the world. How can your pages be better occupied than in giving a warning voice to the unthinking crowd?

Perhaps, Sir, you will not admit these censures into your work, as it is termed the *Sporting Magazine*; but gambling by night has nothing to do with sporting, unless it may be said to be its bane. I do abominate gambling—yes, from my soul I detest it. It is the parent of every vice: it is the grand provocative to avarice and loss of temper: it is so betraying and dangerous in its consequences: people pursue it with as much ardour as they would a fox-chase, but with this difference—they are each other's prey.

Thousands have been ruined by the dice box, and yet men will say they cannot live without it. What an excuse is this! Is there any violent or shameful passion which

might not use the same language? They might as well say they cannot exist without murdering, ravishing, and robbing.

The consequences of high play are terrible. Gamesters expose, on the chance of the die, not only their own, but their wives and children's fortunes. But this is not all, as far as society is concerned. Gambling banishes mirth and the true relish of life, as it may be said to chain down all other affections to that one point—to the table. A trial for life or death is not a more solemn or a graver scene than a company of gamesters playing for high stakes: a melancholy severity reigns in their looks, implacable to one another, and irreconcilable enemies whilst the meeting lasts: they consider neither friendship, alliances, birth, nor distinction: Chance alone, that blind divinity, presides over the circle, and decides their fate: they adore her by a profound silence and attention, which they would find it difficult to observe elsewhere; and all other passions give place to one.

Who is surprised at the number of gaming houses in this metropolis, or that the owners of them should build splendid palaces even in such a street as St. James's? They are whirlpools, where the money of our gentlemen is sunk without a hope of return; they are rocks, on which hundreds that approach them are dashed in pieces, and no more heard of; and too many of them should have a sign at their doors—*Here is cheating upon honour*. Cheating, it is true, is a rascally trade; but it is an ancient one: the Prodigal Son was cheated at Damascus by one of the best men in the world; a whore of Babylon swallowed his best pearl,

and anointed the whole city with his Balm of Gilead; and he was sold by a man of honour for twenty shekels of silver to a worker in graven images.

Now for a word on the Turf. Although the Jockey Club do not sanction Play or Pay bets, yet all business, on most of the great stakes, is done on such terms; but the practice is the destruction of the fair principles of betting. It will undoubtedly be allowed, that in every bet there should be, on each side, a *possibility* of winning. This would exclude from the decision of a bet all matters of fact and certainty; and the proper restriction in betting is, that neither side have an advantage by means of which the other is not aware; for this is an advantage *taken*, without being *given*. It is, however, the practice of the day to laugh at this principle. Horses are backed for large sums that are not intended to win, if even allowed to start—gainsay this who can. This resembles a man proposing or accepting a bet he knows, by mathematical demonstration, he cannot lose. In betting, each party should have a fair chance to win, *by the event being put to the test*, and this may, or may not, be in P. P. bets. I go one point farther. It is not sufficient that the parties did not intend to take any advantage of each other; but if it is *proved* that any advantage has been taken by others, the bet should be void. No one should receive property to which he is not entitled, from not having given a proper condition. It is by men being let loose on society free from these restraints, that disgrace is brought on the Turf—belonging to which hundreds of honorable men are to

be found above taking any unfair advantage.

I am a great stickler for racing when conducted on honorable principles. It is gambling alone that I deprecate; for it is a vice as dangerous as it is destructive: there is none so alluring to the unwary mind; and if once this intoxicating pleasure is tasted with a relish, and gains the ascendancy, the effect is terrible: farther encroachments are rapidly made, and in vain will reason oppose its influence. It is useless to search for examples of misery produced by a fatal desire for play, persecuted by ill luck; but, on the other hand, where the fickle Goddess has been kind, and a fortune has been realized by it, what sort of a fortune does the adventurer gain? It brings with it neither honour, satisfaction, self-approbation, nor respect.

The spirit of gambling, however, has taken fast hold of this country, and, in other quarters than in the mere fashionable world, has had the most mischievous effect on society. In the language of the Chief Justice the other day, from the Bench, "it has increased to such an abominable extent, that the honorable purposes of commerce have been perverted, and the Royal Exchange has been converted into an arena of gamblers."

MONITOR.

London, Feb. 25, 1827.

DEFENCE OF DEVONSHIRE FARMERS.

SIR,

AS no part of the community should be reviled or censured without a cause, and as no individual or individuals should be op-

pressed or injured to gratify the sports and fancies of the rich and powerful, the remarks and the statements I am about to offer, though not perhaps exactly to the taste of NIMROD, who by-the-bye appears to be a lover of truth and justice, cannot, I trust, excite his indignation, lessen his pleasantry of style, or even prevent him from indulging in one single leap the less in pursuing his favorite amusement, fox-hunting.

His allusion, in your Number for February, to Mr. Worth's giving up his hounds in Devonshire, and to the farmers destroying foxes in Rackenford, appears by his *queve*, "Who are their landlords?" to be written with some degree of resentment and asperity of feeling towards these honest and many of them independent agriculturists, as well as towards their landlords. NIMROD certainly has been most egregiously mis-informed as to the number of farmers assembled, there not being on the spot above a quarter of a hundred, which are nearly all in the parish; and half of those, let me whisper to NIMROD, are yeomen residing on their own estates. It is true they were attended by their labourers and servants, who, no doubt, swelled their host so mightily.

But now for the reason why those farmers became such unlucky offenders, and why they put themselves in hostile array against the *genus vulpinum*. The fine sporting country of Rackenford, replete with heath-clad moors, and studded with bristly brakes, presents a fine view to the "mind's eye" of a Nimrod. Here the nocturnal despoiler of hen-roosts and the tyrant of the infant flock, may retire to

his kennel amidst the deep coverts, and grin away the smiling day in comparative security. This Elysian plain for fox-hunting could not pass unobserved. Cubs were sent to inhabit its solitudes by the amateurs of the view halloo; the rolling seasons multiplied their numbers; many a gallant run was viewed in prospective by the expecting sons of the chase; "and all went merry as a marriage bell," until time brought about death and destruction in the circumjacent farm-yards. Chanticleer ceased to send forth his awakening voice; geese, not those whose cackling once was the salvation of the Roman Capitol, were no more heard at midnight; and the playful lamb, peacefully reposing by the side of its dam, was snatched away to satiate the hunger of vulpine robbers.

Must individual property be destroyed without a murmur, without complaint, without satisfaction? NIMROD's justice will blushingly answer, No. The farmers applied for a pecuniary recompense for their losses to the real authors of them—the gentlemen who had stocked their farms with foxes; but they were deceived by false hopes of receiving a remuneration from time to time, till ultimately their application was forgotten or absolutely rejected. Indignant at the treatment, and anxious to preserve the residue of their feathered and woolly charges from farther devastation, the tocsin was sounded to arms. Faithful to their masters, scarcely a peasant of the parish but was present to afford his assistance to exterminate, if possible, NIMROD's favorite animals from their neighbourhood, when Mr. Worth met them so formidable on Rackenford moor.

With respect to the *querre*, "Who are their landlords?" I shall say but little. One thing is obvious, that they are not fox-hunters; nor do I think they are the less entitled to respect, because the music of a pack of hounds, re-echoing through the valley, cannot fill their souls with Divine emotions of extacy. But this I think, that if they had not seconded the views of their tenants by sanctioning their conduct in the preservation of their property, either by receiving a sum adequate to the damage done, or by the destruction of the foxes, they would neither deserve the name of landlords nor any other appellation destined to dignify honorable and civilized men.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

AMATOR JUSTITIE.

C—t—n F—p—ne, Feb. 15, 1827.

LEAP WITH THE BERKELEY HUNT.

SIR,

I Perceive in your Magazine for this month a letter "upon a leap with the Berkeley stag-hounds," which I am sorry to see comes from a member of the Berkeley Hunt. "Fair play is a jewel," and ought to be looked upon by sportsmen as "the apple of their eye." VERITAS seems to wish to lessen the merit of the LONDON SPORTSMAN, because he outleaped him—which he certainly did, and the whole field to boot, in a most splendid and sportsmanlike manner. I say in a sportsmanlike manner; because it was not done to shew off—he *neither turned to the right, nor to the left*, but took the leap in a most gallant manner, in the direction he was riding, and, when over, never looked behind to see who followed. The whole field

VOL. XIX, N. 8.—No. 115.

were fairly pounded: I was one among the number, and consider myself a good bit of scarlet too; but the fact was, our horses had had a smart burst, and were completely blown; and at such a time, a stiff deer fence *six feet high*—(for it was afterwards measured)—was no joke. Had it been earlier in the day, there were plenty who would have cleared it, as well as the Cockney; but as it was, no one else up at the time would charge it. Bagshaw, the whipper, came, up some time after, and, with Giantess, rammed at it, and let VERITAS as well as the rest of us over, by carrying away three of the bars. I beg leave to state, that I do not know the LONDON SPORTSMAN, excepting personally from seeing him in the hunt, but I believe he is a respectable jeweller in Town.

I trust, Sir, you will have the goodness to excuse my taking up your time, but hope, in justice to the LONDON SPORTSMAN, you will let this letter appear.

I am, Sir, yours,

A FRIEND TO FAIR PLAY.

February 28, 1827.

ON TAKING OF CARP.

SIR,

A Correspondent in your Magazine for this month inquires the "method of catching carp in a pond or lake which has a considerable quantity of mud at the bottom." If the pond is his own property, I should first recommend the cleansing it, when the drag net would be found available; and the slime would amply repay the trouble, when used as compost for manure. What Walton observes of the carp is true, and PISCATOR

Y Y

seems to have discovered it also; namely, that "he is a very subtle fish, and hard to be caught." In ponds or lakes having soft bottoms, he has a method of sticking his nose in the mud, when the water is disturbed, and so lets the net pass over him. Let PISCATOR, however, alter his method; let him try the "casting net," first clearing a spot from weeds, and baiting the hole, at the same time taking notice *where* these fish resort, as they have particular spots in which they delight, and from which they seldom stray long at a time. These haunts are generally the deepest, the most shady, and the most *sequestered*.

Should the water be clear enough, good sport, as far as killing goes, may be often had as follows:—Hide yourself, if possible, behind a tree; keep as still as you can, and as the fish swims, about a yard and half beneath the surface of the water, strike him with a light harpoon, or fish spear barbed at the end. The stick on which your spear is fixed should be as taper as possible, with strength, and if painted *green* the better. You lower the spear gradually till within a foot of the fish, or nearer, before you strike; and, when done with judgment, this method will be found to be fatal, as the writer of this has often proved—having killed in one preserve upwards of thirty brace in one season, after having, like PISCATOR, tried every other method in vain. Be it observed, however, these were river fish, and the spot where they were harpooned was deep, clear, and shaded by

large willows. Whether the same method could be followed with success in a pond the writer doubts.

Let PISCATOR try also another method, if he so violently longs for carp, but which, after all, is but a bony and sorry fish, and not to be eaten were it not for the sauce. Let him, for instance, use the hoop or drum net, which, it is to be feared, has swept many ponds of their finny treasures near the metropolis. This net may be baited with a bunch of flowers, a brass candlestick, or any thing shining, and will catch both carp and tench, and, if used by an experienced hand, would soon reduce the "vast number" which PISCATOR mentions. The holes should be baited before the drum net be put in, and the fish be brought to feed at a particular spot; and this, with a little trouble, may easily be accomplished, as every kind of fish will come to bait*. The writer often proves this, though at present living near a sluggish stream, and not at all to be compared to those on whose banks he delighted to wander and take his pastime when a younger man. For instance: in any river running through a flat country, and subject to winter floods, the angler, from eleven o'clock till three in the afternoon, may have better sport if he can stand the weather in the winter, than in the same river in the summer season; and by *varying* his bait he may catch what kind of fish he pleases.

But perhaps I am now telling PISCATOR what he knows already; if not, let him *try* the matter next

* The best baits for carp are grains, or blood mixed with cow dung or bran; also the cake or refuse of the tallow chandler's shop bruised, and dissolved in hot water, and afterwards mixed with bran. This last is an excellent bait for all leather-mouthed fish, attracting them by its strong smell. And fish, though considered by most men as an epicurean treat, yet few of them are epicures, or nice themselves—rather, all are gluttons.

winter season (before Christmas), and he will prove it to be correct. I have now to wish him good sport with the pike, which is as superior to carp fishing as fox-hunting to ferreting.

I am, Sir, yours, P.

Feb. 21, 1827.

P. M. I would ask a question in my turn, not as concerning a fish, but of a bird next cousin to one: I wish to know of your numerous correspondents, whether any one of them ever discovered the nest of the "dab chick," or "Lesser Grebe?" and whether this bird breeds in England or not?

HISTORY OF THE SADDLE.

SIR,

BEING one of a party a few days since, when John Lockley and his saddle became the theme of our discourse, some conjectures were afloat as to the first inventors of this useful article; and it was suggested by a friend that the subject would not be inappropriate to the *Sporting Magazine*. Taking the hint, I give to your readers all that I know relating to it.

In very early ages, the rider doubtless sat on the back of his horse without any thing under him; but, in the course of time, some kind of covering, consisting of cloth or leather (hides or skins), was placed on the animal's back. Pliny tells us that one Pelethronius first introduced this practice; as he also did putting four horses to a carriage, as mentioned by Virgil, Ovid, and others; but who this Pelethronius is, I never could

find out. These coverings, however, became afterwards extremely costly*; they were made to hang down on each side of the horse, and were distinguished among the Greeks and Romans by various names; yet, after they became common, it was esteemed more manly to ride without them. Thus Varro boasts of having ridden bare-backed when young; and Xenophon reproaches the Persians with having placed as much clothes under their seats, on their horses' backs, as they had on their beds. On this account, no coverings to the horse's back were for a long time used in war; and, according to Caesar, the old German soldiers despised the cavalry of his country for having recourse to such luxuries. In the time of Alexander Severus, the Roman soldiers rode upon very costly coverings, excepting at reviews, when they were dispensed with to shew the condition of their horses.

As for the invention of the saddle, I take that to be a point very difficult to ascertain. The word *ephippium*, by which the ancient Romans expressed it, being merely derived from Greek words, signifying "upon" and "horse," leads us to conclude that, by degrees, the covering spoken of was converted into a saddle. An historian relates that Constantine the Younger was seated in one when he was slain, *An. Dom.* 340; but the story gains little credit. The Greek word *Edpa* is used by ancient writers, and by some supposed to express a saddle. Xenophon has it more than once in his "*De Re Equestri*;" but it only applies to the back of the horse.

* Virgil. *Æneid.* vii. 276; viii. 552.—Ovid. *Metam.* lib. viii. 33.—Also Livy, lib. xxxi. cap. 7, who speaks of a man who dressed his horse more elegantly than his wife.

The clearest proof of the antiquity of saddles is the order of Theodosius (in his Code), in the year 385, by which such as rode post-horses in their journeys were forbidden to use those that weighed more than sixty pounds; if heavier, they were ordered to be cut to pieces. What would these worthies have said to one of our Newmarket four-pounds' saddles, which, if well made, give a man a very comfortable seat? The order here alluded to doubtless applies to something like a saddle, though of rude workmanship, which its weight bespeaks. Every traveller, we may conclude, was provided with his own saddle; and about this period the Latin word *sella* more frequently occurs.

It is conjectured that saddles having any resemblance to those now in use were invented in the middle of the fourteenth century, and were generally covered with cloth; but previous to this period—in the fifth century—articles bearing something of this stamp were made so extravagantly magnificent, that a prohibition* was issued by the Emperor Leo Ist, against any one ornamenting them with pearls or precious stones. In the sixth century, the saddles of the cavalry had large coverings of fur, according to Mauritius, who wrote on the military art, and at this period the Greek word *σέλα* (*sella*) occurs. Vegetius, who wrote on the veterinary art, speaks of saddle horses; and the saddle tree is mentioned by Sidonius Apollinarius.

It is considered probable that the invention of saddles belongs to Persia, not merely from the circumstance of Xenophon's mentioning the people of that country as being

the first to render the seat on the horse more convenient and easy, by placing more covering on their backs than was common in other parts, but also because the horses of Persia were made choice of for saddle horses in preference to any others. The ignominious punishment of "Bearing the saddle" had its origin in the middle ages, and was alone worthy of those times.

That the word saddle is derived from the Latin word *sedeo*, to sit on, there can be no doubt. That the saddle, however, was unknown in this country until the reign of Henry the Seventh, is, I believe, equally certain; and in Ireland, it is conjectured, from the absence of any representation of it on their coins, that it was only used in the last three centuries. The first mention of side-saddles is in the time of Richard the Second, when his Queen rode upon one.

Strange to say, the antiquity of *stirrups* has greatly exercised the learned world. This shews how much people may be deceived, when they suppose that things must have been known in the earliest ages, because they appear to be indispensably necessary to the common purposes of life, and, as in this case, so easy of invention. No traces, however, of this invention are, I believe, to be found in the old Greek and Latin writers. Neither is there any thing on ancient coins representing persons on horseback which exhibit support to the legs. Nothing of the sort, it is confidently stated, is to be found on any remains of ancient sculpture. In the celebrated equestrian statues of Trajan and Antoninus, the legs of the rider were made to hang down without any support, which would not have

* A similar order is also to be found in the Justinian Code.

been the case if stirrups had been then in use. Neither would Xenophon, Julius Pollux, nor others, who have written so fully on the art of riding, in which the acts of mounting and dismounting are particularly alluded to, (pointing out the means for assisting old or infirm persons to get on horseback,) have omitted the mention of stirrups, had they been acquainted with them. This makes good the remark of Dr. Johnson, namely, that "what is most obvious is not always known."

The ancient Roman manners required that young men should be able to vault on horseback without any assistance; to accustom themselves to which, wooden horses were placed in the Campus Martius, on which they vaulted in their exercises—sometimes on the right, and at others on the left side; sometimes unarmed, and sometimes with arms in their hands. In public places, and on their highways, stepping stones, or what we call horse-blocks, were erected; and people of high rank and fortune were followed by servants on horseback to assist them in mounting, which servants were distinguished by the name of *stratores*. Hippocrates and Galen, however, speak of a disease which, in their time, was produced by frequent and long-continued horse-exercise, without support to the legs.

As a substitute for stirrups, horses, in some countries, were made to bend the knee; and in others, portable stools were used to assist the ancients in mounting. This gave rise to the barbarous practice of making captured princes and generals stoop down, that the conqueror might mount his horse from their backs as from a stool; and in this ignominious manner

was the Roman Emperor Valerian treated by a Persian king.

The first authentic account of the use of stirrups is ascribed to the Emperor Mauritius, in his *Ars Militaris*, supposed to have been written in the end of the sixth century. The author directs that every complete horseman must have at his saddle two iron *scalæ*; the literal meaning of which word implies steps on a ladder, but here applies to stirrups. It, however, long continued to be esteemed a mark of superior address and dexterity to be able to ride gracefully and well without the aid of stirrups.

NIMROD.

OBSERVATIONS ON NIMROD'S LETTER ON THE GAME LAWS.

SIR,

ABOUT six months since, I wrote two letters to you on the Game Laws, which you were good enough to insert in your impartial Magazine: and I am induced to address you once more, in answer to the observations of your Correspondent NIMROD; although I feel the disadvantage under which I labour, in setting my humble opinions in opposition to a sportsman, whose experience and good sense are acknowledged by every one.

Before I attempt a refutation of any part of his letter, I must agree with him in saying, that the fashion of preserving pheasants (which too many of the great landholders have lately given into) has tended greatly to the injury of the noble amusement of fox-hunting, which (until the introduction of these useless birds into the country) never received any opposition. To this misfortune is added the continual cry of the dissatisfied

farmers, that all their poultry is stolen by the foxes, which is a mere excuse to get their rents lowered, and which robbery could never happen if they did their duty, and locked up their fowls, &c. every night in a secure place. Indeed, so far from being a nuisance, some few sensible farmers have acknowledged their value in destroying hares and rabbits when too plentiful, as these are almost the only food of foxes, if they can procure sufficient for their subsistence. But it is against the principle of the Game Laws generally that I protest, as totally at variance with the spirit of the Constitution and the liberties of the people.

NIMROD commences his letter, by attributing the increase of poaching solely to the great increase of game of late years throughout all England; and states a late case, in which a number of poachers attacked twenty-five keepers, as a proof; whereas I conceive this to be the very converse of what he asserts. He then goes on to predict that legalizing the sale of game will only increase the evil, by destroying fox-hunting, and adding to the temptation to steal it.

In answer to the first part of his letter, I beg to say, that the increase of poaching, within the last twenty years, is to be attributed (as I stated in my last letter, to which I now refer him) to the riches and luxury of the inhabitants of London and of other large cities, who persist in purchasing game from the poulterers, without giving themselves a moment to reflect from what source it is procured. As long as the punishment falls on other heads, so long will they be regardless of the consequences; and therefore it is obvious, that, in order to put a

stop to poaching, the Legislature must either increase the punishment of the purchasers of game, or legalize the sale of it. If any proof were wanting to confirm this, the recent account of the large quantity sent from Exeter would be sufficient. I ask, would this game have been stolen by the peasant, if the rich inhabitants of London had not ordered it from their poulterers? And the attack on the keepers which NIMROD mentions, only proves the increased demand for game, when these men use such desperate means for obtaining it.

The question then comes to this point: Should these rich smugglers of game (who are principally to blame) be imprisoned for every offence, as their poor accomplices are? or should the laws themselves be altered? I ask every man who is anxious to maintain even-handed justice in this country, to answer this question with frankness.

As to a plan for the reform of these laws, I shall say no more than refer to what I wrote last year, and recommend that the advice of Lord Suffield and Lord Wharncliffe be taken in time.

But before I conclude this letter, I wish—in answer to that part of NIMROD's, in which he alludes to the French Revolution as proof of the danger of meddling with old laws—to remind him, that it was the refusal of the French Court to adapt the laws of that country to the spirit of the people which overthrew the monarchy; that it was owing, among other abuses, to these very Game Laws, and to the exclusive privileges which a haughty nobility claimed for themselves under the feudal system, and which they refused to modify

at the intreaty of the people, that the unfortunate Louis found himself deprived of his crown and dragged to the scaffold, and that the nobility themselves were exiled from their country for more than twenty years.

With every testimony of respect for NIMROD and his talents, I remain your obedient humble servant,

M. P.

CHESTERFORD COURSING.
REPLY TO "SOHO,"

SIR,
YOUR Correspondent Soho affects to give you "a correct statement" of the sport at the meeting of the Chesterford Coursing Club in December last. Allow me to make another statement, for the truth of which I will appeal to the majority of those in the field, spectators like myself.

Soho's statement is this: that "the course between Dingy and Herod was decided entirely contrary to the general opinion of the field, owing to the judge not being able to ride up to the dogs."

Now, Sir, the ground on which the hare was found was a dead flat for a quarter of a mile. Here Herod had decidedly the advantage in speed; but on ascending the hill, for nearly another quarter, he gradually lost ground: and in coming to a long and heavy piece of plough adjoining the covert, Dingy came up, passed his dog, turned the hare, and served himself three several times without receiving the slightest assistance whatever from Herod, who, when the hare entered the wood, was at least fifteen yards behind his antagonist. The judge, than whom a more impartial person does not breathe,

was with the dogs up to the plough: there his horse was somewhat blown, still not so much so but that he could clearly distinguish, from the very great superiority of Dingy, that Herod was out-Heroded.

I remain yours, &c.,

ANTI-SOHO;

MR. TRAFFORD'S HARRIERS,

SIR,
ALTHOUGH a Leicestershire sportsman, I have not raised my notions of hunting so high as to despise every thing done out of reach of Melton. Having before been honored with a space in your Magazine, I hope I shall not be deemed an intruder by again "fretting and strutting my hour;" and as I knew too, the hearing of a well-done thing is at all times acceptable to yourself and readers, I have again presumed.

I am now on a visit on the borders of Lancashire, and on my road hither stayed a day or two with a friend in Manchester, when I was not a little surprised to hear that a pack of harriers in the neighbourhood, kept by T. J. Trafford, Esq. of Trafford Park, had the day before run a bag-fox twenty-five miles, and killed in gallant style in one hour and three quarters; and hearing that another bag was to be shaken in a day or two before the same dogs, I determined to see the thing myself.

The meeting place was a public-house about three miles on the Cheshire side of Manchester, in what I should call a close country—the day fine, but rather frosty. About eleven o'clock Mr. Trafford with the dogs, attended by his whipper in (hunting the dogs himself), arrived, about twenty gen-

tllemen, apparently well mounted, then being in waiting. At a quarter to twelve the bag was shook, and as fine a dog fox as ever I saw went away in superb style; but inclining, as I was told, to the wrong country, eighteen minutes' law were given. The dogs were then laid on, and went off at a Leicestershire pace, and the field altogether were closely started. One gentleman got a furious roll over in the second field, a fallow; and another, on a sweet-looking bay mare, was left in the third ditch. Barring those two, all kept up pretty fairly as well as I could see, till reynard, taking to the right, led us over a curious country, the fences being formed by high banks or cops, with quick-set at top, and a good ditch at one and sometimes both sides. The dogs continued their pace to some meadows on the banks of the Mersey, where we had a slight check of about three minutes. When found, we went over the most delightful ground I ever crossed, being sound clear meadow land, and the leaps (drains of about two and a half to three yards) uncommonly pleasant. We crossed an awkward brook (where one of us got a sort of ducking), and along the banks of the Mersey, till the dogs were come up to in the river, and supposed to be at fault; but it gave great mortification to discover, that, instead of this, poor reynard had, in attempting the river (which here is rather rapid, with steep banks), been unable to land, and was unfortunately drowned. The run was neat and quick; six or seven miles were done in twenty-five minutes; the dogs came in fresh and merry; and I must confess I never met with harriers to run a fox with the same spirit.

They are a noted swift pack, and great pains have been taken in their breed, which in appearance partakes more of the small fox-hound than the harrier.

About five gentlemen were fairly up at the death; the rest, including myself, had crossed an awkward bridge (the only one), supposing the dogs to be taking the river. From what I saw of the riders and cattle, I should be disposed to rate them rather high, particularly in a country which is not usually reckoned first-rate for hunting. Mr. Trafford himself rode a very clever light bay horse, with a great deal of judgment and spirit; he is one of those steady riders who make great way with little trouble, either to himself or horses. Mr. Boyd (I must apologize for mistakes in names, learning them only in the field) rode a very complete black hunter in a very bold manner; as did Capt. Ferguson a bay mare, which I think, if the run had been extended, would have carried him to the brush. An uncommon neat leaped horse was rode by Mr. Kershaw, particularly at timber. There was a little bay horse not more than fourteen and a half hands, rode by Mr. Sale, or Saye, that made his way over his leaps and across the country very cleverly. The brush was given to a person of the name of Griffith, huntsman to a pack of harriers in the neighbourhood: he is one of the neatest and best riders I ever saw, the man of all others to break a horse for the field. There were many in the field deserving notice, and my being so completely a stranger must be the excuse for my not having done so.

I had before heard several accounts of the goodness of Mr.

Trafford's pack, as well as of the sportsman and gentlemanlike manner in which they were conducted; and I am happy in being able to state, that what I saw of them far more than confirms former hearsay. I certainly can freely affirm, that as harriers there is not a superior pack of hounds in the kingdom. I certainly rank them before Sir Wm. Wake's, of Northampton, whose dogs are generally considered as being near perfection.

Mr. Trafford's are in every respect a private pack, hunting principally on his grounds; though I am informed that with few exceptions he is welcome to hunt all the manors within reasonable distances. I have, therefore, been careful not to state any thing which might be considered as officious in a stranger; but I certainly cannot let pass an opportunity of seeing noticed in your interesting miscellany a pack of hounds whose merits I may almost say demand it.

From your old subscriber,

SPECTATOR.

Old Hall, Feb. 19, 1827.

MR. HANBURY'S HOUNDS.

SIR,

I Have long been a subscriber, an admirer, and a constant reader of your invaluable Magazine; but I have never yet had the pleasure to be a contributor. Having, however, read the recent accounts given you of Mr. Hanbury and his hounds, I cannot any longer refrain from becoming, for the first time in my life, an author; for I feel, in common with many of my fellow-students, that too much cannot be said of Mr. H. and the

VOL. XIX. N.S.—No. 116.

gallant pack under his direction, for, *taking him all in all, I think it a great chance if ever we look upon his like again.* A better proof of this I cannot give you, than by representing him in his true colours. In the first place, I would say a better sportsman for a heavy weight does not live—possessing all those rare qualities, which, in fact, none but a real fox-hunter knows only by name—generous, free, open-hearted, liberal in the true sense of the word; and, I am told, as hospitable at his own mahogany as ever broke bread. His hounds, as PETER PRY says, (but I hope I don't intrude, Mr. Editor,) prove that much time and trouble has not been lost upon them, for they are of a very superior order; and never shall I forget the many good hits I have seen made by that excellent old hound Pagan, or Trajan, and that most beautiful of all fox-hounds Tulip; and, partial as I am to my own country and the hounds of my friend and relation, Mr. —, I most candidly yield the palm to this more than excellent pack.

The men who work this pack, turn out neater and better than any I have seen. I should like to see the huntsman a little more on the bustling system, and also a little quicker at his casts; for I think a great deal of time is lost, both in casting and in first getting the hounds on the scent when the fox breaks covert. The horses rode by these men are quite what they ought to be for the heavy country they have to go over—strong, well-bred, and active. I fully agree with NIMROD THE SECOND in many of his very just remarks on this subject; yet I take the liberty of differing from him in part, yet on the whole

Z a

I must do him the justice to observe, from his able letter, he must be a good goer himself, and must also keep a good look out upon others. By the way, I wish he would favour the *Sporting World* again with some farther remarks of what he may have witnessed since. With regard to the gentlemen who ride with these hounds, I wish more had been said, for I think some of the best workers have been overlooked or forgotten.

I am glad Mr. Parry has been spoken of in a way that does him so much real credit, for a better goer I never wished to see ride to hounds; nor am I less pleased that Mr. Baynes should have met with his just merits, for a better worker on his old mare is not to be found in this Hunt. Trusting, Mr. Editor, that we shall have some farther remarks on this subject from others of your readers and correspondents,

I am yours, &c.

AN IMPARTIAL CANTAB.

Cambridge, 17th Feb. 1827.

✂ Some of our Correspondents write to us in a disguised hand, which, besides causing infinite trouble in deciphering, leads to many errors. This practice is quite unnecessary, the hand-writing of no Correspondent being ever exhibited to the view of another, or names of writers, when known, divulged.

A LETTER FROM "A NORTH COUNTRYMAN" ON BREEDING—STALLIONS, &c.

SIR,
YOU have thought proper to give insertion to my first letter to you*; you are, therefore, entitled to the redemption of the pledge which it contains, that you should soon again hear from me on

the subject of *Breeding*, and are most welcome to my services, such as they are, though I am not quite sure that you will gain much credit amongst the generality of your readers by having enlisted them.

Before I proceed to detail my notions upon this fruitful subject, it is but right that I should inform you whence I have got them, and the basis upon which they are founded. In my first letter to you, I mentioned, that when I took the field against an enemy, or rather when I took the field at all, I armed myself with *my old-fashioned weapon*, which I then told you was tempered by no other hand than Mother Nature upon the simple anvil of plain common sense. Lest, however, I should be taken for a quarrelsome character (which God knows I am not), by having so early shewn a disposition to shoulder my crutch, it is necessary that I should explain this a little more, and rob it of an apparent mystery, which I never meant it to possess. This favorite companion of mine, in thought and action, is in every man's possession, but is rarely valued as it ought to be, and still more rarely used as it might be. There is, in my notion of things, Sir, a gift of Nature more estimable than any other she has conferred upon us—a sort of *intuitive faculty of judgment* inherent in a man's mind; which, when ripened by time, and matured by experience, becomes a *monitor* that will never prove a treacherous guide, if honestly consulted. It is to be found amongst all ranks, and its influence to be seen, and ought to be paramount, in every arrangement of life. By

* You have made three mistakes in that letter, trifling in themselves, though not so in their effect, which I will thank you to notice. At the top of the second column, p. 361, there is an omission of *our* betwixt "all" and "animals;"—line 19, column 1, p. 363, for *endeavours* read *endeavour*; and line 28, second column, same page, for *whine* read *whirl*.

some, it is designated by the higher and appellation of *intuitive judgment*; by others, by the simpler one of *common sense*; and again, by others, by the still plainer one of *mother wit*. This, Sir, is my staff, my prop, my weapon, and my shield. It is all that I have to boast of; and all I desire to see, is its application to all matters to the extirpation of fashion and prejudice. The old-fashioned notions to which I have so often alluded, are only some plain simple opinions which I have extracted by its aid.

In thus asserting the rights of common-sense notions over those which Fashion would imperceptibly fasten upon us, let it not be supposed that I presume to hold cheap the opinions of others, or that I am disposed to be one of the *level-lers*—such as were afloat some thirty years ago, who, if their power had been equal to their will, would neither have left us King, Lords, or Commons, nor one half that our little island possesses; but I confess that I am fond of a little independence of thought and action. It is with grief, then, Sir, that I too often see men, who have their full share of the good things of this world, with no want of sound understandings, hurried along down the stream of fashion, in some glittering bark made showy for the occasion, with some worthless fop for a steersman, and a full complement of hungry rowers to keep it moving, and do the dirty work, at the expense of their betters.

Racing, Sir, in my opinion, is one of the most splendid amusements that men can partake of, and is second to none but that of *Breeding*, which I consider the primary object; the other, the test

of its excellence. No man can more fully enter into the feelings of others, or has felt more than I have done the thrilling heart-beating sensation excited by a race; and if it were possible to estimate the quantum of enjoyment as a piece of gold is valued, or to *beat it out* like unto the way a lump of that valuable metal is capable of, it would, I believe, cover the other enjoyments of many men for a multitude of days. But, Sir, though I am not disposed to undervalue it, it is, after all, but what I have described it—only the *test of breeding*; and, however delightful as an amusement, is only really *valuable* as the field of experiment and trial.

If I am to be told, Sir, that racing is the only object of breeding; that to be able to race, as most of the racing of the present day is conducted, with *speed for a short distance*, is the only one requisite quality for our thoroughbred English horse; then I confess that I have not a word more to say upon the subject. But, Sir, I humbly conceive that we have a much more important object in view even than racing, *aye*, and a much higher end to gain than in producing such an animal as I have described—to *have in our possession*, for all purposes, a *magnificent and a valuable animal*, that is at once our companion and our slave, our pleasure and our pride, and the source of incalculable use and benefit.

Now, Sir, if that is admitted, and I really do not think it can be denied me; or is it asking more than I am fully entitled to assume?—for though, as I have before said, I am far from being disposed to undervalue the pleasure of racing, how that pursuit, which only shows

us the animal *ridden by another*, and under circumstances that expose us to *perpetual* disappointment, can ever be put into competition with the other *home* benefits derived from the possession of this noble animal, is, I confess, quite unintelligible to me.

Now comes the question that I am anxious to press upon your attention, and shall endeavour to answer. Is the present system of racing calculated to secure to us the benefits which may be ours but for the seeking? Is this system the true one to improve our breed of horses? or is it not? I answer unhesitatingly, *No*; and without pretending to look into futurity, or to put on the cloak of a prophet, while conscious of the inability of human nature to wear one, I may be allowed humbly, but resolutely, to express my fears, that if innovations, as villanous as they are unwise, continue to be made for the next twenty years, as have been in the last equal number, in the sound and true system of racing—farewell to the boasted value of our English thorough-bred horse. It will no longer be said of him, as poor Savage, whose unfortunate birth and life will be in your remembrance, is supposed to have said of himself—

“ He born to *build*, not *boast*, a generous
race;

No *teeth* transmitter of a foolish *face* :”

but the *negative* will have to be where is now the *affirmative*, and *vice versa*. He will still have a claim to ancient lineage; but from unwise crosses, to produce the only one thing considered needful—*speed, speed, speed*—he will gradually fritter away into but the shadow of the animal that he ought to be for honest racing and for honest service: and though he may

be the wonder of a gaping world—by running a race of half a mile or a mile, at two or three years old, in less time than could have been performed by some of his more majestic ancestors—his value and importance will cease to exist when it ought but just to be coming into play: and though for a time he may become the *fashionable* stallion of the day, so fine, in all probability, will have been spun the thread that wove him, and so refined will he have been drawn, that he will not even have the power of instilling into his posterity the single excellence which he himself possessed.

Fortunately, Sir, this has been proved to be the case in innumerable instances: and with all this disposition to breed from the animal that has won some of the short races, though great stakes, at two or three years; though unable to keep his *pace* or his *place* at an after age; and though deficient in substance and in constitution, and perhaps even encumbered with natural deformities—yet, I say fortunately we have seen innumerable instances of disappointment in the progeny, not even possessing this solitary excellence of their sire, yet a large sharer in his deficiencies.

Smolensko is a remarkable instance of the truth of this. No horse could keep pace with him at three years old; at four he ran two unimportant races, but could run no more, and then became the favorite stallion of the day. Never had stallion better mares, or greater variety; and yet how few of his get have ever done any thing, with the exception of Banker, Jerry, and Shakspeare?—the former certainly a good horse, but he was out of a *Gohanna* mare; the second also, out of an *Orville* mare,

though the winner of the Leger, as indifferent a one as ever won it; the last, unquestionably one of the best three-year-olds of last year, though it yet remains to be seen whether he can run on. *Picton* and *Borodino* ought not to be forgotten—the one out of a *Dick Andrews*, the other out of a *Stamford* mare—both good second-rate runners. But in the above list is alone to be found the only winners of any note amongst the produce of many hundred mares.

At this season of the year, when stallions are about their work, it may not be much out of place to take a short survey of the efficiency of the force of this department in England, at the present day.

In doing so, I shall take the liberty of leaving Fashion and Fancy out of the question, and simply endeavour to apply my old-fashioned honest principle of judging of the merits of the candidates for fame, by a comparison of the intrinsic qualities which, in my humble opinion, constitute excellence, and which ought to entitle them to distinction.

First and chiefest, they must be sound and honest in themselves, and kith and kin the same. Secondly, their performances must have been equal, if not superior, "to all comers," at all ages, and at all distances, and with all weights. Thirdly, they must have "run on" (or have shewn themselves equal to running on, barring accidents), till age forbids undue exertion, and till, after having undergone every test, and shewn themselves equal to every exertion that ought to be required of the animal, they are taken from the field, where its honours are no longer marks of distinction to them, to reap new ones

in the fair field of regenerating anew the qualities which they possessed. Fourthly, their form and mould must be good and handsome, their proportions true, and their strength great: they must bear in their looks, as well as in their pedigrees, the titled deeds of their ancestors and themselves—in a word, they must look "the animal;" and lastly, their constitution must be good, and their temper kind.

Such in my opinion, Sir, is a character of the sort of stallion I should like to see, if I may use the expression, *the leading* one of England. I am aware that I have drawn the portrait of a very perfect animal, and that such a one is very rarely to be met with. I am also aware, that it is in the nature of things, that one, possessed of all these excellencies, will not always convey them to his posterity, while another, less distinguished, will have a more distinguished offspring.

Still, however, such discrepancies, which are usually set down to the caprices of Nature, and in some solitary cases are undeniably beyond the reach of human interpretation, are not by any means so general, or so difficult of solution, as is often imagined. It is because people will not look far, or deep enough, for the answers to the discordant appearances which present themselves. *Blood* and *breeding* will come out, will shew themselves in the native colours of their pristine cast, in generations unseen to the first begetters. In the human as well as the animal race, diseases, if inherent in the parent stem, will scourge the race begotten, though of a fourth generation, and unknown to the intermediate ones; as will the black blood of the Asi-

atic or African show itself often most unexpectedly, in the large lips, broad nose, dusky skin, and peculiar hair, in a race whose family tree has ever been grafted with the sable cross, however pure to every appearance may be the parents from whom the marked issue immediately is sprung.

In like manner, Sir, breeding from animals whose pedigrees are not spotless, whose race is not pure from diseases and infirmities, as well as celebrated, is worse than folly, and never can be productive of any thing but disappointment and mortification.

Without, Sir, going too far back, beyond the reach of most of our memories, and examining ground where we have to trust to accounts not altogether satisfactory, let us for a moment look back at the characters of some of the stallions that Death has lately taken to himself, (though not before they had gotten those that will still keep their names alive amongst us,) and see if they will bear me out in the description I have given of what a stallion ought to be.

In doing so, one's mind insensibly wanders towards, and unbidden fixes upon, the name of *Gohanna*.

This, Sir, in my humble opinion was the finest animal England ever produced. Let every one that had the misfortune not to see him, endeavour to get a faithful portrait of him: let him endeavour to hear his fine form and *killing* head described by men who remember him; and some there are that will talk of him for ever: let every one that can do neither, get a look at some of his offspring—they can never be mistaken: he has

"stamped an image of himself upon them all, in the form of the loveliest head and neck that ever rose from a shoulder blade. And what has he done besides? Has he done nothing more for them than to knit them together in a compact and unequalled form?—Yes; he has given them also a constitution that no fatigue will shatter, and limbs that no work will break. And how comes it that this animal has got such stock? Is it all witchcraft together? or how is it?—I answer: remember how he raced; and, if you cannot remember, look back into the *Calendar*. Did he run at three years old?—*No*. When, or how did he run?—From four till he was* *ten* years old, winning cups and plates innumerable to his noble and worthy possessor—in all twenty-six times—beating all the best horses of his day; and, in the language of the field of his fame, shewing himself out and out and for ever a good one.

Then, again it will be said, how comes this horse to have made his appearance all at once?—how was he entitled to the possession of such excellences?—how was he bred?—Why, simply, because he was got by such another as himself, out of one of the best mares that ever trod the turf—by *Mercury*, out of *Maiden*, by *Matchem*—the sire beginning, as did the son, at four years old, and running on till he was six; and completing, by an extraordinary coincidence, the same number of winnings, twenty-six—the dam starting also at the same age, and completing, when seven, her no small earnings for a mare, in number fifteen—when, maiden-like she retired with the messenger of the gods, to perform

* In all cases where I have mentioned the ages of horses, I mean "inclusive;" as for example, *Gohanna* ran at ten years old, though in his eleventh year.

the noble work—the modelling of a Gohanna.

Another animal, possessing nearly the same properties, more recent to our recollections, and deservedly estimable in our remembrance, and but lately taken from us, will hardly require to be named, but known at once as old Orville.

There, Sir, was another stallion that could have borne the minutest test of the character I have given of what one ought to be. He began his career, according to the then fast creeping fashion of the day, at the early age of two, by winning a Sweepstakes for his high-minded and noble owner. At three, he won the Leger. At four and five he won, for the same Lord, some heavy Stakes and Plates; and at six became the property of the present King of England, in whose possession he remained three years, winning sixteen times, and many of them over the good old-fashioned B. C.

Now, let us inquire how it came that he was so good. Was this another frolic of Nature? or was it, for the simplest of reasons, a combination of the best blood in England? I fancy, that it was owing, as in the former case, to the accident of his being got by one of the finest and most powerful horses that ever was bred—old *Beningbrough*, out of *Evelina* (a good runner), by *Highflyer*, who never was beaten: *Evelina*, too, the dam of *Cervantes* and *Paulowitz*, two good horses.

Let us now turn to the page of life, and see what now walk its boards in this department.

There is an animal that was little thought of and eagerly abused, till he would get winners in spite of all his enemies—no other than old *Cotton*, whom I have long

had a great partiality for; and why? simply because he is one of the finest animals man ever clapped his eyes upon; with great power, and proportions as true as ever were knit together, and the best action I ever almost saw in my life—in my mind, the best criterion of every thing fitting property. He, too, has a chip of old Gohanna in him, being got by *Golumpus*, a son of Gohanna; though, I must confess, that he has not, nor have his stock, the heads usually belonging to the descendants of that goodly race. Is there no other reason to entitle him to a place in our esteem? Yes; the *old one*. Though he did not begin until he was five, he ran on till he was nine, winning, I believe, twenty-two times, as was said of him when he was first advertised to cover at Hampton Court, winning (if I remember right) fourteen successive races, and receiving forfeit [once]—no bad work either! as the knowing ones would say.

Next to him, I should be disposed to place two of the descendants of my old friend Orville—*Master Henry* and *Emilia*—both out of the same and the right sort of mares, by *Stamford*, one of the best, to my mind, of the sons of *Sir Peter*. The performances of both are too fresh in the remembrance of every one to require repetition—the one running some extraordinary severe races, winning a great many Plates and Stakes, and finishing his gallant career by challenging for, and having resigned to him without a struggle, the Whip at Newmarket:—the other, winning, if I remember right, more of the great Stakes at Newmarket, at three years old, than almost any horse did before;

as well as the Derby and some great Stake at Ascot. He only, however, won once at four years old, and ran no more. This, I confess, don't please me, though something floats in my mind, that he fell lame from accident or bad management, as, from his blood and appearance, one would have thought he could have run on for ever, and carried the biggest man in England, as well as any horse in it. They are both immensely big, powerful horses, particularly Master Henry, but neither of them handsome, and both big heads; and one must be charitable enough to say of them, according to the school-boys' proverb, "handsome is that handsome does."

Next, though I am not quite sure that I am right in placing him after any, stands, in my estimation, old *Whalebone*, of whom so much is known and so much has been said, that any thing I could add would be but repetition. Such a pair of *buttocks* as he has was rarely ever seen upon an animal. His stock have but two faults; one, they are apt to be small; and the other, lame in their fore feet—one of the curses the whole of this celebrated family has more or less suffered from—an inheritance, I believe, from their great grandmother, old *Prunella*.

Next comes another, that also hardly deserves to be placed second to any, in the person of *Reveller*, whose sire, old *Comus*, to my mind, is the best of the speedy cross now in England, having stolen largely the good qualities of the dam, old *Houghton Lass*, by Sir Peter, as fine a mare and as good a one as ever graced the turf. *Reveller* is a peculiarly formed horse, having a magni-

cent forehead, with the strength of an elephant, but with a hind quarter round like a hackney, though with hocks capable of lifting him along. His action, too, is remarkably true and good; about the best test of "Nature's journeyman" having done his work properly. Had the Lord of Petworth bought this horse, or his sire, I cannot help thinking they would have gotten such animals out of his Gohanna mares as we have rarely seen. However, to do his Lordship justice, I think that he has a plot, upon giving us a stallion by old *Whalebone*, out of a Gohanna mare, whether it be in the form of *Chateau Margaux* or some other, that will be second to none.

In the hands of the present possessor, *Reveller*, I fear, will do but little good. I am glad, however, that he has come within the reach of London, where breeding has lately become quite the fashion, and induced some spirited men to bring into its neighbourhood some valuable stallions, which have long been wanted.

It was with sad regret that I lately saw poor *Moses* taken from his box at Hampton Court, and conveyed with the rest of his Royal owner's stud to the hammer at Tattersall's. I met him on the road—a thousand melancholy recollections rushed into my mind—England had lost one of her fondest and best beloved Princes, whose benign countenance and fascinating manner shed a cheering and brilliant lustre around every circle in which he moved, and whose playful mind delighted in making and in seeing others happy, himself content to be a simple sharer with them—the cause, too, unknown often but to the heart from which

the secret orders flowed, and which asked no other return, but the sacred pleasure—the knowledge of *having done good*. In him the manly sports of England, and the Turf in particular, have lost one of their keenest followers, their best friend, and their most distinguished supporter: and here were the animals that had been his delight and pleasure, being dragged to a public sale, to become the property of any one whose purse was the heaviest, and who chose to open its strings the widest.

So much, thought I, for human greatness! and such, I suppose, will be the wind-up of us all, whether we have studs, or any thing else. No sooner dead than comes the undertaker—then the heir, or creditor—then the auctioneer; and it is ten to one, if within a few weeks is left the semblance or a trace of the being that is gone. However, to moralise over-much is neither my present purpose, nor my inclination at any time. The digression I must leave to plead for itself. But to return to our subject, and to Moses.

He is a right bred one certainly, by Whalebone*, out of a Gohanna mare, but he could not run on, therefore he is none of mine; and why?—for the least complex of reasons—his fore-legs and feet could not carry him. Whalebone is too apt to get them so. Moses, however, is otherwise a lovely horse—the sweetest head imaginable, and great depth in his hind quarter. His fore-legs, too, though terribly deficient in substance below the knee, are not, like the Smolenskos, long in the cannon bone; and they are otherwise fine sinewy limbs, and the hind ones uncommonly

good. From sound well-limbed mares, I am inclined to think his stock will be good.

He is a great loss to the London neighbourhood, and will, I should think, be no acquisition where he is gone—into Lord Egremont's country. The North would have been the place for him; but, from the circumstances of his career being so short, and the cause of its being so, I doubt much they would have sent their mares to him.

Though Moses is gone, there are others whom their owners, perhaps, would not like to see placed second to him.

The proprietor of old *Smolensko* has, I understand, no less than four, all ready for work. In so small a space, and so populous a neighbourhood, I could not help telling him it was almost *indecent*. He seems a spirited individual, but I wish he had been more fortunate in his selection.

Old *Smolensko* has already been tried, and found wanting. Though as lovely a topped horse as ever was seen, his fore legs are very bad; though his owner told me, and I have no reason to doubt it, that he measures more than most horses very immediately below the knee; but below that is the falling off—the *cannon bone* being longer and weaker than I almost ever saw it in any horse, and there is where he fails; and, what is still more unfortunate, all his stock partake of these two defects.

The same owner has also got a horse, *Cydnus*, a brother to *Euphrates*, that he ran for two years: he ran tolerably well the first year, though but poorly the last; and though one of my sort, of a good family, and the running on

* This fact is undeniable; and, but for its being too tedious, I would demonstrate it upon incontrovertible evidence.

kind, I must confess I was disappointed with him. He has a remarkably beautiful head, but there praise must cease. There is also something wrong about his ancles, which makes him twist and scrape the ground as he walks, though in other respects a tolerable goer.

He has also got a brother of his, called *Strymon*, whom, if I were he, for the sake of the other, I would put out of the way.

He has also *A Trotting Stallion*, whose action is certainly wonderful to the eye: how far it would be agreeable to the other *part* I cannot pretend to say; or, how far he would be able to keep it up at that pace for any distance is, I fancy, very doubtful. He is said to have been bred in Norfolk, by Young Fireaway, out of a Shales mare. He has not much the character of old Shales about him, who was a very handsome horse, and seems as if he had borrowed a little from the neighbouring county in which he was bred, being remarkably like a *Suffolk Punch* about his head, which is very coarse. He has otherwise a good forehead, though rather heavy, with his legs standing a little under him. He is very compact, with a short back a little hollow, but none the worse for that for a riding horse of his class. I saw some of his stock last year: they appeared to me to be coarse, and if I put a mare to him it should be a thorough-bred one. His owner has long been celebrated for trotting horses; and it does him great credit taking the trouble of having this animal, if it is only for the experiment, though I think if he had gone into our North country, instead of Norfolk, he would have been able to select, from amongst our famous *Chap-*

man breed, a handsomer as well as a better animal.

Next in rotation, not very far from these last, comes another son of my old friend Orville, indeed a brother of Master Henry—*Richard*, a horse I was very much pleased with indeed. I own I went expecting a good deal, from the remembrance of the sire and brother, and I was not disappointed. He is not so tall upon his legs as Master Henry, but has got four of about the best I ever saw in my life; he is also handsomer than his brother, and has the same great power and substance, though in a smaller compass, with a good deal of the character of old Orville about him. He was, I believe, a capital four-mile horse, though I should have liked him better had he been running on till now, which his owner told me he might have done had he belonged to any one else but his late owner, who is a famous hand for knocking *oop* his horses, as the Yorkshiremen say. He seems very fond of him, and will, I should think, do him justice. He would insist upon my seeing him out, to look at his action, which is certainly very true and good. He is a stallion for all purposes, and to my mind a very valuable one; and I much mistake it if he does not get winners, and of the right sort and stamp.

From him, I went on to see *Tancred*, the property, I believe, of Mr. Richard Tattersall: he is by Selim, and was not a bad three-year-old, running, if I remember right, second for the Derby; and though he may suit the racing of the present day, he is none of my sort, though a pretty horse. The mares they were putting to him last year were, with the exception

of a very few thorough-bred ones, such as were neither calculated to do him credit, or he them. His owner has very sensibly taken him away, whither I do not know; but, be it where it may, he has my hearty good wishes for success in this or anything else he undertakes, as a more straight-forward honest fellow lives not on the face of the earth than he is; though I should respect his judgment a little more had he not such a predilection for the *thrifless speedy race*.

Stratherne, I see, is in Tancred's place, one of the right running-on sort—a Scotchman, I believe; at least he worked himself into the right of a domicile there, and stole many of their Plates and Stakes from them. I have not seen him, so cannot say what he is.

Another high-spirited and enterprising individual, who undertakes almost anything, and nearly succeeds in every thing, has lately brought us to London town itself no less than *The Web Colt*, whom every one will remember winning the Derby in 1825, in such gallant style, as well as *A Selim Colt—Velasquez*. From the specimens their owner used to have when he hunted, the thundering prices he used to give for them, and the still more thundering pace he used to ride, and those he has now selected, I much doubt his judgment has not been so intensely turned to the subject of horses, as it has been done most effectually to other matters.

Middleton, with the exception of the Derby, and two unimportant races, never won; and, to the surprise of every one, was advertised to cover the very next season after he had won it. How comes this! was the cry of every one; and I confess that I was anxious

to see him again, as there was supposed to be some screw loose, to induce the party who had him at Newmarket to let him go. It was reported that he was lame, and could not train on. It was, therefore, to satisfy no small share of curiosity that I lately went to have a look at him, and there I beheld as fine a topped horse for a five-year-old as I almost ever saw; but on looking at his legs and feet, I found a *ring bone*! No wonder that they allowed you to go away from Newmarket! I contented myself with the reflection, that he was from a sire whose name it may surprise that I have not yet mentioned, but who could neither run on himself, nor get those that could.

They are brilliant animals certainly for the racing of the present day, having one quality which so essentially suits it. They are very forward plants, coming very early to maturity, but fading as rapidly. This won't do, or cannot last long; and though I am fully aware that I shall be set down for a Goth for presuming to say so, and have the ugly customer, called Fact, staring me in the face, and pointing to *Glenartney* at the head of the list for the Derby this year, I do humbly consider *Phantom*, with all his *fleeting* produce, one of the most unfortunate stallions that ever lived, to keep up the *lasting* and *true* character of our English thorough-bred horse.

I have but one consolation—that these glimmering die-away animals very rarely, as I have said before, convey even their single attribute of speed to posterity; and though *Phantom* is unquestionably an exception, they will still be *Phantom-like*—*ecce Cedric, Cobweb, and Middleton*—however

awful on their first appearance, yet deficient in substance, and sinking back into insignificance and shade at the very moment when expected to appear in the fulness of reality and glory. I might carry the idea a little farther, though I full well know that I shall be borne down by a *host* of fashionables—I had almost written *shadows*—and might apply to them the often-quoted, though not less beautiful language of our Immortal Bard—like unto “the baseless fabric of a *vision*, which leaves not a wrack behind.”

Velasques, belonging to the same owner as Middleton, was also shewn to me. I had often seen him run, and wondered why he never won; but I cease to do so now that I have seen him. He made his appearance, along with Middleton, very often in *The Morning Post*, and was of course on every lady's breakfast table—“*To cover this season*,” and, if I remember right, was said to have remarkably fine action.

As I have said before, his owner does nearly every thing well that he undertakes; and as I understand that he has lately taken ardently to breeding in all its branches, I doubt not but we shall live to see him of great service in improving our London breed.

And now, Sir, having come to something like a stopping place, I must endeavour to hold hard, and that quickly. This fruitful subject of *breeding*, and its *ramification*, is, I cannot deny it, my *hobby-horse*. It is said, however, somewhere, that if you allow yourself to be exhausted by keeping a thing up too much, you cannot, at length, even *do the thing itself*

well: and it is undeniably the first of secrets for a man to know the extent of his powers, and that which he cannot do; the next, to profit by it, and not to attempt it.

This very remark I am prepared, Sir, for being hurled back, and recoiling upon him who now makes it. If so, I must bear it as well as I can.

I shall now take my leave for the present, with but one wish on behalf of your readers, as the only return I can make for the penalty under which I have laid them—that they may derive from the business of breeding as much real amusement and pleasure as it has afforded to

A NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

March 5, 1827.

For the Sporting Magazine.

EPSOM, 1830.

GOOD example is better than precept; and the force of this old adage is fully exemplified in the spirit displayed by Mr. Maberly, the new Steward of this Meeting, who, as we stated in our last, has formed a Middleton Stake, to which he adds liberally. Mr. Theobald has adopted Mr. Maberly's plan, and made a Cydnus Stakes, for the produce of mares covered this season by Cydnus, to be run at two years old; and adds 10 sovs. to the Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. A Union Stakes of 10 sovs. each has also been formed, for colts and fillies got by Middleton or Cydnus, to be run at two years old; and to this Mr. Theobald likewise adds 50 sovs.

POETIC ADDRESS TO NIMROD.

SIR,
NIMROD observes, that an occasional dash of poetry would give additional interest to your Magazine. On such good authority I venture to hope that my humble productions may now and then not prove very unacceptable to your readers. I think I can choose no better subject for my first attempt, than one who has contributed, with so much perseverance and talent, to the amusement and instruction of us all.

DICK.

February 14, 1827.

TO NIMROD.

Of Nimrod's fame, in days of old,
 Full many a Poet's verse hath told;
 Oh! for an abler pen to praise
 The **NIMROD** of our modern days—
NIMROD, unrival'd in the chase;
 Unequall'd with the pen to trace
 The deeds of many a day gone by,
 Which else would wither, fade, and die!
 What ardour fires each sportsman's breast,
 When, hunters summer'd, hounds at rest,
 Thy pages cheat the tedious day,
 And lull the *chace-less* hours away;
 While memory sweetly feeds on all
 Those scenes thou only canst recal!
 See we each well-known covert's side,
 Each favorite hound, the huntsman's pride;
 Each friendly voice, each note, each cheer,
 Again with thrilling ardour hear,
 And picture still, in fancy's glow,
 The wild, the maddening Tally-ho!
 Thus o'er and o'er again we trace
 The various pleasures of the chase—
 Those fleeting moments, which, though past,
 Described by thee, shall ever last.
 Health to thee, Nimrod! may'st thou live,
 Enjoying all that health can give!
 May many a run and many a glass
 Enrich the years thou'rt doom'd to pass!
 Ne'er may misfortune, ne'er may care
 Thy nerves unstring, thy spirits wear!
 May'st thou, midst *good ones'* jovial mirth,
 Live long, before thou'rt run to earth!

A FOX-HUNTER'S WISHES.

SIR,
ALL hunting matters are frozen up, the hounds are scratching themselves in their kennels, and the horses are becoming fat and greasy in their stalls. I meant to have written the "History of the

Last Bird," but the cock-sparrows laughed at me, and at this hard-hearted frost; so I send you some postising: if it does not suit your Magazine, it will light your fire.

THE FOX-HUNTER ROUGH AND READY.

A FOX-HUNTER'S WISHES.

Oh! may I abide midst the breeze of the mountain,
Where the cry of the fox-hound may burst on my ears;
There the spirit of joy shall pour out its fountain
In the laugh, or wild song, or the gushing of tears!

Or let it be where the rivers are meeting,
Where the cataract sprinkles the deep-wooded glen;
Or where the ocean its high cliffs is beating,
Far away from the glare and pother of men.

Or let it be where the nightingale's singing
To my gentle loved one, reclin'd on my breast;
Far from the town where church bells are ringing,
Far from man's grin, or his sneer, or his jest.

If I must live with men, let it be midst their madness,
Where Bacchus and Venus make short the dull night;
Where the heart-stricken wretch has some moments of gladness,
And brilliant Champagne gives its floods of delight;

Where grief puts away his sharp pang till the morrow;
Whence black thoughtful care is bade to depart;
Where the tear which you see is not one of sorrow,
But glistens the eye from the warmth of the heart.

I hate the dull plod, the cash-scraping miser,
I hate pride of purse and of stiff pedigree;
The girl who loves riches, in faith, I despise her,
The thoughtless, the gen'rous, are co-mates for me.

Success to that man who will pour forth his treasure
At poverty's call, or the groan of distress;
In charity's sweets whose heart feels a pleasure,
To such, and such only, whurrah, lads, success!

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

SPORT WITH THE NORTHUMB-
BERLAND FOX-HOUNDS.

SIR,
SHOULD you think it worth the notice of your Magazine, I beg to inform you of a most capital day's sport with the Northumberland fox-hounds this day (seventh of February).

They met at Ponteland, and

after drawing the coverts there and at Dissington blank, they drew Throckley Fell Whin, where they found immediately; and after running in covert for a few minutes, a fox was halloo'd away to the south by the second whipper-in, who had the hounds out of covert in an instant. Here they went away close to his brush at a pailing pace, in a direction for

Walbottle Dean, but being headed he made a point to the south west, in a line for Horsley Wood; then turned short to the right, leaving Heddon-on-the-Wall to the left, down to South Dissington, by Heddon Laws, and there skirted the plantations; turned to the right to Donkin's Houses, and Little Callerton, to Ponteland, where he went to ground, dead beat. From the time of finding to going to ground was twenty-six minutes without a check; and from the heavy state of the country, and the pace the hounds went, it was difficult to keep with them; and only a few saw the latter part of this run.

The hounds then drew Smallburn, Cold Coates, and Milburn Banks, without finding; they then trotted on to Black Heddon Whin, and were no sooner put into covert than they were halloo'd to a fox, which no doubt had stole away some time, as there was scarcely any scent. However, by the judicious perseverance of the huntsman, they succeeded to hunt him over to Belsay Crags. Here there were three foxes directly on foot in the Crags; and after running in covert a short time, one of them broke away to the south east by the Huntlaw and Milburn West Grange, leaving Robsburgh to the right; he then skirted the plantations at Milburn down to Dissington, and through the plantations there to Ponteland West Houses; crossed the Pont at Little Callerton to Ponteland, where he tried the main earths; but being stopped, he turned short to the right, and went straight south to High Callerton. Here he was headed by some men ploughing; he then bore away to the right by Darraas Hall, over a very deep and dis-

treassing country, to Bering Hill, where the hounds ran in to him in an open field, in one hour and twenty minutes, in a style highly and justly creditable to themselves and their huntsman—every horse dead beat. Out of a large field, the following had the beat of it: the huntsman, who rode his favorite mare Peggy, and was well carried; Sir Charles Monk, Mr. Kent, Mr. Collingwood, and Mr. Harvey; all of whom went well, and are first-rate artists over a country. Master Monk (Sir Charles's second son), for a young one, went particularly well, and was beautifully carried upon his little brown mare.

A TRUE BLUE.

Newcastle, Feb. 7, 1827.

THE UNION DEPTFORD COURSEING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28, 1827.

THE Gold Cup.—Sir H. Vivian's yel. b. Votive beat Lord Molyneux's blk. and wh. d. Marshal; Mr. J. Long's blk. d. Lazybones beat Mr. Mills's brin. d. Marrian; Sir J. Hawkins's red b. Hermione beat Mr. Pettat's wh. d. Pilot; Mr. Roberts's blk. b. Reseda beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald; Mr. Wyndham's blk. d. Woden beat Mr. Dansey's red b. Dorina; Mr. Goodlake's fawn d. Gohanna beat Mr. Browne's grey d. Bacchus; Mr. Vivian's bl. b. Vanish beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. d. Hareack; Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Bourbon beat Mr. Phelps's bl. and wh. Rocket.

Deptford Stakes—First Class.—Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. d. Hudibras beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Blowing; Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Goldmine beat Mr. Dansey's blk. and wh. d. Dymock; Lord Molyneux's blk. b. Merry beat Mr. Roberts's blk. b. Rosa; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Elegant beat Mr. Phelps's yel. b. Risk.

Deptford Stakes—Second Class.—Sir J. Hawkins's blk. b. Gift beat Mr. Browne's blk. d. Beverley; Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Peggy beat Mr. Biggs's blk. and wh. b. Breeze; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emma beat Sir H. Vivian's blk. d. Veleciped; Mr. M. Mills's blk. d. Marmaduke beat Mr. J. Long's f. d. Lion.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1.

FIRST TIES FOR THE GOLD CUP.

Roseda beat Bourbon.
 Votive — Esmine.
 Gohanna — Vamish.
 Lazybones — Woden.

TIES FOR THE DEPTFORD STAKES.

FIRST CLASS.

Hudibras beat Goldmine.
 Elegant — Merry.

TIES FOR THE DEPTFORD STAKES.

SECOND CLASS.

Marmaduke beat Gift.
 Emma — Peggy.

Fisherton Stakes.—Mr. Roberts's yel. b. Rifficute beat Mr. Browne's yel. b. Benham; Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Hanibal beat Mr. Biggs's team d. Belzoni; Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Pontiff beat Lord Molyneux's brin. d. Merlin; Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Gong beat Mr. Mills's blk. d. Marston.

TIES FOR THE FISHERTON STAKES.

Ridicule beat Hanibal.
 Pontiff — Gong.

FRIDAY, MARCH 2.

SECOND TIES FOR THE GOLD CUP.

Votive beat Roseda.
 Lazybones — Gohanna.

Deciding Course for the Gold Cup.—Votive beat Lazybones, and won the Cup; Lazybones the Consolation Purse.

Deciding Course for the Deptford Stakes.—*First Class.*—Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Elegant beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. d. Hudibras, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Deptford Stakes.—*Second Class.*—Mr. M. Mills's blk. d. Marmaduke beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emma, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Fisherton Stakes.—Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Pontiff beat Mr. Roberts's yel. b. Ridicule, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Vivian's Vanity beat Mr. Dansey's Deborah; Mr. Roberts's Rembrandt agst Mr. Cripps's Evadne—off; Mr. Browne's Blossom beat Sir H. Vivian's Vesta; Mr. Biggs's Bolivar beat Mr. Goodlake's Gog; Sir J. Hawkins's Hauler agst Mr. Pettat's Plunder—undecided; Mr. Browne's Briseis beat Mr. Biggs's Brees; Mr. Biggs's Bounty beat Sir H. Vivian's Volatile; Mr. Goodlake's Grandison beat Mr. Wyndham's Waldemar; Sir J. Hawkins's Helga beat Mr. Biggs's Bandit.

Mr. Heathcote and Mr. Cripps were Stewards on this occasion, and Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Browne were chosen Stewards for 1828.

THE NIMROD COACH.

"Volat vi servitus axis."

SIR,

SO Mr. NIMROD is "in harness!" I am rejoiced to hear it. May the "Nimrod Coach" prove a second "Telegraph," and worthy of a "Peer!" Methinks I see Taylor more on the alert than ever, dealing forth a superabundance of imprecations on the dilatory horse-keepers, "*summis viribus est festinandum*;" for the Opposition peeps over the hill. The virtue of M'Adam's plan is now to be put to the test, for the horny hooved team of NIMROD, a mighty "whip," before the Lord, is battering away—"*fulvae nimbus arene tollitur*."

I hope and trust that the "Nimrod Coach" will meet with all due encouragement. The respectability of the proprietors should prove a great inducement to the public for patronizing the concern: Peer has been long known on the road; his civil behaviour and his respectful deportment have gained him the good will of many, not only of those persons who style themselves "Amateurs," but of those also who know not a horse's head from his tail, an off-leader from a near-wheeler. It is well known that a stage coachman is always attentive to that person who is considered a "knowing hand," an adept in the art of driving: this, I allow, is natural; for "*similis simili gaudet*." Praiseworthy then is that coachman who extends his attentions to the "uninitiated," who is willing and is competent to discourse on subjects not relating to "the road." Peer, I suppose, will still remain on the box, and thus have a double duty to perform. He is now a proprietor as well as a coachman; his path of life is

widened, and the duties of it consequently increased. The master of any establishment who discharges his duty conscientiously will at all seasons find sufficient employment, and the duty of a stage coach proprietor is by no means an easy one. Many minds and many tempers are to be accommodated, and it is a difficult task to guard against complaints. The stage coach proprietor has not only to attend to the comfort of persons in his own sphere of life, of those of the same age and the same opinions, but he is exposed to the caprice of the old, and the irascibility of the young. The truth of this reasoning is daily to be experienced. Seldom have I travelled by a public conveyance, without hearing some complaint issuing from the dissatisfied mouth of a passenger. Such persons should consider that nothing in this world is perfect; and that therefore, in this short journey of life, they must expect to meet with vexation and disappointment. All trivial inconveniences attending the travelling by a stage coach should be utterly disregarded. If persons will act otherwise, the day's journey must prove rough and disagreeable, notwithstanding the superior benefit derived from Mr. M'Adam.

Few, very few disagreeable circumstances, I am persuaded, will attend the "Nimrod coach." John Peer, having been so long on the road, most certainly knows his right hand from his left: Mr. James Waterhouse is well initiated in his line of business: and if Mr. NIMROD acts as he writes, as far as he is concerned things will glide on smoothly—the new "drag" will be patronized. I trust no animosity will exist between "the Nimrod" and the other coaches on

thesame road. The road to Southampton can easily spare room for one more vehicle: the attractions of that delightful spot, which, THE RURALIST so justly remarks, is one of the prettiest towns in England without exception, will surely allow of the addition of another coach. Why then should animosity or bickerings arise? Why not give and take reciprocally? Why waste good horse flesh through ridiculous enthusiasm? Let sound judgment and fate decide the important question—Is the "Nimrod coach" to prove a lasting establishment?—I trust it will; and also be worthy the exertions of its proprietors. Requesting the insertion of this in your next Number, I remain, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

CURRUS.

March 14, 1827.

BURTON-UPON-TRENT COURS- ING CLUB.

SIR,

AS I have not seen any account of the last Burton-upon-Trent Coursing Meeting in your Magazine, I herewith send you a list for insertion in your next Number. This is the third Meeting since the Society was established, and it is worthy of remark that all the three Cups were won by Bergami puppies—two of them actually puppies at the time of winning them.

AN OBSERVER.

TUESDAY, DEC. 19, 1826.

BROAD MEADOW, DRAKELOW.

For the Cup and Goblet.—Mr. Worthington's blk. b. Wasp beat Mr. Peel's red d. Phantom; Mr. Smith's red b. Iphis beat Mr. Calvert's blk. d. Topham; Mr. Hassall's blk. d. Hamlet beat Mr. Burgess's blk. d. Bancho; Mr. Hassall's red p. b. Haut Ton beat Mr. Nixon's dun b. Fidelle; Mr. Hoskins's blk. d. Achilles

3 B

beat Mr. Worthington's bl. b. Wilhelmus; Mr. Moore's red b. Fly beat Mr. Burgess's blk. p. d. Bolivar; Mr. Cotton's blk. p. b. Cora beat Mr. Chamberlain's red d. Mundy; Mr. Calvert's blk. d. Topper beat Mr. Nixon's bl. and wh. b. N. Swallow.

Gresley Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Hoskins's red p. b. Arachne beat Mr. W. Bass's red p. b. Dandyzette; Mr. Smith's blk. b. Ina beat Mr. Calvert's brin. b. Tomazine; Mr. Moore's blk. p. b. Fanny beat Mr. Burgess's blk. and wh. b. Berenice; Mr. Nixon's blk. d. Ambo beat Mr. Worthington's blk. b. W. Fly.

Anglesey Stakes.—Mr. Bass's brin. p. b. Duchess beat Mr. Calvert's bl. d. Talisman; Mr. Moore's red b. Luna beat Mr. Hoskins's blk. d. Anselmo; Mr. Burgess's f. b. Bashful beat Mr. Chamberlain's blk. d. Memnon; Mr. Hassall's f. p. d. Hercules Jun. beat Mr. Smith's yel. and wh. d. Ivanhoe.

Matches.—Mr. Smith's Iliad beat Mr. Burgess's Brenda; Mr. Burgess's Briseis beat Mr. Hoskins's Atalanta; Mr. Hassall's Honeymoon beat Mr. Bass's Dauntless.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 20.—BRANSTON MEADOWS.

FIRST TIE FOR THE CUP AND GOBLET.

Wasp	beat	Cora.
Achilles	—	Iphis.
Haut Ton	—	Fly.
Topper	—	Hamlet.

Burton Stakes.—Mr. Hoskins's f. d. Actæon beat Mr. Nixon's bl. and wh. b. Swallow; Mr. Bass's red p. b. Dandyzette beat Mr. Smith's f. b. Imperial; Mr. Moore's red b. Fairy beat Mr. Watson's blk. and wh. p. d. Romulus; Mr. Burgess's blk. tick d. Bancho beat Mr. Hassall's yel. and w. p. b. Honeymoon.

Matches.—Mr. Burgess's Blazeaway beat Mr. Nixon's Gypsy; Mr. Nixon's Phæbe beat Mr. Smith's Ivy; Mr. Chamberlain's Merlin beat Mr. Nixon's Rachel; Mr. Chamberlain's Mentor beat Mr. Hoskins's Alonzo; Mr. Peel's Pantomime beat Mr. Worthington's Flirt; Mr. Chamberlain's Mahomet beat Mr. Nixon's N. Tramp; Mr. Hassall's Harlequin beat Mr. Cotton's Colbeck; Mr. Worthington's Wonder beat Mr. Bass's Daphne; Mr. Hoskins's Alfred beat Mr. Hassall's Hannibal; Mr. Chamberlain's Minx beat Mr. Lathbury's Pert; Mr. Chamberlain's Minx beat Mr. Burgess's Bellona; Mr. Cotton's Clara agst Mr. Hassall's Hardy—undecided; Mr. Hoskins's Atræus beat Mr. Smith's Index.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21.

SECOND TIE FOR THE CUP AND GOBLET.

Achilles	beat	Wasp.
Haut Ton	—	Topper.

Deciding Course for the Cup and Goblet.—Mr. Hassall's Haut Ton beat Mr. Hoskins's Achilles, and won the Cup; and Mr. Hoskins the Goblet.

TIE FOR THE GRESLEY PUPPY STAKES.

Arachne	beat	Ambo.
Ina	—	Fanny.

Deciding Course for the Gresley Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Hoskins's Arachne beat Mr. Smith's Ina, and won the Stakes.

TIE FOR THE ANGLESEY STAKES.

Bashful	beat	Luna
Duchess	—	Hercules Jun.

Deciding Course for the Anglesey Stakes.—Mr. Bass's Duchess beat Mr. Burgess's Bashful, and won the Stakes.

TIE FOR THE BURTON STAKES.

Fairy	beat	Bancho
Dandyzette	—	Actæon.

Mr. Bass and Mr. Moore divided the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Hassall's Hurricane beat Mr. Burgess's Briseis; Mr. Nixon's Swiss beat Mr. Hoskins's Artist; Mr. Bass's Daphne agst Mr. Hassall's Hasty—Mr. Bass paid forfeit; Mr. Peel's Pantomime beat Mr. Calvert's Swallow; Mr. Nixon's Fidelle beat Mr. Smith's Image; Mr. Worthington's Warrior agst Mr. Bass's Diana—undecided; Mr. Chamberlain's Minx agst Mr. Burgess's Blazeaway—undecided; Mr. Hassall's Hannibal beat Mr. Peel's Phantom; Mr. Worthington's Flirt beat Mr. Peel's Pantomime; Mr. Chamberlain's Mahomet beat Mr. Smith's Iago; Mr. Hassall's Hymen beat Mr. Burgess's Berenice; Mr. Burgess's Brenda beat Mr. Smith's Iliad; Mr. Burgess's Leppo beat Mr. Smith's Indigo; Mr. Watson's Rolla beat Mr. Hassall's Hogarth; Mr. Hoskins's Alonzo beat Mr. Chamberlain's Cannon; Mr. Chamberlain's Mentor agst Mr. Bass's Deuce—undecided; Mr. Worthington's Fly agst Mr. Bass's Dauntless—undecided; Mr. Smith's Ivy agst Mr. Chamberlain's Merlin—no course; Mr. Hoskins's Anselmo beat Mr. Hassall's Honeymoon; Mr. Burgess's Bolivar beat Mr. Hassall's Harlequin; Mr. Worthington's Whizgig beat Mr. Hoskins's Alfred; Mr. Worthington's Wonder agst Mr. Bass's Daphne—undecided.

TICKS IN KENNELS.

SIR,

IN your February Magazine I find a correspondent is desirous of being made acquainted with the method of destroying ticks in a kennel. I am equally anxious for

information on the subject, and I am sorry it is not in my power to give a receipt for the removal of the annoyance. I have made inquiries, but I fear there is no remedy; for a friend of mine, who had a very excellent kennel some few years ago, was unlucky enough to have it full of ticks. Every method was resorted to—washing with soft soap, anointing with turpentine, and filling the small chinks and holes with sulphur, besides many other experiments. The kennel was left for three months, and the dogs replaced; but all to no purpose, as the ticks were as numerous as before. The consequence was, it was pulled down, fearing it would never be free from them.

There is no great difficulty in destroying vermin on dogs; the kennel is widely different. The following is from the *Stamford Mercury*:—A correspondent at Melton Mowbray, referring to a paragraph in our last paper, respecting the dressing of beasts for vermin, says, "I would advise not to dress with tobacco or any poisonous drug; coal ashes will cure, by rubbing them all over, particularly where the vermin most abound. I have found this effectual on many occasions."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A CONSTANT READER.

INQUIRIES ON BREEDING.

SIR,

IT has often, I must confess, struck me with astonishment, that in a Magazine which professes itself to be, and is really, devoted to sporting in general, the notices of your correspondents appear to be almost uniformly devoted to

that branch of it which relates to hunting. The very scientific and valuable articles of NIMROD relative to his plan for summering hunters, a plan which has been so much discussed in all sporting circles, has no doubt led you into what I consider to be an error. Though hunting undoubtedly is a very important branch of sporting, I cannot think that the turf ought not on that account to be an object of your attention. Pages after pages are devoted to management of hunters, and not one line do I see on the best system of breeding and training race horses. Mr. Hanckey Smith has, indeed, published an interesting, though somewhat fanciful, Treatise on Breeding; but, with that one exception, I am not aware of any light having been, for some time, thrown on the subject, either in your Magazine or in any other form.

Being a native of the Sister Isle, where, I regret to say, the turf exists only in name, I am anxious to gain some information from those who have in this country practically studied the crossing of the different great families of horses. Those great families I consider to be five in number; three, Mr. Watts, Lord Fitzwilliam, and the late Mr. Peirse's, in the north; the Duke of Grafton and Lord Egremont, in the south. Sir Charles Bunbury would formerly have been included in the list, but it has now become so scattered, as to be hardly worthy of being classed with them. I should like very much to hear how any person, who has studied breeding on scientific principles, would advise the crossing of the four principal bloods of the present day—the Gohanna, Waxy, Buzzard,

and Sorcerer. The old great divisions of Herod and Eclipse, I consider to be now nearly worn out, or at least so intermixed with one another, that very little blood of either sort, distinct from that of the other, could be now produced in England. It would also be very serviceable to those who wish to come on the turf, or who are now embarked in that noble and useful pursuit, to know what is considered, by competent persons, to be the most satisfactory mode of treating a stud in general; namely—mares in foal, foals, weanlings, and yearlings; what time foals should be weaned, and how fed from the time of their birth; how weanlings should be managed; and at what period yearlings should get their first breaking. I would wish to know whether weanlings and yearlings ought to get physic before they are taken up into the stable; and, if it be approved of, what kind of physic would be recommended. A plan of a stud-farm, with its various buildings and paddocks, and an estimate of the expenses of supporting a stud of twelve mares, will also be very valuable—at least to the writer it would be a great acquisition. Were it possible to procure an account of the manner in which some of the principal studs of England are managed, the practical illustration which would be there placed before the eyes of the public would be most useful.

Of the training of horses of a more mature age, also, it would be a great advantage if gentlemen on the turf were better acquainted, as it would keep them more out of the power of their trainers: for this reason, a few hints as to the different modes of training adopted by the principal trainers of the

day would be most beneficial. It may, it is true, be said that hardly any two horses have so exactly the same constitution that they could be trained in an exactly similar manner; but surely there must be some fixed principles which should form the groundwork of every system of training, and merely be deviated from in particular instances. Should any of your correspondents, Mr. Editor, be kind enough to supply this desired information, I purpose still farther to trespass on you, by putting to you for solution some doubts which have occurred to me relative to racing in general.

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

BOGTROTTER.

Dublin, March 10, 1827.

THE GAME LAWS.

SIR,
MY last communication on this head being deemed worthy of insertion in your January Number, and having met with one approving voice in the praises of Friend TIMOTHY, I venture more. Though it is said by Franklin, who was a *prudent* man, "little barks should keep near shore," yet I am not disheartened; and, though writing in direct contradiction to the theory of a man of great name, or names, I may expect supporters of my theory as well as he of his: "'Tis with our judgments as our watches:" none go just alike, yet each believes his own.

Certainly of the practice and effect of the present existing Game Laws, I am obliged to be a pretty close observer and witness. Friend TIMOTHY heavily complains of the multiplicity of the Game Acts. I re-echo his words; for what with

the first acts, and then the amendments of tautology, punctuation, and bad grammar, it is rather slavery to wade through the statute law on any subject—and perhaps at last, to come at the real meaning, “*we must look at the preamble,*” as is very commonly observed by the Court, “*see what was intended, and then we will make as good sense of it as we can.*”

But to the point:—What I have written in the January Number may be embodied all in one Act, as well as my farther remarks hereafter; but so many opposite opinions being afloat on the subject, what man having the *teipsum nosce* about him can be prevailed upon, for the sake of his country friends, to bring it forward? He must have the persuasive eloquence of a Canning, and the judgment of a Peel. Oh! that we could hail the day of this last Minister taking the subject in his hand: all the other impracticable and impossibly-to-be-enforced theories would vanish before his sound arguments and sounder legislation!

The preamble of the Bill ought to be for the protection of game and prevention of poaching. Then, after “*May it please,*” &c. enumerate all former statutes, and repeal them: then state what are game, and the times when they are in season by one clause, stating, it shall and may be lawful to get and take such and such game at such times. In the next clause state, that if any qualified person shall *wilfully* kill them, or destroy the eggs, &c. a penalty of thirty pounds, and the penalty from want of qualification and certificate, as mentioned in January Number, additional on the poacher. Then may follow the several clauses necessary to embody the substance

of what I have stated in my remarks in the January Number.

I beg, with every submission to better judgment, to offer a few suggestions concerning the penalties and punishments on persons found guilty of poaching in the night. First, as to what shall be deemed night—From the last of August to the first of October, both days inclusive, it should be considered night from nine at night to five in the morning: from first of October to the first of November, the last day inclusive, from seven in the evening to six in the morning: from first November to twentieth February, from six in the evening to six in the morning. The clauses now in force respecting rabbits in a warren, and deer in a park, inclosed by patent, to be re-enacted, distinctly stating what are parks and warrens. Generally night poaching is confined to hares and pheasants—the destruction of the former in the month of September is tremendous.

With regard to the penalties—Poachers found guilty of making resistance, and killing any keepers, &c. in the endeavour to take them, to be guilty of murder, without benefit of clergy: if found guilty of shooting at, with intent to do some grievous bodily harm, fourteen years’ transportation at least. Keepers or qualified persons killing poachers in the night, after having summoned them to surrender, and resistance offered or made, to be justifiable homicide. This must be in preserves and inclosures of land, or by the game-keepers legally appointed under the hand of the Lord of the Manor only as to heath game. Poachers found guilty of taking game, or being found armed in inclosures, or for each head of game found on

them, to be liable, besides the former penalties from want of qualification and certificate, to a penalty of fifty pounds; in default of payment to be committed to hard labour in the House of Correction for a period not less than twelve months, and not exceeding two years. Persons found with their faces blacked, liable each to the penalty of one hundred pounds, or to two years' hard labour. These poachers are men generally capable of going through a deal of fatigue, which is the reason I give them hard labour, and because I know they dislike it most.

Informations to be taken on the oath of two witnesses (who may also be informers) resident in the parish where the offence was committed, before two Justices, and penalties to be applied as the other penalties; and, if no penalty, the Justices to order witnesses two pounds each out of poor rates of the township to which the poachers belong.—Yours, &c.

SOLICITOR SHOT.

Lancashire, February 28, 1827.

ON THE ENGLISH RACER, AS
DERIVED FROM THE BARB
AND ARAB, BY A NORTHERN
GENTLEMAN AND BREEDER.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent ANT' ARAB doubts whether the breed of English race horses has derived that excellence from the Arab blood which is generally supposed. I apprehend he is not well read in the progress of the racing breed in England, nor does he follow the course of reasoning on the breed, which every practical breeder does to this day.

The Godolphin Arabian was sire of Lath, Cade, Babraham,

Regulus, Bajazet, Tarquin, Dormouse, Sultan, Blank, Dismal, and many others. Such horses never were *before* produced from any stallion. Again, the other favorite Arab was the Darley, sire of Childers, Almanza, Brisk, Aleppo, Skipjack, &c. Now, the descendants of these two Arabs proved superior to any horses which had none of such blood in their veins. Are we not then justifiable in drawing the inference, that there was a decided superiority in the Godolphin and Darley Arabians' shape and powers of speed? ANT' ARAB states that the Arab is deficient in his shoulders. Were I to name a qualification in which the Arab is superior to any of the European breed, it is in the formation of the shoulder. The Arab horse rises in the shoulder blade high up to the withers. It is greatly inclined backward, and so nicely adjusted, that, in descending a hill, the point or edge of the ham never ruffles the skin, as do our coarse breeds. I have seen not a few Arabs; but on reading this supposed mal-formation of the horses in Arabia to a friend who has been some years in a cavalry regiment in India, mounted on Arabs (a few Cutch horses excepted), he assures me, that the Arab shoulder is particularly high, fine, and well placed.

ANT' ARAB supposes that there was an original breed of mares in England on which the Arab blood was grafted. I see not the least grounds for this opinion. The Cleveland breed is most decidedly not an original breed: they have a strong mixture of thorough blood in them. The YORKSHIREMAN bred them from blood horses, as far as he could venture to go, so as to preserve their powers of

draught in plough, cart, and carriages. In proof of this, I have seen several of the true blood Cleveland stallions, and these had, in general, that peculiar colour called *blood bay*, which never was possessed by any *bay* horse that had no Arab blood in him. It is not easy to describe a colour, but the name is appropriate in this instance; for when such a horse is in condition, his bay hair appears to have been rubbed thinly over with blood, which gives a deep shining colour. The Cleveland shews blood in his legs; but in general his shoulders and body are too much loaded, and thick for the size of his legs.

I am a determined advocate for still crossing with Arab or Barb blood, to renovate our breed. I say to renovate the blood, because, in my own time, I see a visible falling off in the shape, and performance too, of our best horses. It is pretended that we now breed so many, that very many are excellent, but very few can be distinguished as very superior to the rest. Now, I ask any amateur to run over the performances, in distances and weight, of these three last years, of different aged racers, and compare them with any three years of racing annals between the years 1787 and 1800: examine the performances of four, five, six, and seven years aged horses of this last period, with similar aged horses of the present day: if, then, our present horses cannot perform well at five, six, and seven years of age, depend upon it the race or breed is falling off, no matter from what cause. If too early training and hard training be the fault, the defect must inevitably descend to the progeny. In two or three descents from horses whose powers

of speed have been injured at three years old—observe well, that this is three years before the horse comes to full growth—we may safely conclude that the injury will affect the progeny most materially. In a full grown horse, an injury acquired then may not touch so much the progeny. But as a breeder, I would not breed for the turf from any horse, however famed, in whom the power of speed ceased in him, his sire, and grand-sire, at three years old, or even at four years.

In breeding from Arab blood, our error has been in considering every importation may be a Godolphin. But were we to view Arab horses of superior racing powers, as scarce in Arabia as superior racers are in Britain, our disappointment at the result of our crosses would not be so great. Even in India, where at Bombay ship-loads are every year imported from Bussora, only one of the most superior speed has been imported for these thirty years past; and so little do we look to real points of shape, as connected with speed, that this little horse was purchased by accident out of a drove of forty Arabs, for something about twenty pounds—the supposed outcast of the whole; yet he beat every other horse at Bombay; travelled across the Peninsula, and beat, with the greatest ease, the choicest horses at Madras; and, finally, I believe, at Calcutta. Some of your East India readers can, perhaps, give you a full account of the appearance and performance of this remarkable animal, whom I look upon as having been one of the true breed.

You formerly published Osmer's Dissertation on Horses, and against innate qualities in blood horses. I consider that little pamphlet, and

what he added in his third chapter of his *Treatise on Horses*, as worth all that has ever been written on the subject of the thorough-bred animal. A breeder cannot too often read over those few pages, to keep himself in the right road of probable success in breeding racers.

I think honest blunt Osmer is the only *writer* we have who did actually see the Godolphin Arabian, yet his account of him has been overlooked.

"I well remember this to be the case of the Godolphin Arabian *when I saw him*—he stood bent at knees, and with his fore legs trembling under him."

Again—"According to these principles of length and power, there never was a horse so well entitled to get racers as the Godolphin Arabian; for whoever has seen this horse must remember that his shoulders were deeper, and lay farther into his back, than any horse's ever yet seen; behind the shoulders there was but a very small space; before, the muscles of his loins rose excessively high, broad and expanded, which were inserted into his quarters with greater strength and power than in any horse, I believe, ever yet seen, of his dimensions. If we now consider the *plainness of his head* and ears, the position of his fore legs, and his stunted growth, it is not to be wondered at that the excellence of this horse's shape was not so manifest and apparent."

Now this is not like the pictures of the Godolphin. I have an old print of him, having a large head and lop ears, which I conceive nearer the mark; which, with some others, serve to illustrate my copy of a favorite work, *John Lawrence's Treatise on Horses*, 2 vols. 8vo.—the very best work I know on the

subject; and worth a cart load of the holiday effusions of young Tyros of the saddle.

BARB-ARAB.

REMUS.

With a PORTRAIT.

REMUS will long be remembered in Shropshire as having, for many seasons, been unquestionably the first dog on the Morfe coursing ground: he was bred in 1815, by one of the first members of the Morfe club, established in the following year. He was got by Mr. Davenport's Dermot, out of Ruby, by Mr. W. Smith's old Remus; his Venus by Mr. J. Smith's Valiant, Mr. W. Smith's Violet, Mr. Molineux's Telescope, Mr. Davenport's Whimsy, Mr. Molineux's Spanker, Mr. Bach's brindled bitch, by a dog of Lord Orford's, out of a bitch of Mr. Ballock.

Old Remus was got by Regulus, out of Swift, by Mr. Molineux's Telescope, out of Mr. Perkins's Short-tail.

Regulus was by Sky-scraper, out of Mr. W. Smith's Old Ruby, by the sire of Mr. Bach's bitch, out of a Norfolk bitch.

Valiant was got by Spot (sent out of Norfolk to Mr. Copeland), out of Mr. Princep's Fly.

Spanker was sent to Mr. Molineux by Captain Hat.

Dermot was got by Mr. W. Molineux's Remus, out of Mr. Davenport's Riot. Mr. Homfray's Tippo—Whimsy.

Mr. W. Molineux's Remus, by Mr. Molineux's Merlin, out of Swift.

Merlin, by Maj. Topham's Snowball, out of Mr. Swinfen's Catch.

Tippoo, by Mr. Davenport's Sultan, out of Mr. Corsellis's Castle.

Remus, during the time he ran in public, was never beaten, though frequently matched against some of the first dogs in the kingdom. He never had an opportunity of running for a Cup; but the following list of the performances of his stock, none of whom attained the old dog's celebrity, will bear some testimony to that celebrity's not being undeserved. Remus was Sire to the following winners:—

Mr. Davenport's Dewdrop, Puppy Cup at Ashdown, February 1822.

Mr. H. M. Campbell's Hebe, Puppy Cup at Morfe, January 1825.

Mr. R. W. Wyndham's Woden, All-aged Cup at Amesbury, January 1826.

Mr. H. M. Campbell's Hotspur, All-aged Cup at Morfe, January 1826.

Mr. W. Smith's Romulus, the Goblet.

He was also Grandsire to—

Mr. Wilson Roberts's Radical, Puppy Cup at Ashdown, November 1824.

Mr. J. Smith's Spanker, All-aged Cup at Morfe, December 1825.

Sir R. B. Graham's Blucher, Cup at Malton, February 1827.

Colonel Hodge's Hercules, All-aged Cup at Morfe, February 1827.

His success will appear the more remarkable, if it be remembered that very few of his stock, except those named, have run on any ground except the Morfe: there they are indeed unrivalled. Five cups only have been run for on that ground; four of which have been carried off by them; and in those won by Hotspur and Hercules, three of the four in the last ties were descendants of Remus; in the latter they were the only descendants of his entered; there was no goblet, but Hercules contended in the last course with Valiant, a grandson of Remus.

VOL. XIX. N.S.—No. 115.

DERBYSHIRE COURSING MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, FEB. 27, AT SUDBURY.

CUPS.—Mr. Lloyd's b. p. b. Linnet beat Mr. Harding's b. d. Hawk; Mr. Worthington's blk. and wh. b. Whizzig beat Mr. Calvert's b. d. Blucher; Mr. Hassall's f. d. Hercules beat Mr. Smith's b. d. Orfion; Mr. Molineux's red d. Mundy beat Mr. Davenport's f. d. Douglas; Mr. Nixon's bl. and wh. b. Swallow beat Mr. Hoskins's b. p. d. Hamlet; Mr. Clowes's b. and wh. b. Cora beat Mr. Vernon's bl. d. Sudbury; Mr. Burgess's b. and wh. d. Beppe beat Mr. Asbury's; Mr. Rowland's b. d. Snowball beat Mr. Longden's b. d. Ashbourne.

Puppy Cups.—Mr. Dicken's b. ticked d. Wonder beat Mr. Vernon's yel. and wh. b. Charlotte; Mr. Worthington's f. b. Woodbine beat Mr. Hoskins's b. p. d. Hermit; Mr. Smith's b. b. Nettle beat Mr. Davenport's wh. b. Delightful; Mr. Lloyd's brin. p. b. Lutestring beat Mr. Hassall's red b. Hyacinth; Mr. Hassall's yel. and wh. d. Hudibras beat Mr. Calvert's bl. d. Topper; Mr. Rowland's yel. and wh. b. Mayday beat Mr. Harding's b. and wh. d. Hudibras; Mr. Molineux's b. b. Midnight beat Mr. Burgess's red d. Brutandorf; Mr. Molineux's blk. d. Meteor beat Mr. Longden's red d. Spring.

Great Doveridge Stakes.—Mr. Vernon's b. p. d. Violet beat Mr. Lloyd's red p. b. Linnet; Mr. Davenport's brin. and wh. b. Daphne beat Mr. Hoskins's red. p. d. Herbert; Mr. Longden's red d. Grasper beat Mr. Molineux's b. and wh. d. Monarch; Mr. Smith's b. d. Slyboots beat Mr. Dicken's b. d. Blucher.

Vernon Stakes.—Mr. Clowes's b. and wh. d. Camel beat Mr. Molineux's b. p. d. Medish; Mr. Hoskins's b. d. Hotspur beat Mr. Nixon's dun b. Fidelle; Mr. Hassall's yel. and wh. b. Hencymoon beat Mr. Worthington's b. b. Wasp; Mr. Burgess's b. b. Briscis beat Mr. Calvert's br. b. Fly.

Matches.—Mr. Lloyd's Lucifer beat Mr. Calvert's Swallow; Mr. Hoskins's Hippolita beat Mr. Worthington's Danizette; Mr. Worthington's Duchess beat Mr. Hoskins's Hermione; Mr. Hoskins's Hyperia agst Mr. Clowes's Swiss—undecided; Mr. Hoskins's Horatio agst Mr. Worthington's Whip—undecided; Mr. Nixon's Phoebe agst Mr. Lloyd's Lascar—undecided; Mr. Lloyd's Lavinia agst Mr. Rowland's Wewaki—undecided; Mr. Nixon's Swiss agst Mr. Calvert's Swallow—undecided; Mr. Calvert's Pegg beat Mr. Rowland's Gratitude; Mr. Harding's

Hecate agst Mr. Rowland's Rolla—undecided; Mr. Lloyd's Luckie beat Mr. Davenport's Duke; Mr. Hassall's Hebe beat Mr. Molineux's Mira; Mr. Harding's Hecate agst Mr. Hoskins's Hippolytus—undecided; Mr. Lloyd's Lucius beat Mr. Worthington's Warrior.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28.

FIRST TIE FOR THE CUPS.

Whizgig beat Swallow.
Hercules — Linnet.
Beppo — Cora.
Snowball — Mundy.

FIRST TIE FOR THE PUPPY CUPS.

Wonder beat Hudibras.
Latestring — Woodbine.
Midnight — Nettle.
Meteor — Mayfly.

TIE FOR THE GREAT DOVERIDGE STAKES.

Grasper beat Violet.
Slyboots — Daphne.

TIE FOR THE VERNON STAKES.

Hotspar beat Camel.
Honeymoon — Briscia.

Bye Stakes.—Mr. Longden's b. d. Ashbourne beat Mr. Harding's b. d. Hawk; Mr. Davenport's f. d. Douglas beat Mr. Burgess's b. ticked d. Banquo; Mr. Smith's b. d. Clifton beat Mr. Wilmot's blk. and wh. d. Snowball; Mr. Calvert's b. d. Blucher beat Mr. Molineux's b. p. d. Modiah.

Matches.—Mr. Nixon's Barefoot beat Mr. Rowland's Lottery; Mr. Nixon's Tramp agst Mr. Birch's Wonder, named by Mr. Mountford—undecided; Mr. Rowland's Rolla beat Mr. Hassall's Hamlet; Mr. Hoskins's Hermione beat Mr. Harding's Hecate; Mr. Lloyd's Lucifer beat Mr. Clowes's Racer; Mr. Dicken's Blucher beat Mr. Hoskins's Horatio; Mr. Harding's Hudibras beat Mr. Hoskins's Hesper; Mr. Clowes's Spiny agst Mr. Mountford's Topham—no course; Mr. Nixon's Swiss beat Mr. Hassall's Hobgoblin; Mr. Lloyd's Lascar beat Mr. Hoskins's Hesperion; Mr. Harding's Hebe beat Mr. Hoskins's Hippolyta; Mr. Molineux's Memnon beat Mr. Birch's Blucher; Mr. Lloyd's Lavinia beat Mr. Rowland's Wowaki; Mr. Dicken's Flirt beat Mr. Clowes's Caroline; Mr. Lloyd's Laughter beat Mr. Molineux's Maiden; Mr. Nixon's Phoebe beat Mr. Lloyd's Lannardi; Mr. Hoskins's Mippolitus beat Mr. Wilmot's Romulus; Mr. Nixon's Fiddle agst Mr. Wilmot's Gelart—undecided; Mr. Mountford's Phoebe agst Mr. Burgess's Bolivar—no course; Mr. Molineux's Mellish beat Mr. Burgess's Blaze-

away; Mr. Hoskins's Hesper agst Mr. Lloyd's Lascar—no course; Mr. Hassall's Hurricane beat Mr. Longden's Jack Spigot.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 29.

SECOND TIE FOR THE CUPS.

Snowball beat Hercules.
Beppo — Whizgig.

Deciding Course for the Cups.—Mr. Burgess's b. and wh. d. Beppo beat Mr. Rowland's b. d. Snowball, and won the Cup; and Mr. Rowland the Goblet.

SECOND TIE FOR THE PUPPY CUPS.

Wonder beat Midnight.
Latestring — Meteor.

Deciding Course for the Puppy Cups.—Mr. Lloyd's p. b. Latestring beat Mr. Dicken's blk. ticked d. Wonder, and won the Cup; and Mr. Dicken the Goblet.

Deciding Course for the Great Doveridge Stakes.—Mr. Longden's red d. Grasper beat Mr. Smith's b. d. Slyboots, and won the Stakes; and Mr. Smith the Guineas.

Deciding Course for the Vernon Stakes.—Mr. Hoskins and Mr. Hassall divided the Stakes.

TIE FOR THE BYE STAKES.

Ashbourne beat Clifton.
Blucher — Douglas.

Deciding Course for the Bye Stakes.—Mr. Calvert's b. d. Blucher beat Mr. Longden's b. d. Ashbourne, and won the Stakes.

Sudbury Stakes.—Mr. Longden's brin. d. Hector beat Mr. Mountford's b. b. Phoebe; Mr. Worthington's b. b. Venus beat Mr. Clowes's Caroline.

Deciding Course for the Sudbury Stakes.—Mr. Longden's brin. d. Hector beat Mr. Worthington's b. b. Venus, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Hassall's Hamlet beat Mr. Rowland's Lottery; Mr. Hoskins's Hermione beat Mr. Burgess's Banquo; Mr. Nixon's Tramp agst Mr. Burgess's Grasper, named by Mr. Mountford—undecided; Mr. Vernon's Violet beat Mr. Nixon's Barefoot; Mr. Worthington's Duchess beat Mr. Hassall's Hornet; Mr. Rowland's Rolla beat Mr. Molineux's Mira; Mr. Lloyd's Lilinet agst Mr. Worthington's Whisp—undecided; Mr. Hassall's Hebe beat Mr. Worthington's Wonder; Mr. Burgess's Briscia beat Mr. Longden's Swallow; Mr. Smith's Lady beat Mr. Burgess's Banquo; Mr. Hassall's Handy beat Mr. Molineux's Monarch; Mr. Mountford's Topper beat Mr. Clowes's Camel; Mr. Hoskins's Hamlet

beat Mr. Jackson's Chance, named by Mr. Lathbury; Mr. Molineux's Minx beat Mr. Calvert's Topper; Mr. Worthington's Dandyette agst Mr. Hassall's Hudibras—undecided; Mr. Hoskins's Herbert beat Mr. Molineux's Modish; Mr. Lloyd's Lanardi beat Mr. Wilmot's Snowball; Mr. Rowland's Gratitude beat Mr. Calvert's Fly; Mr. Rowland's May-fly beat Mr. Calvert's Pegg; Mr. Calvert's Swallow beat Mr. Lloyd's Lucifer.

MALTON COURSING MEETING.

TUESDAY, MARCH 6.

FOR the Cup.—Major Bower's d. d. Belzoni, by Blacklock out of Bella, beat Sir B. R. Graham's b. d. Swiper, by Streamer, out of Myrtle; Mr. Best's d. d. Meteor, by Streamer, out of Muslin, beat Mr. Swann's blk. and wh. d. Dart, by Ebor, out of Lil; Mr. Best's blk. and wh. p. d. Mercury, by Streamer, out of Muslin, beat Marquis of Huntley's blk. d. Van (bred by Sir Thomas Gooch); Mr. Lowther's blk. p. d. Phaeton, by Ploughboy, out of Hoyden, beat Mr. Vansittart's r. d. Ulysses; Lord Macdonald's bl. p. b. Finesse, by Mack, out of Young Maiden, beat Major Bower's yel. and wh. p. d. Beningbrough, by Brother to Viscount, out of Baroness; Sir B. R. Graham's bl. d. Blucher, by Remus, out of Catherine, beat Mr. Vansittart's bl. b. Fenella, by Pilot, out of Pledge; Mr. Fox's blk. and wh. p. b. Tippet, by Pilot, out of Elizabeth, against Mr. Swann's r. d. Miller, by Juggler, out of Maiden—undecided: Miller was drawn; Lord Macdonald's bl. p. d. Brutus, by Mack, out of Bluebell, beat Mr. Fox's bl. and wh. p. d. Toaster, by Pilot, out of Elizabeth.

Sweepstakes of Five Sovs. each, run in Classes on Tuesday and Friday.—*First Class.*—Mr. Fox's blk. b. Titsey beat Marquis of Huntley's blk. d. Vandyke; Sir B. R. Graham's wh. b. Spy beat Mr. Best's wh. b. Minna.

Sweepstakes of Five Sovs. each, for Puppies, run in Classes on Tuesday and Friday.—Mr. Best's wh. p. b. Modesty beat Sir B. R. Graham's d. p. d. Gambler; Marquis of Huntley's yel. and wh. d. p. Viscount beat Mr. Fox's r. p. b. Lady.

Sweepstakes of Five Sovs. each, run in Classes on Tuesday and Friday.—*Second Class.*—Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Phantom beat Mr. Best's r. b. Clari; Mr. Swann's wh. p. d. Swift beat Lord Macdonald's bl. b. Damsel.

Matches.—Sir B. R. Graham's Harriet beat Lord Macdonald's Blossom; Mr. Swann's Pericles beat Lord Macdonald's Rattle.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7.

FIRST TIE FOR THE CUP.

Brutus beat Belzoni,
Meteor — Finesse,
Blucher — Phaeton,
Mercury — Tippet.

Sweepstakes of Five Sovs. each, run in Classes on Wednesday and Friday.—Mr. Best's bl. b. Gratitude beat Mr. Swann's blk. d. Juba; Mr. Swann's blk. and wh. d. Dart beat Lord Macdonald's d. p. b. Rose.

Matches.—Sir B. R. Graham's Granby beat Major Bower's Balloak; Marquis of Huntley's yel. and wh. p. d. Virgil, agst Sir B. R. Graham's red. b. Ventress—undecided; Mr. Best's red. b. Clari beat Major Bower's d. p. d. Belgrade.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8.

No coursing on account of the unfavorable state of the weather.

FRIDAY, MARCH 9.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Blucher beat Meteor,
Brutus — Mercury.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Sir B. R. Graham's bl. d. Blucher beat Lord Macdonald's Brutus, and won the Cup.

Deciding Course for the Sweepstakes of Five Sovs. each, run in Classes on Tuesday and Friday.—*First Class.*—Sir B. R. Graham's wh. b. Spy (Jame), forfeited to Mr. Fox's blk. b. Titsey, who won the Sweepstakes.

Deciding Course for the Sweepstakes of Five Sovs. each, for Puppies, run in Classes on Tuesday and Friday.—Mr. Best's wh. p. b. Modesty beat Marquis of Huntley's yel. and wh. p. d. Viscount, and won the Sweepstakes.

Deciding Course for the Sweepstakes of Five Sovs. each, run in Classes on Tuesday and Friday.—*Second Class.*—Mr. Swann's wh. p. d. Swift beat Sir Lowther's blk. d. Phantom, and won the Sweepstakes.

Deciding Course for the Sweepstakes of Five Sovs. each, run in Classes on Wednesday and Friday.—Mr. Best's bl. b. Gratitude beat Mr. Swann's blk. and wh. d. Dart, and won the Sweepstakes.

Sweepstakes of Five Sovs. each, run in Classes on Friday.—Mr. Swann's red. d. Miller beat Lord Macdonald's bl. d. Rattle; Mr. Best's red. b. Clari beat Mr. Fox's bl. and wh. p. b. Tippet—Mr. Swann and Mr. Best divided the Stakes.

Matches.—Lord Macdonald's Regulus beat Mr. Swann's Mercury; Mr. Best's Trictrac beat Sir B. R. Graham's Gath; Lord Macdonald's Regent agst Major Bower's Bolingbroke—undecided; Lord Macdonald's Villa beat Major Bower's Brighton.

BETTINGS ON THE RIDDLES- WORTH, DERBY, OAKS, AND ST. LEGER.

SIR, Tattersall's, March 19, 1827.

SEVERAL of the sporting men from the North were at the room to-day, and more influential business was transacted upon two of the races, than for many weeks past. Glenartney going on well keeps rising in public estimation—5 to 1 the very top of the odds, and eagerly caught at, the takers being extremely shy. Tatler, Defence, and Espagnolle remain as before, with little doing upon them; yet if all that's said be true, Defence must shortly be brought more into notice, and stand points higher on the list. Mr. Wyndham's lot was more noticed, and bid fair to become better favorites, although far in the back ground. Spondee, notwithstanding the great exertions made to get him up, appeared to be forgotten, and in all probability must eventually go back again. The Duke of Grafton's and many of the outside ones were never mentioned, and the betting on this great race was altogether lifeless and indefinite.

The Oaks was exceedingly brisk, but Maria has receded a point, the rumour of her being lame fast gaining ground; many, however, of her old supporters freely took the odds, and some very heavy betting took place. Lord Exeter's Pantina filly advanced considerably, and immense sums were taken about her winning: if Maria should go, she will decidedly become first favorite. Morel was brought forward, and some very spirited bets were made between her and two or three of the other favorites, and the party appeared to be fond of her.

The betting on the St. LEGER

within the last month has fluctuated most astonishingly; so much so, that you could hardly say which was first favorite. Jupiter had a strong party in his favour, and was highly spoken of, some very large offers being accepted; but whether he will maintain this preference is doubted by many very good judges. Popsy is rising, and on Thursday last even had the call of Jupiter; but although strongly supported he could not maintain his vantage ground, and at the close was full two points behind. Reviewer keeps receding, the North country speculators freely laying the odds against them, and after a good deal of sparring finally settled down at 20 to 1, at which figure very great sums were booked. Granby got to his old place again, but was very faintly supported, the others engrossing all the attention of the betting men, and there was scarcely a taker. Nivalis, from belonging to a great betting party, jumped up ten points since last month, and at times the odds was brisk upon her. Several others were mentioned, and the room closed with one of the most interesting days of the whole season.

RIDDLESWORTH.

- 2 to 1 agst Glenartney, p. p.
- 3 to 1 agst Johnny, p. p.
- 10 to 1 agst Shovelar.
- 10 to 1 agst Roderic.

DERBY.

- 4 and 5 to 1 agst Glenartney.
- 9 to 1 agst Tatler.
- 14 to 1 agst Espagnolle.
- 14 and 15 to 1 agst Defence.
- 17 and 18 to 1 agst Spondee.
- 18 to 1 agst Trumpeter.
- 19 to 1 agst Gaberlunzie.
- 20 to 1 agst Catherine.
- 22 to 1 agst Gustavus.
- 23 to 1 agst Mameluke.
- 23 to 1 agst Dahlia.
- 30 to 1 agst Johnny.
- 38 to 1 agst Turcoman.
- 35 to 1 agst Gamaliel.
- 40 to 1 agst Augusta.
- 40 to 1 agst Snowdrop.

45 to 1 agst Maresfield.
 45 to 1 agst Chieftain.
 45 to 1 agst Roderic.
 45 to 1 agst Sir Huldebrand.
 50 to 1 agst Protestant.
 50 to 1 agst Pontiff.
 50 to 1 agst Cat.
 50 to 1 agst Chrysalis.
 50 to 1 agst Windermere.
 50 to 1 agst Edmund.
 50 to 1 agst Eliza Teazle.
 60 to 1 agst Jemima.
 60 to 1 agst Prestbury.
 65 to 1 agst Zoffani.
 65 to 1 agst Moor Buzzard.
 65 to 1 agst Pandarus.
 65 to 1 agst Constantine.
 65 to 1 agst Pantaloon.
 65 to 1 agst Apollo.
 65 to 1 agst The Juggler.
 65 to 1 agst Amazon.
 100 to 1 agst Intruder.
 100 to 1 agst Sparkler.
 100 to 1 agst Seymour filly.
 7 to 1 agst Mr. Wyndham's lot.

OAKS.

6 to 1 and 13 to 2 agst Maria.
 11 and 12 to 1 agst Pantina.
 14 to 1 agst Morel.
 14 and 15 to 1 agst Totteridge.
 14 and 15 to 1 agst Brown Duchess.
 17 to 1 agst Translation.
 17 to 1 agst Souvenir.
 17 to 1 agst Calypso.
 25 to 1 agst Scornful.
 28 to 1 agst Lunacy.
 33 to 1 agst Shoveler.
 33 to 1 agst Hampden.
 33 to 1 agst Barossa.
 33 to 1 agst Donna Clara.
 40 to 1 agst Fair Helen.
 40 to 1 agst Zeal.
 40 to 1 agst Gulnare.
 40 to 1 agst Seymour.
 45 to 1 agst Whimper.
 45 to 1 agst Miriam.
 45 to 1 agst Emma.
 45 to 1 agst Addy.
 45 to 1 agst Vignette.
 50 to 1 agst Helenus.

50 to 1 agst Fihkina.
 50 to 1 agst Belvidera.
 50 to 1 agst Seamew.
 60 to 1 agst Varennes.
 60 to 1 agst Recruit.
 40 to 1 agst Glenartney and Maria
 both winning.
 50 to 1 agst Glenartney and Pantina
 both winning.

ST. LEGER.

16 and 17 to 1 agst Jupiter.
 18 and 19 to 1 agst Poppy.
 20 to 1 agst Reviewer.
 20 to 1 agst Granby.
 20 to 1 agst Nivalis.
 20 to 1 agst Sancho Panza.
 20 to 1 agst Olivera.
 22 to 1 agst Moonshine.
 22 to 1 agst Matilda.
 28 to 1 agst Emma.
 30 to 1 agst Glenartney.
 35 to 1 agst Hartpury.
 35 to 1 agst Tatler.
 35 to 1 agst Nonplus.
 40 to 1 agst Romeo.
 40 to 1 agst Pedlar.
 40 to 1 agst Pelican.
 45 to 1 agst Mr. Lumley's colt.
 45 to 1 agst Justitia.
 50 to 1 agst Burlador.
 50 to 1 agst Kit Cat.
 50 to 1 agst Medoro.
 50 to 1 agst Beggar Boy.
 50 to 1 agst Saucy Dick.
 50 to 1 agst Miss Emma.
 50 to 1 agst Laurel.
 50 to 1 agst Leda.
 50 to 1 agst Manuela.
 50 to 1 agst Defence.
 50 to 1 agst Spondee.
 50 to 1 agst Coalition.
 60 to 1 agst Talma.
 60 to 1 agst Gaberlunzie.
 65 to 1 agst Gustavus.
 100 to 1 agst Lunacy.
 100 to 1 agst Malek.
 1000 to 5 agst Johnny, Maria, and
 Popay, all three winning.
 1000 to 8 agst Glenartney, Maria, and
 Jupiter, all three winning.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

AN application was lately made to Lord Maryborough, by several gentlemen residing at and near Princes Risborough, to afford them a similar gratification to that which they enjoyed last year, when a stag was hunted in their neighbourhood. His

Lordship excused himself from sending his Majesty's hounds on account of his engagements, but very politely graced the refusal by the present of a fine stag. It was then resolved that the stag should be hunted by the Risborough harriers, and the 5th of March was the day fixed for the pur-

pose. Little Kimble toll-gate was the fixture, whither resorted a pretty considerable number of sportsmen; but in consequence of a severe frost the preceding night, the time of turning out the stag was delayed from ten to twelve o'clock. The stag was uncartered at Marsh Slad; and after giving him ten minutes law the hounds were laid on, and went off at the top of their speed, with the scent breast high; they made along the bottom to Marsh, then took to the left to Marsh Hill, skirted Moreton, and went in a straight line for Bishopstone, making along the bottom to Stone, where the stag was headed; the stag then took to the right through Sedroppe, and made off in a straight line for the Stonebridge toll-gate, crossing Haydon Mill stream, by which some of the best horses were pounded; still keeping to the right, he skirted close to Aylesbury on the north west, and thence made for Bierton, with the hounds close at his haunches; he was there run up to and taken. The stag was then conveyed to Aylesbury, so much exhausted that it was found necessary to kill him. Owing to the wet and heavy state of the ground, it was a most distressing day for both horses and riders. Very few who started could keep up with the hounds, and not one half were in when the stag was taken, as the hounds had cleared nearly nine miles in thirty-five minutes.

Extract of a letter—"We had a severe run with the King's hounds on Friday, March 9. From Slough the deer took through the inclosures below Salt Hill to Dawney Common, crossing the Thames at Bray. The hounds ran in famous style, and I think it was the fastest thing I ever before rode. We laid on again on the opposite side of the water, and took across the inclosures to Winkfield Plain, through Lord Maryborough's Park to Ascot Race Course, where I left them after two hours' run. I understand they went twelve miles afterwards to Bagshot, and took near Guildford."

Gallant run with Mr. Grantley Berkeley's Stag-hounds.—"The old axiom, that 'a bad beginning some-

times makes a good ending,' was never more truly verified than on Tuesday the 13th March. The fixture was at Botwell Cross near Hayes, where a gallant field assembled at eleven. We turned out an old acquaintance—one who had afforded some good sport in three or four previous runs. The deer at starting made for Southall, and on to Osterley Park, where the hounds were whipped off, and many of the field expressed disappointment; but our gallant Master felt confident of sport, and told the grumblers so. The deer then made across Jack Ass Common into the inclosures at the back of Ealing, and ran into the centre of the village, where the pack was again whipped off. At this time the village was up in arms, and every horse that could be got ready was speedily mounted. The deer was again started on the Common, and thence began one of the finest runs I ever witnessed. She made for Hanger-hill, on to Apertown, leaving Twyford to the right, and faced the grass country to Horsendean Wood, skirting it, the hounds close at her haunches. She then pushed for Kingsbury Springs, on to Harrow Weald, thence to the Hertfordshire hills at first pace. Here the crash was beautiful, and we had an uninterrupted view of deer and hounds for four miles. She then turned back over the same fine country, as if to try the staunchness of the pack, till Osterley Park again came in sight, within a mile of which she was run up to, after a burst of an hour and a half without a check, and secured for a future day. Numerous as were the artists—and some of them first-rate ones—at starting, not less I calculate than one hundred and fifty, only nineteen came up; among whom were the Hon. G. Forester, Captains Standen, Parker, and Legg, Mr. G. Berkeley, Duke of St. Alban's, and H. de Burgh, Esq. some, indeed, without their hats, and a few shewing evident symptoms of having embraced their mother earth. Capt. Standen had boldly dashed at the Canal, and was over head and ears; but, nothing daunted, soon recovered his station,

and kept it to the last. From the severity of the ground many a gallant horse was pulled up long before the run was over. It was a glorious chase, and made up for previous disappointment, owing to the frost. The hounds were in high condition, and were conducted with as much tact as judgment. We traversed at least twenty miles over grass alone."—E. K. S.

On Saturday, March 10, a stag was turned off on Folly Hill, Moulton, Suffolk, before Messrs. Bryant's and King's hounds, which shewed extraordinary sport to a numerous field. He first took a northern direction across Chippenham and Kennet Field; thence through Badlingham, Freckenham, and Worlington, down to Wammel Hall, where he took sail, and being quickly followed, amused the sportsmen by walking up and down the water for some time, the hounds swimming after him. After having refreshed himself with the cooling stream, he took the direction through Mildenhall to West Row, and led his followers several miles into the Fens; then crossing the river again, made a circuit round Isleham Fen, and was taken in Isleham-street, after a run of an hour and twenty-six minutes. Many of the field declared they would ride a hundred miles to see such another chase.

On the 1st of March the East Sussex fox-hounds met at Laughton Pound, and very shortly unkenelled a fox, who went off at a splitting rate through Laughton Levels; and thence made towards Chiddingly, to Warbleton, Waldron, and onward through Heathfield to Brightling, where he was headed; he then shaped his course towards Bexhill, close to which town he was killed in gallant style, after the most severe run experienced during the season. The whipper-in received an ugly fall in Laughton Level, his horse having plunged with him into the middle of one of the deep dykes; with some difficulty, however, he extricated both himself and horse, and was, notwithstanding the accident, in at the death, an honour which only himself, one

sportsman, and the huntsman could boast of.

On the following Saturday, the same hounds met at Plumpton, and had a most excellent run, but without killing. Owing to the heavy state of the country, some severe falls were experienced.

On the 5th of March, the Uckfield harriers turned out a bag fox on Ashdown Forest, and as he had been kept some time, fifteen minutes law were given, which from his game and the very bad scent proved quite sufficient. He took his course down wind from Mersfield to the Hundreds, through Withyham, Hartfield, and Cowden, through Edenbridge to Heaven and Chiddinstone, direct for some strong earths, called Westerham Charts, near to which he was run in to—a distance of twenty-two miles from the place of turning out.

On Saturday, March 17, the old favorite deer, Robin Hood, which last year afforded such excellent sport to the Brighton harriers, was turned out before the same hounds at the Devil's Dyke. After having given him good law, the pack was laid on, the stag running for Saddlescombe at a rapid rate; he then directed his course to Pangdean and Standean, through Patcham, when he made for the Earl of Chichester's Park, which he skirted upon the north; but being hard pressed on Ditcheling Bost Hills, he turned for Mr. Moon's, and then crossed the hills at great speed for Boxholt, on to Ashcombe, and thence into Southover, near Lewes, where the hounds pressed him to a malt-house belonging to Mr. H. Verrall, in order to gain admission into which he leaped through an open window about two feet square. This was a most brilliant run, the distance between sixteen and seventeen miles, performed without a check in forty minutes. The horses were much distressed; and out of a field of nearly one hundred and fifty, not more than five or six could keep upon good terms with the hounds. Mrs. Russell was one of the few who kept up to the pack.

The *Mastergate* Harriers, and also the Colworth, have had some excellent runs since the frost, before numerous and well mounted fields. The absence of the Drove fox-hounds from their home kennel may have contributed to their large assemblages. The latter hounds are now returned to Drove (Singleton), and will there conclude the season.

Extraordinary Run with a Hare.—

The Union Harriers, Suffolk, met at Rumburgh on the 30th March, and found a hare near the Abbey, which went away in gallant style over All Saints Green, and then, like an old fox, took the road for St. Margaret's; she then made head to the left, and over a very strong country for Rumburgh Green, and away for Wissett-street, where she crossed the road for Halesworth. Here unfortunately a fresh hare rose, which gave a damp to the huntsman and a numerous field of gentlemen sportsmen: they, however, ran the fresh hare about a mile, came to a check, and gave it up. In trying back a few fields, the foot-people roused the first hare from her new habitation, and poor puss ran as long a chase nearly in the same neighbourhood as she first did. This wonderful animal is supposed to have run sixteen miles in an hour and a half; she was taken up alive by a man on foot, but died in the hands of the huntsman. These extraordinary hounds have shewn more sport in that neighbourhood than any pack of harriers since the late Mr. Freeston's.

Three foxes were seen a few weeks since coursing a hare, in a wheat plot belonging to Mr. J. Burman, of Weelsby, near Grimsby: they ran her for about ten minutes, when one of them caught poor puss, and made her cry hideously: the other two being up at the time, all three began to fight for their prey, when a labourer who had been watching them made his appearance: the foxes then retreated to an adjoining plantation, and the hare took an opposite direction, apparently not much hurt.

In consequence of a misunderstanding arising from an article in-

serted in the *Sporting Magazine*, with the signature of *The Foxhunter Rough and Ready*, a meeting took place in the vicinity of Bath on Thursday the 15th March, between Captain Treby, of the First Devon Militia, and Philip Herring, Esq. attended by their respective friends—Captain Pode, late of the Thirty-third Regiment, on the part of Captain Treby; and Lewis Dive, Esq. on the part of Mr. Herring. The parties exchanged shots at eleven paces: Captain Treby received a wound in the left thigh, on which the seconds interfered, and a reconciliation took place.

The Turf.

On Monday, in the Newmarket Houghton Meeting 1827, Lord Anson's c. by Anticipation, out of Schahriar's dam, is matched against Lord Tavistock's c. by Lory, out of Young Rhoda, 8st. 5lb. each, T.Y.C. 100, h. ft.

The following are the nominations for the Gold Cup at Ascot:—

Lord Exeter's Hobgoblin, 4 yrs old.
Lord Exeter's Tiraillleur, 4 yrs old.
Lord Darlington's Memnon, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Payne's Shakspeare, 4 yrs old.
Lord G. H. Cavendish's Bizarre, aged.
Mr. D. Radcliffe names Mortgage, 6 yrs.
Lord Maryborough names Rachel, 4 yrs.
Mr. Greville names Maria, 3 yrs old.
Col. Yates's Garcia, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Rogers's Monarch, 4 yrs old.

The following are the nominations for the Gold Cup at the Hoo, Herts, April 21.—The winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded:—

Lord Verulam's Helas, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Sowerby's Lionel Lincoln, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Pickford names Dwina, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Lantour's r. f. by Quizzer, out of Sleight-of-hand, 2 yrs old.
Mr. Heathcote's Syntax, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Wigram names Nigel, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Chauncey names Crockery, 4 yrs old.

The gentlemen of the Holderness Hunt have, we understand, projected a race over the Beverley race course, early in April, for hunters. Three sweepstakes have been opened, and have obtained already the required number of subscribers.

On March 1, a match of four miles was run over Doncaster course, 19st each, between Mr. Belk's mare (rid-

den by the owner), and a grey horse belonging to Mr. Yearsley (ridden by Plant). The race was a good one, but the mare won cleverly at the last.

RACES TO COME.

Doncaster Hunt	April 2
Caistor.....	3
Croxtan Park	4
Malton	5
Pitchley Hunt	6
Exton Park.....	7
Holderness Hunt	9
Newmarket.....	16
Leeds	16
Catterick Bridge	18
The Hoo	21
Middleham.....	23
Clifton and Bristol	26
Newmarket.....	30
Chester	May 7
Newmarket	14
Kelso	15
York	21
Epsom.....	29
Beverley	30
South Shields	June 4
Manchester	6
Ascot Heath	12
Stockbridge.....	20
Buxton	20
Cheltenham	26
Haigh Park	27
Newcastle-on-Tyne	July 2
Bibury	3
Newmarket.....	9
Bath and Bristol	11
Chelmsford.....	17
Stamford.....	18
Nottingham	31
Kendal	31
Knaresford	31
York	August 7
Newcastle (Staffordshire).....	7
Wolverhampton.. ..	14
Oxford	14
Stockton	16
Burton-on-Trent	21
Warwick	September 4
Lichfield	11
Abingdon	12
Doncaster	17
Shrewsbury	18
Tewkesbury	22
Lincoln	26
Newmarket	October 1

VOL. XIX. N. S.—No. 115.

STUD SALE.

Mr. Ferguson's.—The following horses, &c. the property of Mr. Ferguson, were sold at Catterick Bridge, February 23, and fetched the prices annexed; viz.—

The stallion Marmion, by Whiskey—30gs. to Mr. Ingledew.

Lady of the Swale, by Mowbray, in foal to Wanton—90gs. to Mr. Bradshaw, after the sale.

Lucinda, by Haphazard, dam by Sancho, in foal to Wanton—200gs. to Mr. Nowell.

Bay mare, by St. George, out of Antonio's dam, in foal to Wanton—90gs. to Mr. Ferguson.

Brown mare, by Haphazard, out of Ridicule, by Shuttle, in foal to Wanton—200gs. to Mr. Nowell.

Chesnut yearling filly, Sister to Cymbeline, by Octavian—32gs. to Mr. Dickinson.

Bay filly foal, by Wanton, dam by Haphazard—27gs. to Mr. Nowell.

Bay filly foal, by Wanton, out of Cymbeline's dam—2gs. to Mr. Tate.

The other lots were not sold.

PASSIONS OF THE HORSE.

The third plate of Mr. CHALON'S Series of Engravings on the Passions of the Horse is just published; and the best criterion of the artist's labours is to be found in the increasing list of subscribers. We understand the fourth engraving is in a very forward state.

STALLION, 1827.

Snowdon, at Pimley, near Shrewsbury, thorough-bred mares at five guineas; other mares, three guineas. Snowdon is by Skiddow, out of a Delpini mare—her dam, Miss Cogden, by Phenomenon—Young Marske—Silvio, Daphne by Regulus.

SHOOTING.

On the 16th of March, a game-keeper at Northiam, Sussex, shot at twenty sparrows for a wager of one guinea, undertaking to kill eighteen out of the number; he, however, missed three of his birds, and lost the wager. On the 17th a coachman in the neighbourhood of Udimore made a similar wager, and although the day was windy, he won

the bet, killing his eighteen birds. The gamekeeper and the latter afterwards killed twenty sparrows out of twenty-four for a like wager.

COCKING.

The return annual main of eleven cocks, between East Sussex, with Cobden feeder, and West Hampshire, with the veteran Bolt, was fought last month at the Crown Inn, Emsworth. Much betting ensued in both in-goes, as great changes were experienced, viz.—Sussex won the two first battles, Hampshire the following five; when again "luck turned," and Sussex won all the rest and a bye.

The main of cocks fought at the new pit, in Nottingham, between Nottinghamshire (Tomlinson feeder), and Derbyshire (Randall feeder), for 5gs. a battle, and 100gs. the main, terminated on the 22d of March in favour of the former, by one battle.

PEDESTRIANISM.

On the 7th March, Captain Parry undertook for 100 sovereigns to run twelve miles in one hour and thirteen minutes. The match was run on the Staines Road in fifty-three seconds less than the given time.

Lloyd, the celebrated pedestrian, started, on Monday the 19th March, at eight in the morning, to perform thirty miles *backwards* in nine successive hours, including stoppages, at Bagshot, Surrey. He went on during the morning at the rate of four miles an hour, although the ground was much against him, and finished his task with apparent ease fourteen minutes within the time. He immediately mounted a friend's horse, and proceeded to Hartford Bridge, where he took up his quarters for the night, and walked on to Odiham the next morning (Tuesday), when he undertook to walk twenty miles *backwards* in five hours and a half, which, with the advantage of a good road, he again accomplished seven minutes and a half within his time.

A match has been made between Jackson, Wantling, and Metcalfe, to run five hundred yards, on the race-course at Newmarket, on Friday, April 13, for 50l.

SPORTS ON THE ICE.

The long continuance of the frost having occasioned that fine piece of water, called the Mere, at Diss, Norfolk, containing above five acres, to be safely frozen over, the 20th Feb. was fixed on for playing a match at cricket on the ice, which commenced at ten in the forenoon, and was well contested all the day, concluding about six in the evening; there were also ten-pins, running, skaiting, sparring, and every other kind of amusement. Stalls and booths were erected, where all kinds of refreshments were to be procured, and at one of which a card party sat till past ten at night. No accident occurred, although it was computed that more than 1500 persons were present in the course of the day.

The same day afforded the amateurs of skaiting a fund of amusement, particularly to those who reside in the neighbourhood of Whittlesea Mere. On that day a match was run upon that beautiful lake, the ice of which was exceedingly clear and particularly smooth, for a pig and a hat, given by John Heathcote, Esq.; and Mrs. Gossip, of Home, to extend the treat, gave a sovereign as a prize for another race.

On the same day, a very respectable gentleman of Nottingham, accompanied by his brother, went down to the canal near that town, and putting on their skaits, set off at twenty minutes past eight o'clock, and reached Grantham to dinner. They then set off on their return to Nottingham; but it became so dark before they reached home, that they thought it not prudent to pursue their way on the canal. They, therefore, took off their skaits, and walked home, where they arrived before nine o'clock, thus performing a distance of more than seventy miles in twelve hours and a half, including dinner and all stoppages!

NOVEL WAGER.

On Monday the 19th March, at the Angel Inn, Islington, two gentlemen offered to bet three others present, that neither of them could wheel a barrow, *not exceeding fifty pounds in*

weight, a distance of one mile within the hour—the barrow to be furnished on the following night by the party proposing the bet; and if not approved of by the other party, they were to produce one in a given time not exceeding one pound in weight the one furnished by them. The bet was for 20l.; and on the following evening the challengers produced a barrow weighing *three quarters of an ounce*, which was of course objected to; and the takers of the bet promised to produce another, according to the terms of the wager, on the Thursday following, and to decide the question between the hours of eight and ten o'clock. Considerable betting upon the result then took place; and, in some instances, a sovereign to a shilling was offered and taken, that the feat could not be accomplished. However, on Thursday evening, a wooden barrow of a most unique description, weighing *fourteen ounces*, was brought, and one of the three gentlemen having been selected to perform the task, he started from the two-mile stone in the Islington-road at ten minutes to nine o'clock, and went forward half a mile. He then rested a few minutes, partook of some refreshment, and returned to the starting post by a quarter past nine, accomplishing the task within twenty-five minutes. The crowd assembled to witness this novel undertaking was very great, and the bets, altogether, amounted to a considerable sum. The parties afterwards supped together at the Angel Inn.

NATURAL HISTORY.

In the latter end of February, six large birds, called Hoopers, or Wild Swans, were observed hovering over Whittlesea Mere. The novelty of the sight attracted the notice of those persons who were skating, and means were soon adopted to bring them to bag; they were shot by a person of Yaxley, and were found each of them to exceed a stone in weight; they were in appearance like a swan, and when the wings were extended measured upwards of six feet. It is several years since a bird of this descrip-

tion was seen in that part of the country.

Aged females of the pheasant species, who have probably attained the age of five or ten years, not only cease to be prolific, or are so in a very slight degree, but assume a plumage which becomes more and more similar to that of the male the older they grow, so that they resemble males with dull and discoloured plumage, and in some instances the resemblance is absolutely perfect. The ovary is so much obliterated in many of such females as to be no longer perceptible; the voice too changes at the same time as the plumage, and becomes, as has been long known, like that of the male; and the spur itself is not among pheasants the exclusive property of the male, but exists occasionally in the female; so that a hen pheasant may, after a certain lapse of time, not only become clothed with the exact plumage of the male, but acquire all the external characters, the trifling development of the red circumabital membrane remaining the only index of its true sex. To the observations of M. de St. Hilaire it may be added, that Mr. Butler had collected a number of instances, not only among the Gallinæ, but also among the Palmipedes and Waders, of similar changes; and he thinks that this change is not confined to one, two, or three different species, but that probably the same disposition is common to numbers of the feathered race; and that the change is almost always natural, produced either by the effects of age, of sterility, or other causes, which tend to work some changes in the constitution of birds.—*Edinburgh Journal*.

A singular instance of the ferocity of a rat occurred at Westley, Suffolk, a few weeks since:—the animal, on being pursued by a man in the open field, boldly attacked its pursuer, flew at his face, and fastened on his shoulder. Although these ferocious little animals will frequently display equal courage when pent up in a corner, we believe they seldom daringly attack a man in the open field,

POACHING.

The Earl of Winchelsea's keepers having received intimation that a gang of poachers were expected to be committing their depredations in Rockingham Forest on the night of Tuesday, Feb. 27, fifteen of them repaired to the spot, and, as anticipated, found them netting rabbits. On their arrival, the poachers, about thirty in number, drew up in battle array, and seemed determined to dispute the point. Before the keepers proceeded to use force, they attempted to persuade them to return home, but to no effect. The leader of the poachers gave the signal for attack; but the keepers being well armed, for a short time a desperate conflict was kept up, during which one of the poachers was dreadfully wounded by a spear in the bowels; but, strange to say, he actually effected his escape into the woods, and walked home, a distance of about two miles, with his bowels protruding! but shortly after his arrival he expired. The poachers seeing one of their party wounded, immediately retreated, leaving behind them about eight dozen rabbits, and one hundred yards of netting.—On the following Friday a Coroner's Inquest was held on the body, and a Verdict of "Manslaughter" returned against John Milley, Lord Winchelsea's forest-keeper.—He was in consequence committed to Northampton gaol for trial; but the Grand Jury at the late Assizes threw out the Bill, and he was consequently discharged.

Shooting a Poacher.—At the late Lancaster Assizes on the 23d of March, T. Tomlinson and T. Stone, two game-keepers belonging to R. F. Bradshaw, Esq. of Halton Hill, were indicted for shooting at William Caton with intent to murder him.—The prosecutor acknowledged that he and two others were out on the night in question for the purpose of killing pheasants in Mr. Bradshaw's grounds; and that the keepers came up and challenged them, when they ran away. Caton then stated, that in jumping over a hedge he fell, and on rising was shot in the back, and on

again falling he received a second shot, and was left by the keepers for dead; that he was found nearly exhausted by two friends, who took him home; and that he was confined a long time from the effects of the wounds he received. A surgeon proved that he attended the prosecutor for a month, and during that time extracted one hundred and fifty shot.—Mr. Justice Bailey, in his charge to the Jury, laid it down as law, that no gamekeeper had any right whatever to carry fire-arms, or to fire at or against any poacher whatever. No proprietor of game had any earthly power to give such authority to his keepers, who might certainly put into custody any poacher, but it was at his peril to use fire-arms. There was no doubt Caton had been out for an unlawful purpose, but that did not alter the offence; and the prisoners were properly charged under this indictment. It would be for the Jury to take the circumstances of the case into consideration, and also the high character the prisoners had received, but that character could only weigh in doubtful evidence; and they were bound to recollect that it was clearly and distinctly manifest that they had fired and shot the prosecutor. If they believed such was the case, the law warranted a verdict of guilty, and justice called for it; because the country must know, that an illegal and dangerous power had been exercised by keepers of game, which no longer could be tolerated, and which must be checked by the arm of the law.—The Jury retired from Court, and in half an hour returned a verdict of Guilty; the Foreman at the same time addressed his Lordship as follows:—"My Lord, it is with feelings of regret, that the Jury have come to this conclusion; but, my Lord, we did so because it is our duty, and we thought so—and we earnestly hope your Lordship will extend mercy to them, in consideration of their good character. I am also desired, my Lord, by the Jury to express their great disapprobation and reprehension of the conduct of gentlemen suf-

fering their gamekeepers to go out in the night with fire-arms."—Mr. Justice Bayley—Gentlemen, your verdict is proper. I perfectly concur in opinion with you, and I hope Mr. Bradshaw will take notice.—The prisoners were called up to receive judgment.—Mr. Justice Bayley—Prisoners, your offence is of a very serious description; you are both gamekeepers, and your master ought to have taught you your duty; you had a right to prevent persons trespassing, but you had no right to use deadly weapons; you might have attempted to secure them, but to have fired, when death was likely to ensue, was going farther, and to greater lengths, than is allowed by law. Had those men died, your lives would have been forfeited most certainly; your ignorance of the law may tend to mitigate your sentence, and your good character will be in your favour. I do not promise that your lives will be spared; but your case shall be represented to his Majesty favorably, because there are favorable circumstances connected with it. Let judgment of Death be recorded.

At the same Assizes, T. Varley, aged 35, J. Bleazard, aged 24, W. Marley, aged 27, P. Spencer, aged 27, J. Barron, aged 61, and J. Mawdesley, aged 28, were charged with the wilful murder of Francis Whitehead, a game-keeper, in the parish of Garstang. The Grand Jury ignored the bill for murder, but found a true bill against them for being found at night armed. They were found Guilty. Varley and Spencer were sentenced to be transported for seven years, and the other four to be imprisoned in Lancaster Castle for two years, and to be kept to hard labour.

Dugliss.

Tuesday, the 27th February, being fixed for the fights between Dick Curtis and Barney Aaron, and between Young Dutch Sam and Gypsy Cooper, these celebrated "little weights" arrived the preceding day at Andover, the Pet and Sam taking up their quarters at the White Hart,

and Barney and the Gypsy at the Catherine Wheel, opposite. On the Friday preceding, Martin, (whose "better half" had seceded from her lord and master, and had taken Sam under her protection,) smarting under the recollection of his injuries from both—for it was said they had been "rowing in the same boat"—arrived at Hartley-row, where Dick and Sam were in training, and laid in wait for them on their return from Hartford Bridge, whither they had proceeded for their accustomed exercise. As the "little heroes" were bending their way to their rendezvous for the night (the Phoenix Inn), a man jumped out of the hedge and made a blow at Sam with a bludgeon, which happily did not take effect. Sam cried out "Murder," and, thinking in this instance that "discretion was the better part of valour," made off at tip-top speed, Dick close at his brush. They were followed by their opponent and a friendly pal for some little way, but the latter were soon distanced. Martin was recognised as the leader, who, it appeared, had determined to revenge the infringements on his domestic comforts, and had taken this method to spoil the approaching sports, which he would inevitably have done had the intended "finisher" taken effect.

The merits of the men were well known, and may be summed up in a few lines. Dick had beaten Watson in twenty-five minutes, the Sprig of Myrtle in fifty-seven minutes, Lenny in thirty-nine minutes, Young Cooper in fifteen minutes, Peter Warren in five battles—the fifth and last being on a stage at Warwick, in thirty minutes; and Dick Ayres in twenty minutes.—Barney beat Ned Stockman in forty minutes; Lenny twice—the first time in fifteen, and the last in fifty-five minutes; Redman in thirty-two, Warren in twenty-three, and Dick Ayres in thirty-three minutes. He was himself beaten by Arthur Matthewson, after a desperate battle, in which he was the favorite ten to one, in seventy minutes. Both men are twenty-six years of age. The lists were opened within a

mile of Andover, Hants, on a 24-foot-stage erected in a field on the opposite side of the road to where Tom Spring and Bill Neate decided their match in 1823, and every thing was prepared by the inhabitants of Andover, not only with liberality, but "quite correct." There was a good muster of *swells*, and many leading members of the P. R. The men arrived a few minutes after one, and proceeded to business. Barney first mounted the stage, attended by Jem Ward and Mr. Nathan; and Dick immediately followed, accompanied by "Uncle Ben" and Josh Hudson—the Pet weighing nine stone, and the Jew acknowledging to nine stone ten pounds. On stripping, the condition of both seemed to be of the first order. Dick was as fine as a race-horse, and, as he said himself, was never better in his life. Barney was equally well, but his frame shewed more of muscular strength than Dick's, which presented a perfect model of symmetry.

THE ROUNDS.

1. The attitudes of both men as they stood before each other were beautiful; and a breathless silence prevailed throughout the multitude. Dick seemed all nerve; and as he poised himself on his toe, ready for a rush, all recognised the finished character of his science. He fixed his eye on his man with a piercing glance, watching for an opening; but Barney was on the alert, covered his points well, and seemed to be perfectly aware of Dick's tactics. Dick evidently wished to draw Barney to commence; but it would not do—Barney was cautious, and thus they stood before each other, without shifting their guards, for eleven minutes. Barney at last broke ground, plunged in upon Dick, and caught him left and right on the *nob*. Dick made a slight counter, when Barney caught him round the neck close by the rails; Dick tried to break away; but Barney for a moment held him tight, and fibbed: at last Dick got away, they closed, and after a severe effort, went down together. On Dick being placed on his second's knee,

"first blood" was announced from his mouth.

2. More cautious sparring for some time, and both anxiously waiting for a chance. At length Barney seeing an opening, threw out his left, and caught Dick under the right eye. Dick countered, and gave Barney a "Roland for his Oliver." Barney then rushed to in-fighting, and the counter-hitting was beautiful. Barney was always prompt with the left, while Dick was equally active with the same hand. In the end, Barney caught Dick round the neck, and commenced fibbing; but Dick was active at the same game, and the punishment was mutually severe—Dick peppering right and left with the quickness of lightning. In the struggle for the fall, Barney was thrown.

3. Caution was again the "order of the day;" Dick all anxiety to go to work, but steady. Barney again commenced fighting, but Dick stopped him with the quickness of lightning. Counter-hitting followed, and the men broke away (2 to 1 on Dick). Barney popped in a sharp hit with his left in Dick's eye, but was countered in turn, and some good right and left jobbing followed on both sides. Dick endeavored, by a feint, to draw him into close quarters, but the Jew was not to be gammoned—he was evidently "up" to this manoeuvre, and kept out. Nothing could equal the scientific caution of each, and the greatest satisfaction was expressed all round the ring. At length Barney hemmed his man in the corner, and, finding he could not retreat, rushed in to deliver his jobbing hit with his left; in this he succeeded, and made a forcible impression on Dick's muzzle, from which there was a slight discharge of claret. Dick countered with his left, when Barney caught him round the neck, and commenced close fighting. The hitting right and left was very fine, and rather in favour of Dick, whose short straight hits did some execution, and the Jew's *phiz* began to swell. Having broke away, Dick retreated towards the corner of the ring, followed by Barney, who at last pinned him in the angle, and

taught him a severe blow in the throat. Dick rushed out to close, and in the scramble both went down heavy.

4. The fight had now lasted five and twenty minutes; both approached with caution, and both were on their guard; till at length Dick saw his moment, and with the rapidity of thought threw in his left on Barney's cannister, and dropped him, although not with great force. (This was given as the first knock-down blow.)

5. Again both cautious, and neither would throw a chance away. Dick hit out with his left, but the Jew was with him, and countered with equal promptness. Some good right and left jobbing followed, when Barney again closed for in-fighting, and had recourse to catching Dick round the neck. A tremendous interchange of blows followed, and the head-works of both were much deranged, but Barney had decidedly the worst of it, and received a severe cut on the right cheek from Dick's left. At length a struggle for the fall commenced, when the men came close to the railing of the stage, each still endeavoring to hit. At this moment Dick, in trying to throw his man, canted him between the upper rails, and he would have fallen a height of six feet to the ground, and thus, no doubt, have finished the contest, but luckily the accident happened close to the wagon placed by the side of the stage for the umpires and referee, and Barney having been caught by the referee, no harm was done: he was assisted on the stage without a moment's delay, and with a cry of "I'm all right." (The odds were now 4 to 1 on Dick, but it was not yet safe in the minds of good judges.)

6. More caution on both sides. Barney first broke ground, and caught Dick with his left on the head; but Dick was quick in the return, and some good counter-hitting followed. It was all fair stand-up fighting. Another pause—the position of the men of the finest character, and Dick evidently getting fresher. Several

minutes elapsed in waiting for the advantage; at last Barney hit short, and a rally followed, in which Dick threw in three severe jobbers, right and left, on Barney's head, as he followed him, and at last Barney fell on his hands, bleeding at several points. The fight had now lasted forty-two minutes.

7. Dick came up decidedly the freshest, whilst Barney seemed to have lost his caution, and to be rather posed. He, however, shewed great courage, and lost but little time in rushing to the attack. Dick saw his game, drew back, and met him as he came in three times in succession. Barney instantly bored in, and, holding Dick in the old fashion round the neck with the right, *peppered* away with his left. Dick was not idle, but hit away right and left, and up, with cutting precision. In the end, Barney got the fall, but Dick had decidedly the best of the hitting.—Five to 1 on Dick.

8. This was a short round, but Dick was all gaiety; he evidently made sure of the result, and indeed, from the comparison of the men, Barney was clearly on the wane; still he was game, and rushed in to a rally, in which severe favours were exchanged, and Dick received a nasty one in the throat. In the close both went down, but there was not much mischief done by the fall.

9, and last. Both came up with great caution, but Barney's head began to exhibit a hideous figure; still he covered his points with good judgment for some seconds, when Dick, who never lost sight of the object he had in view, saw a fair opening—Barney dropped his right hand, and Dick, instantly collecting his whole force, threw in so terrific a blow on Barney's throat, that it floored him as if he had been shot. He fell flat on his back, and on being taken up by his seconds was utterly senseless. It was in vain to shake his head and halloo in his ear; he was deaf to all such persuasions, and did not come to his senses for some time after. Dick was of course proclaimed the victor amidst the cheers of his

friends, and he was himself equally elated; he jumped up several times, and was at length borne off the stage, on Josh Hudson's shoulders, to his post-chaise, where he was dressed, and complained only of the hit on his throat. Barney was also carried away by his friends, placed in a post-chaise, and conducted back to his inn. The fight lasted fifty minutes.

After this detail, it is almost unnecessary to make any remarks. It was allowed on all hands that a better fight had never been witnessed, and it was equally clear that Dick had never met with a more dangerous customer. Indeed, for the first three or four rounds, Dick's friends were not free from apprehensions that he would lose. Barney, however, having at length, by severity of punishment, been thrown off the caution with which he set out, he left himself open to the well-known tactics of Dick, who, retreating before him, drew him after him, and thus secured the battle by those terrific jobs for which he is so celebrated, and which, in point of severity, admit of no comparison with the powers of any other man in the Ring. Barney proved himself game to the last, and fought with considerable judgment; but he was completely out-generalled.

YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND COOPER.

With regard to the milling qualities of these men, Cooper is twenty-eight years of age, and Sam but 20. The former, too, has had much more experience. He made his first appearance in the Ring in June 1821, with Dent, whom he beat. In the same year (August 7), he fought and beat O'Leary, who died the ensuing morning from a "lug hit," and for which the Gypsy was *lumbered* for three months. He subsequently fought and beat Jack Scroggins for a purse. In March 1823, he beat Cabbage. After which he was beaten three times by Bishop Sharpe, and once by Alick Reed.—Young Dutch Sam had fought but three times, and won each fight—namely, with Jack Cooper, his present opponent's brother, Ned Stockman, and Harry Jones. He came from an excellent

stock, his father having been one of the best of the Old School. In weight he is heavier than his papa, but is not so hard a hitter. He took his degress under the auspices of his friend Dick, and possesses science pretty much of the same character, being an excellent straight hitter with both hands, and active on his legs.—Cooper is a slashing round hitter, and where his blows tell the impression is terrific. The fight was for 50l.; and a very short time elapsed after the preceding, when both mounted the stage; Cooper accompanied by Mr. Nathan and Jem Ward, and Dutch Sam (to the surprise of all) by Dick Curtis and Josh Hudson. Curtis, it seems, had taken odds of 10 to 1 that he should win the fight with Barney and second his friend Sam. This wager he now came to secure; and, in fact, throughout the fight he was as active and as much on the alert as if he had mounted the stage for the first time. His conduct excited general admiration.—The fight between the Gypsy and Sam, whose qualities we have already described, would afford little amusement in detail—it is sufficient to say that it was all one way. Nine rounds were fought in one hour and eight minutes and a half—a large portion of which time was occupied in manœuvring. The Gypsy, perhaps, never fought worse, although he evinced more game than he has generally received credit for possessing. His wild rushes and awkward weaving were utterly useless with Sam, who, from his quickness in getting away, completely avoided them, with the exception of one or two slight facers, and a few random body blows, many of which were given with the open hand; while he himself invariably jobbed the Gypsy in the head with a quickness and precision perfectly *à la Curtis*. He did not give the poor Bushman a chance, and so completely disfigured his physiognomy that his dearest connections could not have recognised him. For the last three rounds his punishment was so severe, that his backer interfered, and would not permit him to come again, although he had ma-

nifested no disposition to "cut the concern." Sam was not less elated than Curtis, and capered about like a sweep on May-day. He left the stage with Dick, and returned to Andover, whence they set off the same night for Basingstoke.—The highest satisfaction was expressed by all parties at the day's sport; and, although it rained almost incessantly, none grumbled at the hardships they had undergone. These fights give another lift to the character of the Ring.

NED SAVAGE AND JEM WALLACE.

This fight was for Savage's 25l. to Wallace's 20l. and was appointed to come off at Hendon the 6th of March; but here it was "no go," a Middlesex beak having forbidden the "banns." The cavalcade immediately proceeded through fields ankle deep in mire, and crossed a small stream, the boundary of Middlesex and Herts. A dry spot was found for the ring, but the speculators were in a puddle during the whole time. Soon after three, Wallace threw in his castor, attended by Ben Burn and Jack Randall, when Savage followed, waited on by Peter Crawley and Gaynor. Of this battle it is only necessary to say, Wallace could not hit hard, and Savage depended rather upon his wrestling qualities than fighting. Still it was game throughout, and one hundred and thirty rounds were contended for in two hours and twenty-seven minutes; and though neither of them could fight, they evinced the highest courage and unflinching game. A severe storm of hail and rain added to the sufferings of all parties on the ground, and induced many of the spectators to retire long before the close of the fight. At about the 100th round, the state of the men was thus:—the forehead and left ear of Savage were much injured, his left eye was quite darkened, and the other was considerably damaged. Wallace's back was scored in all directions, owing to his being thrown across the ropes—he was *all but* blind, and had scarcely strength to stand. Each of the combatants, also, from cold and weakness, shook like a willow in a gale. At length, Wallace had not a

glimmer of sight remaining, and was forced out of the ring by his second, but he would not acknowledge himself defeated, and begged hard to be allowed to continue the contest. Savage was so much beaten, that his life was for some days despaired of.

DOBELL AND BAILEY.

The *plaintiff* in this case was the landlord of the Bull's Head, St. John's-street, Smithfield, and the *defendant*, a slaughterman and near neighbour. The parties had quarrelled, and issue was joined to try whose cause was right. At the close of the preceding contest, the ring was in such a dreadful state that it was impossible to stand; the stakes and ropes were accordingly removed to an adjoining field; and at a quarter to six the combatants commenced action, aided by a glimmering light from the moon. Dobell scored 15 stone—Bailey, 14; but the latter being a Bristolian, and having a high character for game, he was rather the favorite. He was seconded by Harmer and Davy Hudson, and Dobell by Shelton and Crawley. It was a fine and manly fight, stopping, save with the head, quite out of the question. Thirty-eight rounds were fought in thirty-seven minutes; and though Bailey never flinched from the heavy battering of Boniface, but returned with the utmost bravery, the great strength and power of the latter was too much for the slaughterman, and Dobell was declared the victor. Indeed, the effective hitting of Dobell and the game of Bailey were equally creditable. There is, perhaps, no man on the fighting list who can hit so hard as this spirited Boniface; and though he knows but little of the tactics of the Ring, he would be a troublesome customer to some who "hold their heads very high" in the fistic circles. Bailey showed high courage throughout the contest; the wonder is, that he could so long withstand the tremendous blows he received. The quarrel between these men has now been decided in the gallant old English manner. We trust they will be friends in future. Dobell has no intention of entering the P. R.

LARKINS AND ABBOTT.

These men were to have fought at Eight-mile Valley, between Cambridge and Newmarket, on the 13th March, for 50l. a-side; but when everything appeared prepared for action, the Magistrates interfered and prevented the *mill*. Indeed, it afterwards turned out that there was no necessity for Magisterial interference, as Peter Crawley announced from the backers of Larkins that he was not in condition to fight, being much debilitated from a severe cold—he therefore declared the match off, and the stakes forfeited.

JONES AND RAINES.

The contest between these men was to have "come off" in the same ring; but, of course, from the decision of the higher powers that no fight should take place there, it was necessary to seek another spot. After a "consultation," the neighbourhood of Chesterford, on the borders of Cambridge and Essex, was fixed on, whither the immense assemblage proceeded, and the ring was formed *instantly* at the village of Ickleton. Abbott here threw in his hat *pro forma*, that he might legally claim the forfeited stakes of Larkins.—Raines first entered the ropes, with Ned Stockman and Woolley as attendants; followed immediately by Jones, who was waited on by Peter Crawley and the Poet-Laureat of the Fancy, Jack Fogo. Three rounds were fought in thirty-five minutes, when the curtain was again dropped upon the performance—two Magistrates (for both counties) appearing, and addressing Peter Crawley, warned him to continue the contest at his peril. The match was consequently declared *off*.

Mr. Justice Burrough, at the Winchester Assizes, in addressing the Grand Jury, spoke in terms of reprehension of those judicial authorities who permitted the late fights to take place at Andover.

Boxing Extraordinary.—The drivers of three dust-carts were, on the 23d March, amusing themselves in Holborn by rattling the dust from their carts into the eyes and upon the clothes of every decent person who

met them. Unfortunately for themselves, they set up a huge laugh after perpetrating this outrage upon two individuals who were driving a gig up Holborn-hill. One of the parties, who found himself thus unexpectedly covered with dirt and derision, leaped out of the gig, collared the driver of the last cart, and before he could call for assistance laid him sprawling in the middle of the street. The fellow, on recovering his feet, immediately began to shew fight; but before he was well aware of the means by which it was effected, found himself again in contact with his mother earth. His brother drivers, who expected that their comrade, a man of bulky stature, would soon overpower the spirited individual who had attacked him, on finding that he had got a very awkward customer to deal with, rushed forward to his support, when, to the surprise of the spectators, they were both immediately floored by the person whom they had insulted. One would have thought that not even Hercules himself could have withstood this triple alliance; but such were the skill and activity of the gem'man of the gig, that in a few moments he reduced every one of his assailants to bite the articles in which they dealt. Though defeated in two rounds, they were still thinking of a third, when the cry of—"Well done, Cy Davis," reached their ears, and warned them, when too late, of the pugilistic prowess of their antagonist. Instead of repeating their attack, they quietly took up the whips which they had thrown on their carts at the commencement of the scuffle, and proceeded on their journey amid the scoffs and hootings of the rabble which this unequal conflict had attracted.

DEATHS BY FIGHTING.

At the late Stafford Assizes, Matthew Skinner was indicted for killing and slaying Chas. Hall, at Stoke-upon-Trent, on the 10th of August last. The deceased and the prisoner were on the race-course together, when they quarrelled about a half-crown, which the prisoner said he had given to the deceased, and which

the latter refused to return. Skinner collared Hall, and some blows passed. The deceased said, "Let me go, and I will fight you like a man." The parties accordingly stripped. Hall was ready first, and waited for Skinner, who required the persuasions of some persons to induce him, at last, to set-to. They fought two rounds:—in the second, the deceased received a blow under the left ear, which knocked him down: he, however, stood up for a third round; but, while he was sparring at his antagonist, he fell dead. Several respectable witnesses were called, who said the prisoner was a quiet, peaceable, and well disposed man, and gave him an excellent character.—Mr. Baron Vaughan, in summing up, observed, the case appeared to him as mild a case as possible: it was a fair manly fight after a quarrel.—The Jury found the prisoner Guilty; and Mr. Baron Vaughan, on passing sentence, observed, "There are circumstances very favorable for you; it is not to be expected that, upon provocation, a man's blood will not be roused: there has been nothing unfair in the fight. The Court, taking your ex-

cellent character into consideration, doth adjudge that you be imprisoned one calendar month."

At the Lancaster Assizes, Thomas Wilson was indicted for manslaughter, in killing and slaying John Taylor, at Bolton.—Edward Crampton stated, that he saw the prisoner and deceased at the Cheetham Arms, in Bolton, on the 24th of August last. They wrestled together. Witness did not know how they began. Prisoner threw Taylor down. Taylor then turned round, and struck the prisoner twice with his fists. Prisoner then threw deceased again, and struck him when down and kicked him in the belly. No person interfered, and prisoner went away, leaving the deceased lying on the ground. Witness and another person took deceased to a stable, and left him there; did not think him in a dangerous state. The deceased was a married man, with a family of children. A surgeon, who was examined, proved that the death of the deceased resulted from a violent blow on the stomach. The Jury found the prisoner Guilty, and he was sentenced to be transported for seven years.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondent "A Looker-on," is informed that the Editor doubts the propriety of re-opening a discussion, which indeed "A Looker-on" admits to be only fighting for a shadow.

We have been compelled, from deficiency of space, to postpone the favour of "Will Wimple, jun."—"A Ruralist,"—"The New Forester," and several others, till next Number.

We can assure "A Subscriber," that our attention will be particularly directed to the purport of his letter.

Notwithstanding the arguments of "An Old Fox-hunter," we cannot, after mature consideration, alter our opinion as to the article he alludes to.

We have received a letter respecting the statement of a run with the Berkeley Stag-hounds, in our January Number, p. 199, which says, "Your Correspondent PERIGRINE tells us that, on the 9th December, he met the Berkeley Stag-hounds at Norwood Green, and that Captain Lock certainly shewed the way on that day. Now, being then present myself, I observed that Captain Lock, far from shewing us the way, was merely riding his hack, having met with some severe falls the day before with the King's hounds; and, in consequence of his bruises, was quite unable to take any other part than that of a spectator. Mr. Berkeley also got his horse into the river Brent; and far from 'seeming to wish for another twenty minutes run,' he saw none of the latter and best part of the day's sport; indeed, there was not an orange coat when the hounds ran in to the deer."

"Venator," who writes of a pack of beagles near Walthamstow, is requested to send his address to the publisher.

In the article descriptive of the plate of *REXMUS* it should be added, that he was grand-sire to Sir Hume Vivian's Votive, who won the Gold Cup at Deptford, February 1827.

In the letter of "A North Countryman," (see page 366, col. 2,) there is a mistake respecting the dam of *Gohanna*, which is stated to be *Maiden*, instead of a *Herod* mare; *Maiden* being his *grandam*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Sale.

*Valuable Stud of Hunters, Hacks, &c.
and a steady Pack of Fox-hounds.*

The entire **STUD of HUNTERS, HACKS, and YOUNG STOCK**, the property of **R. TAYLOR, Esq.** are to be sold, by public auction, at Kirkton-hill, near Montrose, North Britain, on Monday, the 23d day of April next. The Hunters are all first-rate fencers, and several of them fit to carry heavy weights.

Also a very capital steady **PACK of FOX-BOUNDS**, consisting of about thirty couples, which will be exposed for sale, in one lot, immediately after the horses are sold (*unless previously disposed of by private bargain*).

Let HUNTERS.

1. **BEACON**, a bay gelding, by Mowbray, out of Torchbearer's dam—a perfect-made steady hunter, very fast, and up to any weight.

2. **PHANTASSIE**, a grey gelding, by Zeno, dam by Old Eagle, grandam by St. George, great grandam by Dwone—a very capital fencer, equal to high weight, and very temperate.

3. **MISS CRADOCK**, a bay mare, by Cucus, out of Torchbearer's dam—a very good huntress, fast, and fit to carry thirteen stone.

4. **BAY MARE**, by President, bar dam by Atlas—a remarkably cool, steady, temperate hunter, and most perfect fencer, fit to carry thirteen stone.

5. **JOHNNY**, a bay gelding—a well-made steady hunter, and excellent fencer, nearly thorough-bred, very fast, and fit to carry heavy weight.

6. **MAJOR**, a bay gelding, by Langdon, dam by Orville, grandam by Sir Peter, great grandam by Woodpecker—very fast, and able to carry twelve stone.

7. **BILLY**, a grey gelding—a very good hunter, fast, and very handsome.

8. **OSLIN**, a bay gelding—a most perfect fencer and hunter, fit to carry any weight—a most remarkably hardy horse.

9. **STRIKE A LIGHT**, a bay gelding—a most extraordinary fencer, fast, and fit to carry thirteen stone.

10. **TIP-TOP**, a bay gelding by Wheat-eat—a perfect hunter, and very great fencer, fast, and able to carry a heavy weight.

YOUNG STOCK.

11. **BAY FILLY**, three years old, by Bustler, her dam by Paynator, grandam by Delpini, great grandam by Engineer, great great grandam Sybil, by Matchem.

12. **BLACK FILLY**, two years old, by King David, out of dam of Lot 11.

13. **BAY COLT**, one year old, by Atlas, dam by Mount Alto, very strong, and

promises to make a hunter to carry any weight.

14. **BAY FILLY**, foal of last year, by Eglington, out of dam of Lot 13.

15. **BROWN COLT**, foal of last year, by Eglington, out of a strong Highland pony mare.

16. **BAY COLT**, foal of last year, by Eglington, out of a very handsome and good pony mare.

HACKS.

17. **BAY MARE**, 14 hands 2 inches high—very hardy.

18. **GREY PONY**—strong and active hack.

19. **BLACK HORSE**—a good hack for a heavy weight, and steady in harness.

20. **DARK BAY MARE**, well bred, a first-rate gig mare, and an uncommon fast trotter.

A London-built **STANHOPE GIG**, which has been but little used.

Sale to begin at twelve o'clock, noon.

Just published, price 1s. 6d. half bound,
THE TURF REMEMBRANCER;
Containing full particulars of the races to be run in 1827, with an Index referring to each horse's engagements; also the engagements for 1828, the colours worn by the riders, laws of racing, winners of the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger Stakes since their commencement, &c. &c.

Also, price 3s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. done up with the above,

THE POCKET RACING CALENDAR for 1826;

Containing a complete account of all the races run in that year; with copious Indexes, &c. &c.

Newcastle: printed at the Chronicle Office, by T. and J. Hodgson; and sold by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court, London; R. Rogers, Newmarket; Sheardown and Son, Doncaster; J. Patrick, Manchester; G. and J. Robinson, Liverpool; T. Orton, Sheffield; H. Deighton, York; and C. Smith and Co., South Hanover Street, Edinburgh.

STALLION GREYHOUND.

BEPPO, winner of the Sudbury Cup 1827, will serve Bitches at Three Sovereigns each, at Mr. Burgess's, Barnton, Warwickshire.—Bepo is by Topper (a son of Tippoo, the sire of Champian); Tippoo, by Wonder, out of Susan, by Old Snowball, out of Mr. Hunkinson's Jig, the dam of Speedy, Bashful, &c. &c.—See Sporting Magazine, February 1828.

Barnton is three miles from Meriden, and the same distance from Knowle.

Racing Calendar, 1826.

GOODWOOD MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, August 15.—The GOODWOOD STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 1½ ft. and only five if declared, &c. for all ages.—Two miles.

Lord Egremont's gr. c. <i>Stumps</i> , by	1	Capt. Locke's b. c. Crockery, 4 yrs old,	3
Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 9st.....	1	8st. 2lb.....	3
Duke of York's b. f. <i>Dahlia</i> , 4 yrs old,	2	Duke of Richmond's b. f. <i>Phantasma</i> , 4	4
7st. 7lb.....	2	ys old, 7st. 8lb.....	4
One subscriber paid 15 sovs. ft.; and twelve others, who declared by the time pre- scribed, paid only five sovs. each.			

The COWDRAY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—T.Y.C.
Five subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's b. colt <i>Link Boy</i> ,	8st. 6lb.....	1
by Aladdin, out of Doll Tearsheet,	Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Palfrey</i> , 8st. 6lb. 3	3

The GOLD CUP, by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Two miles.
Nine subscribers.

Lord Egremont's gr. c. *Stumps*, 4 yrs old.....walked over.

The CITY OF CHICHESTER PURSE of 50L, added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Brown's b. c. <i>Saxon</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	2	1	1
Duke of Richmond's br. c. <i>Toil-and-Trouble</i> , by Manfred, 3 yrs, 7st. 10lb...	1	2	dr.
Mr. Cockburn's gr. m. <i>Agnes</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	3	3	dr.
Mr. Gould's br. m. <i>Apparition</i> , by Comus, out of Phantom, 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb...	4	dr.	
Mr. Etherington's b. m. <i>Careless</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.....	dis.		

The DROVE STAKES of 15 sovs. each, five ft. for horses, &c. that have been regularly hunted.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Biggs's ch. g. <i>Sunshine</i> , by Sooth- sayer, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	1	11st. 3lb.....	3
Capt. Locke's b. g. <i>Little Driver</i> , aged, 12st. 1lb.....	2	Mr. A. Berkeley's b. m. <i>Bashful</i> , 6 yrs, 11st. 12lb.	4
Lord G. Lennox's b. g. <i>Lottery</i> , aged,		Mr. Walker's ch. g., 11st.	5

WEDNESDAY, August 16.—The COCKED HAT STAKES of six sovs. each, for all ages, 12st. each.—T.Y.C.—Eight subscribers.

Captain Locke's br. g. <i>Little Driver</i> , by	1	ys old.....	2
Ardrossan, aged (Mr. A. Berkeley)...	1	Lord W. Lennox's ch. h. <i>St. Lawrence</i> ,	3
Lord G. Lennox's ch. h. <i>Conviction</i> , 5		aged.....	3

The LADIES' PURSE of 50L, added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Brown's b. c. <i>Saxon</i> (late Twaddler), by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 9st. (W. Arnall).....	0	1	1
Duke of Richmond's ch. f. <i>Dream</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.....	1	4	2
Mr. De Burgh's ch. f. <i>Selina</i> , by Phantom, out of <i>Rosalina</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb...	2	2	dr.
Mr. Etherington's b. m. <i>Careless</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb.....	0	3	dr.
Mr. Greville's br. c. by <i>Woful</i> , out of <i>Frogmore's</i> dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb...	3	dr.	
Mr. A. Berkeley's ch. f. <i>Edith</i> , by Magistrate, dam by Catton, out of <i>Han- nah</i> , by Sorcerer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.....	4	dr.	
Lord G. Lennox's b. c. <i>Knipper Clipper</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.....	0	dr.	
Mr. Sherwood's ch. f. <i>Colombine</i> , by Octavius, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	0	dr.	
Five to 2 agst <i>Saxon</i> .			

The WATERLOO PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's br. h. <i>Charwood</i> , by Filbo da Puta, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb... 1	Captain A. Berkeley's ch. f. Edith, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb..... 4
Captain Locke's b. g. <i>Little Driver</i> , aged, 9st. 1lb. 2	Lord G. Lennox's ch. h. <i>Convic- tion</i> , 5 yrs old..... 5 dr.
Mr. Greville's br. c. <i>Skirmisher</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb..... 3	Mr. Knight's ch. g. <i>Stedham</i> , aged, 9st. 1lb..... dia.
Captain Locke's br. h. <i>Orator</i> , by Prime Minister, aged, 9st. recd. ft. from Lord G. Lennox's ch. c. by Interpreter, dam by Canopus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. One mile, 50 h. ft.	

Duke of Richmond's ch. c. by Pan, out of Vale Royal, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. recd. ft.
from Mr. B. Hughes's br. f. *Fairy*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. Two miles, 50 h. ft.

MATCH for 50 sovs. 8st. 4lb. each.—The last mile.

Captain Locke's br. g. <i>Little Driver</i> , aged (Dockeray)..... 1	Lord Mountcharles's ch. c. <i>Bucksfoot</i> , Brother to Spree, by Frolic, 3 yrs old, 2 Two to 1 on Bucksfoot.
---	--

THURSDAY, August 17.—The STAND SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each,
30 ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Four subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. *The Link Boy*, by Aladdin, 8st. 5lb.....walked over.

MATCH for 100 sovs.—Two miles.

Duke of Richmond's b. f. <i>Phantasma</i> , by Phantom, 8st. 7st. 10lb. 1	Captain Locke's b. c. <i>Crockery</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 2
(R. Boyce)..... 1	Six to 5 on Crockery.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—Last half mile.

Mr. T. Jones's ch. g. <i>Robin Adair</i> , by Robin Adair, aged, 12st. (Owner).... 1	Mr. Peyton's b. g. <i>Jubilee</i> , aged, 11st... 2 Two to 1 on Robin Adair.
---	---

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added by the Good-
wood Racing Club, for all ages.—One-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. <i>The Link Boy</i> , by Aladdin, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (J. Buckle, jun.)..... 5	1	1
Captain Locke's br. h. <i>Orator</i> , aged, 9st. 7lb..... 1	2	3
General Grosvenor's b. c. <i>The Palfrey</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb..... 2	4	2
Mr. Etherington's b. m. <i>Careless</i> , 6 yrs old, 7st..... 3	3	dr.
Lord W. Lennox's ch. h. <i>St. Lawrence</i> , aged, 8st. 6lb..... 4	dr.	
Six to 4 agst <i>Orator</i> , 5 to 2 agst <i>Link Boy</i> , and 3 to 1 against <i>The Palfrey</i> ; after the first heat, 3 to 1 on <i>Orator</i> .		

The GOODWOOD YEOMANRY CUP, value 50 sovs., given by the Duke of
Richmond—two-mile heats—was won by Mr. Newman's *Skylock* beat-
ing three others.

OXFORD MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, August 15.—The OXFORDSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15
ft. and only five if declared, &c.—Two miles.

Lord Palmerston's b. h. <i>Luzborough</i> , by W.'s Ditto, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. 1	8st. 8lb. 2
Mr. Tomes's b. h. <i>Sir Gray</i> , 5 yrs old, The following also started but were not placed:	Mr. Gauntlett's br. c. <i>Comedian</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb..... 3
Mr. Theobald's ch. h. <i>Cydnus</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb..... 0	old, 7st. 4lb..... 0
Mr. C. Day's b. f. <i>Young Zuleika</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 0	Mr. Pryse's b. h. <i>Cardinal Puff</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 0
Three subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft., and twenty-four others having declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each. Five to 2 agst <i>Luzborough</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Sir Gray</i> , and 4 to 1 agst any other.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three and four-year olds.—The
last mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Gore's ch. f. <i>Vittula</i> , by Catton, dam by Remembrancer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 1	7st. 6lb. 2
Mr. Dundas's b. c. by Rubens, 3 yrs old,	Lord Warwick's b. f. by Partisan, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb..... 2

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Wills's b. f. <i>The Deuce</i> , by King of Diamonds, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (S. Darling).....	4	1	1
Mr. Ockendon's br. h. Orville Junior, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Sadler's ch. g. by Usquebaugh, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	2	dr.	
Mr. Rawlinson's ro. f. Resemblance, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	3	dr.	

Resemblance the favorite. Each heat well contested.

WEDNESDAY, August 16.—The Cup, by a subscription of 10 sovs. each, to be paid in specie.—Four miles.—Nineteen subscribers.

Mr. Gauntlett's br. h. <i>Comedian</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (A. Pavis) ... 1	Mr. Tomes's b. h. Sir Gray, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	3
Mr. Theobald's ch. c. Cydnus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	Mr. C. Day's ch. c. Burgundy, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (broke down)	0

Seven to 4 on Burgundy, 5 to 2 agst Sir Gray, 4 to 1 agst Comedian, and 5 to 1 agst Cydnus. A good race.

A HANDICAP of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 30 added.—One mile.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Tears</i> , by Woful, dam by Scud or Sorcerer, 5 yrs old, 7st. (J. Chappel)	1
Mr. C. Day's b. f. Zulcika, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.	2

Two to 1 on Tears. Won easy.

A PLATE of 50 sovs. the gift of the City Members.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Pryse's ch. c. by Anticipation, out of Isis, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. (J. Chappel), 1	2	1
Mr. Sadler's ch. c. by Usquebaugh, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	4	1
Mr. Tomes's b. g. Tripoli, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	2	3
Mr. Faulkner's ch. m. Morel, aged, 8st. 11lb.....	3	4

Mr. Pryse's colt the favorite. A good race.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 35 added.—One-mile heats.

Major O. Gore's ch. f. <i>Vitula</i> , by Catton, 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (S. Darling).....	0	1	1
Mr. Rawlinson's ro. f. Resemblance, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb.	0	2	2
Mr. Pryse's ch. c. by Anticipation, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	3	dr.	

Resemblance the favorite. A good race.

DORCHESTER MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, August 15.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. Bailey's br. h. <i>The Don</i> , by Smolensko, 6 yrs, 12st. (Conolly), 1	1	11st. 11lb.	2	3
Mr. Luxton's ch. m. <i>The Witch</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb.....	4	2	Mr. Hanham's b. g. aged, 11st. 11lb.	3
Mr. Stent's b. m. Rally, aged, 11st. 6lb.....	4	2	Capt. Hardwick's bl. g. Stranger, aged, 11st. 11lb.	5

THE LADIES' PURSE of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for all ages.—Heats, about two miles, the second to receive back his stake.

Mr. Comings's ch. f. <i>Aura</i> , by Guy Mannerling, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (W. Trenn)	1	1	Mr. Farquharson's bl. g. Black-and-all-Black, aged, 9st. 3lb.....	2	2
---	---	---	---	---	---

THE TRADESMEN'S PURSE of 75l. to be added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, was not run for, from want of horses.

WEDNESDAY, August 16.—**HANDICAP PURSE** of 50l. given by the Officers of the 6th, or Enniskillen Dragoons.

Mr. Percy's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , by Don Comack, aged, 9st. 7lb.	1	5 yrs old, 7st.	2
Mr. Ryan's ch. f. Sister to Salisbury, 4	6st. 10lb.....	Mr. Barker's b. c. Toughstick, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.....	3

Toughstick was thrown down by a man crossing the Course, and was much injured—his rider escaped without any hurt.

A SILVER CUP, given by the Stewards, added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, 11st. 11lb.—Once round.

Mr. Fudge's b. m. <i>Queen Mab</i> , aged ... 1	Mr. Curme's b. m. Evergreen, aged.....	3
Mr. Stent's b. m. Gipsy, aged	2	

Queen Mab's qualification is disputed by the owner of Gipsy.

HANDICAP STAKES of two sovs. each, made up 50l. for the beaten horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Once round.—Five subscribers.
 Capt. Hardwick's bl. g. *Stranger*, aged, 8st. 1
 Mr. Hannam's b. g. aged, 9st. 2
 Mr. Laxton's ch. m. *The Witch*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 3

STOCKTON MEETING, 1896.

THURSDAY, August 17.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, p. p. with 20 sovs. added, for all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Jaques's b. c. <i>Brother to Ringlet</i> , by Whiaker, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. (T. Lye) 1	by Catton, dam by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 3
Mr. Russell's ch. f. by Amadis, out of Margaret, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 2	Mr. Clarke's br. g. <i>Mexico</i> , by Raby, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 4
Mr. Wilkinson's ch. f. <i>The Marchioness</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 2	

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, p. p. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Eight subscribers.

Sir E. Dodsworth's bl. c. by Magistrate, dam by Smolenako (G. Nelson) 1	Mr. Bell's b. c. by Fitz-Teazle—Sister to Rover 2
---	---

FIFTY POUNDS for maiden three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Stephenson's br. c. <i>Billy Watson</i> , by Walton, dam by Phantom (R. Johnson) 1	of Sister to Rover 3
Mr. Sykes's ch. f. <i>Strawberry</i> , by Soothsayer, dam by Timothy 4	Mr. C. Forster's b. f. <i>Burtonian</i> , by Burtonian, dam by Brainworm, grandam by Sir Peter 5
Mr. Bell's b. c. by Fitz-Teazle, out of Sister to Rover 2	Mr. Darnell's b. f. <i>Precision</i> , by Magistrate 2 dr.

FRIDAY, August 18.—The **WYNARD STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Marquis of Londonderry, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Sykes's b. c. <i>Cock Robin</i> , by Blacklock, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. (S. Templeman), 2	1	1
Mr. Petre's b. c. <i>Rothelan</i> , by Tiresias, 4 yrs, 6st. 3lb. (rec. back his stake) ...	1	4
Mr. Clarke's br. g. <i>Mexico</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	4	2
Mr. Rounthwaite's ch. m. <i>Governess</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	3	3

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, p. p. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. each. One mile and a half.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Whitlock's b. f. <i>Gin</i> , by Juniper, out of Princess <i>Jemima</i> , by Remembrancer (S. Templeman) 1	Mr. Lambton's b. <i>Claudine</i> , by Ebor, out of Orphan 2
--	---

THE GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by a subscription of 10 sovs. each, p. p. with 20 sovs. added, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.—Eight subscribers.

Gen. Sharpe's br. h. <i>Canteen</i> , by Waxy Pope, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (S. Templeman), 1	Mr. Russell's b. h. <i>Abron</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. ... 3
Lord Darlington's ch. h. <i>Barefoot</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 2	Mr. Uppley's gr. f. <i>Camilla</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 4
	Mr. Darnell's ch. f. <i>Cinderella</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 5

SATURDAY, August 19.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Darnell's br. f. <i>Niavels</i> (late Brownlock), by Blacklock, out of Snowball (R. Johnson) 1	tavian 2
Mr. Metcalfe's b. f. <i>Floresca</i> , by Grey Middleham, out of <i>Floranthe</i> , by Ocean Even betting between <i>Rose Julia</i> and the winner.	Mr. Crompton's b. f. <i>Rose Julia</i> , by Blacklock 3
	Mr. Chilton's gr. c. by Grey Walton—Whitworth 4

HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Milward's b. g. <i>Brother to Hexgrave</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 11st. (W. Scott) 1	Josh, 3 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. 2
Mr. Hudson's b. f. <i>Miracle</i> , by Don	Mr. Earle's ch. c. <i>Sir Thomas</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb. 3
	Mr. Shipley's b. f. by Catton, 3 yrs old, 3

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1886.

5

9st. 2lb. 1 4 | old, 11st. 6lb. 5
Mr. Sutton's b. g. by Mac Orville, 6 yrs

SIXTY POUNDS, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.
Mr. Coates's b. f. *Sister to Equity*, by Octavian, dam by Sancho, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (T. Lye) 3 1 1
Mr. Russell's b. h. Abdon, 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 1 3 3
Mr. Uppleby's gr. f. Camelina, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2 2 2
Mr. Breckon's ch. m. Bacchante, by Comus, aged, 8st. 9lb. 4 4 4

BURDEROP MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, August 22.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. by 12 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Three miles.

Lord Palmerston's b. h. *Luzborough*, by W.'s ditto, 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb. (C. Day) 1 | old, 8st. 11lb. 3
Mr. F. Craven's b. h. *Triumph*, 6 yrs | Mr. Goddard's br. c. *Composer*, 5 yrs | old, 6st. 6lb. 3

SIXTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Three-mile heats.
Mr. Blose's b. c. *Laurence*, by Rubens, out of Flame, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (J. Chapple) 1 1 | Mr. Boast's b. g. *Paymaster*, 4 yrs | old, 8st. 4lb. 2 2

WEDNESDAY, August 23.—**HANDICAP PURSE** of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Ockenden's b. h. *Orville Jun.*, by Orville, out of Mistake, 6 yrs old, 8st. (A. Pavis) 2 1 1
Mr. Smith's br. g. *Viscount*, 6 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 1 2 2
Mr. Boast's b. g. *Paymaster*, by Partisan, out of Espagnolle, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb. 3 3 dr.

A SILVER CUP, value 50 sovs. for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Williams's b. h. *Chillon*, by Czelebs, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. (C. Day) 1 1 | Mountaineer, aged, 12st. 4 3
Mr. Merriman's ch. h. by Robin Adair, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. 2 2 | Mr. Goodman's br. f. *Thiebs*, 4 yrs | old, 10st. 7lb. 3 4
Mr. J. King's br. h. *Domineer*, by | Mr. J. Brown's br. f. by Guy Man- | nering, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 5 dr.

CANTERBURY MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, August 22.—**ONE HUNDRED POUNDS**, for all ages.—Heats; the round course, about two miles.

Mr. Scath's gr. c. *Jack Bunce*, by Young Gohanna, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (W. Wesson) 1 1 | old, 8st. 3lb. 2 2
Mr. Heathcote's ch. c. *Nigel*, 4 yrs | Mr. Brown's b. m. *Maid of Kent*, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 3 dr.

The KENTISH HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Fourteen subscribers.

Mr. Russell's bl. g. *Roderick Random*, by Regent, out of Richmond's dam, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. 1 1 | Regent, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb. (bolted) 2 dis.
Mr. Wollett's ch. f. *Miss Julia*, by | Mr. Randell's b. g. *Magician*, by Young Sorcerer, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. 3 dr.

The **FIFTY POUNDS** subscribed for as the 100l. and on the same conditions, was not run for, from want of horses.

WEDNESDAY, August 23.—**HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE** of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Egremont's b. c. by Warrior, out of Effie Deane's dam, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (Brown) 1 1 | Mr. Scath's gr. c. *Jack Bunce*, 4 yrs | old, 10st. 7lb. 4 3
Mr. T. Jones's ch. f. *Partial*, 4 yrs | Mr. Heathcote's ch. c. *Nigel*, 4 yrs | old, 10st. 7lb. 3 dr.

A GOLD CUP of 100 sovs. for all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Gully's ch. c. <i>Truth</i> , by Catton, out of <i>Caifacaratadaddera</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. (G. North)	1	2	1
Mr. Brown's b. m. <i>Maid of Kent</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	3	1	3
Mr. Coleman's b. c. <i>Linguist</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2	3	2

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Honeysuckle</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. (G. North)	1	1
Major Badcock's br. h. <i>Bagatelle</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2	2
Mr. Hawkins's b. c. by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	4	3
Mr. Palmer's b. f. by Wrangler, out of Query, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	3	dr.

THURSDAY, August 24.—The GOLD CUP of 100 sovs. given by the City of Canterbury, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. Gully's ch. c. <i>Truth</i> , by Catton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (G. North)	4	1	1
Lord Egremont's b. c. by Warrior, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	1	0	3
Mr. Heathcote's ch. c. <i>Nigel</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2	0	2
Mr. T. Jones's ch. f. <i>Partial</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	3	0	4

FRIDAY, August 25.—The COUNTY PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Heathcote's br. c. <i>Syntax</i> , by Amadis, out of Miss Syntax, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. (G. North)	1	1
Mr. Scaish's gr. c. Jack Bunce, 4 yrs old, 8st.	5	2
Mr. T. Jones's ch. f. <i>Partial</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	3	3
Mr. Brown's b. m. <i>Maid of Kent</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	2	4
Mr. Coleman's b. c. <i>Linguist</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	4	dr.

The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for the losing horses of the week.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Coleman's b. c. <i>Linguist</i> , by Interpreter, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (W. Wilson)	1	1
Mr. Heathcote's ch. c. <i>Nigel</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2	2
Major Badcock's br. h. <i>Bagatelle</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	3	dr.

BURTON-UPON-TRENT, 1896.

TUESDAY, August 22.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds.—The straight mile.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Giffard's ch. <i>Leviathan</i> , by Muley, out of Sarsaparilla's dam, 8st. 2lb. (H. Arthur)	1
Mr. Yates's b. f. <i>Little-bo-Peep</i> , by Paulowitz, 8st.	2
Five to 4 on <i>Leviathan</i> . Won easy.	

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. the surplus in specie, by 13 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. Yates's b. c. <i>Paul Pry</i> , Brother to Madame Poki, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (T. Lye)	1
Mr. Geary's br. f. <i>Arachne</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	2

The following also started but were not placed:

Lord Derby's gr. c. <i>Autocrat</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	0
Sir T. Mostyn's br. f. <i>Invalid</i> , by Whisker, out of Helen, by Hambletonian, 4 yrs old, 8st.	0
Six to 4 agst <i>Autocrat</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Paul Pry</i> , and 7 to 2 agst <i>Arachne</i> . Won very easy.	

The ANGLESEY PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Twamley's ch. f. <i>Tintoretto</i> , by Rubens, out of Birth Day's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	4	0	1	1
Sir T. Mostyn's br. f. <i>Invalid</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	1	0	2	2
Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Bowprit</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	2	4	dr.	
Lord Grosvenor's br. f. <i>Basilisk</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.	3	3	dr.	

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1826.

7

WEDNESDAY, August 23.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds.—T.Y.C. half a mile.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Giffard's b. c. <i>Tatler</i> , by Manfred, out of Gossip, by Walton, 8st. 2lb. (H. Arthur)	1	Sir T. Mostyn's ch. f. Bodlondeb, by Teniers, out of Sister to Rosanne, 8st. 8	3
Mr. Mytton's ch. f. Harriette Wilson, by Manfred, 8st.	2	Mr. Longden's ch. c. Tantot, by Tiresias, 8st. 2lb.	4

Seven to 4 on *Tatler*, and 5 to 2 agst *Bodlondeb*. Easy.

The BRADY STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. with 100 added by the Earl of Chesterfield, for three and four-year-olds.—Two-miles.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Giffard's ch. c. <i>Leviathan</i> , by Muley, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (H. Arthur) ...	1	old, 8st. 10lb.	2
Sir T. Stanley's br. c. Doctor Faustus, 4		Mr. Geary's br. f. Arachne, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3

Five to 4 agst Doctor Faustus, 7 to 4 agst *Leviathan*, and 4 to 1 agst *Arachne*. A very good race.

PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—The straight mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. by Bustard, out of Mervinia, by Walton, 8st. 7lb. (T. Whitehouse)	1	Lord Grosvenor's br. c. King Henry, by Sovereign, out of Opal, 8st. 7lb.	2
---	---	---	---

Six to 4 on Mr. Mytton's colt. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred, foaled in 1822.—Two miles, starting at the Distance Chair.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Calvert's gr. c. <i>Equinox</i> , 10st. (J. Spring)	1	Mr. Worthington's gr. c. by Equator, 10st.	3
Mr. Meek's ch. c. Gridiron, 10st.	2		

EXETER MEETING, 1826.

WEDNESDAY, August 23.—The DEVONSHIRE STAKES of 25gs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. for all ages.—Two miles.

Lord Palmerston's ch. c. <i>Greyleg</i> , by Phantom, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. (J. Day) 1	Mr. Farquharson's b. h. Presentiment, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3
Mr. Percy's ch. m. Prosody, aged, 9st. 2		

Five subscribers paid 15gs. each, and five others who declared by the time prescribed paid only 5gs. each. *Greyleg* the favourite. An excellent race.

A SILVER TURREN, value 100gs. by eleven subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Heats, two miles and a quarter.

Lord Palmerston's b. f. <i>Conquest</i> , by Waterloo, out of Eliza, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. (J. Day)	2	1	1
Mr. Portman's br. c. Forester, 4 yrs old, 8st.	1	2	2
Mr. Ryan's b. f. Sister to Salisbury, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	3		dr.
Mr. Percy's ch. m. Prosody, aged, 9st. 6lb.	4		dr.

The following also started but were not placed:

Major Bacon's br. g. Razor, aged, 8st. 6lb.	0	Sister to Upright Judge, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb. 0	
Mr. Fellowes's bl. f. by Colossus, out of Conquest the favourite. An excellent race.		Mr. Fellowes's b. c. by Anacreon, out of Spell, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb.	0

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Coming's ch. f. <i>Aura</i> , by Guy Manning 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (J. Day) 1	1	8st. 9lb.	3	2
Mr. King's ch. m. by Anticipation, out of Red Rose's dam, 5 yrs old,		Mr. Farquharson's bl. g. Black-and-all-Black, aged, 9st. 7lb.	2	dr.

THURSDAY, August 24.—A PURSE of 100 sovs. given by the City of Exeter, for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Percy's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , by Don Cassack, aged, 9st. 5lb.	4	1	1
--	---	---	---

Lord Palmerston's b. f. Conquest, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 5 2 2
 Mr. Ryan's ch. h. Salisbury, 5 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (broke down) 1 4 dr.
 Mr. Farquharson's b. h. Presentiment, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2 3 dr.
 Mr. Fellowes's f. by Colossus, 4 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. 3 dr.

The CITY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—
 Heats, once round and a distance.

Lord Palmerston's ch. c. Greying, by Phantom, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. walked over.

The LADIES' PURSE of 30 sovs. (handicap), for all ages.—Heats, about a mile.

Mr. Bailey's br. h. *The Don*, by Smolensko, 6 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 3 4 1 1
 Mr. Farquharson's Presentiment, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 2 1 2 2
 Mr. Portman's br. c. Forester, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 1 2 3 dr.
 Mr. Coming's ch. f. Aura, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 5 2 4
 Mr. Fellowes's b. c. by Anacreon, 3 yrs old, 5st. 2lb. 4 dr.
 Mr. Ryan's b. f. Sister to Salisbury, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. dis.

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Percy's ch. m. Froody, aged, 8st. 7st. 11lb. 6
 6lb. 9 Mr. King's ch. m. by Anticipation, 5
 Major Bacon's b. h. Balow, 5 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 9

SWAFFHAM MEETING, 1886.

WEDNESDAY, August 23.—The SILVER CUP, value 50 sovs. by six subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Pettit's br. f. *Rigmarole*, by Soothsayer, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. (J. Robinson)... 1 8st. 12lb. 2
 Lord Orford's br. h. Orion, 5 yrs old, Duke of Grafton's br. c. by Woful, out of Sister to Nectar, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. ... 3

The DIDLINGTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—The last three quarters of a mile.

Mr. H. Scott's b. f. *Souvenir*, by Orville, out of Dulcamara (J. Robinson) 1 Colonel Wilson's Sister to Lamplighter, by Merlin 3
 Lord Orford's b. c. Monops, by Manfred 2 Mr. Tharett's bl. c. by Smolensko, dam by Trumpator 4

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Rush's br. f. by Pioneer, out of Discord, by Popinjay, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 1 1 Mr. Chapman's br. c. by Smolensko, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 2 2
 Colonel Wilson's ch. c. by Abjer, out of Spinning Jenny, 3 yrs old, came in second for the first heat, and first for the second; Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Woful, out of Sister to Nectar, 3 yrs old, came in first for the first heat, but having omitted to carry 3lb. for winning, were deemed distanced.

THURSDAY, August 24.—The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Pettit's br. f. *Rigmarole*, by Soothsayer, out of Rantipole, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 1 1 of Spinning Jenny, 3 yrs, 6st. 4lb. 2 2
 Colonel Wilson's ch. c. by Abjer, out Mr. Alderson's br. g. Jacko, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 3 dr.

The COUNTY GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50l. was not run for from want of horses.

EGHAM MEETING, 1886.

TUESDAY, August 29.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three and four-year olds.—About one mile and three quarters.—Four subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. *The Link Boy*, by Aladdin, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (A. Favis) 1 old, 8st. 7lb. 2
 Mr. T. Scath's ch. c. Whipcord, 4 yrs 1 Mr. Ramsbottom's b. c. Waterman, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 3
 Even betting on Link Boy.

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1893.

9

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—One mile.

Captain Locke's b. c. *Crockery*, by Ru- | Captain Standen's b. c. *Ildirim*, 4 yrs
bens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (G. Dockeray) 1 | old, 7st. 8lb. 2
Six to 4 on *Ildirim*.

The GOLD CUP (in specie) by twelve subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all
ages.—Two miles and a half.—The owner of the second horse withdrew
his stake.

Lord Mountcharles's ch. c. *Bucksfoot*, | old, 8st. 2
Brother to Spree, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. | Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Phantasma*,
(A. Pavis) 1 | 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 3

Mr. T. Scaith's br. c. *Frogmore*, 4 yrs
Even betting on *Frogmore*, 2 to 1 agst *Phantasma*, and 6 to 1 agst *Bucksfoot*.

A SILVER CUP, value 60 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for
horses, &c. the property of Officers and residents at Windsor, 11st. 1lb.
each.—Three quarters of a mile.—Three subscribers.

Lord W. Lennox's ch. h. *St. Lawrence*, | Mr. Dore's b. g. *Peter*, 5 yrs old..... 2
by Goodall, aged (Capt Berkeley).... 1

THE NOBLEMEN'S PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, Straight Mile.

Lord Dunwich's ch. f. *Dream*, by Soothsayer, out of Count Porro's dam, 3
yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 6 1 1

Captain Locke's b. h. *Orator*, aged, 9st. 4lb. 1 2 2

Captain Sullivan's ch. c. *St. Pierre*, by Clavilene, out of Sweet Pea, 3 yrs old,
7st. 2lb. 4 4 3

Mr. Smith's bl. c. *Tamar*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 5 3 dr.

Mr. Scaith's b. c. *Frogmore*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2 5 dr.

Mr. Hornby's gr. m. *Agnes*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 3 dr.

Six to 5 agst *Orator*, and 3 to 1 agst *Dream*; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on *Orator*, and
2 to 1 agst *Dream*; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on *Dream*.

WEDNESDAY, August 30.—The SURREY and MIDDLESEX STAKES of
25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and five if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.—Two
miles and a distance.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Aladdin*, by | Captain Locke's b. c. *Crockery*, 4 yrs
Aladdin, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (A. Pavis) 1 | old, 8st. 9lb. 2

Eight subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft., and ten others having declared ft. by time prescribed,
paid only five sovs. each. Four to 1 on *Linkboy*. Won very easy.

THE TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and
a half.

Mr. S. Smith's br. h. *Charnwood*, by | aged, 9st. 11lb. 2 2

Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. | Mr. Smith's bl. c. *Tamar*, 4 yrs old,
(G. Dockeray) 1 1 | 8st. 7lb. 3 3

Captain Locke's br. g. *Little Driver*,
Even betting between *Little Driver* and *Charnwood*; after the heat, 5 to 4 on *Charn-
wood*. Won by a head.

THE EGHAM STAKES of five sovs. each, with 35 added, for horses of all
ages.—Heats, the Straight Mile.

Lord Dunwich's ch. f. *Dream*, by Soothsayer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (F. Boyce) 4 1 1

Duke of York's b. f. *Dahlia*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 1 2 2

Mr. Hornby's gr. m. *Agnes*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 3 3 dr.

Captain Locke's b. c. *Crockery*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2 dr.

Five to 4 agst *Dream*, 7 to 4 agst *Crockery*, and 10 to 1 agst *Dahlia*; after the first
heat, even betting on *Dahlia*; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on *Dream*.

Lord W. Lennox's ch. h. *St. Lawrence*, by Goodall, 11st. 1lb. recd. ft. from Lord C.
Russell's b. m. *Cara*, 10st. Gentlemen riders. Three quarters of a mile, 50 sovs. h. ft.

THURSDAY, August 31.—The SUNNINGHILL STAKES (Handicap) of
five sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Last three quarters of the
New Mile.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Berkeley's ch. f. *Edith*, by Magis- | Mr. Ramabottom's b. c. *Waterman*, 3
trate, dam by Catton, out of Hannah, | yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 3

by Sorcerer, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. (A. Pavis) 1 | Lord Lennox's ch. h. *Conviction*, 5 yrs
Capt. Locke's b. h. *Orator*, aged, 9st. 4lb. 2 | old, 8st. 11lb. 4

Vol. XIX. N. S.—No. 110. E

Lord Egremont's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Eleanor, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 5
Two to 1 agst Edith, 5 to 2 agst Orator, and 4 to 1 agst Conviction.

MATCH for 100 sovs. 8st. 5lb. each, both four-year-olds.—Mile and a half.
Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Phantasma*, by Phantom (R. Boyce)..... 1
Mr. De Burgh's ch. f. Selina, by Phantom..... 2
Five to 4 on Selina.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—One mile.
Mr. Berkeley's ch. f. *Edith*, by Magistrate, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (F.)..... 1
Buckle, jun.)..... 0 1
Mr. Jackson's Fairy, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb. 0 2
Four and 5 to 1 on Edith.

LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Duke of York's b. f. *Dahha*, by Phantom, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (R. Boyce)... 2 1 3 1
Mr. Scath's ch. c. Whipcord, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 1 2 2 2
Mr. Hornby's gr. m. Agnes, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb..... 4 4 1 3
Lord Mountcharles's ch. c. Bucksfoot, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb..... 3 3 4
Two to 1 on Bucksfoot, 2 to 1 agst Dahha; after each of the three first heats, Whipcord the favorite.

MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft.—T.Y.C.
Lord W. Lennox's ch. h. *St. Lawrence*, by Goodall, aged, 12st. 7lb. (Captain Berkeley)..... 1
Mr. T. Jones's ch. g. Robin Adair, aged, 11st. 6lb..... 2

DONCASTER MEETING, 1826.

MONDAY, September 18.—The FITZWILLIAM STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster:—two-year-olds, 8st. 10lb.; three, 8st.; four, 9st.; five, 9st. 6lb.; six and aged, 9st. 10lb.—One mile and a half.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Payne's ch. h. *Helenus*, by Soothsayer, out of Panic's dam, 5 yrs old, (W. Arnall) 1
Spigot, 3 yrs old..... 2
Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. c. Barataria, 3 yrs old..... 3

Mr. O. Powlett's br. g. Brother to Jack
The following also started but were not placed:
Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. Contract, by Catton, out of Helen, by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old..... 0
Sir W. Milner's b. c. by Tramp—Sanco, 2 yrs old..... 0
Mr. Crompton's b. f. Rose Julia, by Blacklock, 2 yrs old..... 0
Duke of Leeds's b. c. Brother to Catterick, 2 yrs old..... 0
Six to 4 on Helenus, and 4 to 1 agst Barataria. A beautiful race, and won by half a neck. Run in 2 min. 49 sec.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 20 added by the Corporation, for four-year-olds and upwards.—The Lest Mile.—Five subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. *Humphrey Clinker*, by Comus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (W. Clift)..... 1
Mr. E. Petre's b. c. Rothelan, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 2
Three to 1 on Humphrey Clinker. Won in a canter.

CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Red House In.—The winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Doncaster Racing Club.—Twenty-two subscribers.

Duke of Leeds's gr. c. *Moonshine*, by Grey Middleham, out of Miss Cliffe, by L'Orient (G. Edwards)..... 1
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Nonplus, by Catton—Walton 3
Mr. Russell's ch. f. Emma, by Whisker, out of Gibside Fairy..... 2
Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. Popsy, by Blacklock..... 4

The following also started but were not placed:
Mr. W. Fox's b. c. by Vandyke Junior, out of Selma 0
Palmerin..... 0
Lord Muncaster's b. f. The Pet, by Mr. Wyvill's ch. g. Smackamcoth, by Comus..... 0

Five to 4 agst Popay, 6 to 4 agst Nonplus, and 8 to 1 agst Moonshine, who took the lead, and was never headed. Run in 1 min. 12 sec.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. :—for four-year-olds, 10st. 7lb. ; five, 11st. 7lb. ; six, 11st. 12lb. ; and aged, 12st.—Four miles.

Mr. Richardson's br. c. <i>Brownlock</i> , by Blacklock, out of <i>Diana</i> , 4 yrs old (W. Scott).....	1	mus, 4 yrs old.....	3
Lord Wharnccliffe's b. h. <i>El Dorado</i> , 5 yrs old.....	2	Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. <i>Capel Cerig</i> , 4 yrs old.....	4
Lord Milton's br. c. <i>Dramatist</i> , by Co-Six to 4 agst <i>Dramatist</i> , 5 to 2 agst <i>Brownlock</i> , and 5 to 1 agst <i>El Dorado</i> . A very fine race between the first two, and won by a neck.		Mr. Rounthwaite's ch. m. <i>Governess</i> , by Milo, 5 yrs old.....	5

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Four miles.—Eight subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. <i>Humphrey Clinker</i> , by Comus, out of <i>Clinkerina</i> (W. Clift).....	1	da Puta.....	2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>Escape</i> , by Filho Six to 4 agst <i>Humphrey Clinker</i> , and 3 to 1 agst <i>Escape</i> . Won easy.		Mr. Petre's b. c. <i>Saladin</i> , by Selim, out of <i>Juliana</i>	3
		Ld. Milton's b. f. <i>Beatrice</i> , by Ardrossan, 4	4

MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft. 8st. 2lb. each.—Red House In.

Mr. Tarlton's b. f. <i>Sister to Whim</i> , by Whisker, out of <i>Sister to Wagtail</i> (S. Templeman).....	1	Mr. Platel's ch. f. <i>Blaze</i> , <i>Sister to Conviction</i>	2
		Two to 1 on the winner. Won easy.	

TUESDAY, September 19.—PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 2lb. ; fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Red House In.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Abjer, out of Leopoldine, by Walton (S. Templeman).....	1	Lord Milton's br. c. <i>Medora</i> , by Cervantes, out of <i>Marianne</i>	3
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. by Filho da Puta—Torelli.....	2	Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Blacklock, out of <i>Marchesa</i>	4

Six to 4 agst the winner. Won cleverly.

The GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Ninety-five subscribers.

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. <i>Tarrare</i> , Brother to Fair Charlotte, by Catton, out of Henrietta (G. Nelson).....	1	Lord Milton's b. c. <i>Mulatto</i> , by Catton, out of <i>Desdemona</i> , by Orville (S. Day).....	2
--	---	--	---

The following also started but were not placed :

Lord Kennedy's ch. c. <i>Bedlamite</i> , by Welbeck.....	0	Madame Poki.....	0
Lord Wharnccliffe's b. c. <i>Crusader</i> , by Cervantes.....	0	Sir J. Byng's ch. c. <i>Thales</i> , by Tramp—Margaret.....	0
Lord Wharnccliffe's br. c. <i>The Dragon</i> , by Cervantes.....	0	Lord Muncaster's b. f. <i>Garcia</i> , by Octavian.....	0
Lord Kennedy's bl. f. <i>Mary Ann</i> , Sister to Streatham.....	0	Major Yarbrough's br. c. <i>M'Adam</i> , by Tramp.....	0
Mr. Watt's br. c. <i>Belzoni</i> , by Blacklock—Manuela.....	0	Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, out of Masquerade.....	0
Mr. Baird's ch. c. <i>Sir Malachi Malagrowth</i> , by Ardrossan, out of Lady Cramfeazer, by Stamford.....	0	Duke of Leeds's gr. f. by Walton, out of Lisette.....	0
Mr. Forth's b. f. <i>Shortwaist</i> , by Interpreter.....	0	Mr. T. O. Powlett's bl. c. <i>Brother to Miss Fanny</i>	0
Lord Blandford's ch. c. <i>Dragoman</i> , by Interpreter, dam by Canopus, granddam by Young Woodpecker.....	0	Mr. Watt's ch. c. <i>Brother to Barefoot</i> , by Tramp.....	0
Mr. Forth's b. c. <i>Skyrocket</i> , by Selim—Young Chryseis.....	0	Mr. Mason's ch. f. by Egremont—Lancashire Witch.....	0
Mr. Forth's b. c. <i>Premier</i> , by Phantom, dam by Rubens, out of Chryseis.....	0	Mr. R. Harrison's b. c. <i>Royal Oak</i> , by Catton.....	0
Mr. Yates's b. c. <i>Paul Pry</i> , Brother to		Mr. Wilkinson's b. c. <i>Brother to Don Antonio</i>	0
		Mr. Payne's br. c. <i>The General</i> , by Comus.....	0

Mr. Neville's b. c. *Smuggler*, by *Thrales* 6 | *Mother* 6
 Mr. Riddale's br. c. by *Oiseau*, out of | Sir W. Milner's br. f. *Sister to Osmond* 6
 Two to 1 agst *Belsoni*, 6½ to 1 agst *Bedlamite*, 8 to 1 agst *Mulatto*, 9 to 1 agst *Dragon*,
 16 to 1 agst *Crusader*, 20 to 1 agst *Tarrare*, and 25 to 1 agst *The General*. After
 cantering past the stand, and getting well together at the starting post, before the
 word was given they went off. In the false start, both the Duke of Leeds's took the
 lead for a considerable distance towards the hill. Having again all collected, the
 word was given, and they went off together, the Duke of Leeds's b. c. by *Whisker*
 making the play on the inside, keeping the lead over the hill to the dip; the running
 was there taken up by the Duke of Leeds's gr. f. and kept to the Red House, where
 she began to fall back, *Tarrare* laying in from about two lengths behind the mare,
 and always looking like a winner from the first. When the mare ceased to make the
 running, *Tarrare* took it up and was never headed, winning by half a length. *Bed-*
lamite came almost up to *Tarrare*'s head, and run him from rather below the distance
 till opposite the Grand Stand. *Paul Pry* was the first beat; *Belsoni* began to tire
 below the hill, and was completely beat at the Red House.—The *Dragon* was also beat
 at the same place. *Crusader* ran to the end of the mile very finely, beating *The Dragon*
 fifty yards. Nothing had a chance with *Bedlamite*, who was third, and the two placed.
 Below the distance, *Bedlamite* looked like coming out to win. The distance, which
 is one mile six furlongs one hundred and thirty-two yards, being sixty-one yards
 shorter than last year, was run in 3 min. 26 sec.

THE CORPORATION PURSE OF 60l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. *Fitz Grace*, by *Filho da Puta*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.

(H. Jackson) 4 1 1
 Mr. Robinson's br. f. *The Countess*, by *Catton*, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb. (rec. 21½) ... 1 4 2
 Mr. Peter's b. c. *Rethelan*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 2 2 dr.
 Mr. Wright's b. c. *Octavus*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 2 3 dr.
 Six to 4 agst *Octavus*, and 2 to 1 agst *Fitz Grace*; after the first heat, 6 to 4 agst *Fitz*
Grace: after the second heat, high odds on him.

The First Year of the Renewed DONCASTER STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with
 20 sovs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for horses, &c. of all ages.

Two miles.—Twenty-nine subscribers.

Sir M. W. Ridley's b. f. *Flour de Lis*, | Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. g. *Brother to*
 by *Bourbon*, out of *Lady Rachael*, 4 | Jack Spigot, by *Ardrossan*, 3 yrs old,
 yrs old, 8st. (G. Nelson) 1 | 8st. 10lb. 4
 Lord Kelburne's ch. c. *Acton*, 4 yrs | Duke of Leeds's b. c. *Crowcatcher*, 4
 old, 8st. 2 | yrs old, 8st. 5
 Mr. Crompton's ch. f. *Zirza*, 4 yrs, 8st. ... 3 | Mr. Whitaker's br. h. *Lottery*, 6 yrs, 8st., 6
 Even betting on *Flour de Lis*, 2 to 1 agst *Acton*, and 4 to 1 agst *Zirza*. Run in 3 min.
 47 sec.

WEDNESDAY, September 20.—FOAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:
 —colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. *Fanny Davies*, | Lord Milton's b. c. *Tickhill*, by *Catton*
 Sister to *Palatine*, by *Filho da Puta* | —Orvillina. 2
 (H. Edwards) 1 | Two to 1 on *Fanny Davies*. Won easy.

DONCASTER RACING CLUB STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. of
 all ages.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Lord Kelburne's ch. c. *Acton*, by *Scud*, | Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. *Florismart*, 8
 out of *Hampden's dam*, 4 yrs old, | yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2
 8st. 6lb. (H. Edwards) 1

Eleven to 8 on *Acton*. A waiting race until near the Red House, when *Acton* came
 up, and a very severe struggle took place, running abreast the whole way home,
 and winning by half a head. Run in 4 min. 4½ sec.

The ALL-AGE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added by the Corpo-
 ration of Doncaster, for horses, &c. of all ages.—The St. Leger Course.—
 Three subscribers.

Lord Kelburne's ch. f. *Purity*, by *Oc-* | Lord Searbrough's ch. c. *Conjuror*, 3 yrs
 tavian, out of *Hell-Oat*, 4 yrs old, | old, 6st. 7lb. 2
 7st. 9lb. (T. Lye) 1

Two to 1 agst *Purity*. Won very easy. Run in 3 min. 37 sec.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, 20 sovs. ft. for four-year-olds.—St. Leger
 Course.—Four subscribers.

Lord Darlington's b. c. *Memoir*, 8st. 7lb. walked over.

THURSDAY, September 31.—The GASCOIGNE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, 30 sovs. ft. for three-year-olds.—St. Leger Course.—Ten subscribers.
Lord Kennedy's ch. c. *Bedlamite*, 8st. 6lb.walked over.

SWEETSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st.—St. Leger Course.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Dilly's br. c. <i>Bekoni</i> , by Blacklock, out of Memnon's dam (W. Scott) 1	Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, out of Masquerade 2
Six to 4 on the Duke of Leeds's colt. Won in a canter.	

SWEETSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies 8st. 2lb.—St. Leger Course.—Twenty-six subscribers.

Mr. Petre's b. f. <i>Matilda</i> , by Comus, out of Juliana, by Gohanna (R. Johnson) 1	Blacklock 2
Mr. T. O. Powllett's b. c. <i>Popay</i> , by	Mr. Darnell's ch. f. <i>Lunacy</i> , by Blacklock—Maniac 3

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Taunton's b. c. <i>Shylock</i> , Brother to Streatham 0	Lord Queensberry's gr. c. <i>Silbery</i> , by Catton 0
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker—Trophonius 0	Mr. W. Fox's b. c. by Vandyke Junior, out of Selma 0
Duke of Leeds's b. c. <i>Moth</i> , by Blacklock, dam by Oberon 0	Mr. Wright's b. c. <i>Sampson</i> , by Blacklock 0
Mr. Watt's ch. c. by Magistrate, out of Alhidora 0	Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Marchesa 0

Six to 4 agst *Lunacy*, 4 to 1 agst *Matilda*, 4 to 1 agst *Popay*. *Matilda* took the lead, was never headed, and won by nearly half a length.

MATCH for 100gs. h. ft.—One mile and a half.—Lord Queensberry's b. c. *The Constable*, by Magistrate, out of Trictrac, 8st. 5lb. rec. ft. from Lord Kennedy's b. c. *King Catton*, by Catton, 8st. 3lb. paid.

THE GOLD CUP, value 210 sovs. for all ages.—To start at the Red House, and run once round to the ending post, two miles and five furlongs.

Sir M. W. Ridley's b. f. <i>Fleur de Lis</i> , by Bourbon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (G. Nelson) 1	3 yrs old, 7st. 2
Lord Milton's b. c. <i>Mulatto</i> , by Catton,	Lord Milton's br. c. <i>Humphrey Clinker</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:

Lord Kelburne's bl. h. <i>Jerry</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 0	Mr. Payne's ch. h. <i>Helenus</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 0
--	--

Five to 4 on *Fleur de Lis*, 7 to 3 agst *Mulatto*, and 8 to 1 agst *Humphrey Clinker*, and 10 to 1 agst *Helenus*. *Helenus* took the lead, followed, and occasionally headed by *Fleur de Lis*; *Humphrey Clinker* and *Mulatto* laying third and fourth. At the rails coming home, *Helenus* fell back, *Humphrey Clinker* attempting to take his place; and at the distance, *Mulatto* shot out like a winner; but was with great difficulty beat by nearly half a length.

FRIDAY, September 22.—**SWEETSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each:—for four-year-olds, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Four miles.—Eleven subscribers.

Lord Darlington's b. c. <i>Memnon</i> , by Whisker, out of Manuella, 4 yrs old (S. Templeman) 1	Catton, aged 3
Lord Milton's br. h. <i>Florisart</i> , 5 yrs, 2	Duke of Leeds's b. c. <i>Cattick</i> , by Whisker, 4 yrs old 4
Lord Scarborough's Fair Charlotte, by	Mr. Whitaker's br. h. <i>Lottery</i> , by Tramp, 6 yrs old 5

Six to 4 on *Memnon*, 8 to 1 agst *Florisart*, 8 to 1 agst *Lottery*, 10 and 12 to 1 agst *Fair Charlotte*. *Lottery* took the lead once round and to the hill, when *Memnon* led at a raking pace, until challenged at the rails by *Florisart*. A beautiful and severe race ensued, *Memnon* winning by half a head.

MATCH for 300 sovs. h. ft.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Yates's b. f. <i>Lianet</i> , by Bustard, out of Peter Lely's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 1	Lord Muncaster's b. f. <i>Garcia</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (fell) 2
--	--

Seven to 4 on *Garcia*. Won cleverly. *Garcia* fell when just at the ending post, but the rider, Templeman, was not seriously hurt.

SWEETSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 sovs. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last mile.—Twenty-five subscribers.

Mr. T. O. Powllett's bl. c. <i>Brother to Miss Fanny</i> , by Walton, dam by Orville (H. Edwards)	1	Duke of Leeds's gr. f. by Walton, out of Lisette	4
Lord Kennedy's ch. c. <i>Bedlamite</i> , by Welbeck	2	Mr. Yates's b. c. <i>Paul Pry</i> , Brother to Madame Poki	5
Lord Scarbrough's b. f. <i>Lady Georgiana</i> , Five to 2 and 3 to 1 on <i>Bedlamite</i> , 4 to 1 agst <i>Lady Georgiana</i> , 6 to 1 agst the Duke of Leeds, the winner not mentioned. Won cleverly.			

MATCH for 500 sovs. h. ft.—Red House In.

Mr. Russell's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Gipside Fairy, 8st. (H. Johnson)	1	Mr. Yates's br. c. <i>Sharpshooter</i> , by Paulowitz, 8st.	2
Seven to 4 on the winner. Won easily.			

SWEETSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb. each.—St. Leger Course.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. <i>Fanny Davies</i> , Sister to <i>Palatine</i> , by Filho da Puta (H. Edwards)	1	Mr. Watt's ch. by Catton, out of Altisidora	3
Lord Alnchester's bay, <i>Garcia</i> , by Octavia			

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Yates's b. <i>Little Bo-Peep</i> , Sister to Eve	0	Miss Maltby	0
Lord Kennedy's blk. <i>Mary Ann</i> , Sister to Streatham	0	Lord Scarbrough's b. <i>Pasta</i> , by Catton ..	0
Mr. Houldsworth's b. <i>Harriet</i> , Sister to Six to 4 agst <i>Fanny Davies</i> , 4 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's filly, and 4 to 1 agst <i>Mary Ann</i> . Won by two lengths. Run in 3 min. 25 sec.		Sir W. Milner's br. <i>Sister to Osmond</i> ..	0
		Mr. Petre's ch. <i>Missey</i> , by Catton, out of Agatha	0

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS PURSE, for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Kelburne's ch. f. <i>Purity</i> , by Octavian, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (H. Edwards)	4	3	1	0	1
Mr. Richardson's <i>Brownlock</i> , by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (received 48gs.)	1	6	2	0	2
Sir J. Byng's ch. c. <i>Thales</i> , by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	5	1	0	3	3
Sir W. Milner's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Sancho, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	6	2	3		
Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. by Oiseau, out of Medora, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	3	4	0		
Duke of Leeds's b. c. <i>Crowcatcher</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2	5	dr.		
Seven to 4 agst Mr. Ridsdale's colt, and 5 to 2 agst <i>Brownlock</i> —won by a head; after the heat, 5 and 6 to 4 agst <i>Brownlock</i> —won by half a length; after the second heat, 5 to 4 agst <i>Thales</i> , and 7 to 4 agst <i>Brownlock</i> —won by a head; after the third heat, even betting on <i>Brownlock</i> , and 5 to 4 agst <i>Purity</i> —dead heat; after the fourth heat, 5 to 4 on <i>Brownlock</i> .—Won by half a length.					

BEDFORD MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, August 29.—The **BEDFORDSHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. for all ages.—Two miles.

Colonel Wilson's b. c. <i>Lamplighter</i> , by Merlin, out of Spotless, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	1	Lord Tavistock's ch. f. <i>Leeway</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	2
---	---	--	---

Two subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and four others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.

THE WOBURN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Pettit's br. f. <i>Rigmarole</i> , by Soothsayer, out of Rantipole, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	1	1	Lord G. W. Russell's br. c. <i>Skirmisher</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	2	dr.
Mr. Wilson's b. m. <i>Pinwire</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	3	2	Mr. O'Connor's b. h. <i>Dumps</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	4	dr.

THE OAKLEY HUNT STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thoroughbred.—Two-mile heats.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. S. B. Edwards's b. h. <i>Ataddin</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	4	1	1
--	---	---	---

Mr. Palmer's b. g. aged, 11st. 11lb.	1	4	3
Mr. Polhill's b. m. Medea, 6 yrs old, 11st. 9lb.	3	2	2
Mr. S. B. Edwards's b. h. Chance, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	2	3	4
Captain Thornton's b. g. by Young Hambletonian, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	5	5	dr.

The DUKE OF BEDFORD'S PURSE of 50l. for three and four-year olds.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Wilson's b. f. <i>Maldonia</i> , by Fungus, out of Young Rhoda, by Walton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	1	1	
Mr. Goodisson's ch. g. Fleance, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2	dr.	

WEDNESDAY, August 30.—The LADIES' PURSE of 50l., with 20 added from the Racing Fund, for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Lord Tavistock's ch. f. <i>Leeway</i> , by Aladdin, out of Johanna Southcote, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Wilson's b. f. <i>Maldonia</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	1	2	2
Mr. O'Conner's b. h. <i>Dumps</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	3	3	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Messer's b. m. <i>Monimia</i> , by Muley, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	0	1	1
Mr. Wilson's b. m. Pinwire, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	0	2	2
Mr. Goodisson's ch. g. Fleance, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	3	3	3
Lord W. Russell's br. c. Skirmisher, by Smolenako, 3 yrs old, 7st.	6	4	4
Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Discord, 3 yrs old, 7st.	4	dr.	

STOURBRIDGE MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, August 29.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Gisborne's b. f. <i>Susan</i> , by Mango, dam by Hedley, 4 yrs, 8st. 1 lb.	1	1	
Mr. Gore's br. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	3	2	
Mr. Massey's b. f. <i>Claudia</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	2	dr.	

FIFTY POUNDS, added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. <i>Alecto</i> , by Filho da Puta, or Hetman, 6 yrs old, 9st. (Moseley)	4	1	1
Mr. Gleave's b. h. Miller of Mansfield, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Gisborne's br. h. Cinder, 6 yrs old, 9st.	5	3	dr.
Mr. Yates's b. f. Madame Poki, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	2	4	dr.
Mr. Gore's ch. f. Vitula, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	3	dr.	

The HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Thacker's ch. m. Sophia, by Fitz James, 5 yrs old, 12st. (Mr. Pickernell)	1	1	
Col. Lygon names ch. h. Slender Billy, 6 yrs old, 12st.	2	2	
Mr. J. H. Foley names br. h. by Knowley, 5 yrs old, 11st. 8lb.	4	3	
Mr. Hawkes names ch. h. Vivian, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	3	4	

WEDNESDAY, August 30.—The WORCESTERSHIRE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. that have been regularly hunted.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Painter's b. g. <i>Fitzwilliam</i> , by Fitzjames, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. (H. Arthur)	1	1	
Mr. Webb's br. m. Fanny, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	2	dr.	
Mr. Thacker's ch. m. Sophia, 6 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.	3	dr.	

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by ten subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Four miles.

Mr. Gisborne's br. f. <i>Susan</i> , by Mango, dam by Hedley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (H. Arthur)	1		
Mr. Gore's br. c. The Moor, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	3		
Mr. Geary's br. f. Arachne, 4 yrs old, Three to 1 on Arachne. A good race.			

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Flinck's br. c. Hephamed Gate
Flounder, by Hephamed, 4 yrs
old, 8st. (T. Whitehouse)..... 1 1
Mr. Longmore's gr. g. Alpha, 4 yrs

old, 7st. 11lb..... 2 3
Mr. Trow's ch. m. by Rubens, 5
yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 3 dr.

The LADIES' SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 30 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of
five sovs. each, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Yates's gr. m. *Fille de Jole*,
by Filhoda Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.
(J. Spring) 1 1
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Chesterfield,
3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 3 2
Mr. Gore's b. h. Hesperus, 6 yrs

old, 9st. 4lb. 2 3
Mr. Tench's b. g. by Ambo, 5 yrs
old, 8st. 2lb. 4 4
Mr. Painter's br. m. Sarsaparilla, 5
yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2 dr.

ABERDEEN, FORFAR, KINCARDINE, AND BANFF MEETING, 1836.

WEDNESDAY, August 30.—The MEETING STAKES of 25 sovs. each,
h. ft. with 20 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Twice round.—Nine-
teen subscribers.

r. Hewe's b. h. *Skiff*, by Partisan, 5
yrs old, 9st. 1lb. (W. Boynton)..... 1

Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. Gift, 4 yrs old,
8st. 9lb. 2

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Citizens of Aberdeen, added to a Sweepstakes
of 20 sovs. each, for horses that have been regularly hunted, 12st. each.—
Twice round and a distance.

Mr. Howe's ch. h. *The Tod*, by Cervantes, out of Miss Catton, 5 yrs old., walked over.

THURSDAY, August 31.—A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. given from the
Ladies' Subscription, for all ages.—Twice round and a distance.

Mr. Carnegie's b. c. *The Major*, by
Bustler, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (S. Tem-
pleman) 1

Mr. Farquharson's b. c. by Catton, out
of Sister to Benedict, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb.... 2

The DUNNOTAR STAKES of 100 sovs. each, for all ages.—One mile and a
distance.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Howe's b. h. *Skiff*, by Partisan, 5
yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (W. Boynton)..... 1

Mr. Carnegie's b. c. *The Major*, 4 yrs
old, 8st. 7lb. 2

SWEETSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for all ages.—Twice round.
Three subscribers.

Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. Gift, by Ardrossan,
out of Percy's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. (S.
Templeman) 1

Mr. Farquharson's b. c. by Catton, 3 yrs
old, 6st. 12lb. 2

FRIDAY, September 1.—The CALEDONIAN WELTER STAKES of 30
sovs. each, 10 ft. with 10 added, for all ages.—Twice round.—Eight sub-
scribers.

Mr. Howe's b. h. *Skiff*, 5 yrs old,
10st. 5lb. (W. Boynton)..... 1

Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. Gift, 4 yrs old,
9st. 12lb. 2

SWEETSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Marquis of Huntley,
for all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Sir A. Ramsay's ch. g. *Jack Careless*,
by Idle Boy, out of Bachelor's dam,
3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (T. Lye) 1 1
Mr. Smith's ch. c. Hazard, 4 yrs old,

8st. 4lb. 2 2
Mr. Howe's ch. h. *The Tod*, 5 yrs
old, 8st. 10lb. 3 2

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, added to a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for
all ages.—Twice round.

Mr. Howe's b. h. *Skiff*, 5 yrs old,
9st. 4lb. (W. Boynton)..... 1

Mr. Carnegie's b. c. *The Major*, 4 yrs
old, 8st. 9lb. 2

LEOMINSTER MEETING, 1836.

WEDNESDAY, August 30.—The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l., added to a
Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—
Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bodenham's b. f. <i>Spright</i> , by Spectre, out of Miss Allegro, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (J. Chapple).....	1 1	8st. 13lb.....	3 2
Mr. Cooke's b. m. Everlasting, aged,		Mr. Day's b. f. Young Zuleika, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	2 dr.

The VOLKA STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for three and four year-olds.—Heats, about one mile and a half.

Mr. Stephenson named <i>Prude</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (J. Chapple).....	1 1	old, 7st. 13lb.....	2 dr.
Mr. Day's b. f. Young Zuleika, 4 yrs		Mr. Wadlow's b. f. by Ambo, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.....	3 dr.

SWEETSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thoroughbred.—Heats.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Hick's ch. g. <i>Trooper</i> , by Militiaman, aged, 12st. 6lb. (C. Day) 1 1		11st. 11lb.....	3 dr.
Mr. Sadler's b. g. Latitat, 5 yrs old, 10st. 11lb.....	2 2	Mr. Gravenor's b. m. by Wildboy, 5 yrs old, 10st. 11lb.....	4 dr.
Mr. Abley's b. m. Miss Downs, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb.....	6 3	Mr. Seaburn's ch. m. Polly Hopkins, 6 yrs old, 12st. 4lb.....	5 dr.
Mr. Harris's b. g. York, aged,		Lord Hotham's b. f. Josephine, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	7 dr.

THURSDAY, August 31.—The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. Bodenham's b. f. by Phantom, dam by Stamford, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (J. Chapple).....	1 1	Mr. Day's b. m. Victorine, aged, 8st. 13lb.....	2 dr.
Mr. Wadlow's b. f. by Ambo, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	4 2	Mr. Cooke's b. m. Miss Forester, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	3 dr.

SWEETSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Cooke's b. m. Miss Forester, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (T. Hill).....	1	Mr. Day's b. m. Victorine, aged, 8st. 13lb.....	3
Mr. Wood's br. m. Rosario, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	2	Mr. Bodenham's b. f. Spright, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb.....	4

The HEREFORDSHIRE CAVALRY STAKES of four sovs. each, with 30 added. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Seaburn's ch. m. <i>Polly Hopkins</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 12lb. (owner).....	3 1 1
Mr. Gravenor's b. m. by Wildboy, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	1 3 2
Mr. Vaughan's b. f. Cholstry Lass, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.....	4 2 2
Mr. Bosley's ch. g. Simon, 6 yrs old, 12st. 5lb.....	2 4 dr.
Mr. Carter's b. m. Fanny Lawrence, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	5 dr.

WESTERN MEETING, 1826.

(Over the Course at Air.)

TUESDAY, September 5.—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs., the surplus in specie, by twelve subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Baird's b. g. <i>Robin Hood</i> , by Walton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (T. Lye).....	1	count, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.....	3
Mr. G. F. Carnegie's b. g. The Nick, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	2	Mr. C. Alexander's gr. g. Kyle, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	4
Mr. C. Alexander's gr. f. Zeline, by Vis-		Sir D. H. Blair's b. f. by Whisker, out of Bit of Tartan, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.....	5

SWEETSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 50 added, for two-year-olds;—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Three-quarters of a mile.—Five subscribers.

Sir R. K. Dick's b. c. by Champignon, out of Der Freischutz's dam, by Benningbrough (M. Noble).....	1	Sir D. H. Blair's br. c. by Viscount, out of Maria.....	3
Sir W. Maxwell's gr. f. Scotch Thistle, by Viscount, out of Nell Meldon.....	2	Lord Bellhaven's b. c. by Champignon, out of Susanne, by Stamford.....	4

SEVENTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Sir W. Maxwell's ch. f. <i>Spacwife</i> , by Soothsayer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (T. Lye).....	1 1	4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.....	2 4
Mr. T. Dawson's b. g. Zerbino, 6		Mr. M'Ewen's br. g. Romulus, by Prime Minister, out of Miss Garland, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	3 3

Mr. F. H. Blair's gr. c. by Viscount,
out of Anastasius's dam, 3 yrs old, | 7st. 5lb. 4 2
Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, September 6.—SEVENTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Baird's b. g. *Robin Hood*, by Walton, 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb. (J. Garbutt)... 4 4 1 1
Mr. Crowther's br. f. 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 5 1 2 2
Col. Blair's b. f. Sister to Maria, by Trissy, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 3 2 3
Mr. Carnegie's br. g. The Nick, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 1 3 dr.
Sir W. Maxwell's ch. f. Spacwife, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2 dr.

The two last heats won easy.

The **HARRIER STAKES** of 3gs. each, with 10 added, for horses, &c. that have been regularly hunted.—Once round and a distance.

Capt. Maitland's ch. g. *Reis Effendi*, (Mr. Humphrey)..... 1 1
by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old, 11st. | Mr. Crawford's br. m. Fud, 6 yrs, 12st. 2 2

MATCH for 100 sovs.—Half a mile.

Lord Eglington's gr. m. *Violet* (T. Lye), 1 | Sir I. Boswell's gr. m. Catherine (owner), 2

MATCH for 100 sovs.—One mile.

Mr. Campbell's b. g. *Sportsman* 1 | Mr. Annesley's gr. g. 2

MATCH for 100 sovs.—Half a mile.

Mr. Annesley's b. g. *Glasgow* 1 | Mr. Campbell's b. g. *Sportsman* 2

THURSDAY, September 7.—FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Kennedy's b. c. *King Koul*, by Paulowitz, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb. (Wakefield), 2 1 1
Mr. F. Blair's gr. c. by Viscount, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 1 3 2
Mr. Kinnear's br. f. Enny, Sister to Barossa, by Prime Minister, 3 yrs, 6st. 4lb. 5 2 3
Mr. Ralston's ch. g. Sir David, 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 3 dr.
Mr. T. Dawson's b. g. Zerbino, 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 4 dr.

Mr. F. Blair's colt and Sir David ran a second heat, under the idea that the others were drawn; but the stewards decided that it was a false start, when Sir David was drawn, and the race run out as above.

The **AIR STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Carnegie's br. g. *The Nick*, by | Mr. Kinnear's br. f. Enny, 3 yrs
Fitz-Orville, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. | old, 7st. 2 dr.

(M. Noble) 1 1
Col. Blair's b. f. by Trissy, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. was 2d, but being 2lb. short of weight, was distanced.

GOGERDDAN MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, Sept. 5.—The HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses not thorough-bred, and hunted twelve times in the Principality or the adjoining counties:—four-year-olds, 10st. 10lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Horses bred in the Principality allowed 4lb. Two-mile heats.—Fifteen subscribers.

Capt. Peel's b. g. *Counsellor*, 5 yrs old, (Mr. Cory)..... 1 1 | Young Gimcrack, 6 yrs old..... 2 3
Mr. Pugh's b. m. Cara Sposa, aged... 3 2 | Mr. Bristowe's b. f. Blossom, by
Mr. R. Powell's gr. g. Knicknack, by | Acastus, 4 yrs old (fell lame)..... 4 dr.

The **GOGERDDAN STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 10l. added from the fund:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, and upwards, 8st. 9lb.—Thorough-bred horses to carry 10lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Capt. B. Davies's b. m. *Mima*, by | yrs old..... 2 2
Grimaldi, 4 yrs old, (D. Jones).... 1 1 | Mr. O. Wynne's ch. h. Stingo, by
Mr. Bristowe's b. c. *Sportsman*, 3 | Champion, aged 3 dr.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 6.—A FORCED HANDICAP STAKES of three sovs. each, with 35 sovs. added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Bristowe's b. c. *Sportsman*, by | old, 8st. 7lb. (R. Powell) 1 1
Acastus, out of Lady Leg, 3 yrs | Mr. Pryce's gr. m. Meg, by the Mal-

colt Arabian, out of Meg Murdoch, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 2 2
Mr. Pugh's b. m. Cara Sposa, by

Fyldener, aged, 9st. 6lb. (ran on the wrong side of a post)..... dis.

The COUNTY STAKES of three sovs. each, with a handsome Silver Cup added, was won at two heats, by Mr. Owen's b. m. *Brown Bess*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. beating two others.

PONTEFRACT MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, Sept. 5.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—One mile and three quarters.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. <i>Fanny Davies</i> , Sister to <i>Arachne</i> , by Filho da Puta, (H. Edwards)	1	Mr. Petre's ch. f. <i>Missey</i> , by Catton, out of <i>Agatha</i>	2
--	---	---	---

Three to 1 on *Fanny Davies*. A good race, and won by only half a neck.

The YORKSHIRE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Phillips's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Sorcerer (R. Johnson)	1	Mr. Jacques's ch. f. <i>Sister to Ringlet</i> , by Whisker	2
--	---	---	---

Five to 4 on Mr. Jacques's filly. Won cleverly, by a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30gs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Thirteen subscribers.

Sir J. Byng's ch. c. <i>Thales</i> , by Tramp, out of <i>Sancho Panza's</i> dam (S. Templeman)	1	The Juggler	2
Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. <i>Conjuror</i> , by		Lord Queensberry's b. c. <i>The Constable</i> , by Magistrate	3

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Wilson's ch. c. <i>The Justice</i> , by Magistrate	0	Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. <i>Harriet</i> , by Fil- ho da Puta	0
---	---	--	---

Six to 4 agst *The Constable*, 5 to 2 agst *The Justice*, 3 to 1 agst *Conjuror*, and 5 to 1 agst *Thales*. A good race. Run in 3 min. 40½ seconds.

Sir J. Byng's ch. c. *Pedlar*, by Tramp, out of *Comedian's* dam, 8st. 3lb. rec. ft. from Mr. Petre's f. by *The Laird*, out of *My Lady*, 8st. 100, h. ft. T. Y. C.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 6.—MATCH for 100 sovs. each.—Two miles.

Mr. Kenlock's ch. h. by Silverheels, 12st. (Mr. Wyrill)	1	Mr. Smith's br. h. by Smolensko, 10st. 4lb.	2
--	---	---	---

Six to 4 agst the winner. Won easy.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by eight subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. <i>Fanny Davies</i> , by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (E. Jackson)	1	Lord Wharnccliffe's b. h. <i>El Dorado</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2
--	---	--	---

Five to 4 on *Fanny Davies*. Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, one mile and three quarters.

Mr. Sykes's b. c. <i>Cock Robin</i> , by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (S. Templeman)	1 1	by The Flyer, out of Moonshine, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	0 4
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. by Catton, dam by Paynator, out of Sister to Zodiac, by St. George, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	0 2	Mr. Wyse's b. c. <i>Squat</i> , by Black- lock, out of Cottage Girl, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	2 5
Mr. Clapham's ch. f. <i>Silverlocks</i> , by Octavian, out of Lady Bab's dam, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	0 3	Mr. W. Fox's b. c. <i>Redbreast</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	3 dr.
Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. <i>Full Moon</i> , Seven to 4 agst <i>Cock Robin</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Squat</i> , and 4 to 1 agst Lord Scarbrough's colt; after the first heat, 4 to 1 on <i>Cock Robin</i> . Won very easy.		Mr. Beaumont's ch. g. <i>Lorenzo</i> , aged, 8st. 11lb.	0 dr.
		Mr. Daniel's b. c. by Smolensko, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	0 dr.

THURSDAY, Sept. 7.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Seven furlongs.—Eight subs.

Mr. Petre's ch. c. <i>Granby</i> , by Cannon Ball, out of <i>Shoe Horn</i> , by Teddy the Grinder (S. Templeman)	1	ter, out of <i>Play or Pay's dam</i>	3
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. f. <i>Jessy</i> , by Comus— <i>Jerry's dam</i>	2	Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. <i>Munkham</i> , by Magistrate, dam by Orville, out of <i>Epsom Lass</i>	4
Lord Scarbrough's b. f. by Catton, dam by Dick Andrews, grandam by Sir Pe-		Mr. W. Fox's b. c. by <i>Cervantes</i> , out of <i>Miss Paul</i>	5

Five to 4 agst *Granby*, and 2 to 1 agst *Jessy*. Easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 5lb. each.—Last mile and a quarter.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. <i>Harriet</i> , Sister to Miss Maltby, by Filho da Puta (H. Edwards)	1	Lord Scarbrough's b. <i>Pasta</i> , by Catton, dam by Luck's All, grandam by Pot8o's	2
--	---	--	---

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Lambton's b. <i>Claudine</i> , by Ebor, out of Orphan.....	0	Walton.....	0
Sir E. Dodsworth's ch. <i>Miss Patrick</i> , by Six to 4 on <i>Miss Patrick</i> , 5 to 2 agst <i>Pasta</i> , and <i>Harriet</i> not mentioned. A good race, and won by a head.		Lord Fitzwilliam's b. <i>Theodosia</i> , by Tramp.....	0

SEVENTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the Borough, for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>His Grace</i> , by Filho or Magistrate, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (E. Jackson)	1	old, 8st. 5lb.....	3	3
Mr. Sykes's b. c. <i>Cock Robin</i> , 4 yrs Six to 4 on <i>Cock Robin</i> , and 5 to 2 agst <i>Missey</i> ; after the first heat, 3 and 4 to 1 on <i>His Grace</i> . Won easy.		Mr. Petre's ch. f. <i>Missey</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb.....	2	3

THE HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for half-bred horses, &c.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Milward's b. g. <i>Brother to Hexgrave</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 11st. 5lb. (Mr. Kent)	1	12st. 5lb.....	3	2
Mr. Everett's b. g. <i>Jemmy</i> , 6 yrs old, Even betting on <i>Brother to Hexgrave</i> . Won easy.		Mr. Long's br. h. <i>Cottermore</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 5lb.....	2	3

TAUNTON MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, September 5.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50L, with 25 added from the Fund, for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Lord Palmerston's ch. c. <i>Greyleg</i> , by Phantom, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (C. Day)	0	1	1
Mr. Percy's ch. m. <i>Proseody</i> , aged, 9st. 8lb.....	4	2	2
Mr. Tucker's b. m. <i>Sarah</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	3	4	3
Mr. Farquharson's bl. g. <i>Black-and-all-Black</i> , aged, 9st. 8lb.....	0	3	dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Palmerston's b. f. <i>Conquest</i> , by Waterloo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (C. Day)	2	1	1
Mr. Farquharson's b. h. <i>Presentiment</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st.....	1	2	2
Mr. Biggs's ch. g. <i>Sunshine</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.....	3	3	dr.

A SILVER CUP, given by the Stewards, with 10 sovs. added from the Fund, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Percy's b. h. <i>Naughty Tommy</i> (late Don), by Smolensko, 6 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.....	4	1	1
Mr. Chamber's b. m. <i>Madge Wildfire</i> , aged, 11st. 9lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Smith's br. g. <i>Viscount</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.....	2	3	2
Mr. Margerum's bl. f. <i>Gipsy</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.....	3	3	dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 6.—The LADIES' PURSE of 50L. for all ages.

—Heats, twice round the Course.

Mr. Ryan's ch. f. <i>Sister to Salisbury</i> , by Soothsayer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Conolly)	1	1	
Mr. Margerum's bl. f. <i>Gipsy</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	5	2	
Mr. Scarlett's <i>Rownham Lass</i> , by Guy Mannering, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb.....	4	3	
Mr. Henderson's bl. m. <i>Lady Sweep</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	2	dr.	
Mr. Tucker's b. f. by <i>Partisan</i> , dam by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	3	dr.	

Mrs. Percy's ch. m. <i>Procydo</i> , by Don Cossack, aged, 9st. 11lb. (W. Trenn).....	1 1		
Lord Palmerston's ch. c. <i>Gravleg</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	2	2	
Mr. Farquharson's b. h. <i>Presenti- ment</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st.....	3		dr.

THURSDAY, September 7.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. (the surplus in specie) by nine subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Gauntlett's br. f. Gamelia,		ys old, 8st. 4lb.....	2	2
By Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.		Mr. Fleming's ch. c. by Andrew,		
(A. Davis).....	1	dun by Soothsayer, out of Miss		
Lord Dunwich's b. f. Phantasma, 4		Furey, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.....	3	3

The VINE STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—
Heats, twice round.—Eight subscribers.

Captain Locke's br. g. <i>Little Driver</i> , aged, 9st. 1lb. (R. Boyce).....	4	1	1
Mr. Legg's br. m. Careless, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.....	3	3	2
Mr. Fleming's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Augusta, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	5	4	3
Mr. Dundas's ch. g. Orelia, aged, 9st. 1lb.....	1	2	dk.
Lord Lennox's ch. h. St. Lawrence, aged, 9st. 4lb.....	8		dr.
Mr. Jervoise's b. g. Philip, aged, 9st. 1lb.....	6		dr.
Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Pasquinade, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ran on the wrong side of a post.....			dis.

The winner was claimed according to the Articles, for 100 sovs.

FRIDAY, September 8.—The **WELLINGTON STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only five if declared, &c.—Twice round.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Link Boy*, by *Aladdin*, 3 yrs old, 7st.walked over.
Three subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft., and four paid only five sovs. each.

The HACKWOOD STAKES of five sovs. each, for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Link Boy*, by Aladdin, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.....walked over.

HANDICAP STAKES of six sovs. each, made up 50 by the town, for all ages.—
Heats. once round and a distance.

Mr. Williams's br. g. <i>Little Driver</i> , by Ardrossan, aged, 8st. 9lb. (C. Day)	4	1	1
Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Paquinade, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb.	1	4	2
Mr. Dundas's ch. g. Orelis, aged, 8st. 5lb.	2	3	3
Mr. Fleming's ch. f. by Rubens, 3 yrs old, 5st. 10lb.	6	5	4
Lord W. Lennox's ch. h. St. Lawrence, aged, 8st.	5	2	dr.
Mr. Fleming's ch. c. by Andrew, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	3		dr.

TUESDAY, September 12.—The YORKSHIRE STAKES of 15 sovs. each, five ft. for three-year-olds and upwards.—One mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Sykes's b. c. Cock Robin, by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (Mr. Ridsdale) 1

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two miles.

Lord Normanby's br. h. <i>Newborough</i> , by Mowbray, aged, 11st. (Mr. Kent)	1	9lb.	2
Mr. Ridsdale's gr. g. Buffer, aged, 10st.		12st	3
Mr. Grosvenor's b. h. Tawpy, 6 yrs old,			

A beautiful race, and won by only half a head.

A PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—One mile and a half.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Clarke's br. f. <i>The Countess</i> , by Cotton, 4 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. (Lord Wilton)	Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. <i>Whytell</i> , 3 yrs old, 10st. 2lb.
1	A good race.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each.—Half a mile.—Six subscribers.

Lord Normanby's br. h. <i>Newborough</i> , by Mowbray, aged, 11st. 5lb. (Mr. Kent)	1	Mr. Wilson's ch. c. <i>The Justice</i> , 3 yrs old, 10st. 6lb.	2
--	---	--	---

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. <i>Whytell</i> , 3 yrs old, 10st. 9lb.	0	Mr. Jackson's b. f. by Young Castrel, 3 yrs old, 10st. 1lb.	0
--	---	---	---

WEDNESDAY, September 13.—The MIDLAND STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.—One mile and a half.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Jackson's b. f. by Young Castrel, 3 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. (Capt. Ramsden)...	1	Mr. Clarke's br. f. <i>The Countess</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st.	2
--	---	--	---

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two miles.

Mr. Sykes's b. c. <i>Cock Robin</i> , by Black- lock, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (Mr. Kent) 1	Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>His Grace</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 3
Lord Kelburne's ch. f. <i>Purity</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 2	Mr. Wilson's ch. c. <i>The Justice</i> , 3 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. 4

Won in a canter.

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, five ft. for horses not thorough-bred.—Three quarters of a mile.—Five subscribers.

Lord Wilton's br. m. <i>Lady Mary</i> , by Norton, 6 yrs old, 10st. 12lb. (Owner) 1	Mr. Milward's b. g. <i>Brother to Hex-</i> <i>grave</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st. 8lb.	2
--	---	---

THURSDAY, September 13.—FIFTY POUNDS, added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—One mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. <i>Whytell</i> , by Walton, out of <i>Victress</i> , 3 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. (Owner)	1 1	old, 10st. 10lb.	3 2
Mr. Grosvenor's b. h. <i>Tawpy</i> , 6 yrs		Mr. Bretherton's b. h. <i>Bonassus</i> , 5 yrs old, 10st. 11lb.	2 3

The PONTEFRAC STAKES of 10 sovs. each, five ft.—Half a mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. Wyvill's b. m. <i>Mirth</i> , by Young Hambletonian, aged, 11st. 3lb. (Mr. Duncombe)	1	Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. <i>Whytell</i> , 3 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	3
Lord Normanby's br. h. <i>Newbrough</i> , aged, 12st. 6lb.	2	Mr. Jackson's br. f. by Young Castrel, 3 yrs old, 10st. 11lb.	4

MATCH for 25 sovs. each.—Two miles.

Lord Wilton's gr. g. <i>Buffer</i> , aged, 11st. 5lb. (Lord Wilton)	1	Mr. Wyvill's b. m. <i>Ball</i> , by Ardrossan, 10st. 7lb.	2
--	---	---	---

FORCED HANDICAP STAKES of all the winners of 10 sovs. each.—One mile. Seven subscribers.

Lord Normanby's br. h. <i>Newborough</i> , by Mowbray, aged, 11st. 8lb. (Mr. White)	1	old, 10st. 5lb.	2
Lord Wilton's br. m. <i>Lady Mary</i> , 6 yrs		Mr. Sykes's b. c. <i>Cock Robin</i> , 4 yrs old, 12st.	3

A capital race, and won by only half a head.

ROTHERHAM MEETING, 1826.

WEDNESDAY, September 13.—The SOUTH WEST YEOMANRY CA-
VALRY STAKES of 50s. each, with 20 added by Lord Wharnccliffe, for
horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Watson's ch. h. <i>St. Leger</i> , by Octavius, aged, 12st. 5lb. (Mr. R. Haywood)	1 1	aged, 12st. 5lb.	3 3
Mr. Smith's ch. h. <i>Woodpecker</i> , aged, 12st. 5lb.	2 2	Mr. Griffith's br. m. <i>Gypsy</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb.	5 4
Mr. Goodbrand's <i>Creeping Jane</i> ,		Mr. Newton's b. m. <i>The Duchess</i> , aged, 12st.	0 5

The SHEFFIELD PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. <i>Theodosia</i> , by Tramp, out of <i>Harriet</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. (T. Lye)	1 1	old, 8st. 1lb.	3 2
Mr. B. Peter's b. f. by Tramp, 4 yrs		Mr. Sykes's ch. f. <i>Strawberry</i> , by Soothsayer, dam by Timothy, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb.	2 3

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1826.

23

A GOLD CUP, by six subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. Richardson's br. c. <i>Brownlock</i> , by Blacklock, out of Diana, by Kill Devil, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1	Mr. Sykes's ch. f. Strawberry, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 2
--	--

THURSDAY, September 14.—The **BROOMHILL STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two miles.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Hopkinson's b. m. by Fitz-Teazle I	11st. 2lb. 2
Mr. Long's br. h. Cottermore, 6 yrs old,	

The **ROTHERHAM RACING CLUB** PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. <i>Theodosia</i> , by Tramp, out of Harriet, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. (T. Lye) 1	1	Mr. Bentley's ch. g. Lorenzo, aged, 8st. 10lb. 2	2
--	---	---	---

MATCH for 100 sovs. 8st. each.—Two miles.

Mr. Stanley's ro. h. aged.	walked over.
Mr. Hobson's gr. m. Maid of the Oaks, 5 yrs old	pd.

The **RENISHAW HUNT STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added by Sir George Sitwell, Bart. for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats. Six subscribers.

Mr. Smith's ch. h. <i>Woodpecker</i> , by Young Woodpecker, aged, 13st. ... 1	1	Mr. Brookfield's ch. h. Chance, by Golumpus, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2lb. ... 2	3
Mr. Brown's br. h. Shortwaist, by Golumpus, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2lb. 3	2	Mr. Bowman's br. m. Diana, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 4	4

MORPETH MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, September 12.—The **MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50 sovs. for maiden horses:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st.; five, six, and aged, 8st. 7lb. Heatt, twice round the Course.

Mr. Hudson's ch. g. <i>Careless</i> , by X. Y. Z., 6 yrs old (J. Jaques)	7	1	1
Mr. Ingledew's b. f. Sweet Nan, 3 yrs old	1	6	2
Mr. Robinson's b. g. by Catton, 3 yrs old	6	2	3
Mr. Forster's b. f. by Burtonian, 3 yrs old	2	4	dr.
Mr. Ilderton's br. m. Heather-bred Lass, 3 yrs old	4	3	dr.
Mr. Dixon's ch. g. by Walton, 4 yrs old	5	5	dr.
Mr. Tones's b. m. by Ardrossan, 6 yrs old	3	dr.	

WEDNESDAY, September 13.—A **SILVER CUP**, value 60gs. given by the Town of Morpeth, for three-year olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 7st. 10lb.; five, 8st. 6lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Hudson's b. m. <i>Lady Easy</i> , by Whisker, 5 yrs old (J. Jaques)	3	1	1
Mr. Coates's b. f. by Octavian, 4 yrs old (received five sovs.)	1	2	2
Mr. Clapham's br. c. Shifty, by Rhadamanthus, 3 yrs old, fell	2	dis.	

THURSDAY, September 14.—The **GENTLEMEN'S PURSE** of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Coates's b. f. <i>Sister to Equity</i> , by Octavian, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	4	2	1	1
Mr. Ingledew's b. f. Sweet Nan, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	1	4	2	2
Mr. Forster's b. f. Burtonian, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	2	1	3	3
Mr. Hudson's b. f. Isabella, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	5	3	4	
Mr. Dixon's ch. g. by Walton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	3	dr.		

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Hudson's b. m. <i>Lady Easy</i> , by Whisker, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 1	1	Mr. Coates's b. f. Sister to Equity, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 2	dr.
---	---	---	-----

TAVISTOCK MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, August 29.—A **PLATE** of FIFTY POUNDS.

Lord Moxley's br. c. <i>Forster</i>	1
---	---

Mr. Canning's ch. f. Aura, 4 yrs old	3
Mr. Robins's br. g. Razor	3

The ENDSELY STAKES.

Mr. Leach's <i>Brenda</i>	1	Mr. Carthew's b. g. The General	3
Mr. Trelawney's Contraband	2		

WEDNESDAY, August 20.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Heats.

Mr. C. Trelawney's b. g. Fox	1	1	Lord Morley's br. g. Razor	2	3
Mr. Carpenter's b. m. Barbara	3	2			

A CUP, value 50 sovs.

Lord Morley's br. c. <i>Forester</i>	1	1	Mr. Carthew's b. g. The General, 0 dis.	
Mr. C. Trelawney's b. g. Fox	2	2	Mr. R. B. Peters's br. m. Zelica, 0 dis.	
Captain Reynolds's b. g. Rob Roy 0 dis.				

ASHFORD MEETING, KENT, 1826.

TUESDAY, September 5.—The TOWN PLATE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a treble distance.

Mr. Jones's ch. f. <i>Partial</i> , 8st. 13lb. 4 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	0	2	1	0	1
Mr. Scaith's gr. c. Jack Bunce, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	2	1	2	0	2
Mr. Wickham's ch. m. Mary-Anne (late Ynysmaengwyn), aged, 8st. 13lb.				0	3
Mr. Brown's b. m. Maid of Kent, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (ran on the wrong side of a post)	1	0	dis.		
Mr. Howard's ch. m. Sophia, 8st. 4lb.	0	0	dr.		
Mr. Heathcote's br. c. Syntax, 3 yrs old, 7st.	3		dr.		

The YEOMEN'S PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Brown's br. h. <i>Marksmen</i> , by Paynator, aged, 10st. 6lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Scaith's gr. c. Jack Bunce, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Russell's bl. g. Roderick Random, 6 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.	3		dr.
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Honeysuckle, 3 yrs old (came in first, but ran the wrong side of a post)			dis.

HASTINGS MEETING, 1826.

THURSDAY, September 14.—TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs. for all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Honeysuckle</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	1	1	9st. 8lb.	2	2
Mr. Brown's br. g. Marksman, aged,			Mr. Baillie's ro. g. Barbary, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	3	3

The LADIES' PLATE of 50 sovs. with 35 added, for horses, &c. not thoroughbred.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Fuggel's b. g. <i>Rover</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb.	1	Mr. Pegg's br. f. Peggy, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.	3
Mr. Howard's ch. m. Sophia, 5 yrs, 11st. 4lb.	2	Mr. Elphich's b. f. Rebecca, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. (bolted)	0

TONBRIDGE WELLS MEETING, 1826.

WEDNESDAY, August 9.—The MANOR BOWL of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Heathcote's b. c. <i>Syntax</i> , by Amadis, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	1	1	Mr. J. A. Baillie's ro. g. Barbary, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	3	3
Mr. Brown's b. g. Marksman, aged, 9st. 1lb.	2	1	Mr. Macdonald's b. f. Sarah, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	4	4

THE VISITERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Brown's b. a. by Warrior, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	1	1	Mr. Harrison's b. f. Queen of Diamonds, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.....	3	3
Mr. Nash's ch. m. Rowena, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.....	2	2	Gal. Harris's b. f. My Aunt Nan, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (bolted).....	dis.	

ABINGDON MEETING, 1896.

TUESDAY, Sept. 12.—The CUP (in specie), by twelve subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Gauntlett's br. c. <i>Comedian</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st.	1	1	8st. 11lb.....	2	
Mr. Griffith's br. m. <i>Palatine</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st.			Mr. Scaith's ch. a. <i>Whipcord</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	3

THE ABINGDON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., for three and four-year olds. About a mile and a quarter.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Craven's br. c. <i>Trinculo</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	1	1	old, 8st. 5lb.....	2	
Mr. Day's b. f. <i>Young Zuleika</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.			Mr. Mockford's b. c. <i>Scamper</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	3	3

THE MEMBERS' PURSE of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, about a mile and a half.

Mr. Williams's br. g. <i>Little Driver</i> , by Ardrossan, aged, 9st. 4lb.....	6	2	1	1	
Mr. Day's b. m. <i>Victorine</i> , aged, 8st. 13lb.	5	1	2	2	
Mr. Bloss's b. c. <i>Lawrence</i> , 5 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.....	2	3	3	0	
Mr. Ockendon's b. h. <i>Young Orville</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.	1	4	dr.		
Mr. Willis's b. f. <i>The Dauce</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	4	5	dr.		
Mr. Scaith's br. c. <i>Frogmore</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	3	dr.			

HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for four-year-olds and upwards. Heats, twice round and a distance.—Fifteen subscribers.

Mr. J. Day's br. h. by Topsy Turvey, out of Susan, 6 yrs, 12st. 7lb. 1	1	1	Mr. Duffield's b. g. aged, 11st. 11lb. 2	3	
Mr. Southby's b. c. <i>Chieveley</i> , by Gainsborough, out of Linnet, 4 yrs old, 10st. 12lb.	3	2	Mr. Peel's b. m. aged, 11st. 1lb.....	4	dr.
			Mr. Coombe's ch. m. <i>Bubble</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	5	dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 13.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—The last half mile.

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. <i>Christabel</i> , by Woful, out of Harriet, by Pericles (J. Day)	1	1	of Stella	2	
Mr. Maberley's b. f. by Smolensko, out			Mr. C. Days's br. f. by Gainsborough—		
			Entellus's dam	3	

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Three pounds allowed, &c.—The last mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Tears</i> , by Woful, dam by Scud or Soreorer	1	1	Mr. Dundas's br. c. by Rubens, out of Marianne	3	
Mr. Maberley's br. c. <i>Scamper</i> , by Selim, 2					

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for all ages.—Two miles. Seventeen subscribers.

Mr. F. Craven's b. h. <i>Triumph</i> , by Fyl-dener, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (A. Pavia) 1	1	1	11lb.	2	
Mr. Dundas's ch. g. <i>Orello</i> , aged, 8st.			Mr. J. Day's b. h. by Topsy Turvey, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (fell)	3	

MAIDEN STAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Sadler's ch. g. by Usquebaugh, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.....	5	1	1		
Mr. Barnard's ch. f. by Piscator, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.....	1	2	4		
Mr. Jackson's br. f. <i>Fairy</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.....	2	3	3		
Mr. Griffith's b. g. <i>Speculum</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.	3	4	2		

Mr. Houblean's b. g. by Gainborough, 4 yrs old; 8st. 11lb. 6 5 dr.
 Mr. Boast's b. g. Paymaster, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 5 dis.

The FARMERS' PURSE was not run for from want of horses.

NORTHAMPTON MEETING, 1826.

WEDNESDAY, September 13.—The NORTHAMPTONSHIRE CUP, value 100gs. by 13 subscribers of 10gs. each (the surplus in specie), for horses of all ages.—About three miles.

Mr. West's br. c. <i>Shakespeare</i> , by Smolenako, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. (T. Robinson) 1	8st. 4lb. 2
Mr. Payne's ch. c. <i>Barytes</i> , 4 yrs old,	Mr. Maberly's ch. c. Velasquez, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, for horses not thorough-bred:—five-year-olds, 11st. 6lb.; six, 11st. 11lb.; and aged, 12st.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Longden's bl. m. <i>Faxley</i> , by Dinmont, 6 yrs old (Mr. Platel) ... 1 1	Mr. Payne's b. h. Cantab, aged..... 4 4
Mr. Spriggs's br. g. <i>Why-Not</i> , 6 yrs, 2 2	Mr. Harris's The Duchess, 5 yrs ... 3 dr.
Mr. Benton's b. g. Aladdin, 6 yrs ... 6 3	Mr. Hungerford's br. m. Zenobia, 6 yrs old 5 dr.

The COUNTY PURSE of 50gs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Tomes's b. h. <i>Sir Gray</i> , by Rubens, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Lamb) ... 1 1	Mr. Messer's b. m. Monimia, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 2 2
---	---

THURSDAY, September 14.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 30 added.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Payne's ch. c. <i>Barytes</i> , by Walton, out of Comedy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 1 1	8st. 2 dr.
Mr. West's br. f. <i>Mystery</i> , 4 yrs old,	Mr. Tomes's b. h. <i>Sir Gray</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 3 dr.

The TOWN PURSE of 50gs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Payne's ch. c. <i>Barytes</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 1 1	Mr. Messer's b. m. Monimia, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 2 2
---	--

SWEEPSTAKES of 7gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Twice round.

Mr. Spriggs's br. g. <i>Why-Not</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 1	Mr. Harris's The Duchess, 5 yrs, 11st. 4 lb. 5
Mr. Polhill's b. m. Medea, 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 2	Mr. Payne's b. h. Cantab, aged, 12st. 5
Mr. Benton's b. h. Aladdin, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. 3	Mr. Hungerford's br. m. Zenobia, 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 6

SHREWSBURY MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, September 19.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Benson's ch. f. <i>Rhapsody</i> , by Woful, out of Pomona, 7st. 11lb. (H. Arthur) 1	vinia, 8st. 11lb. 2
Mr. Mytton's br. c. by Bustard—Mer.	Sir W. Wynne's br. c. Sancredo, by Filho, 8st. 11lb. 3

ALL-AGED STAKES of 15 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages. One mile and half.—Three subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's br. c. <i>Doctor Faustus</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (H. Arthur) 1	Mr. Mytton's b. c. Comrade, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 2
--	---

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Painter's br. m. <i>Sarsaparilla</i> , by Milo, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (H. Arthur)	2	1	1
Mr. Mytton's b. c. by Amadis, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	1	3	dr.
Lord Grosvenor's ch. m. Hybla, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	3	2	dr.

The INNKEEPERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Sir W. Wynne's b. f. <i>Signiora</i> , by Champion, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (S. Darling)	1	2	0	1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. Grenadier, 5 yrs old, 9st.	2	1	0	2

WEDNESDAY, September 20.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. the surplus in specie, for all ages.—Three miles.—Fourteen subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. <i>Dr. Faustus</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (H. Arthur)	0	1		
Mr. Mytton's ch. g. Euphrates, aged, 8st. 10lb.			0	2
Six to 4 on Euphrates.				

A SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds.—T. Y. C. about three quarters of a mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's ch. f. <i>Harriette Wilson</i> , by Manfred, 8st. (H. Arthur)	1			
Sir W. Wynne's b. f. Brenda, by Cat- ton, 8st.			2	

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Giffard's ch. c. <i>Leviathan</i> , by Mu- ley, 8st. 4lb. (H. Arthur)	1			
Sir W. Wynne's br. c. Sancredo, by Filho, 8st. 4lb.			2	

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Haywood's b. c. <i>Sceptre</i> , by Spectre, out of Brown Betty, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (W. Lear)	1	1		
Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Cashmere, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.			2	dr.

THURSDAY, September 21.—The **SEVERN STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Benson's ch. f. <i>Rhapsody</i> , by Wo- ful, out of Pomona, 7st. 11lb. (W. Lear)	1			
Sir W. Wynne's ch. f. Latitat, by Champion, 7st. 11lb.			3	
Five to 2 on Rhapsodp.				

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 60l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Major Ormsby Gore's br. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , by Hollyhock, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (S. Darling)	3	1	1	
Mr. Painter's br. m. <i>Sarsaparilla</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	1	3	2	
Mr. Haywood's b. c. <i>Sceptre</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	2	2	dr.	
Sarsaparilla the favorite. The first two heats well contested.				

The HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Smith's b. g. *Fitzwilliam*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 9lb. walked over.

A PURSE of 50 sovs. the gift of Sir B. R. Graham, Bart. for horses, &c. regularly hunted with his hounds.—Heats, about a mile and three quarters.

Mr. W. L. Harley's br. m. <i>The Duchess</i> , by Jupiter, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. (Mr. Corringham)	5	1	1	
Mr. Jeffrey's ch. g. Sir Walter, by Young Alexander, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2lb.	1	3	3	
Mr. Bluck's b. m. Harriette Wilson, by Jupiter, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	2	2	2	
Mr. Wheeler's b. g. Baronet, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	4	4	4	
Mr. S. Matthew's b. g. Sir Edward, by Fyldener, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	3	5	dr.	
The winner the favorite. Won easy. Sir Walter was lamed in the first heat.				

LICHFIELD MEETING, 1896.

TUESDAY, September 12.—His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Derby's gr. c. <i>Autocrat</i> , by Grand Duke, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (T. White- house)	1	1		
---	---	---	--	--

Mr. Cook's br. m. Miss Forester, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	3 2	old, 11st. 7lb.	2 2
Mr. Tench's b. g. by Ambo, 5 yrs		Mr. Carey's b. g. Anti-Radical, aged, 12st.	4 da

Miss Forester the favorite.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (the surplus in specie), by 13 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Mytton's ch. g. Euphrates, by Quia, aged, 8st. 10lb. (T. White- house)	1	old, 8st. 6lb.	2
Mr. Mytton's b. h. Longwaist, 5 yrs		Mr. Yates's b. c. Cain, by Paulowin, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	2

Longwaist the favorite.

The STAFFORDSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added by the Ladies, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Giffard's ch. c. Leviathan, by Mu- ley (H. Arthur)	1	Lord Derby's br. c. Cestus, by Milo, out of Olivette	2
---	---	---	---

Two to 1 on Leviathan. Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, September 13.—The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 60 sovs., for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Geary's br. f. Arachne, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (J. Spring)	1 1	Mr. Mytton's b. c. by Amadis, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	2 2
--	-----	--	-----

Two to 1 on Arachne. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Half a mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Loraine, by Mounsbank (J. Spring)	1	Mr. Mytton's br. f. Lark, by Rubens ...	2
		Lord Derby's b. c. Croterian, by Milo ...	3

Six to 4 on Lark.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for two-year-olds, not thorough-bred.—The last half mile.—Eighteen subscribers.

Mr. Burton's gr. f. Sister to May- flower, 7st. (Lear)	1	Mr. Carey's ch. f. Meaphesiaphiles, by Fyldener, 7st.	2
---	---	---	---

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. W. Griffin's b. c. by Alderman Wood, 7st. 6lb.	0	Mr. Ward's gr. g. by Pyramus, 7st. ...	0
Mr. Harding's ch. c. Waxwork, 7st. 5lb. 0		Mr. C. F. Hewitt's b. f. Kitty Clover, by Tagus, 7st.	0
Mr. Bailey's b. f. by Paulowitz, 7st. ...	0	Lord Anson's b. g. by Stephen—Mary Ann, 7st.	0
Mr. Robinson's b. c. Hobgoblin, by Mu- ley, 7st. 5lb.	0		

Even betting on the winner.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Gleave's b. h. Miller of Mansfield, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (H. Arthur)	1	old, 8st. 2lb.	2
Sir W. Wynn's b. f. Signiora, 4 yrs		Mr. Mytton's b. h. Longwaist, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3

Signiora the favorite.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—One mile.

Sir R. Gresley's b. g. Hero, aged, 8st. 1		old, 7st.	2
Lord Chesterfield's b. g. Heathen, 4 yrs			

THURSDAY, September 14.—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. by Bustard, out of Mervina, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (W. Lear)	1 1	Mr. Cook's b. f. Maid of Mansfield, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2 2
--	-----	--	-----

The following also started but were not placed:

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Tiresias, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	0 0	3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	0 0
Mr. Postlewaite's br. c. Ramondo, ...	0 0	Mr. Twamley's ch. f. Birth-Day, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	0 0

The CITY PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.
Mr. Gleave's b. h. Miller of Mansfield, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st.
(H. Arthur)

Mr. T. Stanley's br. h. Hajji Baba, 5 yrs old, 9st.	3	1	0
Mr. Haywood's b. c. Sceptre, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	0	2	2
Lord Derby's b. c. Cæstus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	0	0	dr.

GLAMORGANSHIRE MEETING, 1896.

WEDNESDAY, September 20.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. bred in the Principality.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bevan's br. c. <i>Shylock</i> (late Bitton), by Poulton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (G. Calloway)	5	1	1
Mr. Jones's b. f. Lydia, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	1	5	2
Mr. Boast's b. h. Healy, aged, 9st. 1lb.	2	2	3
Mr. Bristowe's b. c. Sportman, 3 yrs old, 7st.	4	3	dr.
Mr. Richards's br. v. Cardinal, 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	4	dr.
Mr. Hill's b. m. Mima, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.	6		dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.

Mr. Richards's b. g. <i>Spec.</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	1	1
Mr. Davies's b. g. Yeoman, 3 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.		dis.
Mr. Moggridge's b. g. Gauntlett,		

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Gauntlett's br. c. <i>Comedian</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	1	1
Mr. Griffith's br. f. Spider, by Smolenako, dam by Stamford, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	3	2
Mr. Pryse's b. h. Cardinal Puff, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	2	dr.
Lord Clarendon's b. c. Brother to Skiff, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (bolted) dis.		

SILVER CUP, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, two miles and a distance—was won by Mr. Morgan's bay horse, beating three others.

THURSDAY, September 21.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Gauntlett's br. c. <i>Comedian</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	1	1
Mr. Griffith's b. c. Vesuvius, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.		
Mr. Pryse's b. h. Cardinal Puff, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	2	2
Mr. Pryse's ch. c. by Anticipation, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	3	3

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Pryse's ch. h. <i>Doctor Eady</i> , by Rubens, aged, 9st. 7lb. (C. Day)	1	1
Mr. Day's b. m. Spree, 5 yrs old, 9st.		
Lord Clarendon's b. c. Brother to Skiff, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (bolted) dis.		

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Twenty subscribers.

Mr. Richards's b. g. <i>Habberley</i> , aged, 12st.	1	1
Mr. Currie's b. g. Counsellor, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb.	2	2

Three others started but were distanced.

HANDICAP PURSE of 40 sovs. given by the Ladies of the County, added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Pryse's b. h. <i>Cardinal Puff</i> , by Phantom, 6 yrs, 9st. 5lb.	1	1
Mr. Thomas's b. g. Healey, aged, 8st. 10lb.	3	2
Mr. Day's b. f. Young Zuluaka, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Bristowe's b. c. Sportsman, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	4	dr.

FRIDAY, September 22.—HANDICAP PURSE of 50l., given by the Town of Cardiff.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Richards's b. g. <i>Habberley</i> , aged, 8st. 7lb.	1	1
Mr. Day's b. m. Victorine, aged, 8st.		
Lord Clarendon's b. c. Brother to Skiff, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	3	3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Gauntlett's br. c. <i>Comedian</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	1	1
Mr. Day's b. m. Victorine, aged, 9st. 1lb.	2	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for hunters not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Williams's b. g. <i>Pavilion</i> , by Pavilion, aged, 12st.	1	1	old, 11st. 6lb.	2	2
Mr. Currie's b. g. Counsellor, 5 yrs			Mr. Richards's b. g. Spec, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (bolted)		dis.

LEICESTER MEETING, 1826.

WEDNESDAY, September 20.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs., the surplus in specie, by twelve subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Thrice round.

Mr. Yates's b. c. <i>Cain</i> , by Paulowitz, out of Fille de Joie's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	1	1	8st. 10lb.	2	
Mr. Tomes's b. h. Sir Gray, 5 yrs old,			Mr. Platel's ch. f. Conviction, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	3	3

The **BELVOIR STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for hunters. Heats, twice round.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Longden's bl. m. <i>Parley</i> , by Dinmont, 6 yrs old, 12st. 5lb.	1	2	1
Mr. Sprigg's br. g. Why Not, 6 yrs old, 12st. 5lb.	3	1	2
Mr. Cross's b. g. aged, 12st.	2		dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round

Mr. Yates's gr. m. <i>Fille de Joie</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. ...	1	1	Mr. Lucas's b. c. Cricketer, 4 yrs old, 3	3
Mr. Daniel's b. c. Partner, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	4	2	Mr. Tomes's br. g. Tripoli, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2 4

The **FARMERS' PURSE** of 50 sovs., the gift of G. Osbaldeston, Esq. for horses that have been regularly hunted with the Quorn hounds, 12st. each. Heats, twice round.

Mr. T. Beaumont's ch. g. <i>Kangaroo</i> , 4 yrs old.	3	1	1
Mr. Hickling's ch. g. Holme, 6 yrs old.	1	2	2
Mr. Heap's ch. m. by Norton, aged.	0	4	3
Mr. W. Beaumont's b. m. Fanny Davies, 6 yrs old.	0	3	4
Mr. Henson's b. g. The Marquis, 4 yrs old.	2		dr.
Mr. Hamshaw's b. m. Isabella, 5 yrs old.	0		dr.
Mr. Hives's b. m. by Norton, 5 yrs old.	0		dr.

THURSDAY, September 21.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Twice round.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Geary's br. f. <i>Arachne</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	1	1	Mr. Yates's gr. m. Fille de Joie, 5 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2	
--	---	---	--	---	--

The **YEOMANRY PURSE** of 50gs. for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. T. Beaumont's ch. g. <i>Kangaroo</i> , 4 yrs old.	1	1	Mr. Glover's b. g. Candidate, 5 yrs	3	3
Mr. Henson's b. g. Marquis, 4 yrs.	2	2	Mr. Hamshaw's b. m. Isabella, 5 yrs old.	4	dr.

The **BURGESS' PURSE** of 100l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, thrice round.

Mr. Geary's br. f. <i>Arachne</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	1	1	old, 8st. 9lb.	2	2
Mr. Lucas's b. c. Cricketer, 4 yrs			Mr. Tomes's b. h. Sir Gray, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3	3

NORTHERN MEETING (AT INVERNESS), 1826.

WEDNESDAY, September 20.—The **TRIAL STAKES** of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—The Meeting Mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Horne's b. f. <i>Brunette</i> , by Don Juan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (J. Gardner) 1		Sir A. Mackenzie's br. c. Palemon, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	2
--	--	--	---

A GOLD CUP, value 100gs. given by T. A. Fraser, Esq. of Lovat, added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Fraser's gr. h. <i>Richmond</i> , by Grey Middleham, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (W. Boynton)	1	old, 8st. 9lb.	3
Mr. M'Leod's b. m. <i>Luta</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2	Sir R. Anstruther's b. g. <i>Gay Momus</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	4
Mr. Davidson's br. h. <i>Balmain</i> , 5 yrs		Mr. Davidson's gr. h. <i>Falstaff</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	5

The ISLE OF SKYE PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Three miles.			
Mr. Farquharson's b. c. by Catton, dam by Remembrancer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (Wakefield)	1	Mr. Johnstone's b. h. <i>Sir Thomas</i> , aged, 9st. 10lb.	2

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Horne's b. f. <i>Brunette</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	0	Mr. Blair's b. h. <i>Oliver</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	0
---	---	---	---

THE MACARONI STAKES of 20gs. each, h. ft. for horses that have been regularly hunted, &c. 12st. each.—Three-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Johnstone's ch. h. *Simon Magnus*, by Rubens, (Mr. Grant) 1 1

THURSDAY, September 21.—HANDICAP PURSE of 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. that had run in the first day's racing.—One mile.

Mr. Fraser's gr. h. <i>Richmond</i> , by Grey Middleham, 5 yrs old, 10st. 5lb. (W. Boynton)	1	Mr. Johnstone's b. h. <i>Sir Thomas</i> , aged, 8st. 7lb.	3
Mr. Davidson's br. h. <i>Balmain</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2	Sir R. Anstruther's b. g. <i>Gay Momus</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st.	4

THE MACARONI STAKES of 20gs. each, h. ft. for horses not thorough-bred, 12st. each.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. D. Davidson's br. h. <i>Paul Pry</i> , (late Play-fellow, by Norton (Ow-ner)	1	Mr. Fraser's ch. g. <i>Sandy</i> , aged 2	3
--	---	---	---

THE ROSS-SHIRE PURSE of 50l. for horses the property of permanent members of the Meeting.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Fraser's gr. h. <i>Richmond</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (W. Boynton)	1	Lord Macdonald's gr. h. <i>Falstaff</i> , by Skim, out of <i>Brunette</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb.	2
--	---	---	---

FIFTY POUNDS, added to a handicap of 5gs. each, for horses that had run in the first class of the Macaroni Stakes.—Three miles.

Mr. Davidson's br. h. <i>Balmain</i> , by Tramp, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. (Mr. Grant) 1		Mr. Johnstone's ch. g. <i>Simon Magnus</i> , 12st.	3
Mr. Grant's gr. g. <i>Pantomime</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st.	2	Mr. Davidson's br. m. <i>Reserve</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st.	4

THE LADIES' PURSE, with 25l. added.—Two miles.

Mr. Farquharson's b. c. by Catton, dam by Remembrancer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (W. Boynton)	1	Mr. Fraser's gr. h. <i>Richmond</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	2
---	---	---	---

FRIDAY, September 22.—HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 50l. added for the beaten horses in the first two days' running.—Half a mile.—Four subscribers.

Lord Macdonald's gr. h. <i>Falstaff</i> , by Skim, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Wakefield) 1		8st. 7lb.	2
Mr. Grant's gr. g. <i>Pantomime</i> , 6 yrs old,		Sir R. Anstruther's b. g. <i>Gay Momus</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st.	3

FIFTY POUNDS, given by Sir J. M'Kenzie, of Scatwell, Bart. M.P. for horses bred in the counties connected with the Meeting.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Fraser's bl. m. <i>Aldourie</i> , 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (W. Boynton)	1	1	yr old, 7st. 6lb.	2
Lord Macdonald's b. f. <i>Weavies</i> , 3			Sir F. A. Mackenzie's br. c. <i>Palemon</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (bolted) dis.	

HANDICAP STAKES of 5gs. each, with 50 added, for horses that have run in either of the Macaroni Stakes.—Two miles.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Davidson's br. h. <i>Balmain</i> , by Trump, 5 yrs old, 11st. 10lb. (Mr. Grant).....	1	Mr. P. Grant's gr. g. <i>Pantomime</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.....	2
--	---	---	---

The PATRON'S PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Four miles.

Mr. Farquharson's b. c. by Catton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (Wakefield)	1	Mr. Johnstone's b. h. Sir Thomas, aged, 8st. 10lb.....	3
Mr. M'Leod's b. m. <i>Lata</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2	Mr. Blair's b. h. Oliver, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	4

FIFTY POUNDS, given by Lord M'Dowal, for horses, &c. of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Farquharson's b. c. by Catton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (Wakefield) ...	1	7st. 11lb.	2
Mr. Horne's b. f. Brunette, 4 yrs old,	1	Mr. Blair's br. h. Oliver, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	3

HANDICAP PURSE of 50 sovs. given by Sir Hugh Innes, of Lochalash, Bart. for all ages.—One mile and half.

Mr. Davidson's br. h. <i>Balmain</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. (Mr. Grant)	1	Mr. M'Leod's b. m. <i>Lata</i> , 5 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.	3
Mr. Davidson's br. h. Paul Pry, 12st....	2		

MATCH for 50 sovs.—One mile.

Mr. P. Grant's b. m. <i>Fatima</i> , 12st. 7lb....	1	5lb.	2
Mr. Davidson's b. m. Duchess, 12st.			

TEWKESBURY MEETING, 1886.

THURSDAY, September 21.—The BOROUGH STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. Griffith's br. m. <i>Palatine</i> , by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs. 8st. 11lb. (Cordwell) ...	1	tonian, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2
Mr. Bodenham's b. f. Prude, by Phant- tom, dam by Stamford—Hamble.		Mr. Cooke's b. m. Miss Forester, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.....	3

The HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Leverage's b. g. <i>Lottery</i> , aged, 12st. 2lb. (Mr. Jones)	4	1	1
Mr. Weller's b. g. Rector, 6 yrs old, 12st.	2	1	2
Mr. King's bl. h. Downieer, aged, 12st. 2lb.	7	3	3
Mr. Thorn's br. g. Worcester, aged, 12st. 2lb.	3	5	4
Mr. Bloomfield's b. g. Waverley, aged, 12st. 2lb.....	4	4	dr.
Mr. Molony's b. g. Chilton, by Colebs, 6 yrs old, 12st.	5	6	dr.
Mr. Goodman's ch. h. Young Robin Adair, by Robin Adair, 6 yrs old, 12st. 6 dr.			

The LADIES' CUP, value 30 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Griffith's b. m. <i>Palatine</i> , by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (J. Cordwell)	1	field, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	2
Mr. Cooke's b. f. Maid of Mans-	1	Mr. Stevens's b. f. by Cannon Ball, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb.....	3

FRIDAY, September 22.—The HAM STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Cooke's b. m. <i>Miss Forester</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (Moseley)	4	1	1
Mr. Wood's br. m. Rosario, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	1	3	2
Mr. Beach's ch. g. Popinjay, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	5	4	3
Mr. Ockendon's br. h. Orville Junior, 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	6	2	dr.
Mr. Griffith's b. g. Speculum, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	2		dr.
Captain Berkeley's ch. f. Edith, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	5		dr.

The winner was claimed according to the articles, for 150 sovs.

The TOWN PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. <i>Alecto</i> , by Filho da Puta, or Hetman, 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Moseley)	4	1	1
Mr. Cooke's b. f. Maid of Mansfield, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	1	3	2
Mr. Griffith's br. m. <i>Palatine</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	2	2	3
Mr. Harris's ch. m. Maid-of-all-Work, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	3		dr.

ISLE OF THANET MEETING, 1826.

(At Dandelion, near Margate.)

WEDNESDAY, September 20.—The POWELL STAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Hornby's gr. m. <i>Agnes</i> , by President, out of Turban's dam, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Heathcote's br. c. <i>Syntax</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	1	3	3
Mr. T. Jones's ch. f. <i>Partial</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	0	2	2
Mr. Whiteside's b. h. Brother to Antonio, aged, 9st.	3	0	dr.
Mr. Shackell's br. h. Charnwood, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	0	0	dr.
Captain Bayley's ro. g. Barbary, aged, 8st. 11lb.	0	0	dr.

The RAMSGATE PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Heathcote's ch. c. <i>Nigel</i> , by Election, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Gully's ch. c. <i>Truth</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	1	0	0
Mr. De Burgh's ch. f. <i>Selina</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	0	2	2
Mr. Shackwell's Charnwood, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	0	0	0
Mr. Whiteside's b. h. Brother to Antonio, aged, 10st.	0	0	0
Mr. Hornby's gr. m. <i>Agnes</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	0	0	0
Mr. Brown's b. m. Maid of Kent, 6 yrs old, 9st.	0	0	0
Lord G. Lennox's ch. h. Conviction, by Captain Candid, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	3	0	dr.
Mr. Coleman's b. h. Orator, aged, 10st.	0	0	dr.

THURSDAY, September 21.—The MARGATE PURSE of 50l. for all ages.

Two-mile heats.

Mr. Heathcote's ch. c. <i>Nigel</i> , by Election, 4 yrs old, 9st.	1	1	Mr. Hornby's gr. m. <i>Agnes</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	0	2
Mr. De Burgh's ch. f. <i>Selina</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2	3	Mr. Whiteside's b. h. Brother to Antonio, aged, 9st.	3	0
The following also started but were not placed :					
Mr. Tyr Jones's ch. f. <i>Partial</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	0	Mr. Brown's b. m. Maid of Kent, 6 yrs old, 9st.	0		
Mr. Gully's ch. c. <i>Truth</i> , 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. 0					

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 30l. added, for horses not thorough-bred.

Two-mile heats.

Mr. Fowler's gr. m. <i>Chance</i> , aged, 11st. 13lb.	1	1	Mr. Russell's b. g. Roderick Ransom, 6 yrs old, 12st. 7lb. (fell) ...	2	dis.
Mr. Pakner's b. g. Wildboy, 5 yrs old, 11st. 13lb.	3	2	Mr. Fuggell's b. g. aged, 12st. 6lb.	4	dr.

The VISITORS' PURSE of 50l. for the losing horses, &c.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Heathcote's br. c. <i>Syntax</i> , by Amadis, out of Miss Syntax, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	1	1	Mr. T. Jones's ch. f. <i>Partial</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	2	2
The following also started but were not placed :					
Mr. Shackell's br. h. Charnwood, 6 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	0	aged, 9st.	0		
Mr. Coleman's b. h. Orator, aged, 9st. 0		Mr. Brown's b. m. Maid of Kent, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	0		
Mr. Whiteside's Brother to Antonio,					

OSWESTRY MEETING, 1826.

MONDAY, September 25.—SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—One mile.—Four subscribers.

Sir W. Wynne's br. h. <i>Orthodox</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	1	Mr. Ormsby Gore's ch. f. <i>Vitula</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2
(W. Lear)			

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, 15 ft. for horses, &c. not thorough-bred
One mile and a half heats.

Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Ashbourne</i> , by Cheahire Cheese, aged, 10st. 13lb.	1	1	Mr. Deakin's ch. g. Cock Robin, 6 yrs old, 10st. 12lb.	2	2
(T. Whitehouse)					

Mr. Lewis's ch. g. Sherry, 5 yrs old, 10st.	3 dr.	Mr. Nicholl's bl. g. Black-and-all-Black, 5 yrs old	4 dr.
The STEWARDS' PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.			
Major Ormsby Gore's br. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , by Hollyhock, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. (S. Darling).....	1 1	Mr. Rogers's ch. f. Lemonade, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2 dr.

TUESDAY, September 26.—PRODUCE STAKES of 25gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile.—Seven subscribers.

Sir W. Wynne's br. c. <i>Sancredo</i> , Brother to Orthodox, by Filho da Puta (W. Lear).....	1	Piscator.....	2
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Mayfly, by		Mr. Mytton's br. c. by Bustard, out of Mervina.....	3

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (in specie), by ten subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Three miles and a distance.

Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , by Quiz, aged, 9st. 2lb. (T. Whitehouse) 1	4 yrs old, 8st.	2
Mr. Ormsby Gore's br. c. The Moor,	Mr. Pelham's b. c. Saxon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3	3
	Saxon the favorite. Won by half a neck.	

SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. for three and four-year olds.

Mr. Haywood's b. c. <i>Sceptre</i> , by Spectre, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (H. Arthur)...	3	1	1
Mr. Flintoff's br. c. Haphazard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	1	2	dr.
Major Gore's ch. c. Rapid, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2	dr.	

WEDNESDAY, September 27.—The OSWESTRY STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added.—One mile and a half.—Four subscribers.

Sir W. Wynne's b. f. *Signiora*, by Champion, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (Dunn).....walked over.

A PURSE of 50l., the gift of Col. Sir Rowland Hill, Bart., added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, for horses *bona fide* the property of non-commissioned Officers and Privates of the N. S. Yeomanry Cavalry.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. S. Griffith's ch. g. <i>Ightfield</i> , by Cock-a-hoop, 6 yrs old, 10st. 13lb. (the owner)	1	1	Mr. Brooke's gr. m. Fair Ellen, 5 yrs old, 10st. 8lb.	3	3
Mr. Lewis's ch. m. Actress, 5 yrs old, 10st. 8lb.	2	2	Mr. Davies' br m. Mountaineer, 5 yrs old, 10st. 8lb.	4	4

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, three miles and a half.

Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , by Quiz, aged, 9st. 2lb. (Whitehouse)	3	1	1
Mr. Haywood's b. c. <i>Sceptre</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb.	1	3	dr.
Mr. O. Gore's br. c. The Moor, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	2	2	dr.
Mr. Rogers's ch. f. Lemonade, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	4	dr.	

CARLISLE MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, September 26.—The CITY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Jopp's b. f. <i>Fairy</i> , by Magistrate, out of Gibside Fairy, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	1	1	old, 6st. 7lb.	3	2
Sir J. Graham's b. f. Decision, 3 yrs			Mr. Hudson's b. f. Miracle, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	2	3

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. J. Benson's gr. f. Sally Gray, by North Star, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	0	0	7st. 11lb.	0	0
Mr. H. Butler's b. c. Vapid, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	0	0	Mr. Peck's gr. c. Brother to Richmond, by Grey Middleham, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	0	0
Mr. Jackson's br. c. Melow, 4 yrs old,					

Six to 4 on Mr. Peck's colt, after the first heat even betting on him. A good race.

His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Hudson's ch. g. <i>Careless</i> , by X Y Z, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Skipsey's b. h. Don Antonio, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	3	2	2
Sir J. H. Maxwell's ch. h. Springkell, by Epperston, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (fell lame)	1	dis.	

Mr. Simpson's b. h. Young Corrector, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. (ran on the wrong side of a post)..... dis.
Even betting between Springkell and Young Corrector; after the first heat, 7 to 4 on Springkell; after the second heat, 6 to 4 on Careless. First heat won easy; second and third were well contested, but won easy at last.

A SILVER CUP, value 35 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, and foaled in the Counties of Cumberland and Westmorland.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Hind's b. f. Country Lass, 4 yrs old, 11st.	1	1	Mr. Robinson's m. Queen Mab, aged, 11st. 10lb.	4	4
Mr. Syme's ch. c. 4 yrs old, 11st.	2	2	Mr. J. Watson's b. m. Violet, aged, 11st. 10lb.	5	5
Mr. Jopp's b. f. Sister to Tawpy, 4 yrs old, 11st.	3	3	Sister to Tawpy the favorite. A fine race.		

WEDNESDAY, September 27.—GOLD CUP, value 100gs., by eleven subscribers of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

General Sharpe's b. h. Canteen, by Waxy Pope, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (J. Garbutt)	1	aged, 8st. 9lb.	2
Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. m. Fair Helen,		Mr. Bretherton's b. h. Bonassus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	3
		Won easy. Canteen the favorite.	

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the County of Cumberland, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Stephenson's br. c. Billy Watson, by Walton, dam by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	1	1	Mr. Ferguson's b. f. Sister to Equity, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	4	3
Mr. Simpson's b. c. Young Comus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	2	2	Sir P. Musgrave's br. c. Highlander, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	3	dr.
			A good race.		

THURSDAY, September 28.—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses, &c. of all ages. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Skipsey's b. h. Don Antonio, by Octavian, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	4	0	1	1
Mr. Hudson's b. m. Lady Easy, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	1	0	2	2
Mr. Jacques's b. c. by Whisker, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	5	3	dr.	
Sir P. Musgrave's br. c. Highlander, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb.	2	4	dr.	
Mr. Jackson's br. c. Melow, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	3	dr.		

The first heat won by a length; the second a dead heat; and the third and fourth by only a neck each.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Inhabitants of the City, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Stephenson's br. c. Billy Watson, by Walton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	1	1	ham, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	3	3
Mr. Jopp's b. f. Fairy, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	4	2	Mr. Hudson's br. Isabella, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	5	4
Mr. Peck's gr. c. by Grey Middle-			Mr. Simpson's b. c. Young Corrector, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	3	6

FIFE HUNT MEETING, CUPAR, SCOTLAND, 1826.

TUESDAY, September 26.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., by subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Twice round.

Mr. Maule's gr. c. T. P. by King David, out of Fair Helen, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (R. Sargison)	1	old, 8st. 9lb.	3
Mr. Carnegie's b. g. The Nick, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2	Lord Leven's br. f. by Prime Minister, out of Miss Garland, 6st. 9lb.	4
Mr. Kennedy's b. h. The Lancer, 5 yrs		Mr. Howe's ch. h. The Tod, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	5

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages. Heats, once round.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Howe's b. h. Skiff, by Partisan, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Boynton)	1	1	Mr. Maule's gr. c. T. P. by King David, out of Fair Helen, 3 yrs old, 7st. (bolted both heats)	3	3
Mr. Carnegie's br. g. The Nick, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2	2	Won easy.		

HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. 12st. each.—Heats, twice round the course.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Maule's br. h. <i>Prosody</i> , by Prime Minister, aged (Lord Loughborough) 2	1	1
Mr. Grant's Cartoon.....	1	2
Lord Kennedy's ch. h. North Briton, 5 yrs old	3	3

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Hunt, for horses of all ages.—Twice round.

Mr. Howe's b. h. <i>Skiff</i> , by Partisan, 5	13lb.....	2
1 yrs old (Boynton).....	1	Mr. Smith's b. f. by Ardrossan, 4 yrs
Mr. Thomson's ch. m. Louisa, aged, 8s.	old, 7st. 12lb.....	3

Won in a canter.

WEDNESDAY, September 27.—A **SILVER CUP**, value 50 sovs. given by the Hunt, added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for all ages.—One mile and a half.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Howe's b. h. <i>Skiff</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	1	Sir D. Moncrieffe's b. g. Barossa, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	3
Mr. Carnegie's b. c. The Major, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	2	Mr. Maule's br. h. <i>Prosody</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st.....	4

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 sovs. added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. Glass's b. f. <i>Maiden</i> , by Accident, 4 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. (Wakefield).....	1	Sir D. Moncrieffe named br. g. Creeping Charlie, 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.....	3
Mr. Rigg's gr. f. Green Mantle, 4 yrs old, 10st. 11lb.....	2	Col. Wemyss's b. c. Daintie Davie, 9st..... (bolt.)	4

A SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, p. p. with 25 added, for all ages.—Heats, twice round.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Carnegie's b. c. *The Major*, by Bustler, 4 yrs old, 8st.walked over.

CHESTERFIELD MEETING, 1826.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 27.—**MAIDEN PURSE** of 60gs. given by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-miles heats.

Mr. Short's b. f. <i>Cream</i> (late Jessamine) by Catton, out of Woodbine, by Comus, 3 yrs old, 7st. (J. Boyces).....	2	1	1
Mr. Hayworth's gr. m. by Comus, out of Flora, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	1	2	2
Sir G. Sitwell's b. c. by Catton, dam by Paynator, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.....	3	3	dr.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two miles and a half.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Dickenson's b. c. Mr. Catton (late Royal Oak), by Catton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (J. Boyces).....	1	Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Elephant, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	2
---	---	--	---

THURSDAY, September 28.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Harrison's b. c. Mr. Catton, by Catton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.....	1	Mr. Short's b. f. <i>Cream</i> , by Catton, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	2
--	---	---	---

A good race.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—One mile.

Mr. E. W. Smith's r. h. <i>Turpitude</i> , aged, 8st. 10lb. (Templeman) ...	1	Mr. Athorpe's bl. p. Tom, 8st.....	2
---	---	------------------------------------	---

An excellent race.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 15 sovs. added, for Hacks (Handicapped).—One-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Heathcote's b. m. <i>Pretty Polly Hopkins</i> , 6 yrs old (J. Sykes).....	1	1	Mr. E. Smith's ro. h. <i>Turpitude</i> , aged 0	3
Mr. J. T. Milnthorpe's bl. g. Pilgrim, aged	0	2	Mr. Athorpe's b. m. Primrose, 6 yrs	0
			Mr. Hopkinson's ch. m. Sally, aged,	2
			Mr. Langton's b. m. Fanny, aged ...	0

Won easy.

The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE was not run for from want of horses.

WALSALL MEETING, 1826.

WEDNESDAY, September 27.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds.—Half a mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Loraine</i> , by Mountebank, out of <i>Ina</i> , 8st. 3lb. (Spring)	1	Mr. Mytton's br. f. <i>Lark</i> , by <i>Rubens</i> , 8st.	2
--	---	--	---

A well-contested race, and won by half a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen or Yeomen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Payne's b. g. <i>Gossoon</i> , by Waxy Pope, aged, 12st. 7lb. (Mr. Pickernell)	5	1	1
Mr. Cary's b. g. by Young Benningbrough, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	1	3	2
Mr. Calvert's gr. g. <i>Equinox</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st.	4	4	3
Mr. Painter's b. g. <i>Fitzwilliam</i> , 5 yrs old, 12st. 5lb.	2	2	dr.

The TOWN SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50 sovs., for three and four-year olds. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Massey's b. f. <i>Claudia</i> , by Paulowitz, 3 yrs old, 7st.	1	1	Mr. Twamley's ch. f. <i>Tintoretto</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	2	2
--	---	---	--	---	---

THURSDAY, September 28.—GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., for horses, &c. of all ages, the surplus in specie, by twelve subscribers of 10 sovs. each. Three miles and a distance.

Sir G. Pigot's b. c. <i>Granby</i> , by Spectre, 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (W. Lear)	1	5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2
Mr. Gleave's br. h. <i>Miller of Mansfield</i> , The Miller of Mansfield the favorite.	1	Mr. Massey's b. f. <i>Claudia</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	3

A most excellent race, and won only by a head.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 sovs. added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Gisborne's b. f. <i>Susan</i> , by Mango, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Arthur)	1	1	Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Chesterfield</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	2	dr.
---	---	---	--	---	-----

The CORPORATION PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Gleave's br. h. <i>Miller of Mansfield</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (Norman)	1	1	old, 9st. 4lb.	2	2
Mr. Gisborne's br. h. <i>Cinder</i> , 6 yrs	1	1	Mr. Longmore's gr. g. <i>Alpha</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	3

LINCOLN MEETING, 1826.

WEDNESDAY, September 27.—HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100ga. for four and five-year old mares:—four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 9st.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Gascoigne's bl. m. <i>Elizabeth</i> , by Walton, out of <i>Trulla</i> , 5 yrs old (R. Johnson)	1	1	Lord Milton's br. f. <i>Beatrice</i> , by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old	2	2
--	---	---	--	---	---

A good race for the first heat, and won by a head; second heat run all way round, and won cleverly.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Half a mile.—Six subscribers.

Sir J. Byng's ch. c. <i>Pedlar</i> , by Tramp-Godabout	1	Mr. Haworth's br. c. by <i>Blacklock</i> —Cottage Girl	2
--	---	--	---

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Platel's ch. f. Blaze, by Cannon-Ball	0	Ball	0
Dr. Willis's br. c. Ruins, by Cannon-	0	Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Gift, by Filho da Puta	0

Won easy.

The CHAMPION STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 sovs. ft., for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Two-miles.—Six subscribers.
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. *Mulatto*, by Catton, out of *Desdemona* (T. Lye)... 1 | Dr. Willis's b. c. Sweepstakes, by Sea-grave

MACARONI STAKES of 10 sovs. each, p. p. for horses of all ages:—four-year-olds, 10st. 11lb.; five, 11st. 8lb.; six, and aged, 12st.—Two-mile heats. Five subscribers.

Mr. Brook's ch. g. *Weeper*, by Juniper, out of *Niobe*, aged (Owner)... 1 | sayer, dam by Pilgrim, 4 yrs old, (bolted) dis.
Colonel Sibthorpe's ch. c. by Sooth-

THURSDAY, September 28.—The CITY PURSE of 50l. for all ages. Two-mile heats.

Lord Milton's br. f. *Beatrice*, by Ardrossan, 4 yrs. 8st. 11lb. (T. Lye) .. 1 | old, 7st. 2 2
Mr. Pelham's br. c. by *Tiresias*, 3 yrs | Mr. Capp's br. f. *Swallowbeck Lass*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (post entrance) 3 dr.

The HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, 12st. each.—Two-mile heats.—Fifteen subscribers.

Mr. F. Isle's bl. g. *Black Dwarf*, by Sir Andrew, dam by Pilgrim, 5 yrs old, (Mr. Brook)..... 3 1 1
Mr. Platel's bl. m. Yaxley, 6 yrs old..... 1 2 2
Mr. Pelham's b. m. by Bellerophon, 6 yrs old..... 2 dr.

The FARMERS' PURSE of 50l., given by the Members of the Burton Hunt, for horses not thorough-bred, and that have been regularly hunted within the precincts of that Hunt.—Farmers to ride.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Capp's br. f. *Swallowbeck Lass*, by Golumpus, 4 yrs old, 11st. 1 | Y. Deceiver, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2 0
Mr. Redgate's br. m. by Heteroclit, 6 yrs old, 12st..... 0 2 | Mr. W. Draper's ch. m. Midnight, by Captain Candid, 5 yrs, 11st. 6lb. 0 0
Mr. Evans's ch. h. Cock Robin, by Hazard, aged, 12st. 0 0

FRIDAY, September 29.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., the surplus in specie, by eighteen subscribers, of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages. Three miles.

Sir M. W. Ridley's b. f. *Fleur de Lis*, by Bourbon, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb...walked over,

The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 70 sovs., for horses of all ages. Two-mile heats.

Colonel King's ch. f. *Ultima*, by Bourbon, out of Sister to St. Helena, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (T. Lye) 1 | Mr. Gascoigne's bl. m. Elizabeth, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2 2

HANDICAP STAKES of 10gs. each, 11st.—Half a mile.—Six subscribers.
Mr. Elmhrst's br. m. by Orion (Owner) 1 | Sir J. Trollope's gr. m. by Camillus ... 4
Mr. Chaplin's b. m. by Rainbow 2 | Colonel Sibthorpe's gr. g. 5
Mr. R. Chaplin's br. m. 3

BRECON MEETING, 1826.

THURSDAY, September 28.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by Sir C. Morgan, Bart. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. *Alecto*, by Filho da Puta or Hetman, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 1 | Mr. Day's b. f. Y. Zuleika, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 2 dr.
Mr. Pryse's ch. h. Doctor Eady, aged, 9st. 2lb. 3 2 | Mr. Griffith's br. f. Spider, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. 4 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Gauntlett's br. c. <i>Comedian</i> , by Co-	Mr. Pryce's b. h. Cardinal Puff, 6 yrs
mus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 1	old, 9st. 2lb. 2

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thoroughbred:—three-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.; four, 9st. 2lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six, 10st. 7lb.; and aged, 11st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Richards's b. g. <i>Habberley</i> , by	Mr. Wilkins's br. f. Blossom, 4 yrs, 3
Shuttlecock, dam by Gayman, aged, 1	Mr. Gwyne's Auricula, 6 yrs old... 4
Mr. Guest's gr. g. Mustapha, 5 yrs, 2	2

FRIDAY, September 29.—**HUNTERS' STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added:—for four-year-olds, 10st. 4lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Williams's b. g. <i>Pavilion</i> , by	Mr. Guest's gr. g. Mustapha, 5 yrs, 3
Pavilion, aged..... 1	Mr. Currie's b. g. Counsellor, 5 yrs, 2
1	3

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Griffith's b. c. <i>Vesuvius</i> , by Ru-	Mr. Day's b. m. Victorine, aged,
bens, out of Miss Furey, 4 yrs old,	8st. 5lb..... 3
8st. 9lb..... 1	Mr. Williams's ch. g. Josiah, 3 yrs
Mr. Currie's b. g. Counsellor, 5 yrs	old, 6st. 12lb. 4
old, 8st. 2lb..... 2	2

RUGELEY MEETING, 1892.

MONDAY, October 2.—**The BEAU DESERT STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for horses of all ages.—Thrice round.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Chesterfield</i> , by	Mr. Gisborne's br. h. Cinder, 6 yrs old,
Milo, dam by Alexander, 3 yrs old,	9st. 4lb. 2
7st. 6lb. 1	Mr. Saunders's b. c. Victory, 3 yrs, 7st. 3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Tench's b. g. by Ambo, 5 yrs	Shuttle Pope, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.
old, 8st. 12lb. 1	(bolted)..... 0
Mr. Wadlow's b. f. by Ambo, 4 yrs	Mr. Chandler's bl. c. Northwood,
old, 8st. 6lb..... 2	by Tagus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ... 3
Mr. Twamley's ch. f. Tintoretto, 3	Mr. Painter's br. m. Sarsaparilla,
ys old, 7st. 2lb. 0	5 yrs old, 9st..... 4
Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Simon, by	

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Dickenson's b. c. <i>Mr. Catton</i> ,	6st. 13lb. 2
by Catton, dam by Smolensko, 3	Mr. Gleave's b. h. Miller of Mans-
ys old, 7st. 3lb. 1	field, 5 yrs old..... dis.

Mr. Massey's b. f. Claudia, 3 yrs old,
The Miller of Mansfield came in second for the first heat, but having carried only 9st. 1lb. instead of 9st. 3lb. he was deemed distanced.—Three to 1 on Miller of Mansfield. An excellent race.

TUESDAY, October 3.—**The RUGELEY STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for all ages.—Heats, twice round.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Geary's br. f. <i>Arachne</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2	1
Mr. Gisborne's br. f. Susan, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb..... 1	2
Six to 4 on Arachne. Each heat well contested.	

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thoroughbred.—Heats, twice round.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Calvert's gr. c. <i>Equinox</i> , 4 yrs	Mr. Thacker's ch. m. Sophia,
old, 10st. 12lb..... 1	aged, 12st..... 4
Mr. Cook's b. g. York, aged, 12st ... 2	Mr. Sudbury's b. m. Miss Lee, 5
Mr. Cook's br. m. Governess (late	ys old, 11st. 10lb..... bolt.
Maid of the Mill), aged, 12st..... 3	2

HANDICAP STAKES of 10gs. each, with 10 added, for horses of all ages. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Teach's b. g. by Ambo, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	1	1	Mr. Postlethwaite's br. c. Raimondo, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb.	2	3
Mr. Gimborne's br. c. Zaniel, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	3	2	Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Simon, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	bolt.	

GLOUCESTER MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, September 26.—The **BERKELEY STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Thorn's br. m. <i>Miss Forester</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb.	5	1	1
Mr. Cooke's b. f. Maid of Mansfield, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Bodenham's b. f. Sprite, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	6	3	dr.
Captain Berkeley's ch. f. Edith, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	2	dr.	
Mr. Griffith's b. g. Speculum, 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	dr.	
Mr. Ockendon's b. h. Orville Junior, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	4	dr.	
Mr. C. Day's b. m. Pewitt, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.	7	dr.	

The **GLOUCESTER STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Griffith's b. m. <i>Palatine</i> , by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs, 8st. 7lb.	1	1	3	2
Mr. Day's br. h. by Topsy Turvy, 6 yrs old, 9st. 8lb.	1	1	3	2
Capt. Berkeley's br. f. Phantasma, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	2	dr.		

The **PORTHAM STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for two-year-olds: colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 12lb.—Half a mile.

Mr. Canning's br. f. <i>Maria</i> , by Spectre, out of Gleaner's dam, by Cleveland... 1	1	Mr. C. Griffith's ch. c. Pitt	2
---	---	-------------------------------	---

WEDNESDAY, September 27.—The **HARTBURY STAKES** of six sovs. each, with 35 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Griffith's b. m. <i>Palatine</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 9lb.	1	1	2	2
Mr. Bodenham's b. f. Lady Bluefoot, 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	dr.		

The **SEVERN STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hicks's ch. g. <i>Trooper</i> , by Militiaman, aged, 11st. 1lb.	1	1	3	dr.
Mr. Clatterbuck's Creeping Jane, aged, 11st. 1lb.	2	2	dis.	
Capt. Berkeley's ch. g. Sylvanus, aged, 10st. 11lb.	2	2	dis.	

HANDICAP PURSE of 50 sovs. for the beaten horses of the two days.—Two-mile heats.

Capt. Berkeley's br. f. <i>Phantasma</i> , by Phantom, 4 yrs old.	2	1	1
Mr. Ockendon's b. h. Orville Junior, 6 yrs old.	5	0	2
Capt. A. Berkeley's ch. f. Edith, 3 yrs old.	1	3	dr.
Mr. J. Day's br. h. by Topsy Turvy, 6 yrs old.	3	2	dr.
Mr. Griffith's b. g. Speculum, 3 yrs old.	4	0	dr.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1826.

MONDAY, October 2.—The **TRIAL STAKES** of 10 sovs. each:—for three-year-olds, 7st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 2lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 6lb.—D. M.—Nine subscribers.

Col. Wilson's br. g. by Tiresias, out of Spinning Jenny, 4 yrs (P. Buckle) ... 1	1	Lord Orford's b. h. Orion, by Phantom, 5 yrs old.	2
--	---	--	---

The following also started but were not placed:

Lord Exeter's br. c. Recruit, by Whalebone, 3 yrs old.	0	4 yrs old.	0
Lord Jersey's b. c. Ariel, by Phantom, 3 yrs old.	0	Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Mignonette, 3 yrs old.	0

Mr. Greville's b. h. Don Carlos, by Election, 5 yrs old..... 0 | Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Rufus, by Election, 4 yrs old 0
Even betting and 3 to 4 on Rufus, 3 to 1 agst the winner, 6 to 1 agst Mignionette, and 9 to 1 agst Orion. Won cleverly by a neck.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—T.Y.C.

Lord Anson's br. m. *Ina*, by Smolenko, 5 yrs old, 8st. (W. Arnall) 1 | Mr. Chiffey's b. f. Pigmy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2
Even betting. Won by half a length.

Fourth Renewal of the GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A. F.—Twenty-one subscribers.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Hobgoblin*, by Comus, out of Phantom, by Hambletonian (J. Robinson) 1 | Mr. W. Wyndham's b. c. Colleger, by Rubens 2

The following also started but were not placed:

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Bolivar, by Comus..... 0 | Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Pollio, by Orville, 6
Mr. Rogers's br. c. Monarch, by Comus, 0 | Mr. Greville's bl. c. by Whalebone, out
Sir J. Shelley's ch. c. Brother to Ivanhoe, 0 | of Gramarie 0
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Problem, by Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Orville, out of
Merlin..... 0 | Canvas 0
Duke of Portland's b. c. by Tiresias— Mr. Payne's br. c. The General, by
L'Huile de Venus 0 | Comus..... 0

Seven to 4 agst Problem, 7 to 2 agst The General, 4 to 1 agst Hobgoblin, 5 to 1 agst Mr. Hunter's colt, and 7 to 1 agst Brother to Ivanhoe. Won by half a length.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—D. M.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Paul Jones*, by Partisan, out of Niobe, 8st. 7lb. (F. Buckle) 1 | Lord Anson's b. f. Heroine, by Bustard, 8st. 2
Two to 1 on Paul Jones. Won easy, by two lengths.

SWEPTAKES of 300 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 7lb.—A. F.

Mr. Greville's bay *Rachel*, Sister to Moses, by Whalebone (T. Goodisson) 1 | Mr. Thornhill's ches. by Merlin, out of
Duke of Grafton's br. Mantua, by Woful 2 | Morel 3
Even betting on Rachel. Won easy by a neck.

Mr. R. Wilson's b. f. Maldonia, by Fungus, reed. ft. from Mr. Molony's bl. f. by Smolensko, out of Mockbird's dam, by Trumpator, 8st. 7lb. each, T.Y.C. 100 sovs. h. ft.

TUESDAY, October 3.—MATCH for 100 sovs. 75 ft. 8st. 4lb. each, T.Y.C.

Mr. Wyndham's f. *Sister to Recruit*, by Colonel Synges's b. c. Number Nip, by
Whalebone, dam by Teddy, out of Whalebone, out Effie Deany's dam... 2
Sister to Wanderer (W. Arnall) 1
Two to 1 on the winner. Won by half a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.—Four subscribers.

General Grosvenor's ch. f. *Spite*, by Duke of Grafton's br. c. Demon, by
Tiresias, out of Sprite (F. Buckle, jun.) 1 | Amadis, out of Dervise's dam 2
Two to 1 on Spite. Won by two lengths.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—D. M.

Duke of Rutland's b. f. *Adeliza*, by Lord Anson's ch. c. Nouredin, by Aladdin, out of Rantipoke, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. 2
Soothsayer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (J. Robinson) 1
Seven to 4 on Adeliza. Won by half a length.

FIFTY GUINEAS, for four-year-olds and upwards.—B.C.

Mr. Wyndham's br. c. *Chateau Margaux*, Brother to Addy, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (F. Buckle, jun.) 1 | Duke of Portland's br. c. Mortgage, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 2
Two to 1 on Chateau Margaux. Won by a neck.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.—T.Y.C.—Three subscribers.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. f. by Partisan, out of Mouse..... reed. ft.
VOL. XIX. N. S.—No. 111. F

Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Paraphetic*, by Merlin, out of *Parasol*, recd. 140 ft. from Lord Jersey's b. f. *Henrica*, by Woful, 8st. 7lb. each, A.F. 200.

WEDNESDAY, October 4.—SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Greville's br. f. <i>Fawn</i> , by Smolenako, out of <i>Jerboa</i> , (W. Arnall).....	1	bone, dam by Stamford, out of <i>Alexina</i>	2
Mr. Batson's br. f. <i>Beak</i> , by Whale.....		Mr. Rogers's b. f. <i>Pasta</i> , Sister to <i>Nicolo</i>	3

The following also started but were not placed:

Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Woful, out of Sister to <i>Nectar</i>	0	Woful.....	0
General Grosvenor's b. c. <i>The Palfrey</i> , by Abjer.....	0	Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Wambe</i> , by Merlin, out of <i>Penelope</i>	0
Mr. Ramsbottom's b. c. <i>Waterman</i> , by Three to 1 agst <i>Fawn</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Pasta</i> , 4 to 1 agst Mr. Batson's filly, and 7 to 1 agst Duke of Grafton's colt. Won easy by a length.		Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. by Merlin, out of <i>Morel</i>	0

The ST. Leger STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.—Eighteen subscribers.

Lord Tavistock's ch. f. <i>Leeway</i> , by Aladdin, out of <i>Johanna Southcote</i> (G. Edwards).....	0	out of <i>Corinne</i> (Wheatley).....	0
Mr. Rogers's br. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by Comus.....		Duke of Grafton's ch. c. <i>Goshawk</i> , by Merlin.....	3

The following also started but were not placed:

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. <i>Problem</i> , by Merlin.....	0	Mr. Rush's b. c. <i>Carthago</i> , by Pioneer.....	0
Five to 4 agst <i>Goshawk</i> , 4 to 1 agst Sister to <i>Pinwire</i> , 6 to 1 agst <i>Problem</i> , 7 to 1 agst <i>Carthago</i> , 9 to 1 agst <i>Monarch</i> , and 20 to 1 agst <i>Leeway</i> . After the dead heat, <i>Leeway</i> walked over, and Lord Tavistock and Mr. Rogers divided the stakes.		Mr. Wyndham's b. f. <i>Sister to Pinwire</i>	0

THURSDAY, October 5.—The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. I.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Dervise</i> , by Merlin, out of <i>Pawn Junior</i> (T. Goodisson).....	1	Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Hobgoblin</i> , by Comus.....	3
Mr. Wyndham's b. c. <i>Lap Dog</i> , Brother to <i>Twatty</i>	2	Lord Tavistock's b. c. by Orville, out of <i>Pranks</i> , by <i>Hyperion</i>	4

Three to 1 on *Lap Dog*, 4 to 1 agst *Hobgoblin*, and 6 to 1 agst *Dervise*. Won by a head.

MATCH for 100.—D. M.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. <i>Rufus</i> , by Election, 4 yrs old, 9st. (F. Buckle).....	1	Mr. Greville's br. f. <i>Fawn</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	2
---	---	---	---

Five to 4 on *Rufus*. Won by a length.

MATCH for 150, h. ft.—T. M. M.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Tirailleux</i> , by Captain Candid, out of <i>Advance</i> , 8st. 9lb. (J. Robinson).....	1	Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Saracen</i> , by Selim, 8st. 4lb.	2
--	---	---	---

Five to 4 on *Tirailleux*. Won by a neck.

MATCH for 50.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Greville's f. by Whalebone, 8st. 4lb. (Goodisson).....	1	Mr. Pettit's ch. c. <i>Vivian Gray</i> , (late <i>The Devil</i>), by <i>Anticipation</i> , 8st. 7lb.	2
--	---	--	---

Six to 4 on the winner. Won by a neck.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—R. C.

Lord Egremont's gr. c. <i>Stumps</i> , by Whalebone, out of <i>Scotina</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (W. Arnall).....	1	Duke of Grafton's ch. c. <i>Rufus</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	2
---	---	--	---

Seven to 4 on *Stumps*. Won easy.

Mr. Greville's ch. f. *Elizabeth*, by Rainbow, recd. ft. from Lord Jersey's b. f. *Henrica*, by Woful, 8st. 7lb. each, T. Y. C. 100 h. ft.

Lord Exeter's br. c. *Recruit*, by Whalebone, 8st. 5lb. recd. ft. from Lord Anson's b. f. *Heroine*, by Bustard, 8st. 2lb. T. Y. C. 100 sovs.

RICHMOND MEETING, 1896.

TUESDAY, October 3.—The MEXXENS' PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses, &c. of all ages:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 7st. 10lb.; five,

8st. 2lb.; six and aged, 8st. 7lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Horaley's b. f. by Blacklock, dam by Walton, out of L'Huile de Venus, 3 yrs old (E. Jackson)	1 1	Slight, 3 yrs old	3 0
Mr. Wilkinson's ch. f. The Marchioness, 3 yrs old	0 2	Mr. Russell's ch. f. by Amadis, dam by Cerberus, out of Barefoot's dam, 3 yrs old	0 0
Duke of Leeds's gr. f. by Walton—Lisette, 3 yrs old	2 0	Mr. Barker's b. h. by Ledstone, 3 yrs old	0 0
Mr. Vansittart's b. c. by Whisker—		Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Brother to Cymbeline, 3 yrs old	0 dr.

Five to 4 agst the winner, and 2 to 1 agst the Duke of Leeds's filly; after the first heat, 3 to 1 on the winner. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for three-year olds.—Once round.—Four subscribers.

Lord Kennedy's bl. f. <i>Mary Ann</i> , Sister to Streatham, by Blacklock, 8st. 3lb. (J. Jackson)	1	vantes, 8st. 2lb.	2
Lord Milton's ch. c. Barataria, by Cer-		Lord Dundas's b. c. by Amadis—Pandra, 8st. 2lb.	3

Seven to 4 on *Mary Ann*. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—fillies, 8st. 2lb. each.—Once round.

Lord Kennedy's bl. <i>Mary Ann</i> , by Blacklock (Jackson)	1	Mr. Jaques's br. Galena, by Walton, out of Comedy	3
Mr. Vansittart's b. Curl, by Whisker—Urganda	2	Sir E. Dodsworth's ch. Miss Patrick, by Walton	4

Six to 4 on *Mary Ann*, 2 to 1 agst Curl, and 3 to 1 agst Galena. Won very easy.

WEDNESDAY, October 4.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20gs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—From the grey stone to the ending post.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Russell's ch. f. <i>Emma</i> , by Whisker, out of Gibeide Fairy (R. Johnson) ...	1	—Walton	2
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Nonplus, by Catton		Mr. Jaques's ch. f. Sister to Ringlet	3

The following also started but were not placed:

Lord Kennedy's ch. c. by Octavian, dam by St. George	0	Grey Malton, dam by Remembrancer ..	0
Mr. J. Robinson's br. c. by Grey Walton ..	0	Mr. Vansittart's b. c. by Blacklock, out of The Doe	0

Mr. R. Wilson's gr. f. Ballad Singer, by Five to 4 agst *Emma*, and 7 to 4 agst Nonplus. A good race, but won cleverly at last.

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs., by ten subscribers of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Once round and a distance.

Lord Kennedy's ch. c. <i>Bedlamite</i> , by Welbeck, out of Maniac, 3 yrs old, 7st. (T. Barnaby)	1	Mr. Russell's br. h. Mustachio, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	3
Lord Kelburne's bl. h. Jerry, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2	Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, out of Masquerade, 3 yrs old, 7st.	4

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. E. Petro's b. c. Saladin, by Selim, 4 yrs old, 8st.	0	Lord Kennedy's b. c. King Catton, 3 yrs old, 7st.	0
--	---	--	---

Five and 6 to 4 on *Bedlamite*, 5 to 2 agst Jerry, 3 to 1 agst Mustachio, and 4 to 1 agst Saladin. Won very easy.

The STAND PURSE of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Lord Milton's br. c. <i>Dramatist</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (R. Johnson) ..	2 1 1
Mr. Sykes's b. g. Cock Robin, by Blacklock, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (recd. 20 sovs.) ..	1 4 2
Mr. Wilkinson's ch. f. The Marchioness, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	4 2 dr.
Mr. T. Peirse's b. f. by Don Juan, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3 3 dr.

Six and 7 to 4 on *Dramatist*; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on Cock Robin; after the second heat, 3 to 1 on *Dramatist*. A good race.

THURSDAY, October 5.—**The DUNDAS STAKES** of 30gs. each, 20gs. ft., for horses of all ages.—Once round.—Three subscribers.

Duke of Leeds's b. c. Crowcatcher, by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. | **Mr. Russell's b. h. Abron**, 6 yrs, 9st. 0 2
 (H. Smith)..... 0 1 | **Mr. Petre's b. c. Saladin**, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb..... 3
 Five to 4 on Crowcatcher; after the dead heat, 5 to 4 on Abron. A capital race.

The SILVER CUP, value 60gs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Powlett's br. g. Brother to Jack Spigot, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (T. Bilton)..... 1 1 | **old, 8st. (recd. 10gs.)**..... 0 2
Mr. Horsley's b. f. by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb..... 2 0
Mr. Robinson's br. f. The Countess, **Mr. Ingledew's b. f. Sweet Nan**, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb..... 0 0
 Sister to the Marchioness, 4 yrs
 Even betting on Mr. Horsley's filly, and 2 to 1 agst Brother to Jack Spigot; after the first heat, 3 to 1 on Brother to Jack Spigot. Won easy.

WREXHAM MEETING, 1826.

WEDNESDAY, October 4.—**SILVER CUP**, value 50 sovs., added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, for all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's br. h. Hesperus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb..... 3 2
 by Hollyhock, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. | **Sir W. Wynne's br. c. Sancredo**, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 3
 (S. Darling)..... 1 1
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Wenlock,

SILVER CUP, value 50 sovs. for horses not thorough-bred, belonging to the North Wales Yeomanry Cavalry.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Edmund's b. m. Montgomery Lass, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb..... 1 3 1
Mr. Lawton's b. f. Kitty Clover, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb..... 2 4 2
Mr. Birch's ch. c. Denbighshire Lad, by Alexander, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.... 5 1 dis.
Mr. Taylor's br. h. Parity, by Hit or Miss, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb..... 3 2 dis.
Mr. Alcherley's Ginger Sall, by Hercules, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb..... 4 5 dr.
 Denbighshire Lad won the last heat, but was distanced, the jockey being proved guilty of foul riding.

FIFTY POUNDS for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Sir W. Wynne's br. h. Orthodox, by Oiseau, out of Wilful, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb..... 3 2
 Filio da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. | **Mr. Dixon's ch. g. Little Stamford**, by Cornus, aged, 9st. 3lb..... 2 3
 (Spring)..... 1 1
Mr. Ormsby Gore's ch. c. Tin, by

THURSDAY, October 5.—**The GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. by ten subscribers of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Four times round.

Sir W. Wynne's b. f. Signora, by Champion, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Spring) 1 | **Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Mayfly**, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb..... 4
Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. Grenadier, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2 | **Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Hajji Baba**, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb..... 5
Mr. Ormsby Gore's br. h. Hesperus, 6

HANDICAP STAKES of 10gs. each, five ft. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's br. h. Hesperus, by Hollyhock, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (S. Darling) 4 0 1 1
Mr. Heywood's b. c. Sceptre, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb..... 1 3 2 dr.
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Wenlock, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb..... 2 4 3
Sir W. Wynne's br. h. Orthodox, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 3 0 dr.

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Heywood's b. c. Sceptre, by M. Mytton's ch. g. Euphrates, aged, Sceptre, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb..... 1 1 | 9st. 11lb..... 2 dr.

CALEDONIAN HUNT AND PERTH MEETING, 1826.

(Over the North Inch at Perth.)

TUESDAY, October 3.—**The CALEDONIAN ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added by the Caledonian Hunt, for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Baird's ch. c. *Sir Malachi Malagrowther*, by Ardrossan, out of Romeo's dam, 1
The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. C. Alexander's gr. f. Zeline, by Viscount	0	Mr. F. Quarton's b. c. by Catton, dam by Haphazard	0
Mr. Farquharson's b. f. Grecian Queen, by Catton	0	Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. Tremaine, Brother to Gift	0
Mr. G. Dawson's gr. f. by Grey Walton, Won easy.			

Mr. Farquharson's b. f. Ada, by Ardrossan, dam by Orville, 8st. recd. 250 sovs. from Mr. Cruikshank's ch. g. Jack Careless, by Idle Boy, 8st. 5lb.—Two miles.

WEDNESDAY, October 4.—His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Four miles.

Mr. How's b. h. *Skiff*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. walked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Perth Hunt, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. <i>Gift</i> , by Ardrossan, out of Percy's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (T. Nicholson)	1 1	Mr. Forchaw's b. g. Zerbina, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3 dr.
Mr. Thompson's ch. m. Louisa, aged, 8st. 8lb.	2 dr.	Mr. Kinnear's br. f. Eany, by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (bolted)	dis.

THURSDAY, October 5.—The CALEDONIAN CUP, value 100gs. for Scotch-bred horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Baird's b. g. <i>Robin Hood</i> , by Walton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (T. Lye)	1	Mr. Maule's gr. c. Apostate (late T. P.) by King David, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (bolted)	0
Mr. Carnegie's b. c. The Major, 4 yrs old, 8st.	2		
Mr. Kennedy's br. h. Lancer, aged,			

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the City of Perth, for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. <i>Gift</i> , by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (T. Nicholson)	1 1	Captain Douglas's ch. h. North Briton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3 3
Mr. Farquharson's b. c. by Catton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	4 2	Mr. Johnson's b. h. Sir Thomas, aged, 8st. 13lb.	2 dr.

FIFTY POUNDS given by the Perth Hunt, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Baird's ch. c. <i>Sir Malachi Malagrowther</i> , by Ardrossan, 3 yrs 7st. 8lb. (T. Lye)	1 1	old, 9st. 4lb.	2 dr.
Mr. Maule's br. h. Prosody, 6 yrs		Mr. Carnegie's br. h. The Nick, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.	3 dr.

FRIDAY, October 6.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Caledonian Hunt, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Two subscribers.

Mr. Howe's b. h. *Skiff*, by Partisan, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Wakefield) walked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Caledonian Hunt, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. <i>Gift</i> , by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (T. Nicholson)	4 1 1
Mr. Baird's b. g. Robin Hood, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	1 2 2
Mr. Farquharson's b. f. Ada, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	5 3 3
Lord Kennedy's b. c. King Koul, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3 4 4
Mr. Maule's br. h. Prosody, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	2 dr.

A good race.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Perth Hunt, for horses of all ages.—Twice round.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Dawson's gr. f. by Grey Walton, dam by Master Robert, 3 yrs old, 6st. (W. Boynton)	1	Mr. Alexander's gr. f. Zeline, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (bolted)	0
		Mr. Howe's b. h. <i>Skiff</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb.	0

Skiff came in first, but being 5lb. short of weight, was distanced.

FIFTY POUNDS, for the beaten horses of the week.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Farquharson's b. c. by Catton, dam by Rememberancer, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb....	3	1	1
Mr. F. Quarton's b. c. by Catton, 3 yrs old, 7st.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Carnegie's b. c. The Major, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2	3	dr.
Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. Tremaine, 3 yrs old, 7st.	4	dr.	

The second and third heats for this Purse were not run until Saturday, owing to its becoming dark on Friday evening, before the race could be concluded.

MATCH for 500 sovs. h. ft. 8st. each.—Two miles.

Mr. Farquharson's b. f. <i>Gresian Queen</i> , Sister to Homer, by Catton (G. Nelson)	1	Sir A. Ramsay's ch. g. Jack Careless, by Idle Boy	2
--	---	--	---

Mr. Farquharson's b. f. Ada, by Ardrossan, reed. ft. from Sir D. Moncrieff's br. g. Barossa, by Prime Minister, 8st. each, two miles, 200 sovs. h. ft.

MONMOUTH MEETING, 1826.

WEDNESDAY, October 4.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20gs. added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.—Seventeen subscribers.

Mr. Gauntlett's br. c. <i>Comedian</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.....	6	1	1
Mr. Bodenham's b. f. Prude, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Pryse's b. h. Cardinal Puff, 6 yrs old, 9st.	4	3	dr.
Mr. Day's br. h. by Topsy Turvy, 6 yrs old, 9st.	2	dr.	
Mr. C. Day's b. f. Young Zuleika, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	3	dr.	
Mr. Jones's b. c. Shyllock, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.....	3	dr.	

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, thrice round.

Mr. Thorne's br. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , (late Miss Forester) 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb. 1	1	Mr. Griffith's b. c. Vesuvius, by Rubens, out of Miss Fury, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (broke down)... 3	dis.
Mr. J. Day's br. h. by Topsy Turvy, 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb.	2	2	

THURSDAY, October 5.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the County of Monmouth, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Bodenham's b. f. <i>Spite</i> , by Spectre, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	3	1	1
Mr. C. Day's b. f. Young Zuleika, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Bartley's b. c. Congoon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.....	3	3	dr.

HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. given by the Town of Monmouth.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Griffith's br. m. <i>Palatine</i> , by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	3	1	1
Mr. Jones's br. c. Shyllock, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2	3	dis.
Mr. Bodenham's b. f. Prude, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	1	2	dr.

INGLEWOOD HUNT MEETING, 1826.

WEDNESDAY, October 4.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20l. added for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Hudson's b. f. <i>Cumberland Jane</i> , by Master Jackey, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. (J. Jaques)	1	1	Mr. W. Marshall's b. m. Violet, aged, 10st. 5lb.....	3	3
Mr. J. Parkin's b. f. Komp, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.....	2	2	Mr. J. Salmon's b. f. Gift, 4 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.....	4	4

SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, with 25l. added for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Hudson's br. f. <i>Lady Easby</i> , by Whisker, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (J. Jaques)...	5	1	1
General Sharpe's b. h. Canteen, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	1	4	dr.
Sir P. Musgrave's br. c. Highlander, by Ardrossan, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.....	4	3	2
Mr. Simpson's b. c. Young Comus, by a Son of Comus, 3 yrs, 7st. (fell)... 3	2	0	
Mr. Hudson's br. f. Isabella, 4 yrs old, 8st.	2	dr.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20l. added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Hudson's b. f. <i>Cumberland Jane</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st. (J. Jaques).....	4	1	1
Mr. Earle's ch. g. Sir Thomas, 4 yrs old, 11st.	1	2	dr.

Mr. Watson's ch. h. St. Leger, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2 3 dr.
Mr. Lowther's ch. c. by Epperstone, 4 yrs old, 11st. 3 dr.

FRIDAY, October 6.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Town of Penrith, for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Simpson's b. c. <i>Young Comus</i> , by a Son of Comus, out of Sister to The Duchess, by Cardinal York, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1 1	Mr. Skipsay's b. h. Don Antonio, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 2 3 Mr. Jobb's b. f. Fairy, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3 4 Mr. Ferguson's b. f. Sister to Equity, 4 yrs old, 18st. 4 5
Mr. Hudson's ch. g. Careless, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 5 2	

SWEETSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred,
Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Hudson's b. f. <i>Miracle</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 1 1	Mr. Hudson's b. f. Cumberland Jane, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 2 dr.
---	--

STAFFORD MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, October 10.—SIXTY GUINEAS, for horses of all ages.—Heats,
twice round and a distance.

Sir W. Wynne's br. g. <i>Orthodox</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (J. Spring) 0 1 1	
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Chesterfield, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 6 3 2	
Mr. Wood's br. m. Rosaria, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5 6 3	
Mr. Wadlow's b. f. by Ambo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 7 8 4	
Mr. Dickinson's Mr. Catton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 0 2 dr.	
Mr. Probart's gr. Alpha, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 4 4 dr.	
Mr. Twamlow's ch. f. Tintoretto, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 3 dr.	

The GOLD CUP, by five subscribers of 10gs. each, with 10gs. added, for all
ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Gisborne's br. c. <i>Zaniel</i> , by Mango, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (W. Lear) 1	Mr. Cooke's b. f. Maid of Mansfield, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 3
Mr. Painter's br. m. Sarsaparilla, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2	Mr. Gisborne's br. h. Cinder, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 4

WEDNESDAY, October 11.—SWEETSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two-
year-olds:—colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 12lb.—not thorough-bred.—Half a mile.
Five subscribers.

Mr. Burton's gr. f. <i>Sister to Mayflower</i> , by Cannon-Ball (H. Arthur) 1	Mr. Carey's ch. f. Memphisaphia, by Fyldener 3
Mr. Bailey's b. f. by Paulowitz 2	Mr. Brooke's b. c. by Muley 4

SWEETSTAKES of two sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses of all ages.
Heats, twice round.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Tench's b. g. by Ambo, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Spring) 1 1	Mr. Tomes's br. g. Tripoli, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 5 6
Mr. Gisborne's br. c. Zaniel, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 2 2	Mr. Probart's gr. g. Alpha, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 3 dr.
Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Cymon, 3	

SWEETSTAKES of three sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-
bred.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Deakin's ch. g. <i>Cock Robin</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 3lb. 1 4 1	
Mr. Aston's b. g. Jack Rape, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. 4 1 2	
Mr. Calvert's gr. g. Equinox, 4 yrs old, 10st. 5lb. 5 5 2	
Mr. Miller's Joe the Marine, 5 yrs old, 11st. 3 3 4	
Mr. Cork's br. g. Rinaldo, 6 yrs old, 11st. 1lb. 2 2 dr.	

DUMFRIES MEETING, 1826.

WEDNESDAY, October 11.—SWEETSTAKES of 10 sovs. each (in lieu of
the Cup), for all ages.—Two miles.—Eight subscribers.

Gen. Sharpe's b. h. <i>Canton</i> , by Waxy Pope, 3 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (J. Garbutt) ... 1	Mr. C. Alexander's gr. g. Kyle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2
--	---

Sir J. H. Maxwell's ch. h. Springkell, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 3 | Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. m. Fair Helen, aged, 8st. 9lb. 4
 Won in a canter.

A PURSE of 50l. value:—for three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 1lb.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.
 Two-mile heats.

Mr. Skipsey's b. h. *Don Antonio*, by Octavian, 5 yrs old (J. Garbutt) 5 1 1
 Mrs Stephenson's b. c. Billy Watson, 3 yrs old 1 2 2
 Mr. Ferguson's b. f. Sister to Equity, 4 yrs old 4 3 dr.
 Mr. Hudson's b. m. Lady Easyby, 5 yrs old 2 dr.
 Col. Blair's b. f. by Tristy, 3 yrs old 3 dr.

THURSDAY, October 12.—A PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Skipsey's b. h. *Don Antonio*, by Octavian, 5 yrs, 8st. 1lb. (J. Garbutt)... 1 3 1
 Mr. Alexander's gr. g. Kyle, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2 1 3
 Mr. Hudson's ch. g. Careless, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 3 4 2
 Col. Blair's b. f. by Trissy, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. 4 2 4
 Mr. Moss's b. c. Young Bangtail, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 5 dis.

PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Hudson's b. m. *Lady Easyby*, by Whisker, 5 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (Jacques)..... 3 1 1
 Mr. Skipsey's b. h. *Don Antonio*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 1 2 2
 Mr. Stephenson's b. c. Billy Watson, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 dr.
 Sir J. H. Maxwell's b. f. Betty Brown, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 4 dr.

NORTHALLERTON MEETING, 1826.

THURSDAY, October 12.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.: fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a distance.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Russell's ch. f. <i>Emma</i> , by Whisker, out of Gibeidi Fairy (R. Johnson) 1	Spigot 2
Mr. Powllett's gr. c. Brother to Jack	Mr. Tarleton's b. f. Sister to Whim, by Whisker 3
The following also started but were not placed:	
Mr. Armytage's gr. f. by Grey Walton, out of Princess Jemima, by Remembrancer 0	Mr. Wilson's b. f. Ballad Singer, by Grey Malton 0
Mr. Crompton's b. f. Rose Julia, by Blacklock 0	Mr. Petre's ch. c. by Ahjer, out of Leopoldine 0
Mr. Armstrong's b. c. Charley, by Percy—Miss Wilks 0	Mr. J. Joplin's b. c. by Ahjer, dam by Jack-a-Lantern 0

Six to 4 agst Emma, 2 to 1 agst Brother to Jack Spigot, and 4 to 1 agst Mr. Petre's colt. Won easy.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred. Two miles.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Hopkinson's br. f. <i>Harriet</i> , by Fitz-Teazle, 4 yrs, 11st. 2lb. (Mr. Kent).... 1	old, 11st. 11lb. 3
Mr. Shipley's b. f. by Catton, 3 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 2	Mr. Earle's ch. c. Sir Thomas, 4 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. 0
Capt. Healey's b. h. by M'Orville, 5 yrs	Mr. Whitaker's Grey Holderness, aged, 12st. 2lb. 0

Six to 4 agst Harriet. Won easy.

The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Mason's ch. f. by Egremont, out of Lancashire Witch, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (J. Jackson)..... 1 1	Mr. Haworth's gr. m. by Comus, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 5 4
Mr. Wilkinson's ch. f. The Marchioness, Sister to the Countess, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 3 2	Mr. Sykes's ch. f. Strawberry, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 6 5
Mr. Russell's ch. f. by Amadis, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 4 3	Mr. Armstrong's ch. g. by Walton, out of Staveley Lass, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2 6

Five to 4 agst Mr. Mason's filly, and 4 to 1 agst Strawberry; after the first heat, 5 to on Mr. Mason's filly. Won easy.

FRIDAY, October 13.—The BROOMFIELD STAKES, of seven sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two miles.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Pelham's b. g. <i>Jemmy</i> , by Bellero- phon, aged, 12st. 5lb. (M. T. Marris, jun.)	1	Lord Normanby's b. h. <i>Newbrough</i> , aged, 12st. 5lb.	3
Mr. Hopkinson's br. f. <i>Harriet</i> , by Fitz- Teazle, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.	2	Mr. Alderson's ch. g. <i>Bucephalus</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st.	4

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by ten subscribers of 10gs. each, for all ages.
Two miles.

Lord Kennedy's ch. c. <i>Bedlamite</i> , by Welbeck, 3 yrs old, 7st. (T. Farnaby) 1	Spigot, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	3
Mr. Gascoigne's bl. m. <i>Elizabeth</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	Lord Blandford's ch. c. <i>Dragoman</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	4
Mr. Powlett's b. g. <i>Brother to Jack</i> The following also started but were not placed:	Duke of Leeds's b. c. <i>Crowcatcher</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	5
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by <i>Whisker</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	old, 8st. 9lb.	0
Mr. Russell's br. h. <i>Mustachio</i> , 5 yrs Two to 1 on <i>Bedlamite</i> . Won easy.	Lord Darlington's b. h. <i>Serab</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	0

The GENTLEMEN'S SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile
heats.

Mr. Uppleby's gr. f. <i>Camelina</i> , by Camillus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (G. Nelson)	0	1	1
Mr. Whittaker's br. h. <i>Lottery</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	1	0	3
Mr. Petre's ch. f. <i>Missey</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	0	2	2
Lord Kennedy's bl. f. <i>Mary Ann</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	0	3	4
Mr. Whitelock's b. f. <i>Gin</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	0	0	5
Mr. Vansittart's b. f. <i>Curl</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	3	0	dr.
Mr. Ingledew's b. f. <i>Sweet Nan</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	0	0	dr.
Mr. Mason's ch. f. by Egremont, 4 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	2	dr.	

SATURDAY, October 14.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of
all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Sykes's b. g. <i>Cock Robin</i> , by Blacklock, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb. (S. Templeman)	6	1	1
Mr. Gascoigne's bl. m. <i>Elizabeth</i> , by Walton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	1	4	2
Mr. Harrison's b. f. <i>Cream</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	2	5	3
Mr. Whitaker's br. h. <i>Lottery</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	4	6	4
Lord Blandford's ch. c. <i>Dragoman</i> , by Interpreter, 3 yrs old	5	2	dr.
Mr. Uppleby's gr. f. <i>Camelina</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	3	3	dr.
Six and 7 to 4 on <i>Elizabeth</i> ; after the first heat, 2 to 1 agst <i>Elizabeth</i> , 3 to 1 agst			
<i>Cock Robin</i> ; and 4 to 1 agst <i>Camelina</i> ; after the second heat, 6 to 4 on <i>Cock</i>			
<i>Robin</i> . Won easy.			

SILVER CUP, value 50l. given by the Members for the Borough, for horses
not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Earle's ch. c. <i>Sir Thomas</i> , by Eclipse, 4 yrs old, 11st. 8lb. (Mr. Trotter)	1	4	1
Mr. Shipley's b. f. by Catton, 3 yrs old, 10st. 2lb.	0	1	3
Mr. Barker's br. h. by Ledstone, 5 yrs old, 11st. 10lb.	2	3	2
Mr. Coate's b. g. <i>Macara</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	3	2	4
Mr. Armstrong's gr. m. by Giant	0	dr.	
Mr. R. Watson's br. f. by Goliath, 3 yrs old, 10st. 2lb.	0	dr.	
Mr. Charge's br. h. by Petronius, aged, 12st. 3lb.		dis.	
Five to 2 and 3 to 1 on Mr. Barker's horse; after the first heat, 2 to 1 agst Mr. Shipley's filly, and 3 to 1 agst Sir Thomas; after the second heat, even betting on Mr. Shipley's filly, and 3 to 1 agst Sir Thomas. Won easy.			

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1826.

MONDAY, October 16.—The FROGMORE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, 60
ft., for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. I.—Six
subscribers.

Duke of York's ch. f. <i>Elizabeth</i> , by Rainbow, out of Belvoirina (R. Boyce) 1	Duke of Grafton's ch. f. <i>Problem</i> , by Merlin	2
Two to 1 on <i>Problem</i> . Won by a head.		

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—D. M.

Lord Exeter's b. c. <i>Redgauntlet</i> , by Scud, out of Dulcinea, 8st. 6lb. (J. Robinson)..... 1	Lord Wharnccliffe's b. f. <i>Scandal</i> , by Selim, 8st. 9lb..... 2
Five to 4 on Scandal. Won easy.	

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Lord Wharnccliffe's b. f. <i>Pastime</i> , by Partisan, out of Quadrille, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (W. Arnall)..... 1	Mr. Udney's b. h. <i>Tarandus</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb..... 2
Five to 4 on Pastime. Won easy, by a length.	

MATCH for 300, 200 ft.—D. M.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. <i>Paul Jones</i> , by Partisan, out of Niobe, 8st. 7lb. (S. Barnard)..... 1	Mr. Wyndham's bl. c. <i>Black Swan</i> , 8st. 2lb..... 2
Seven to 4 on Paul Jones. Won by a head.	

THE GARDEN STAKES of 100 sovs. each.—T. M. M.—Five subscribers.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. h. <i>Bizarre</i> , by Orville, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (W. Arnall)..... 1	7st. 8lb..... 2
Mr. H. Scott's ch. f. <i>Wings</i> , 4 yrs old, Five to 4 agst Bizarre, 11 to 8 agst Wings, and 5 to 1 agst Swiss Guide. Won by half a length.	Lord Orford's br. c. <i>Swiss Guide</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 3

FIRST YEAR.—ONE THIRD of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 9lb.; fillies, 8st. 6lb.—A. F.—Seven subscribers.

Colonel Wilson's b. c. <i>Lampighter</i> , by Merlin, out of Spotless (J. Day)..... 1	Whalebone..... 2
Lord Egremont's b. c. <i>Lap Dog</i> , by Six to 4 on Lap Dog, 8 to 1 agst Dervise, and 4 to 1 agst Lampighter. Won easy.	Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Dervise</i> , by Merlin..... 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 300 sovs. h. ft., for three-year-olds.—D. I.—Three subscribers.

Duke of York's b. f. <i>Rachel</i> , Sister to Moses, by Whalebone, 8st. 3lb.recd. ft.	
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. <i>Goshawk</i> , by Merlin, out of Coquette, 8st. 7lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Greville's b. f. <i>Rachel</i> , by Whalebone, 8st. 2lb. D. M., 200, h. ft.	

TUESDAY, October 17.—MATCH for 100, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Duke of Richmond's br. f. <i>Starch</i> , by Woful, 2 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (A. Pavis) 1	Mr. Greville's br. c. by Woful, out of Frogmore's dam, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb... 2
Seven to 4 on Mr. Greville's colt. Won by a length.	

MATCH for 200, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—R. M.

Mr. Greville's br. c. <i>Lionel Lincoln</i> , by Whalebone, dam by Sorcerer (W. Arnall)..... 1	Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Cramer</i> , by Election..... 2
Even betting. Won easy, by a length.	

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—T. Y. C.—Eight subscribers.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Allegro, out of Pagoda, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (T. Robinson)..... 1	7st. 8lb..... 2
Lord Verulam's ch. c. <i>Helas</i> , 3 yrs old, The following also started but were not placed:	Lord Jersey's b. f. <i>Henrica</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb..... 3

Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Hobgoblin</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 0	7st. 10lb..... 0
Lord Anson's b. f. <i>Heroine</i> , 3 yrs old, Five to 4 agst Lord G. H. Cavendish's colt, 5 to 2 agst Heroine, 3 to 1 agst Hobgoblin, and 5 to 1 agst Helas. A good race, won by a length.	Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Wamba</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb..... 0

THE CLEARWELL STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 sovs. ft., for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Seventeen subscribers.

Mr. Haffenden's b. c. <i>Trumpeter</i> , by Waxy Pops, out of Bella Donna (W. Arnall)..... 1	out of Tancrad's dam, by Hambletonian..... 3
Mr. Rogers's b. f. <i>Flourish</i> , by Chinker, Arden..... 3	

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Haffenden's br. c. by Waxy Pope, out of Pythoness.....	0	Sir J. Byng's ch. c. by Catton, out of Ursula.....	0
General Grosvenor's bl. c. Sparkler, by Blacklock.....	0	Mr. Dilly's b. c. Crony, by Comus, out of Scarbro's dam, by Haphazard, out of Bourbon's dam.....	0
General Grosvenor's b. f. Icaria, by The Flyer.....	0	Mr. Nowell's br. c. by Comus, out of Young Caprice.....	0
Lord Orford's br. c. Winkey Boss (late Jocko) by Woful, out of Wanton's dam (broke down).....	0	Mr. Forth's ch. f. by Interpreter, out of Sagana.....	0
Two to 1 agst Trumpeter, 5 to 2 agst Atticus, 5 to 1 agst Sir J. Byng's colt, 6 to 1 agst Crony, and 10 to 1 agst Flounce. Won by half a length.			

FIFTY POUNDS, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 4lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Wyndham's b. c. <i>Tom Thumb</i> , by Whalebone, out of Cricketer's dam (G. Dockeray).....	1	of Matilda.....	2
Mr. Dilly's br. f. by Gainsborough, out of Enchantress.....	0	Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. f. by Partisan—Mouse.....	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Sir J. Honeywood's b. f. by Ranter—Enchantress.....	0	Hollyhock.....	0
Mr. Greville's b. f. by Whalebone, dam by Rubens.....	0	Mr. Hunter's ch. f. Soubrette, by Gustavus.....	0
Mr. Tharett's bl. c. by Smolensko—Trumpator.....	0	Lord Exeter's b. f. by Woful, out of Phantom.....	0
General Grosvenor's bl. c. Sparkler, by Blacklock.....	0	Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Ringtail.....	0
Mr. Payne's b. c. Bachelor, by Irish Five to 4 agst Tom Thumb, 5 to 2 agst Mr. Cavendish's filly, and 6 to 1 agst Mr. Dilly's filly. Won by half a length.		Colonel Wilson's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Tippetwitchet.....	0

ONE THIRD of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for four-year-olds.—D. I. Seven subscribers.

Lord Egremont's br. c. *Chateau Margaux*, Brother to Addy, 8st. 10lb.walked over.

WEDNESDAY, October 18.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds.—T.Y.C.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Pettit's ch. c. <i>Vivian Gray</i> , by Anticipation, out of Atalanta (J. Robinson).....	1	General Grosvenor's ch. f. Spite, by Tiresias.....	2
--	---	--	---

Six to 4 on Spite. Won easy, by three lengths.

The Third and Last Year of the OATLAND STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.—B. M.—Ten subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Rufus*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. walked over, and divided the forfeits with Mr. Greville's b. f. Rachel, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. and Lord Anson's b. f. Heroine, 3 yrs old, 7st.

THURSDAY, October 19.—MATCH for 200, h. ft. 8st. 5lb. each.—D.M.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. <i>Goshawk</i> , by Merlin, out of Coquette (F. Buckle) 1	1	Lord Exeter's ch. c. Tirailleur, by Captain Candid.....	2
--	---	---	---

Two to 1 on Goshawk. Won easy.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each.—T.Y.C.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Rogers's ch. c. <i>Mukteer</i> , by Muley, out of Norah, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (W. Whentley).....	1	old, 8st. 10lb.....	2
Lord Wharnccliffe's b. f. Scandal, 4 yrs Six to 4 on Muleteer, 3 to 1 agst Scandal, and 4 to 1 agst Palais Royal. Won easy.		Lord Exeter's b. m. Palais Royal, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	3

MATCH for 200.—D. M.

Lord Exeter's br. c. <i>Recruit</i> , by Whalebone, dam by Teddy, 8st. 2lb. (J. Robinson).....	1	Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Paul Jones, 8st. 9lb.....	2
--	---	--	---

Two to 1 on Paul Jones. Won easy.

HANDICAP PURSE of 100l. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Across the Flat.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. h. <i>Dizarrre</i> , by Orville, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (W. Arnall).....	1	Lord Anson's b. h. Sligo, 5 yrs old, 8st.	
---	---	---	--

8lb.	2	8st. 4lb.	3
Mr. Stephenson's br. h. Logic, 6 yrs old,			
The following also started but were not placed :			
Colonel Wilson's br. g. Bull Dog, by		dre, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	0
Tiresias, out of Spinning Jenny, 4 yrs		Mr. Chifney's b. f. Pigmy, 4 yrs old,	0
old, 8st. 10lb.	0	7st. 12lb.	0
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Rufus, 4 yrs		Mr. Rush's b. g. by Pioneer, out of	
old, 8st. 8lb.	0	Ringtail, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	0
Lord Warwick's ch. m. Double Enten-			
Seven to 4 agst Bizarre, 4 to 1 agst Sligo, and 6 to 1 agst Bull Dog. Won easy.			

MATCH for 100.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Payne's b. c. <i>Bachelor</i> , by Holly-		Mr. Greville's br. f. Fawn, 8 yrs old,	
hack, out of Spinster, by Shuttle, 2 yrs		9st. 4lb.	2
old, 7st. 11lb. (Connolly)	1	Six to 4 on Fawn. Won easy.	
The TOWN PURSE of 50l.:—for three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.;			
five, 8st. 11lb.; six, 9st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—T. M. M.			
Mr. Pettit's br. f. <i>Rigmarole</i> , by Sooth-		Mr. Stephenson's br. h. Logic, 6 yrs old	2
sayer, out of Rantipole, 4 yrs old (J.		Mr. Dilly's b. c. Wamba, by Merlin, 3	
Robinson)	1	yrs old.	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Greville's b. c. by Woful, out of		3 yrs old.	0
Frogmore's dam, 8 yrs old.	0	Mr. Wainsley's b. f. Emerald, by Blu-	
Colonel Wilson's ch. c. by Abjer, out of		cher, 3 yrs old.	0
Spinning Jenny, 8 yrs old.	0	Mr. Batson's br. f. Busk, by Whale-	
Mr. Rogers's gr. c. Turban, by Selim.		bone, 3 yrs old.	0
Six to 4 agst Rigmarole, 3 to 1 agst Turban, and 6 to 1 agst Logic. Won easy.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, 60 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Greville's bl. c. <i>Sir Geoffrey Peveril</i> , by Whalebone, out of Amabel's dam (R. Boyce)	1	Abjer.	2
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Norman, by		Mr. Payne's br. c. The General, by	
Even betting on Norman, 6 to 4 agst The General, and 5 to 1 agst Sir Geoffrey Peveril. Won easy.		Comus.	3

Duke of Rutland's b. f. Adeliza, by Soothsayer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. recd. 150 from Lord Orford's br. h. Orion, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. D. M. 200.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Lord Exeter's b. c. <i>Redgauntlet</i> , by		Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Chloris, Sister	
Scud, out of Dulcinea, 4 yrs old, 9st.		to Paul Jones, 2 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	2
7lb. (J. Robinson) ...	1	Seven to 4 on Redgauntlet. Won easy.	

FRIDAY, October 20.—MATCH for 50, 8st. 5lb. each.—New T. Y. C.

Mr. Dilly's br. c. <i>Crony</i> , by Comus, out		Mr. Udry's br. c. by Comus, out of	
of Scarbro's dam, by Haphazard (S.		Young Caprice.	2
Day)	1	Five to 2 on Crony.	

MATCH for 100 sovs.—A. F.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. <i>Parapluie</i> , by		Mr. Greville's b. f. Rachel, by Whale-	
Merlin, out of Parasol, 7st. 13lb. (F.		bone, 8st. 6lb.	2
Buckle)	1	Five to 4 on Rachel.	

HANDICAP STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Rogers's b. f. <i>Pasta</i> , Sister to Ni-		Lord Verulam's ch. c. Upas, by Abjer,	
colo, by Selim, 7st. 11lb. (F. Buckle) 1		8st. 8lb.	3
Lord Exeter's br. f. by Woful—Pantina,		Lord Anson's b. f. Heroine, by Bustard,	
7st. 13lb.	2	8st. 2lb.	4
Seven to 4 agst Pasta, 5 to 2 agst Upas, and 5 to 2 agst Heroine.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. <i>Novice</i> , by Se-		Mr. Rogers's b. c. Borderer, by Catton	2
lim, out of Rowena, by Haphazard,		Mr. Hunter's ch. f. Soubrette, by Gus-	
(F. Buckle, jun.)	1	tavus.	3
Six to 4 agst Borderer, 2 to 1 agst Soubrette, and 5 to 2 agst Novice.			

The PRENDERGAST STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Twenty-one subscribers.

Mr. Groville's ch. f. <i>Marie</i> , by Waterloo, out of Belvoirina, by Stamford (R. Boyce).....	1	Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Atticus</i> , by Comus 2	
		Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. by <i>Merlin</i> , out of Morel	3
The following also started but were not placed :			
General Grosvenor's b. f. <i>Iracia</i> , by The Flyer, dam by Dick Andrews, granddam by Benningbrough	0	General Grosvenor's bl. c. <i>Sparkler</i> , by Blacklock	0
General Grosvenor's ch. f. <i>Spite</i> , by Tiresias	0	Lord Wharcliffe's b. f. <i>Sister</i> to Girouette	0
Six to 4 agst Atticus, 2 to 1 agst Mr. Thornhill's filly, and 4 to 1 agst Maria.			

MATCH for 200.—A. F.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Enamel</i> , by Phantom, out of Miniature, 4 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (J. Robinson)	0	Mr. Payne's b. f. <i>Babel</i> (late Lillas), by Interpreter, out of Fair Helen, 3 yrs old, 8st.	0
Ran a dead heat. Two to 1 on Enamel.			

Renewal of the SWEETSTAKES of five sovs. each, for all ages.—B.C.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Egremont's br. c. *Chateau Margaux*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb..... walked over.
Mr. Ruah's b. c. *Carthago*, by Pioneer, 8st. 9lb. recd. ft. from Colonel Russell's b. c. *Clown*, by Orville, out of Frank, 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C. 50.

HOLYWELL HUNT MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, October 17.—The TAFFY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Yates's b. c. <i>Paul Pry</i> , Brother to Madame Poki, by Paulowitz (J. Spring)	1	Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Bowsprit</i> , by Rainbow—Cobbea.....	2
--	---	---	---

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Mytton's b. f. <i>Louisa</i> , by Orville, out of Quadrille	0	Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. by Filho da Puta —Britannia	0
Five to 4 on Paul Pry. Won easy.			

The CHIEFTAIN STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 1lb.—T.M.M.—Seven subscribers.

Sir T. Mostyn's br. c. <i>St. David</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Lupino (W. Scott)	1	Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Tiresias—Maid of Lorn.....	2
Even betting. A good race.			

SWEETSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The last half mile.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. *Gros de Naples*, by Blucher, out of Bombasine (G. Nelson), 1

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Mytton's b. f. <i>Harriette Wilson</i> , by Manfred	0	Teniers	0
Sir T. Mostyn's ch. f. <i>Bodlondeb</i> , by Six to 4 agst Sharpshooter, and 4 to 1 agst Gros de Naples.	0	Col. Yates's br. c. <i>Sharpshooter</i> , by Paulowitz	0

The MOSTYN STAKES of 10 sovs. each:—for three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 9lb.—T.M.M.—Twenty-five subscribers.

Mr. Clifton's b. h. <i>Brutaudorf</i> , by Blacklock, out of Lottery's dam, 5 yrs old (G. Nelson).....	1	Mr. Geary's br. f. <i>Arachne</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old	2
--	---	---	---

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Gisborne's b. f. <i>Susan</i> , by Mango, 4 yrs old.....	0	5 yrs old.....	0
Sir T. Stanley's br. c. <i>Doctor Faustus</i> , 4 yrs old.....	0	Mr. Yates's b. c. <i>Paul Pry</i> , by Paulowitz, 3 yrs old	0
Mr. White's br. c. <i>Euxton</i> , by Rinaldo, 3 yrs old	0	Mr. Mytton's b. h. <i>Longwaist</i> , by Whalebone, 5 yrs old	0
Mr. Gleave's b. h. <i>Miller of Mansfield</i> , 3 yrs old	0	Mr. Yates's b. c. <i>Cain</i> , by Paulowitz, 4 yrs old	0

Mr. Benson's ch. f. *Rhapsody*, by Wo-ful, 3 yrs old 0 | Sir T. Mostyn's br. f. *Invalid*, by Whisker, 4 yrs old 0
Two to 1 agst Brutandorf, 3 to 1 agst Doctor Faustus, 4 to 1 agst Rhapsody, and 5 to 1 agst Arachne. A fine race, and won by a neck.

PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles. Ten subscribers.

Sir T. Mostyn's br. c. *St. David*, by Filho da Puta, out of Lupinc, 8st. 5lb. (W. Scott) 1 | Mr. Stanley's ch. c. *Prussian*, by Blucher, 8st. 2lb. 2
Five to 4 on *St. David*.

THURSDAY, October 19.—THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for four and five-year-olds.—The winner to give two dozen of Champagne to the Club.—One mile and a half.—Thirteen subscribers.

Mr. Yates's b. c. *Cain*, by Paulowitz, dam by Paynator, 4 yrs old, 8st. (J. Spring) 1 | Mr. Clifton's b. h. *Brutandorf*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Mytton's b. h. *Longwaist*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 0 | Mr. Stanley's gr. c. *Autocrat*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 0

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 12lb.—One mile and a half.—Six subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's br. f. *Basiliak*, by Blucher, out of Bombasine (G. Nelson) 1

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Mytton's b. c. *Bowsprit*, by Rainbow 0 | Mr. Mytton's b. f. *Louisa*, by Orville... 0

THE HALKIN STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three-quarters.

Mr. Yates's br. f. *Little-Bo-Peep*, by Paulowitz, out of Berenice, by Alexander (J. Spring) 1 | Filho da Puta 2
Mr. Mytton's b. c. *Bowsprit*, by Rainbow—Cobbea 3

Sir T. Mostyn's br. c. *St. David*, by

THE HAWARDEN CASTLE STAKES of 10 sovs. each:—for three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.—Two miles.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Yates's b. c. *Paul Pry*, by Paulowitz, dam by Sorcerer, 3 yrs (T. Lye), 1 old 2 | Mr. Mytton's b. h. *Longwaist*, 5 yrs old 2

The following also started but were not placed :

Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old 0 | Mr. Stanley's gr. c. *Autocrat*, 4 yrs old, 0

HANDICAP STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for two and three-year olds. Half a mile.

Mr. Yates's br. c. *Sharpshooter*, by Paulowitz, out of *Lady of the Lake*, 2 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (T. Lye) 1 | Lord Grosvenor's b. c. *Bradford*, 2 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Stanley's br. c. *Cæstus*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 0 | Beningbrough, 2 yrs, 6st. 10lb. 0
Mr. Mytton's b. f. *Louisa*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 0

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. if declared, &c. with 20 added. Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Sir T. Mostyn's br. f. *Invalid*, by Whisker, out of Helen, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Nelson) 4 1 1

Mr. Gleave's br. h. *Miller of Mansfield*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 1 2 2

Mr. Gisborne's b. f. *Susan*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2 3 dr.

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. *Wenlock*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 3 4 dr.

WORCESTER AUTUMN MEETING, 1826.

THURSDAY, October 26.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Tench's b. g. by Ambo, out of Olivia Jordan, by Sir Oliver, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11b. 1 4 3 1

Mr. Day's b. f. Young Zuleika, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	3	1	2	2
Mr. Bodenham's b. f. Sprite, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.....	2	2	1	3
Mr. Smith's b. f. by Cannon Ball, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.....	0	3	4	
Mr. Cook's b. f. Maid of Mansfield, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	4	dr.		
Mr. Twamley's ch. f. Tintoretto, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.....	0	dr.		
Mr. Pickernell's b. f. Baroness, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	0	dr.		

A good race.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with a Cup added, for horses not thoroughbred.—Heats, one mile and quarter.

Mr. Price's br. g. by Overseer, 8 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.....	1	1	Mr. Corbett's g. by St. Domingo, aged, 11st. 11lb.....	0	4
Mr. Thorne's Sudbury Lass, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	2	2	Mr. Patrick's g. Une Deux Cinq, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.....	3	0
Mr. Jones's gr. h. by Grimaldi, 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.....	0	3	Mr. Patrick's ch. g. by Young Spear, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	4	0
The following also started but were not placed:					
Mr. Smith's b. m. Doll, aged, 11st. 11lb.....	0		old, 11st. 4lb.....	0	
Mr. Pickernell's m. by Phlegon, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.....	0		Mr. Vernon's ch. m. Quicksilver, aged, 11st. 11lb.....	0	

Won easy.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING, 1896.

MONDAY, October 30.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. 8st. 4lb. T.Y.C.—Three subscribers.

General Grosvenor's ch. f. <i>Spite</i> , by Ti. resins, out of <i>Sprite</i> (W. Clift).....	1	Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. f. <i>Sister to Godolphin</i>	2
Six to 4 on Lord G. H. Cavendish's filly. Won by half a length.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Hunter's ch. c. by Gustavus, dam by Scud, out of CWY's dam (W. Arnall).....	1	Mr. Dilly's bl. c. by Blacklock, out of Scancataldi.....	3
Mr. H. Scott's ch. f. Miss Hammond, by Gustavus, out of Harriet's dam ...	3	Mr. Greville's br. c. by Waterloo, out of Aaron's dam.....	4
Five to 4 on Mr. Hunter's colt. Won by a head.			

THE SCRUB STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; that were not engaged in the Derby, Oaks, or Riddlesworth Stakes.—R. M.—Six subscribers.

Lord Anson's ch. c. <i>Noureddin</i> , by Aladdin, out of Rigmarole's dam (W. Arnall).....	1	out of Penelope.....	2
Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Wamba</i> , by Merlin, Six to 5 on Noureddin, and 6 to 4 agst Wamba. Won by a length.		Lord Jersey's b. c. by Phantom, out of Blunder's dam.....	3

MATCH for 200.—T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's b. c. <i>Redgauntlet</i> , by Scud, out of Dulcinea, 4 yrs old, 10st. (J. Robinson).....	1	Mr. Payne's br. c. Bachelor, 2 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	2
Two to 1 on Redgauntlet. Won by half a length.			

MATCH for 100, h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Duke of Richmond's br. f. <i>Starch</i> , by Woful, dam by Zodiac, 8st. 7lb. (F. Boyce).....	1	Lord Exeter's ch. c. Atticus, by Comus, 8st. 2lb.....	2
Eleven to 8 on Atticus. Won by half a length.			

MATCH for 200, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—D. M.

Mr. Greville's b. f. <i>Rachel</i> , Sister to <i>Moss</i> , by W. Halesons (R. Boyce).....	1	Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Norman, by Ajax.....	2
Six to 4 on Rachel. Won by a head.			

FIRST YEAR.—ONE-THIRD of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, *bona fide* the property of subscribers:—for five-year-olds, 8st. 8lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 3lb.—B.C.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Wharnccliffe's b. h. *El Dorado*, by binson) 1
Sir Walter Raleigh, 5 yrs old (J. Ro- | Lord Egremont's gr. c. Stumps, 4 yrs ... 2
Five to 4 on El Dorado. Won by half a length.

Colonel Wilson's b. c. *Lamplighter*, by Merlin, rec. ft. from Lord Orford's ch. c. The Rector, by Muley, no weights mentioned, 200, h. ft. A.F.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. by Sam, out of Romp's dam, 8st. 7lb. rec. 50 ft. from Mr. Greville's b. c. Menops, by Manfred, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.—Mr. Greville to-stake 100 sovs. to 80.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Paul Jones, by Partisan, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. rec. ft. from Lord Orford's br. c. Winkey Boss, Brother to Wanton, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 200, T.Y.C.

Duke of Grafton's br. f. Mantua, by Woful, 8st. rec. ft. from Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Colleger, by Rubens, 8st. 5lb. 100, T.Y.C.

TUESDAY, October 31.—MATCH for 200.—R.M.

Duke of Rutland's b. f. *Adeliza*, by | Mr. Payne's b. f. Babel, 3 yrs old, 8st.
Soothsayer, 4 yrs, 9st. (J. Robinson) 1 | 1lb. 2
Six to 4 on Adeliza. Won by half a length.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Greville's ch. f. *Maria*, by Water- | Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Tom Thumb, 8st.
loo, out of Belvoirina, 8st. (R. Boyce) 1 | 3lb. 2
Five to 4 on Maria. Won by a length.

HANDICAP PURSE of 100 sovs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—D. I.

Duke of Portland's br. c. *Mortgage*, by | 7st. 6lb. 3
Teasdale, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (J. Day) 1 | Mr. O'Conner's b. h. Dumps, 6 yrs old,
Lord Anson's b. h. Sligo, 5 yrs old, 8st. | 8st. 4lb. 4
12lb. 2 | Mr. Rush's b. g. by Pioneer, out of
Mr. H. Scott's ch. f. Wings, 4 yrs old, | Ringtail, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 5
Even betting on Mortgage, 3 to 1 agst Sligo, and 4 to 1 agst Wings. Won by a length.

FIFTY POUNDS:—for two-year-olds, a feather; three, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 7lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.—Last three miles of B.C.

Lord Anson's b. f. *Heroine*, by Bustard, | Mr. Greville's b. f. Abigail, by Whale.
out of Maid of Orleans, 3 yrs old, 7st. | bone, 2 yrs old 4
5lb. (F. Buckle, jun.) 1 | Mr. Rush's b. g. by Pioneer, out of
Mr. Gully's br. f. Rigmorale, 4 yrs old, 2 | Ringtail, 4 yrs old 5
Mr. Dilly's b. c. Escape, by Filho da | Mr. Rogers's b. c. Borderer, by Catton,
Putu, 4 yrs old (bought of Mr. Houlds- | 2 yrs old 6
worth) 3
Seven to 4 on Rigmorale, 5 to 1 agst Escape, and 12 to 1 agst Heroine. Won easy by a length.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Chloris, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Rogers's b. c. Borderer, 7st. 11lb. From the turn of the Lands in, 75 sovs.—Off by consent.

WEDNESDAY, November 1.—MATCH for 100 sovs.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Rogers's ch. c. *Muleteer*, by Muley, | Lord Wharnccliffe's b. c. Crusader, 3 yrs
4 yrs old, 9st. (W. Wheatley) 1 | old, 7st. 10lb. 2
Five to 4 on Muleteer. Won easy.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—D.M.

Colonel Wilson's b. c. *Lamplighter*, by | Lord Exeter's b. c. Redgauntlet, 4 yrs
Merlin, 3 yrs old, 8st. (F. Buckle) ... 1 | old, 8st. 12lb. 2
Six to 4 on Redgauntlet. Won easy.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—D.M.

Lord Wharnccliffe's b. f. *Pastime*, by | Lord Exeter's ch. c. Enamel, 4 yrs old,
Partisan, 4 yrs, 8st. 1lb. (W. Arnall) 1 | 8st. 7lb. 2
Two to 1 on Pastime. Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS:—for two-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; and three, 8st. 10lb.—T.Y.C.
Mr. Dilly's br. f. by Gainsborough, out | Woful, 3 yrs old 2
of Matilda, 2 yrs old (A. Pavis) 1 | Lord Jersey's b. c. by Phantom, out of
Duke of Grafton's br. f. Mantua, by | Blunder's dam, 3 yrs old 3

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Ridesdale's br. c. Flamingo, by Oiseau, out of Medora, 3 yrs old	1	Godolphin	0
Sir J. Honeywood's b. f. Linda, by Ranter, 2 yrs old	2	Mr. Rogers's b. f. Pasta, by Selim, 3 yrs old	0
Lord Wharncliffe's b. f. Sister to Girouette, 2 yrs old	3	Mr. Hunter's ch. f. by Comus—Sprightly, 3 yrs old	0
Duke of Rutland's ch. c. by Lishmahago, 3 yrs (bought of Mr. Barnard)...	0	Mr. Rush's b. c. by Pioneer, out of Discord, 2 yrs old	0
Mr. Forth's b. c. Skyrocket, by Selim, 3 yrs old	0	Lord Exeter's b. f. by Woful, out of Phantom, 2 yrs old	0
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. f. Sister to Two to 1 agst the winner, 3 to 1 agst Flamingo, and 6 to 1 agst Mantua. Won easy.		Mr. Batson's br. f. Busk, by Whalebone, 3 yrs old	0

The winner was claimed according to the articles, for 350gs.

FIFTY POUNDS, for three-year-olds, and upwards.—A. F.

Mr. Payne's br. c. <i>Shakespeare</i> , by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly, 3 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (W. Clift)	1	old, 8st.	2
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Hobgoblin, 3 yrs		Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Lap Dog, 3 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Stephenson's br. h. Logic, 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb.	0	Duke of Grafton's b. f. Paraplue, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	0
Mr. Greville's br. c. Lionel Lincoln, 4 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	0	Mr. Batson's br. f. Busk, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb.	0
Mr. Forth's b. c. Premier, 3 yrs old, 8st. 0	0	Mr. Rush's br. c. by Pioneer, out of Ringtail, 3 yrs old	0
Two to 1 agst Shakespeare, 4 to 1 agst Lionel Lincoln, 5 to 1 agst Lap Dog, 6 to 1 agst Paraplue, and 7 to 1 agst Logic. Won easy.			

THURSDAY, November 2.—MATCH for 50.—T.Y.C.

Col. Russell's b. c. <i>Clown</i> , by Orville, out of Franks, 3 yrs old, 8st. (J. Robinson)	1	Mr. Pettit's ch. c. Vivian Gray, 2 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	2
		Even betting. Won by a neck.	

HANDICAP STAKES of 10sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—T.Y.C.

Nine subscribers.

Mr. Udny's b. h. <i>Tarandus</i> , by Sorcerer or Zodiac, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (F. Buckle)	1	3 yrs old, 9st.	2
Lord Wharncliffe's ch. h. Reformer, 5		Lord Exeter's b. m. Palais Royal, 6 yrs old, 8st.	3

The following also started but were not placed ;

Mr. Stephenson's br. h. Logic, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	0	Duke of Grafton's br. f. Mantua, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	0
Mr. Wyndham's bl. c. Black Swan, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	0	Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Allegro, out of Pagoda, 3 yrs, 6st. 13lb.	0
Seven to 2 agst Tarandus, 4 to 1 agst Logic, Reformer. Won by a length.		5 to 1 agst Palais Royal, and 6 to 1 agst	

MATCH for 150, h. ft.—D. I.

Mr. Rogers's br. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by Comus, out of Corinne, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.		(F. Buckle, jun.)	1
Six to 5 on Monarch. Won by a neck.		Lord Anson's b. h. Sligo, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2	2

SUBSCRIPTION HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.

D. I.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Hobgoblin</i> , by Comus, 3 yrs, 7st. 8lb. (F. Buckle, jun.)	1	Mr. Rush's br. c. by Pioneer—Ringtail, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	4
Lord Tavistock's ch. f. Leeway, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	2	Duke of Grafton's b. f. Paraplue, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	5
Lord Warwick's ch. m. Double Entendre, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3	Duke of Rutland's ch. c. by Lishmahago, 3 yrs old, 7st.	6
Thirteen to 8 agst Hobgoblin, 3 to 1 agst Leeway, and 5 to 1 agst Paraplue. Won by two lengths.			

MATCH for 100.—D. M.

Mr. Greville's b. f. <i>Rachel</i> , by Whalebone, 8st. 4lb. (R. Boyce)	1	Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Norman, by Abjer, 7st. 13lb.	2
Eleven to 8 on Norman. Won by a neck.			

Mr. Mills's ch. c. *Apelles*, by Rubens, agst Mr. Greville's bl. c. by Whalebone, 8st. 5lb. each, 100, h. ft. R. M. Off by consent.

FRIDAY, November 3.—MATCH for 200, 8st. 3lb.—D. M.
Lord Orford's b. h. *Orion*, by Phantom, | Duke of Rutland's b. f. *Adelisa*, 4 yrs, 2
5 yrs old (W. Arnall)..... 1 | Six to 4 on *Adelisa*.

MATCH for 200, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—D. M.
Mr. H. Scott's sh. c. *Goshawk*, by Mer- | Lord Wharmcliffe's b. c. *Crusader*, by
lin, out of *Coquette* (J. Robinson)..... 1 | Cervantes 2
Five to 4 on *Goshawk*.

MATCH for 100.—T. Y. C.
Mr. Payne's br. c. *Bachelor*, by Holly- | Mr. Rogers's bl. c. *Nonsuit*, by Smolen-
hock, out of *Spinster*, 8st. 2lb. (W. | sko, 8st. 4lb..... 3
Arnall) 1 | Six to 4 on *Nonsuit*.

MATCH for 500, h. ft.—T. Y. C.
Mr. Greville's ch. f. *Maria*, by Water- | Lord Exeter's br. c. *Recruit*, 3 yrs old,
loo, out of *Belvoirina*, 2 yrs old, | 8st. 5lb..... 2
6st. 12lb. (A. Pavis) 1 | Six to 4 on *Maria*.

MATCH for 25, 8st. 3lb. each.—T. Y. C.
Mr. Ramsbottom's ch. c. by *Hollyhock*, | Mr. Dilly's b. c. *Wamba*, by Merlin ... 2
out of *Jumelle* (J. Robinson) 1 | Seven to 4 on *Wamba*.

MATCH for 200.—A. F.
Mr. Payne's br. c. *Shakespeare*, by Smo- | Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. h. *Bizarre*,
lensko, 3 yrs, 7st. 9lb. (F. Buckle) ... 1 | 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb..... 2
Two to 1 on *Shakespeare*.

MATCH for 100, h. ft.—A. F.
Mr. Greville's br. c. *Lionel Lincoln*, by | Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Enamel*, by Phan-
Whalebone, 8st. 3lb. (T. Goodisson) 1 | tom, 8st. 7lb. 2
Two to 1 on *Enamel*.

THE AUDLEY END STAKES of 30 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and up-
wards.—A. E. C.

Duke of Portland's br. c. <i>The Alderman</i> , by Bourbon, 4 yrs, 8st. 1lb. (J. Day), 1	1 yrs old, 8st. 5lb..... 3
Lord Anson's b. f. <i>Heroine</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 2	Lord Exeter's b. c. <i>Redgauntlet</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb..... 4
Lord Wharmcliffe's b. h. <i>El Dorado</i> , 5	Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. h. <i>Bizarre</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 5

Duke of Portland's br. c. *Mortgage*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. paid.—Mr. Wyndham's
br. c. *Chateau Margaux*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. paid 10 sovs. ft.
Even betting on *The Alderman*, and 7 to 1 agst *Heroine*.

SWEESTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb.
A. F.—Three subscribers.

Lord Anson's ch. c. *Noureddin*, by Aladdin.....recd. ft.
Lord Exeter's br. c. *Recruit*, by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. agst Mr. Greville's
ch. f. *Maria*, 2 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. T. Y. C. 100, h. ft. Off by consent.

SATURDAY, November 4.—MATCH for 200 sovs.—Last three miles
of B. C.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. *Chloris*, Sister | Mr. Rogers's b. c. *Borderer*, by Catton,
to Paul Jones, 8st. 6lb. (F. Buckle)... 1 | 8st. 2
Two to 1 on *Borderer*. Won by a neck.

MATCH for 200 sovs. 8st. 4lb. each.—D. M.
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Norman*, by | Mr. Greville's b. f. *Paraplue*, by Mer-
Abjer, out of *Rowena* (F. Buckle).... 1 | lin..... 2
Five to 4 on *Paraplue*. Won by a length.

MATCH for 50, h. ft.—A. F.
Mr. H. Scott's ch. f. *Wings*, by The | Mr. Dilly's b. c. *Escape*, by Filho da
Flyer, 8st. 10lb. (J. Robinson)..... 1 | Puta, 8st. 7lb..... 2
Five to 4 on *Escape*. Won by a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Hammond's ch. f. <i>Miss Hammond</i> , by Gustavus, out of Harriet's dam (J. Robinson).....	1	by Cervantes, out of Miss Brocket.....	2
Mr. Pettit's ch. c. by Waxy Pope, dam		Duke of Grafton's br. c. Damon, by	3
		Amadis.....	

Even betting on Mr. Hammond's filly.

MATCH for 25 sovs. 8st. each.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Dilly's br. c. <i>Crony</i> , by Comus, out of Scarbro's dam (A. Pavis).....	1	Mr. Greville's br. f. Abigail, by Whale- bone—Rubens.....	2
Six to 4 on Abigail		Won by a length.	

MATCH for 25 sovs. 8st. each.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Wamba</i> , by Merlin, out of Penelope (A. Pavis).....	1	Mr. Greville's b. f. Lillias, by Amadis...	2
Six to 4 on Lillias.		Won by two lengths.	

Mr. Rush's b. c. Carthago, by Pioneer, 8st. 5lb. recd. ft. from Lord Anson's ch. c. Nouredin, by Aladdin, 8st. 4lb. D. M. 100, h. ft.

TARPORLEY HUNT MEETING, 1826.

THURSDAY, November 2.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Twice round.—Seventeen subscribers.

Mr. France's b. g. <i>Gamcock</i> , by Go- lumpus, 5 yrs old, 11st. 8lb. (Mr. White).....	1	aged, 11st. 10lb.....	2
Sir H. Mainwaring's gr. m. Malvinia,		Mr. Armistead's b. g. Sinapsis, 5 yrs old, 11st. 8lb.....(bolted)	0

The **FARMERS' CUP**, with 15 sovs. added.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Fenna's b. g. by Champion, 6 yrs old, 12st.....	1	1	yr. old, 11st. 5lb.....	2	2
Mr. Dodd's gr. f. by Friend Ned, 4			Mr. Shaw's ch. f. by Grand Duke, 4 yr. old, 11st. 5lb.....	3	dr.

A **SILVER CUP**, given by Lord Delamere, for Yeomanry horses.—Heats.

Mr. Hand's b. g. by Pine Apple, 6 yrs old.....	2	1	1
Mr. Bird's ch. f. by Maximilian, 4 yrs old.....	1	2	2

Four others also started.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of the WINNING HORSES, &c.

IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES, 1826.

[The figure at the beginning of the paragraph denotes the age of the horse—that at the end the number of prizes won.]

By **ABJER**, Son of Truffle.

2. **CHES.** Colt (out of Leopoldine), Mr. Lambton's, 400l. at Doncaster.....1
2. Ches. Colt (out of Wathcote Lass), Mr. Russell's, 60l. at Newcastle.....1
3. Norman, Duke of Grafton's, the Albany Stakes of 175l. at Ascot Heath, and 200l. at Newmarket.....2
2. Reviewer, Lord Kelburne's, 200l. at Catterick.....1

3. The Captain, Mr. Pickford's, 50l. at the Hoo.....1
3. The Palfrey, General Grosvenor's, 50l. at Newmarket.....1
3. Upas, Lord Verulam's, 50l. at Newmarket.....1

By **ACASTUS**, Son of Smuggler.

3. Sportsman, Mr. Bristowe's, 47l. at Aberystwith.....1
H 2.

By ACCIDENT.

4. Maiden, Mr. Glass's, 55l. at Fife Hunt.....1

By ALADDIN, Son of Giles.

3. Leeway, Lord Tavistock's, 50l. at Newmarket; 50l. at Bedford; and 200l. at Newmarket.....3

3. Nouredin, Lord Anson's, 200l.; the Scrub Stakes of 350l.; and 100l. at Newmarket.....3

3. The Link Boy, Duke of Richmond's; the Cowdray Stakes of 125l. 90l. and 50l.; at Goodwood; 55l., the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes of 195l. at Egham; the Wellington Stakes of 56l., and the Hackwood Stakes of 25l. at Basingstoke.....7

By ALLEGRO, Son of Orville.

3. Bay Colt (out of Pagoda), Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 70l. at Newmarket.....1

By AMADIS, Son of Don Quixote.

3. Bay Colt (out of Miss Cragie), Mr. Mytton's, 100l. 60l. and 60l. at Nottingham.....3

5. Florismart, Lord Fitzwilliam's, the Fitzwilliam Stakes of 60l. and one of the Great Subscription Purse of 283l. 7s. at York August Meeting.....2

3. Lillias, Duke of Grafton's, 50l. at Newmarket.....1

3. Syntax, Mr. Heathcote's, 50l. at Rochester and Chatham; 50l. at Canterbury; the Manor Bowl of 50l. at Tunbridge; and 50l. at Isle of Thanet.....4

By AMBO, Son of Meteor or Diamond.

5. Bay Gelding, Mr. Tench's, 50l. at Anson Hunt, 45l. and 40l. at Rugely, 52l. at Stafford, and 50l. at Worcester Autumn Meeting.....5

5. Fanny, Mr. Wheeler's, 45l. at Tenbury, and 55l. at Worcester.....2

By ANTICIPATION, Son of Hambletonian.

3. Ches. Colt (out of Isis), Mr. Pryse's, 95l. at Bibury, and 50l. at Oxford.....2

5. Presentiment, Mr. Farquharson's, 55l. at Bath and Bristol, twice 50l. at Salisbury, 50l. at Blandford, and twice 50l. at Weymouth.....6

2. Vivian Gray (late the Devil), Mr. Molony's, 200l. at Newmarket.....1

By ARDROSSAN, Son of John Bull.

3. Ada, Mr. Farquharson's, 250l. and 100l. at Caledonian Hunt.....2

5. Bay Mare, Mr. J. Wyrill's, 40l. at Haigh Park.....1

4. Beatrice, Lord Milton's, the Produce Stakes of 300l. at York August Meeting, and 50l. at Lincoln.....2

3. Brown Colt (Highlander), Sir P. Musgrave's, 50l. at Kendal.....1

2. Brown Gelding (Brother to Jack Spigot), Mr. Powlett's, 50l. at Middleham;

and the Silver Cup value 60gs. with 25l. in specie, at Richmond.....2

4. Gift, Sir A. Ramsay's, 50l. at Kelsø, 50l. at Montrose, 45l. at Aberdeen, and thrice 50l. at the Caledonian Hunt.....6

6. Little Driver, Captain Locke's, 55l. at Hampton, 50l. and the Cocked Hat Stakes of 42l. at Goodwood, the Vine Stakes of 60l. and Mr. Williams's, 50l. at Basingstoke, and 55l. at Abingdon.....6

4. Mr. Munn, Mr. Clifton's, the Wilton Stakes of 140l. and 100l. at Manchester, 70l. at Preston, the Gold Cup value 100l. with 10l. in specie, at Knutsford.....4

3. My Dearie O! Mr. Baillie's, 30l. and 125l. at Kelsø.....2

4. Ree's Effendi, Captain Maitland's, the Harrier Stakes at Ayre.....1

2. Romeo, Mr. Baird's, 300l. and 125gs. at Edinburgh, and 125l. at Newcastle.....3

3. Sir Malachi Malagrowther, Mr. Baird's, the Albion Stakes of 450l. at Edinburgh, the Newcastle Stakes of 160l. at Newcastle, the St. Leger Stakes of 275l. and 50l. at Caledonian Hunt.....4

By ANACREON, Son of Walton.

3. Bay Colt (out of Spell), Mr. Fellowes's, 50l. at Bath and Bristol.....1

By ASHTON, Son of Walnut.

7. Worcester, Mr. Thorne's, 50gs. at Mostyn Hunt.....1

By BELLEROPHON, Son of Orville.

3. Jemmy, Mr. Everitt's, 56l. at Beverley, and the Broomhill Stakes of 49l. at Northallerton.....2

By BLACKLOCK, Son of Whitelock.

3. Bay filly (out of Washerwoman), Mr. Horley's, 30l. at Beverley, and 50l. at Richmond.....2

3. Belzoni, Mr. Watt's, the St. Leger Stakes of 250l. and the Colt Sapling Stakes of 150l. at York Spring Meeting; Mr. Dilly's 400l. at Doncaster.....3

2. Brownlock (now Nivalis), Mr. J. Smith's, the Richmond Club Stakes of 80l. at Catterick; Mr. Darnell's, 80l. at Stockton.....2

4. Brownlock, Mr. Richardson's, 120l. at York Spring Meeting; the Gold Cup value 100l. and 80l. at Beverley; the Gold Cup value 100l. at Rotherham; and the King's Purse of 100gs. at Doncaster.....5

5. Brutandorf, Mr. Clifton's, the Tradesman's Gold Cup value 100gs. with 415l. in specie, and the Stand Cup value 100gs. with 150l. in specie, at Cheater; and the Mostyn Stakes of 240l. at Holywell.....3

4. Cock Robin, Mr. Sykes's, 50l. at Durham, 45l. and 50l. at Grimsby, the Wynyard Stakes of 60l. at Stockton, 50l. at Pontefract, 35l. and a Gold Cup value 100l. at the Midland Meeting, and 50l. at Northallerton.....8

4. Crowcatcher, Duke of Leeds's, the Dundas Stakes of 100gs. at Richmond...1

3. Fama, Mr. J. Hopkinson's, 90l. at Catterick, 48l. at Durham, and 40l. at Lancaster.....3

4. Hazard, Mr. Smith's, 50l. at Edinburgh.....1

3. Mary Ann, Lord Kennedy's, 100l. and the Filly Stakes of 140l. at Catterick, and twice 60l. at Richmond.....4

2. Popey, Mr. T. O. Powlett's, the Harforth Stakes of 250l. and 320l. at York August Meeting.....2

2. Rose Julia, Mr. Crompton's, 180l. at Malton, and 80l. at Beverley.....2

2. Sparkler, General Grosvener's, 180l. at Stamford.....1

3. Squat, Mr. Wise's, 50l. at Grimsby..1

By BLUCHER, Son of Waxy.

3. Basilak, Lord Grosvenor's, 175l. at Holywell.....1

4. Bonduca, Mr. Dilly's, 50l. at Newmarket.....1

2. Bradford, Lord Grosvenor's, 60l. at Manchester.....1

2. Gros de Naples, Lord Grosvenor's, 225l. at Holywell.....1

6. Palais Royal, Lord Exeter's, 100l. at Newmarket.....1

By BOURBON, Son of Sorcerer.

4. Fleur de Lis, Sir M. W. Ridley's, 120l. and the Gold Cup value 100l. with 60l. in specie, at York Spring Meeting; the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. and 100l. at Newcastle; the Doncaster Stakes of 300l. and the Gold Cup value 200gs. at Doncaster; the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 70l. in specie, at Lincoln.....7

4. Octavus, Mr. Wright's, 50l. at Malton.....1

4. The Alderman, Duke of Portland's, the Audley End Stakes of 160l. at Newmarket.....1

4. Ultima, Colonel King's 50l. at York August Meeting, and 70gs. at Lincoln.. 2

By BUFFER.

a. Buffer, Mr. Thompson's, 40l. at Newton; Lord Wilton's, 25l. at the Midland Meeting.....2

By BUSTARD, Son of Castrel.

3. Brown Colt (out of Mervinia), Mr. Mytton's, 150l. at Burton-upon-Trent, and 50l. at Lichfield.....2

3. Heroine, Ld. Anson's, 25l., 33l. 6s. 8d. and 50l. at Newmarket.....3

4. Linnet, Mr. Yates's, 300l. at Doncaster.....1

6. Pewit, Mr. C. Day's, 45l. at Stroud and Minchinghampton.....1

By BUSTLER, Son of Camillus.

4. The Major, Mr. Carnegie's, 100l. at Montrose, a Gold Cup value 100l. at Aberdeen, and 45l. at Fife Hunt.....3

By CAMILLUS, Son of Hambletonian.

3. Camelina, Mr. Uppleby's, 50l. at Northallerton.....1

6. General Mina, Sir T. Stanley's, the Leamington Stakes of 570l. at Warwick...1

By CANNON BALL, Son of Sancho.

3. Bay Filly (out of Portrait's dam), Mr. J. Stevens's, 50l. at Worcester.....1

4. Conviction, Mr. Platel's, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. at Stamford.....1

2. Granby, Mr. Petre's, 140l. at Pontefract.....1

4. Mayflower, Mr. Burton's, 50l. at Anson Hunt.....1

3. Grey Filly (Sister to Mayflower), Mr. Burton's, 35l. at Lichfield, and 40l. at Stafford.....2

By CAPSICUM, Son of Sir Peter.

a. St. Leger, Mr. Bayard's, 35l. at Malton, and 200l. at Beverley.....2

By CAPTAIN CANDID, Son of Cerebus.

3. Tiralleur, Lord Exeter's, 200l. and 150l. at Newmarket.....2

By CARBON, Son of Waxy.

3. Necklace, Mr. Alfred's, 40l. at Epson.....1

By CARLTON, Son of Cardinal York.

4. All-fours, Mr. Day's, a Silver Cup (in dispute) at Stockbridge.....1

By CATTON, Son of Gohumpus.

2. Bay Colt (Nonplus), Mr. W. Scott's, 200l. at Leeds.....1

3. Bay Colt (dam by Remembrancer), Mr. Farquharson's, 50l. at Kelso; 50l. at Montrose; 50l., the Ladies' Purse with 25l. added, and twice 50l. at Inverness; and 50l. at Caledonian Hunt.....7

6. Bashful, Mr. Shackell's, the King's Purse of 100gs. (for hunters) at Ascot Heath.....1

4. Bucephalus, Mr. Alderson's, the Durham Welter Cup, value 50gs. with 105gs. in specie, at Durham, Mr. Johnson's, 40l. at Manchester.....2

3. Cream, Mr. Harrison's, 50l. at Chesterfield.....1

3. Ches. Filly (out of Altisidora), Mr. Watt's, the Filly Sapling Stakes of 100l. at York Spring Meeting, 80l. at Beverley, the Produce Stakes of 600l. at York August Meeting.....3

4. Congeon, Mr. Bartley's, 50gs. at Mostyn Hunt, and 42gs. at Stroud and Minchinghampton.....2

3. Lady Georgiana, Lord Scarbrough's, 330l. at York August Meeting.....1

3. Grecian Queen, Lord Kennedy's, the Black Hall Stakes of 400gs. at Black Hall; Mr. Farquharson's, 100l. at Caledonian Hunt.....2

3. Missy, Mr. Petre's, the St. Leger Stakes of 125l. at Leeds.....1

3. Mulatto, Lord Fitzwilliam's, the Peregine Stakes of 30l. at York August Meeting, and the Champion Stakes of 110l. at Lincoln.....2

3. Royal Oak (now Mr. Catton), Mr. Harrison's, 50l. at Newcastle; Mr. Dickenson's, 60gs. and 50l. at Chesterfield; and 50l. at Rugeley.....4

3. Tarrare, Lord Scarbrough's, the Great St. Leger Stakes of 2350l. at Doncaster.....1

3. Truth, Mr. J. Croft's, the Produce Stakes of 115l. 12s. at Catterick Bridge; 125gs. at Middleham; Mr. Gully's, 50l. at Rochester and Chatham, and two Gold Cups, value 100 sovs. each, at Canterbury.....5

3. True Blue, Mr. Loftus's, 350gs. at Newcastle.....1

4. The Countess, Mr. Robinson's 50l. at Knutsford, and 65l. at the Midland Meeting.....2

4. Vitula, Mr. Gore's, 80l. and 45l. at Oxford.....2

By CERVANTES, Son of Don Quixote.

3. Crusader, Lord Wharnccliffe's, the Clarendon Stakes of 2000l. and 90l. at Newmarket.....2

3. The Dragon, Lord Wharnccliffe's, the Breakfast Stakes of 400l. and 28l. 10s. at Newmarket.....2

5. The Tod, Mr. Howe's, 50l. at Aberdeen.....1

By CHAMPIGNON, Son of Truffle.

2. Bay Colt (out of Der Freischutz's dam), Sir R. K. Dick's, 135l. at Ayr.....1

By CHAMPION, Son of Selim.

6. Bay Gelding, Mr. Fenna's, the Farmer's Cup, with 15l. in specie, at Tarporley Hunt.....2

3. Latitat, Sir W. Wynne's, 40l. and 120l. at Newton.....1

4. Signiora, Sir W. Wynne's, 160l. at Chester; 170l. and the Gold Cup value 200gs. with 190l. in specie, at Manchester; the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 60gs. in specie, at Nottingham; 110l. at Newcastle (Staffordshire); 100l. at the Pottery; 50l. at Shrewsbury; the Oswestry Stakes of 35l. at Oswestry; and the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Wrexham.....9

By CHESHIRE CHEESE, Son of Sir Peter.

a. Ashbourne, Mr. Mytton's, 60l. at Oswestry.....1

By CLAXTON.

a. Lath, Mr. Longden's, 60l. at Newcastle (Staffordshire).....2

By COCK-A-HOOP.

Ighfield, Mr. J. Griffith's, 50l. at Oswestry.....1

By COMUS, Son of Sorcerer.

2. Atticus, Lord Exeter's, 350l. at Newmarket.....1

3. Almack, Duke of Richmond's, the Pavilion Stakes of 350l. at Brighton.....1

Brown Mare, Mr. Bretherton's, 50l. at Kendal.....1

3. Bolivar, Duke of Grafton's, 675l. at Newmarket.....1

4. Comedian, Mr. Gauntlett's, 200l. at Southampton; 50l. at Winchester; the Gold Cup, with 10l. in specie, at Blandford; the Gold Cup, value 180l. (in specie) at Oxford; the Gold Cup value 110l. (in specie) at Abingdon; 50l. 90l. and 55l. at Glamorganshire; 60l. at Brecon; and 100gs. at Monmouth.....10

5. Confederate, Lord Milton's, one of the Great Subscription Purse of 283l. 7s. at York August Meeting.....1

2. Crony, Mr. Dilly's, 50l. and 25l. at Newmarket.....2

5. Double Entendre, Lord Warwick's, a Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 90l. in specie, at Worcester; the Gold Cup value 100l. with 20l. in specie; and 50l. at Hereford.....3

4. Dramatist, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Manchester, and 55l. at Richmond.....2

4. Fleance, Mr. Goodison's, 50l. at Huntingdon.....1

3. Hobgoblin, Lord Exeter's, 1400l. at Ascot Heath, 60l. at Stamford, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 1000l. and 50l. at Newmarket.....4

4. Humphrey Clinker, Lord Milton's, the Constitution Stakes of 180l. at York Spring Meeting, the Knavesmire Stakes of 100l. at York August Meeting, 65l. and the Produce Stakes of 500l. at Doncaster.....4

4. Ilderim, Captain Standen's, a Gold Cup, value 100l. at Ascot Heath.....1

3. Monarch, Mr. Rogers's, 700l. 200l. and 150l. at Newmarket.....3

2. Matilda, Mr. Petre's, 400l. at York August Meeting, and 625l. at Doncaster.....2

6. Sir Roger, Mr. Jackson's, 90l. at Chester.....1

4. Sophy, Mr. J. Smith's, the Gold Cup value 100gs. and 50l. at Kendal.....2

4. Trinculo, Mr. Mills's, the Craven Stakes of 130l. at Newmarket, 110l. at Epsom, 55l. and 50l. at Winchester; Mr. F. Craven's, the Abingdon Stakes of 95l. at Abingdon.....5

3. The General, Mr. Thornhill's, 700l. at Newmarket.....1

By CONSTABLE, Son of Comus.

3. Young Comus, Mr. T. Simpson's, the Kent Stakes of 100l. at Kendal, and 50l. at Inglewood Hunt.....2

By CORRECTOR, Son of Remembrancer.

6. Young Corrector, Mr. Simpson's, 70l. at Preston, and 50l. at Kendal.....2

By CELEBS, Son of Bevingbrough or Sir Peter.

6. Chilton, Mr. William's, a Silver Bowl value 50 sovs. at Burderop1

By CRECY, Son of Walton.

4. Mephistopheles, Mr. Powlett's, 90l. at Newmarket, 50l. at Stamford, 55l. at Chelmsford, and 50l. at Huntingdon4

By DINMONT, Son of Orville.

6. Yaxley, Mr. Platel's, 45l. at Stamford; 50gs. at Derby; 95l. at Huntingdon; 45gs. at Northampton; the Belvoir Stakes of 70l. at Leicester5

By DITTO (Williamson's.)

6. Luzborough, Lord Palmerston's, the Somersetshire Stakes of 445l. at Bath and Bristol; the Gold Cup value 100l. at Salisbury; the Hampshire Stakes of 90l. and the Gold Cup value 100l. at Winchester; the Oxfordshire Stakes of 256l. at Oxford; the Gold Cup value 100l. with 10l. in specie, at Broderop6

By DON COSSACK, Son of Haphazard.

4. Forester, Mr. Lambton's, the Silver Cup value 50gs. with 5l. in specie, at Durham1

8. Prosody, Mr. H. Percy's, the Tureen and Stand at Bath and Bristol; the Wiltshire Stakes of 250gs. at Salisbury; the King's Purse of 100gs. at Weymouth; 50l. at Dorchester; 100l. at Exeter; 50l. at Taunton; and twice 50l. at Bridgewater8

By DON JUAN, Son of Orville.

4. Brunette, Mr. Horne's, 20gs. at Inverness1

By EBOR, Son of Orville.

5. Cadiz, Mr. Grame's, the Claret Stakes of 285l. the Gold Cup value 120l. and the Club Stakes at The Hoo3

By EGREMONT, Son of Gohanna.

3. Ches. Filly (out of Lancashire Witch), Mr. Mason's, 50l. at Northallerton1

5. Chilton Lass, Mr. Clarke's, the Sandbeck Hunt Stakes of 80l. at Doncaster...1

By ELECTION, Son of Gohanna.

4. Cramer, Duke of Grafton's, 50l. at Newmarket1

4. Nigel, Mr. Heathcote's, the King's Purse of 100gs. and 50l. at Guildford, and twice 50l. at Isle of Thanet4

3. Pigmy, Duke of Grafton's, 50l. and 100l. at Newmarket2

4. Rufus, Duke of Grafton's, 200l.; the J. C. Purse of 50l. 100l. and 33l. 6s. 8d. at Newmarket4

By ELECTOR, Son of Election.

5. Bay Gelding, Mr. Knightley's, 40l. at Warwick4

By FILHO DA PUTA, Son of Haphazard.

4. Arachne, Mr. Geary's, the Chatsworth Stakes of 80l. at Buxton; the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie, at Derby; 60l. at Lichfield; 40l. and 100l. at Leicester; and the Rugeley Stakes of 60l. at Rugeley6

4. Bay Gelding, (Brother to Hexgrave) Mr. Milward's, 40l. at Leeds, 60l. at Stockton, 40l. at Pontefract3

6. Charnwood, Mr. Smith's, 50l. at Lewes, and twice 50l. at Goodwood3

4. Dector Faustus, Sir T. Stanley's, 180l. at Newton; 50l. and the Gold Cup value 100l. with 40l. in specie, at Shrewsbury3

4. Escape, Mr. Houldsworth's, 65l. at Manchester1

3. Elephanta, Mr. Houldsworth's, 60l. and 35gs. at Nottingham2

3. Fanny Davies, Mr. Houldsworth's, 125l. and the Filly Stakes of 180l. at York August Meeting; 125l. and the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Pontefract; the Filly Stakes of 300l. and the Foal Stakes of 300l. at Doncaster6

5. Fille de Joie, Colonel Yates's, 70l. at Bridgnorth; 65l. at Stourbridge; and 50l. at Leicester3

3. Gift, Mr. Houldsworth's, 90gs. at Nottingham1

5. Hajji Baba, Sir T. Stanley's, 60l. at Buxton1

3. Harriet, Mr. Houldsworth's, 80l. at Chester; 45gs. at Nottingham; and 140l. at Pontefract3

3. Maid of Mansfield, Mr. Jackson's, 60gs. at Derby1

5. Miller of Mansfield, Mr. Gleave's, 90l. at Chester; 90l. and 50l. at Lichfield; and 50l. at Walsall4

5. Miss Forester (now Forester Lass) M^{rs}. Cooke's, 50l. at Ludlow; 60l. at Leominster; the King's Purse of 100gs. at Warwick; the Ham Stakes of 50l. at Tewkesbury; Mr. Thorne's, the Berkeley Stakes of 65l. at Gloucester; and 50l. at Monmouth6

5. Orthodox, Sir W. Wynne's, 65l. at Oswestry, 50l. at Wrexham, and 50gs. at Stafford3

6. Palatine, Mr. Griffith's, 50l., the Ladies' Cup value 30l. with 15l. in specie, at Tewkesbury; the Gloucester Stakes of 70l. and 47l. at Gloucester; and 50l. at Monmouth5

3. Sancredo, Sir W. Wynne's, 100gs. at Manchester; 300gs. at Preston; 275gs. at Knutsford; 100gs. at the Pottery; and the Produce Stakes of 150gs. at Oswestry ...5

3. St. David, Sir T. Mostyn's, 300gs. at Chester; the Chieftain Stakes of 175l. and 250l. at Holywell Hunt3

5. Warkworth, Mr. J. Quarton's, 80l. at Edinburgh1

6. Whittington, Mr. Mytton's, 60gs. at Chester 1

By FITZ-JAMES, Son of Delpini.

6. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Painter's, 70l. at Wolverhampton, and 40l. at Stourbridge 2

6. Sophia, Mr. Thacker's, 50l. at Stourbridge; Mr. Smith's, 60l. at Shrewsbury, 2

By FITZ-ORVILLE, Son of Orville.

5. The Nick, Mr. Carnegie's, 40l. at Ayr 1

By FITZ-TEAZLE, Son of Sir Peter.

5. Harriet, Mr. Hopkinson's, the Broom-hill Stakes of 34l. at Rotherham, and 45l. at Northallerton 2

By FROLIC, Son of Hedley.

3. Ches. Colt (Bucksfoot), Lord Egremont's, 60l. at Lewes; Lord Mountcharles's, the Gold Cup, value 110l. (in specie), at Egham 2

5. Spree, Mr. C. Day's, the Herefordshire Stakes of 95l. at Hereford 1

By FUNGUS, Son of Truffle.

3. Mædonia, Mr. R. Wilson's, 100l. at Ipswich; the King's Purse of 100gs. and the Cup Stakes of 70l. at Chelmsford; 50l. at Bedford; and 50l. at Newmarket 5

By FYLDENER, Son of Sir Peter.

6. Triumph, Mr. F. Craven's, 85l. at Abingdon 1

By GAINSBOROUGH, Son of Rubens.

3. Brown Filly (out of Matilda), Mr. O. Day's, 225l., and Mr. Rawlinson's, 200l. at Warwick; Mr. Dilly's, 50l. at Newmarket 3

3. Resemblance, Mr. Rawlinson's, 125l. at Bibury 1

By GOLUMPUS, Son of Gohanna.

5. Bay Gelding, Mr. France's, 100l. at Tarporley Hunt 1

3. Swallowbeck Lass, Mr. Capp's, 50l. at Lincoln 1

By GOVERNOR, Son of Trumpator.

3. Vesta, Mr. Johnson's, 95l. and 60l. at Manchester 2

By GRAND DUKE, Son of Archduke.

4. Autocrat, Ld. Derby's, twice 70l. at Newton; the Peover Stakes of 110l. at Knutsford; and the King's Purse of 100gs. at Lichfield 4

By GREY MIDDLEHAM, Son of Walton.

2. Moonshine, Duke of Leeds's, 180l. at York Spring Meeting; and the Champagne Stakes of 675l. at Doncaster 2

5. Richmond, Mr. Fraser's, a Gold Cup value 100gs., 100gs., and 50l. at Inverness 3

By GREY ORVILLE, Son of Orville.

6. My Lady, Mr. Wood's, a Handicap

Stake at Doncaster Hunt; and a Silver Cup value 25l. and 26l. in specie, at Haigh Park 2

By GREY WALTON, Son of Walton.

3. Ches. Colt, out of Blue Stockings, Lord Kelburne's, 50l. at York Spring Meeting 1

3. Grey Filly (dam by Master Robert), Mr. G. Dawson's, 90l. at Caledonian Hunt 1

By GRIMALDI, Son of Delpini.

4. Grey Gelding, Mr. Stevens's, a Cup value 40gs. with 10gs. in specie, at Moctyn Hunt 1

6. Mina, Captain Davies's, 50l. at Aberystwith 1

By GUY MANNERING, Son of Sorcerer.

4. Aura, Mr. Coming's, 50l. at Wells; 50l. at Dorchester; 50l. at Exeter; and 50l. at Bridgewater 4

By GOODALL.

5. St. Lawrence, Lord W. Lennox's, 50l. at Ascot Heath; a Gold Cup at Hampton; a Silver Cup, value 50l. with 10l. in specie, 25l. and a Match, at Egham 5

By GUSTAVUS, Son of Election.

2. Ches. Colt (dam by Scud), Mr. Hunter's, 350l. at Newmarket 1

2. Filly (out of Harriet's dam), Mr. Hammond's, 40l. at Newmarket 1

By HAPHAZARD, Son of Sir Peter.

4. Haphazard, Mr. Flintoff's, 45l. at Stourbridge 1

By HOLLYHOCK.

2. Bachelor, Mr. Payne's, twice 100l. at Newmarket 2

3. Ches. Colt (out of Jumelle), Mr. Ramsbottom's, 25l. at Newmarket 1

6. Hesperus, Mr. Ormsby Gore's, 50l. at Bibury; the Mendip Stakes of 90l. at Wells; the Silver Bowl and 60gs. at Salisbury; 60l. at Shrewsbury; 50l. at Oswestry; a Silver Cup value 50l., with 50l. in specie, and 60gs. at Wrexham 3

By IDLE BOY, Son of Hedley.

4. Jack Careless, Sir A. Ramsay's, 80l. at Aberdeen, &c. 1

By INTERPRETER, Son of Soothsayer.

5. Auger, Colonel Wilson's, 50l. at Yarmouth 1

4. Capel Cerig, Lord Scarbrough's, 150l. at York August Meeting 1

4. Linguist, Mr. Coleman's, 45l. at Hampton; and 50l. at Canterbury 2

3. Lilius (now Babel), Mr. Forth's, 90l. and the Oaks Stakes of 1560l. at Epsom 2

2. Translation, Mr. Forth's, the Woodcot Stakes of 105l. at Epsom 1

By JUNIPER, Son of Whiskey.

3. Gin, Mr. Whitelock's, 60l. at Leeds, and 40l. at Stockton2
3. Oberon, Sir T. Stanley's, 50l. at Chester1
6. Oscar, Col. Wilson's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Newmarket, and the King's Purse of 100gs. at Ipswich2
7. Weeper, Mr. T. Brook's, the Macaroni Stakes of 40l. at Caistor, and 40l. at Lincoln2

By JUPITER, Son of Sir Oliver.

5. The Duchess, Mr. W. L. Harley's, 50l. at Shrewsbury1

By KEXBY, Son of Golumpus.

6. Diana, Mr. Foster's, a Silver Cup at Doncaster Hunt Meeting1

By KING OF DIAMONDS, Son of Diamond.

4. The Deuce, Mr. Willie's, 59l. at Oxford1

By KING DAVID, Son of Remembrancer.

3. T. P. (now Apostate), Mr. Maule's, the Gold Cup value 100l. at Fife Hunt ...1

By LEOPOLD, Son of Camillus.

4. Count Porro, Mr. Serjeantson's, 50l. at Durham1
7. Lorenzo, Mr. Petre's, 40l. at Haigh Park ...1

By MOUNTEBANK, Son of Gohanna.

2. Lorraine, Mr. Beardsworth's, 125l. at Lichfield, and 50l. at Walsall2

By MOWBRAY, Son of Pandolpho.

7. Newbrough, Lord Normanby's, a Gold Cup value 100l., 50l., and 60l. at the Midland Meeting3

By NORTON, Son of Hyacinthus.

4. Kangaroo, Mr. J. Beaumont's, 50l. and 50gs. at Leicester2
6. Lady Mary, Lord Wilton's, the Pontefract Stakes of 45l. at the Midland Meeting1
- Paul Fry, Mr. Davidson's, the Macaroni Stakes of 70gs. at Inverness1

By OCTAVIAN, Son of Stripling.

4. Bay filly (Sister to Equity), Mr. Ferguson's, 60l. at Stockton, and 50l. at Morpeth2
5. Don Antonio, Mr. Skipsey's, 50l. at Malton, 50l. at Carlisle, and twice 50l. at Dumfries4
3. Garcia, Lord Muncaster's, 60l. at Malton, and 180l. at York Spring Meeting2
5. North Briton, Capt. Douglas's, 50gs. at Edinburgh1
4. Purity, Lord Kelburne's, the Silver Cup value 60gs. with 5gs. in specie, at Newcastle; 45l. and 100l. at Doncaster...3

VOL. XLX. N. S.—No. 112.

By OCTAVIUS, Son of Orville.

3. Black and all Black, Mr. Farquharson's, 50l. at Salisbury, and 49l. at Weymouth2
4. Cricketer, Mr. F. Craven's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Salisbury and Winchester2
6. St. Leger, Mr. W. Watson's, 45l. at Rotherham1

By OISEAU, Son of Camillus.

3. Brown Colt (Flaminga), Mr. Ridsdale's, 50l. at York August Meeting1

By ORION, Son of Beningbrough.

0. Brown Mare, Mr. Elmhirst's, 50gs. at Lincoln...1

By ORVILLE, Son of Beningbrough.

3. Bay Colt (Clown), Mr. Batson's, 50l., and Colonel Russell's, 50l. at Newmarket2
6. Bizarre, Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 320l., the Garden Stakes of 400l., and 100l. at Newmarket3
6. Orville Junior, Mr. Ockendon's, 50l. at Burderop1
2. Souvenir, Mr. H. Scott's, the Didlington Stakes of 75l. at Swaffham1

By OVERSEER.

5. Brown Gelding, Mr. Price's, a Cup, with 40l. in specie, at Worcester Autumn Meeting1

By PAN, Son of St. George.

3. Ches. Colt (out of Vale Royal), Duke of Richmond's, 50l. at Brighton, and 25l. at Goodwood2

By PARTISAN, Son of Walton.

4. Bay Colt (Brother to Skiff), Lord Clarendon's, 50l. at Newmarket1
2. Bay Filly (out of Mouse), Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 200l. at Newmarket1
2. Ches. Filly (Chloris), Duke of Grafton's, 50l., 80l., and 200l. at Newmarket...3
3. Cremona, Duke of Grafton's, 50l. at Newmarket1
3. Paul Jones, Duke of Grafton's, 150l., 200l., 300l., and 100l., at Newmarket4
4. Pastime, Lord Wharmcliffe's, twice 200l. at Newmarket4
5. Skiff, Mr. Howe's, the Forfarshire Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 65l. in specie, at Montrose; the Meeting Stakes of 130l., the Dunottar Stakes of 200l., the Caledonian Welter Stakes of 100l., and 150l. at Aberdeen, &c.; 75l., 50l., and a Silver Cup value 50l. with 20l. in specie, at Fife Hunt; the King's Purse of 100gs. and 50l. at Caledonian Hunt10
6. Zealot, Lord Exeter's, 100l. at Newmarket1

By PAULOWITZ, Son of Sir Paul.

4. Cain, Mr. Yates's, 72l. 12s. at Lud-

low, the Gloucestershire Stakes of 790l. at Cheltenham, the Gold Cup value 100l. at Leicester, and the Champagne Stakes of 180l. at Holywell.....4

3. Claudia, Mr. Massey's, 95gs. at Derby, and 50l. at Walsall.....2
3. King Cole, Lord Kennedy's, 50l. at Ayr.....1

3. Little Bo Peep, Mr. Yates's, 600l. at Preston, and the Halkin Stakes of 400l. at Holywell.....2

3. Paul Fry, Mr. Yates's, 110l. at Anson Hunt; the Gold Cup value 100l. with 70l. in specie, at Burton upon Trent; the Taffy Stakes of 125l. and the Harwarden Castle Stakes of 80l. at Holywell.....4
2. Sharpshooter, Mr. Yates's, 80l. at Holywell.....1

By PAVILION, Son of Waxy.

a. Pavilion, Mr. Williams's, 40l. at Glamorganshire, and 30l. at Brecon.....2

By PAYNATOR, Son of Trampator.

18. Marksman, Mr. Brown's, the Visitor's Purse of 50l. and the Yeoman's Purse of 50l. at Ashford.....2

By PETRONIUS, Son of Sir Peter.

5. Brown Gelding, Mr. B. G. Drage's, 50l. at Pytchly Hunt.....1

By PHANTOM, Son of Walton.

6. Cardinal Puff, Mr. Pryse's, 70l. at Glamorganshire.....1

4. Dahlia, Duke of York's, 50l. at Egham.....1

4. Enamel, Lord Exeter's, 200l. and 400l. at Newmarket.....2

4. Frogmore, Mr. Scath's, 50l. at Ascot Heath, and 60l. at Brighton.....2

4. Greyleg, Lord Palmerston's, the Southampton Stakes of 175l. at Southampton, the Dorsetshire Stakes of 135l. at Blandford, 7l. 10s. and the Gold Cup value 100l. at Weymouth, the Devonshire Stakes of 150gs. and 50l. at Exeter, and 75l. at Taunton.....7

4. Jacko (late Infelix), Mr. Alderson's, 50l. at Epsom.....1

5. Orion, Lord Orford's, 200l. at Newmarket.....1

4. Phantasma, Duke of Richmond's, 100l. at Goodwood, 100l. at Egham; Captain Berkeley's, 50l. at Gloucester.....3

4. Prude, Mr. Bodenham's, 50l. at Hereford, twice 50l. at Leominster.....3

4. Selina, Mr. De Burgh's, 50l. at Hampton.....1

5. Serab, Lord Darlington's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at York August Meeting 1

By PINE APPLE.

6. Bay Gelding, Mr. Herd's, a Silver Cup at Tarporley.....1

By PIONEER, Son of Whiskey.

3. Brown Colt (Son of Ringtail), Mr. Rush's, 60l. at Chelmsford.....1

3. Bay Filly (out of Discord), Mr. Rush's,

50l. at Swaffham.....1
3. Carthago, Mr. Rush's, 300l. 25l. and 50l. at Newmarket.....3

By PISCATOR, Son of Walton.

3. Mayfly, Sir W. W. Wynn's, the Palatine Stakes of 250l. at Chester, and 85l. at Wenlock.....2

3. Wenlock, Sir W. W. Wynn's, 50l. at Wenlock.....1

By POULTON, Son of Sir Peter.

4. Gypsy, Mr. Margerum's, 40l. at Bath and Bristol.....1

4. Shylock, Mr. Bevan's, 65l. at Glamorganshire.....1

4. Spec, Mr. Richards's, 45l. at Glamorganshire.....1

By PRESIDENT, Son of Sancho.

5. Agnes, Mr. Hornby's, the Powell Stakes of 80l. at Isle of Thanet.....1

By PRIME MINISTER, Son of Sancho.

7. Orator, Captain Locke's, the Wokingham Stakes of 120l. and 50l. at Ascot Heath, 52l. at Hampton, and 25l. at Goodwood.....4

6. Prosody, Mr. Maule's, 55l. at Fife Hunt.....1

By QUIZ, Son of Buzzard.

5. Chesnut Mare, Mr. Davy's, 45l. at Yarmouth.....1

5. Cydnus, Mr. Theobald's, 250l. at Ascot Heath.....1

10. Euphrates, Mr. Mytton's, the King's Purse of 100gs. and 70l. at Chester; the Gold Cup value 100l. with 20l. in specie, at Lichfield; the Gold Cup value 100l. and 50l. at Oswestry.....5

By RAINBOW, Son of Walton.

3. Bowsprit, Mr. Mytton's, 50gs. at Ludlow.....1

3. Elizabeth, Duke of York's, 200l. 50l. and the Frogmore Stakes of 340l. at Newmarket.....3

By REGENT, Son of Chance.

6. Cottesmore, Mr. Sprigg's, 38l. and 50l. at Exton Park.....2

6. Roderick Random, Mr. Howard's, 50l. at Rochester and Chatham, Mr. Russell's, 65l. at Canterbury.....2

By RHADAMANTHUS, Son of Camillus.

3. Brown Colt (Shifty) Mr. Clapham's, twice 50l. at Lancaster.....2

By RINALDO, Son of Milo.

3. Euxton, Sir W. Gerard's, the Manchester St. Leger Stakes of 300l. and 65l. at Manchester.....2

3. Raimonda, Mr. Postlethwaite's, 60l. at Potteries.....1

By ROBIN ADAIR, Son of Walton.

a. Robin Adair, Mr. T. Jones's, 50l. at Goodwood.....1

By RUBENS, Son of Buzzard.

3. Chesnut Filly (out of Augusta), Mr. Fleming's, 45l. at Winchester1
4. Crockery, General Grosvenor's, the Gold Cup value 100l. with 40l. in specie, at Epsom, Captain Locke's, 100l. at Egham2
3. Colleger, Mr. W. Wyndham's, 250l. at Stockbridge, and the Produce Stakes of 500gs. at Winchester2
10. Dr. Eady, Mr. Fryse's, 50l. at Glamorganshire1
3. Lawrence, Mr. Bloss's, 50l. at Wells, and 50l. at Burderop2
4. Miss West, Mr. C. Day's, 45l. at Cheltenham1
3. Profile, Mr. Radclyffe's, the Original Stakes of 140l. at Bath and Bristol1
5. Sir Gray, Mr. Tome's, 50gs. at Northampton1
0. Simon Magnus, Mr. Johnstone's, the Macaroni Stakes of 80gs. at Inverness... 1
3. Tintoretto, Mr. Twamley's, 50l. at Ludlow, 50l. at Burton-upon-Trent2
4. Vesuvius, Mr. Griffith's, 50l. at Brecon1

By RUMBO, Son of Whiskey.

5. Wildboy, Mr. Palmer's, twice 45gs. at Rochester and Chatham2

By SAM, Son of Soud.

2. Chesnut Colt (out of Romp's dam), Mr. Thornhill's, 50l. at Newmarket1

By SCUD, Son of Benningbrough.

4. Actson, Lord Kelburne's, one of the Great Subscription Purse of 283l. 7s. and 325l. at York August Meeting, and the Doncaster Club Stakes of 150l. at Doncaster3
4. Redgauntlet, Lord Exeter's, 150l. and thrice 200l. at Newmarket4

By SELIM, Son of Buzzard.

3. Ches. Filly, Mr. Tarleton's (dam by Soud or Sorcerer), 200l. at Newmarket...1
2. Novice, Duke of Grafton's, 50l. at Newmarket1
3. Pasta, Mr. Rogers's, 300l. at Newmarket1
4. Saladin, Mr. Petre's, 50l. at Malton, 80l. at Middleham, 50l. at York Spring Meeting3
4. Scandal, Lord Wharnccliffe's, 100l. at Newmarket1
3. Saracen, Duke of Grafton's, 50l. at Newmarket1
3. The Moslem, Lord Verulam's, the Twelfth Riddlesworth Stakes of 2400gs. at Newmarket...1
3. Turban, Mr. Rogers's, 50l. at Newmarket1

By SHUTTLECOCK, Son of Schedoni.

- a. Habberley, Mr. Kenyon's, a Gold Cup, value 100l. 300gs. and 50l. at Ascot Heath; a Silver Cup, with 30l. in specie

at Wells; Mr. Richard's, 25l. and 50l. at Glamorganshire, and 60l. at Brecon7

By SHUTTLE POPE, Son of Shuttle.

3. Symon, Mr. Beardsworth's, 50l. at Warwick1

By SILVERHEELS.

0. Ches. Horse, Mr. Henlock's, 100l. at Pontefract1

By SIR ANDREW.

5. The Black Dwarf, Mr. F. Isles, 75l. at Caistor, 45l. at Grimsby, and 70l. at Lincoln3

By SIR HARRY.

3. Harry, Mr. Griffith's, 125l. at Epsom, 50l. at Worcester, the Wye Stakes of 150l. at Hereford3

By SIR PAUL, Son of Sir Peter.

6. Whynot, Mr. Sprigg's, 35gs. at Northampton1

By SIR WALTER RALEIGH, Son of Waxy.

5. El Dorado, Duke of Rutland's, 50l. at Ascot Heath; Lord Wharnccliffe's, one third of a Subscription of 58l. 6s. 8d. at Newmarket2

By SKIM, Son of Gohanna.

5. Falstaff, Lord M'Donald's, 65l. at Inverness1

By SMOLENSKO, Son of Sorcerer.

3. Bay Colt (out of Norah), Mr. Goddard's, 80l. at Epsom1
5. Borysthenes, Mr. Tongue's, 40l. and a Handicap Stakes at Wolverhampton...2
3. Fawn, Mr. Greville's, 105l. at Newmarket1
5. Ina, Lord Anson's, 50l. 100l. 50l. at Newmarket3
2. Nonsuit, Mr. Rogers's, 75l. at Newmarket1
7. Picton, Mr. Whiteside's, 60l. at Brighton1
3. Skirmisher, Sir J. Byng's, the Bilsdon Stakes of 100l. at Newmarket; Mr. Greville's, 50l. at Newmarket; 60l. at Brighton3
3. Shakspear, Mr. West's, the Bibury Stakes of 165l. and 100l. at Bibury; the Gold Cup value 100gs., with 40gs. in specie, at Northampton; Mr. Payne's, 50l. and 200l. at Newmarket5
6. The Don (now Naughty Tommy), 30l. and a Stakes at Bath and Bristol Spring Meeting; 45l. at Dorchester; 80l. at Exeter; and a Silver Cup at Taunton...5

By SOOTHSAYER, Son of Sorcerer.

4. Adeliza, Duke of Rutland's, twice 200l. 150l. and 200l. at Newmarket4
4. Bay Filly (Sister to Salisbury), Mr. Ryan's, 50l. at Taunton1
5. Helenus, Mr. Payne's, 500l. and 200l. at York Spring Meeting, 100l. at

Leeds, and the Fitzwilliam Stakes of 110*l*. at Doncaster4

3. Spac Wife, Sir W. Maxwell's, 70*l*. at Ayr1

4. Rigmorole, Mr. Pettit's, twice 50*l*. at Newmarket, 50*l*. at Stamford, the Cup Stakes of 100*l*. and 50*l*. at Yarmouth, 50*l*. at Beccles, the Cup Stakes of 80*l*. at Huntingdon, a Silver Cup value 50*l*. and 50*l*. at Swaffham, the Woburn Stakes of 80*l*. at Bedford, and 50*l*. at Newmarket11

3. Dream, Lord Dunwich's, 50*l*. at Epson, 45*l*. at Southampton, and twice 50*l*. at Egham4

6. Sunshine, Mr. Biggs's, the Langston Stakes of 60*l*. at Blandford, and 85*l*. at Goodwood2

6. Maid of Kent, Mr. Brown's, 50*l*. at Chelmsford1

4. Partial, Mr. T. Jones's, the Rockingham Stakes of 70*gs*., 50*gs*., and 50*l*. at Rochester and Chatham, and 50*l*. at Ashford4

By SPECTRE, Son of Phantom.

3. Granby, Sir G. Pigot's, the Guy Stakes of 525*l*. at Warwick, and the Gold Cup value 100*l*. with 10*l*. in specie, at Walsall2

2. Maria, Mr. Canning's, the Portham Stakes of 45*l*. at Gloucester1

3. Sceptre, Mr. Heywood's, 50*l*. at Buxton, the Worcestershire Stakes of 110*l*. at Worcester, 50*l*. at Shrewsbury, 50*l*. at Oswestry, and 50*l*. at Wrexham5

3. Sprite, Mr. Bodenham's, 50*l*. at Leominster, and 50*l*. at Monmouth2

2. Sylph, Mr. Griffith's, 90*l*. at Cheltenham, and the Two-Year-Old Stakes at Worcester3

By STAVELEY, Son of Shuttle.

a. Ajax, Mr. J. Offley Crewe's, 75*l*. at Wenlock1

a. Stride, Captain Elmsall's, 45*l*. at Doncaster Hunt1

By STREAMER.

a. Harlequin, Mr. Clarke's, 40*l*. at Doncaster Hunt1

By SWINLEY, Son of Coriander.

a. Grimace, Mr. Margerum's, 50*l*. at Bath and Bristol1

By SWORDSMAN.

7. Pomfret Cake, Mr. Tute's, a Silver Cup at Doncaster Hunt1

By TEASDALE, Son of Mr. Teazle.

4. Mortgage, Duke of Portland's, the Oatlands Stakes of 375*l*. and 200*l*. at Newmarket; the Oatlands Stakes of 320*l*. at Ascot Heath, and 100*l*. at Newmarket...4

By TENIERS, Son of Rubens.

2. Bodlondeb, Sir T. Mostyn's, 250*l*. at Chester1

By THE FLYER, Son of Vandyke Junior.

6. Verita, Mr. H. Stimson's, 70*l*. at Exton Park1

4. Wings, Mr. H. Scott's, the King's Purse of 100*gs*. at Newmarket; the Burchley Stakes of 180*l*. at Stamford, and 50*l*. at Newmarket3

By THE GIANT.

4. Sir Thomas, Mr. Earle's, a Silver Cup at Northallerton1

5. Panorama, Mr. Stibley's, twice 50*l*. at South Shields2

By TIRESIAS, Son of Southsayer.

3. Bay Colt (out of L'Huile de Venus), Duke of Portland's, 100*l*. at Newmarket 1

4. Bull Dog, Colonel Wilson's, 70*l*. and the Trial Stakes of 80*l*. at Newmarket2

3. Ches. Colt (out of Maid of Lorn), Sir T. Stanley's, the Tatton Park Stakes of 100*l*. at Knutsford, and 90*l*. at Newcastle (Staff.)2

4. Rothelan, Mr. E. Petre's, 45*l*. and 50*l*. at Leeds2

2. Spite, General Grosvenor's, 200*l*. and 300*l*. at Newmarket2

3. Tory, Duke of Portland's, 300*l*. at Newmarket1

By TOPSY TURVY, Son of St. George.

6. Brown Horse (out of Susan), Mr. J. Day's, twice 50*l*. at Stroud and Minchinhampton, and 140*l*. at Abingdon3

By TRAMP, Son of Dick Andrews.

6. Barefoot, Lord Darlington's, 110*l*. at Manchester; and the Gold Cup value 100*gs*. with 80*l*. in specie, at Lancaster...2

2. Bay Colt (dam by Sorcerer), Mr. Phillips's, the Yorkshire Stakes of 100*l*. at Pontefract1

5. Balmain, Mr. Davidson's, 65*l*. 15*s*., 50*l*., and 60*l*. 10*s*. at Inverness3

6. Lottery, Mr. Whitaker's, the Gold Cup value 100*gs*., with 190*l*. in specie, at Preston1

3. M'Adam, Major Yarbrough's, the Barton Stakes of 62*l*. 10*s*. at Malton, and 220*l*. at York Spring Meeting2

2. Pedlar, Sir J. Byng's, 50*l*. at Pontefract, and 100*l*. at Lincoln2

3. Pirate, Colonel Cradock's, the Yorkshire Stakes of 55*l*. at York August Meeting1

3. Swiss Guide, Lord Orford's, 250*l*., 100*l*., and 50*l*. at Newmarket3

3. Thales, Sir J. Byng's, 200*l*. at Pontefract1

3. Theodosia, Lord Fitzwilliam's, twice 50*l*. at Rotherham2

By TRISTRAM, Son of Teddy the Grinder.

6. Tristram, Mr. Pedgrave's, 60*l*. at Yarmouth, and the Hunter Stakes at Beccles2

By **USQUEBAUGH**, Son of Young Whiskey.

4. Burgundy, Mr. C. Day's, the Gold Cup value 100l. with 50l. in specie, at Cheltenham.....1
4. Roan Gelding (out of Atalanta), Mr. Sadler's, 75l. at Abingdon1

By **VISCOUNT**, Son of Stamford.

2. Brown Colt (dam by Caleb Quot'em), Sir D. H. Blair's, 60l. at Edinburgh1
4. Daredevil, Lord Kelburne's, the Craven Stakes of 120l. at Catterick Bridge1
2. Glamour, Sir W. Maxwell's, 175l. at Kelso1
2. Grey Colt (out of Newbyth's dam), Mr. Baird's, 40gs. at Kelso Spring Meeting.....1
3. Zeline, Mr. C. Alexander's, 175gs. at Edinburgh1

By **VITTORIA**.

- a. Norval, Mr. Smith's, 45l. at Kelso Spring Meeting.....1

By **WALTON**, Son of Sir Peter.

4. Barytas, Mr. Payne's, twice 50l. at Beverley, 50l. at Cheltenham, 45l. and 50gs. at Northampton5
3. Billy Watson, Mr. Stephenson's, 50l. at Stockton, and twice 50l. at Carlisle.....3
8. Black Colt (Brother to Miss Fanny), Mr. Fowlett's, 320l. at Doncaster1
5. Elizabeth, Mr. Gascoigne's, the Gold Tureen value 100 sovs. with 110l. in specie at Leeds, and the King's Purse of 100gs. at Lincoln2
3. Miss Patrick, Sir E. Dodsworth's, 45l. at Newcastle.....1
5. Robin Hood, Mr. Baird's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Edinburgh; the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie, and 50l. at Ayr; and the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Caledonian Hunt ...4
3. Whytell, Mr. Darnell's, the Old Stakes of 90l. at Catterick.....1

By **WARRIOR**, Son of Alexander the Great.

4. Bay Colt (out of Effie Deans's dam), Lord Egremont's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Canterbury1

By **WATERLOO**, Son of Walton.

4. Conquest, Lord Palmerston's, 90l. at Bath and Bristol, 65l. at Southampton, 50l. at Blandford, 60l. at Weymouth, a superb Tureen value 110gs. at Exeter, 50l. at Taunton, and 50l. at Bridgewater, 7
5. Grenadier, Sir T. Stanley's, 50l. at Chester, 60l. at Knutsford; the Tradesman's Gold Cup value 100l. with 105l. in specie, at Wolverhampton3
2. Maria, Mr. Greville's, 50l., the Prendergast Stakes of 750l., 200l. and 500l. at Newmarket.....4

By **WAXY POPE**, Son of Waxy.

3. Partner, Dr. Willis's, 35l. at Exton Park1
8. Gossoon, Mr. Payne's, 130l. at Buxton, 45l. at Worcester, 43l. at Hereford, and 50l. at Walsall4
5. Canteen, General Sharpe's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Newcastle, the Gold Cup value 100l. at Stockton, the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Carlisle, and 70l. at Dumfries.....4
5. Sligo, Lord Anson's, 250l. at Newmarket1
2. Trumpeter, Mr. Haffenden's, the Clearwell Stakes of 420l. at Newmarket...1

By **WAXY**, Son of PotBo's.

- a. Waxlight, Mr. Storry's, 25l. at Exton Park1

By **WELBECK**, Son of Soothsayer.

3. Bedlamite, Lord Kennedy's, the Shorts of 325l. at York Spring Meeting; the Gascoigne Stakes of 270l. at Doncaster; the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Richmond; and the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Northallerton.....4

By **WHALEBONE**, Son of Waxy.

3. Bay Filly (Sister to Pinwire), Mr. Wyndham's, 1200l. at Ascot Heath1
2. Bay Filly (Sister to Recruit), Mr. Wyndham's, 100l. at Newmarket1
3. Black Swan, Mr. Wyndham's, 30l. at Newmarket1
2. Brown Filly (Abigail), Mr. Greville's, 50l. at Newmarket1
4. Chateaux Margaux, Mr. Wyndham's, the Claret Stakes of 200l. and 50l. at Newmarket; the King's Purse of 100gs. and the Gold Cup value 100l. with 40l. in specie, at Ascot Heath; his Majesty's Gold Cup value 100gs. with 40l. in specie, at Brighton; the King's Purse of 100gs. at Lewes; 50gs., one-third of a Subscription of 53l. 6s. 8d. and 30l. at Newmarket9
4. Camel, Mr. Wyndham's, the Port Stakes of 350l. at Newmarket1
4. Dauntless, Mr. Holyoakes, 1000l. at York Spring Meeting1
4. Flexible, Mr. Mytton's, 16l. at Chester; the Sherborne Stakes of 70l. at Cheltenham; the Darlington Cup value 100l. with 60l. in specie, at Wolverhampton3
3. Foxbury, Lord Palmerston's, 75l. at Bath and Bristol.....1
3. Gamelia, Mr. Gauntlett's, 50l. at Winchester; the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 10l. in specie, at Basingstoke2
3. Honeysuckle, Mr. Coleman's, 50l. at Canterbury; Mr. Harrison's, 50l. at Hastings2
4. Lionel Lincoln, Mr. Greville's, twice 100l., 200l. and 100l. at Newmarket4
5. Longwaist, Mr. Mytton's, 40l. at Chester; the Gold Cup value 100l. with

49l. in specie, at Newton; the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 110l. in specie, at Buxton; the Cold Cup value 160l. with 49l. in specie, at Worcester; and the Gold Cup value 100l. with 120l. in specie, at Warwick.....5

4. Rachel, Duke of York's, 400l., 600l., 300l., 83l. 6s. 8d., 200l., and 100l. at Newmarket.....6

3. Recruit, Lord Exeter's, 100l., 50l., and 200l. at Newmarket.....3

4. Stumps, Mr. Wyndham's, 50l. at Newmarket; the Brighton Stakes of 290l. at Brighton; 86l. at Lewes; the Goodwood Stakes of 150l. and the Gold Cup value 100l. at Goodwood; the King's Purse of 100gs. at Newmarket.....6

3. Sir Geoffrey Peveril, Mr. Greville's, 320l. at Newmarket.....1

4. Saxon, Mr. Brown's, 60l. at Chelmsford, 50l. at Lewes, and twice 50l. at Goodwood.....4

6. Sesostris, Mr. A. Berkeley's, 40l. at Hampton.....1

3. Toughstick, Mr. Barker's, twice 50l. at Blandford, and 7l. 10s. at Weymouth, 3

3. The Lap Dog, Lord Egremont's, 59l. at Newmarket, the Derby Stakes of 1875l. at Epsom, the Scrub Stakes of 175l. at Brighton, and 80l. at Lewes.....4

2. Tom Thumb, Mr. Wyndham's, the July Stakes of 840l. and 50l. at Newmarket.....2

By WHISKER, Son of Waxy.

6. Abron, Mr. Russell's, the Gosforth Stakes of 55l. at Newcastle.....1

3. Carl, Mr. Vansittart's, 300l. at Newmarket.....1

3. Bay Colt (Brother to Ringlet), Mr. Jaques's, 50l. at Stockton.....1

2. Bay Filly (Sister to Whim), Mr. Tarleton's, 200l. at Doncaster.....1

5. Caccia Piatti, Lord Kennedy's, 500l. at York Spring Meeting.....1

2. Emma, Mr. Russell's, 500l. at Doncaster, 160gs. at Richmond, 180l. at Northallerton.....3

4. Invalid, Sir T. Mostyn's, 70l. at Holywell.....1

5. Lady Easby, Mr. Hudson's, a Silver Cup value 60gs. and 45l. at Morpeth, 98l. 10s. at Inglewood Hunt, and 50l. at Dumfries.....4

4. Memnon, Lord Darlington's, 60l. 250l. at Doncaster.....2

5. Reformer, Lord Wharnccliffe's, 70l., 100l., 200l., and 200l. at Newmarket.....4

By WOFUL, Son of Waxy.

3. Brown Filly (Mantua), Duke of Grafton's, 80l. 100l. and 50l. at Newmarket.....3

3. Bay Colt (out of Sister to Nectar), Duke of Grafton's, 50l. and 110l. at Newmarket.....2

3. Brown Filly (out of Pantina), Lord Exeter's, 400l. at Newmarket.....1

6. Cinder, Mr. Gisborne's, 95l. at Warwick.....1

2. Christabel, Mr. Thornhill's, 50l. at Abingdon.....1

6. Dumps, Mr. O'Conner's, 50l. at Yarmouth, 50l. (in dispute) at Beccles, and 50l. at Huntingdon.....3

3. Helas, Lord Verulam's, 50l. at the Hoo, and 50l. at Newmarket.....2

3. Waterman, Mr. Rogers's, 350l. at Newmarket, and 250l. at Ascot Heath.....2

3. Tears, Mr. J. Sadler's, 75l. and the Windsor Forest Stakes of 125l. at Ascot Heath, 70l. at Oxford, and 85l. at Abingdon.....4

2. Starch, Mr. J. Edwards's, 190l. at Ascot Heath; Duke of Richmond's, twice 100l. at Newmarket.....3

3. The Baron, Mr. Douglass's, 50l. at Stamford.....1

3. Rhapsody, Mr. Benson's, 200l. and 60gs. at Ludford; 225l. and the Severn Stakes of 135l. at Shrewsbury.....4

By WOLDSMAN, Son of Sir Peter.

6. Princess, Mr. Bradshaw's, 40l. at Lancaster.....1

By X Y Z, Son of Haphazard.

6. Careless, Mr. Hudson's, 50l. at South Shields; 50l. at Morpeth; and the King's Purse of 100gs. at Carlisle.....3

By YOUNG ARDROSSAN.

3. Miracle, Mr. T. Hudson's, 50l. at South Shields; 40l. at Kendal; and 46l. 5s. at Inglewood Hunt.....3

By YOUNG BENINGBROUGH.

Bay Gelding, Mr. Carey's, 80l. at Wolverhampton.....1

By YOUNG CASTREL.

3. Bay Filly, Mr. Jackson's, the Midland Stakes of 50l. at the Midland Meeting.....1

By YOUNG GOHANNA, Son of Gohanna.

4. Jack Bunce, Mr. Scaith's, 100l. at Canterbury.....1

By YOUNG PAVILION.

5. Montgomery Lass, Mr. Edmund's, a Silver Cup at Oswestry.....1

By YOUNG SCREVETON.

6. Tawpy, Mr. Grosvenor's, the Bosworth Stakes of 350l. at Anson Hunt.....1

4. Bay Filly (Sister to Tawpy), Mr. Jobb's, a Silver Cup, value 50l. with 25l. in specie at Manchester; a Silver Cup value 25l. with 25l. in specie, at Kendal.....2

By YOUNG WOODPECKER, Son of Woodpecker.

a. Woodpecker, Mr. Brown's, 59l. at Doncaster Hunt; Mr. Smith's, 45l. at Rotherham.....2

By FILHO DA PUTA, or MAGISTRATE.

4. His Grace, Mr. Houldsworth's, 45l. at Chester, 70l. at Pontefract, and 50l. at Doncaster.....3

By FILHO DA PUTA, or HETMAN.

5. Footman, Mr. Burgess's, 70l. at Newton.....1
6. Alecto, Mr. Barrow's, 60l. at the Potteries, 50l. at Stourbridge, 50l. at Tewksbury, 50l. at Brecon.....4

By SEAGRAVE, or THE FLYER.

3. Olive, Mr. Platel's, 50l. at Huntingdon.....1

By SORCERER, or ZODIAC.

5. Tarandus, Mr. Udny's, 100l. and 80l. at Newmarket.....2

WINNING HORSES, &c. WHOSE GETS ARE AT PRESENT UNKNOWN.

5. Aldourei, Mr. Fraser's, 50l. at Inverness.....1

6. Ann, Mr. Bedwell's, the Yeomanry Stakes at Beccles.....1
0. Aline, Colonel Harris's, 50l. at Rochester and Chatham.....1

6. Aladdin, Mr. Edwards's, 60l. at Bedford.....1

5. Bobtail (late Smallhopes), Mr. Adley's, a Silver Cup value 40l. at Bath and Bristol; Mr. Bayly's, 45l. at Bridge-water.....2

a. Brown Gelding, Mr. A. King's, a Silver Cup at Salisbury.....1

5. Brown Bess, Mr. Owens's, the County Stakes at Aberystwith.....1

5. Baron, Mr. Hooper's, 50l. at Bath and Bristol.....1

0. Bay Horse, Mr. Morgan's, a Silver Cup at Glamorganshire.....1

a. Bay Gelding, Mr. Fuggell's, 55l. at Hastings.....1

7. Chance, Mr. Fowler's, 45l. 15s. at Isle of Thanet.....1

a. Cantab, Mr. Payne's, 100l. at Pytchley Hunt.....1

0. Captain Rock, Mr. Brewton's, 50l. at Cheltenham.....1

5. Collier Lass, Mr. Barrow's, a Silver Cup value 50l. at Knutsford.....1

5. Duchess, Mr. Harris's, a Cup value 60l., with 24l. in specie, at Pytchley Hunt.....1

4. Country Lass, Mr. Hind's, a Silver Cup value 35l., with 20l. in specie, at Carlisle.....1

6. Cock Robin, Mr. Deakin's, 45l. at Stafford.....1

4. Equinox, Mr. J. Calvert's, 75l. at Burton-upon-Trent, and 45l. at Rugeley, 2

7. Funny, Mr. Weller's, 80gs. (in dispute) at Mostyn Hunt.....1

0. Fatima, Mr. P. Grant's, 50l. at Inverness.....1

0. Glasgow, Mr. Annealey's, 100l. at Ayr.....1

0. Greyweather, Mr. Wyndham's, 50l. at Blandford.....1

a. Hero, Sir R. Greasley's, 50l. at Lichfield.....1

0. Harriet, Mr. Farquharson's, 300l. at Black Hall.....1

0. Jerry, Lord Chesterfield's, 50l. at Anson Hunt.....1

3. Kitty, Mr. W. Legh's, 100l. at Newton.....1

0. Middleton, Mr. Lambert's, 50l. at Bath and Bristol.....1

6. Mowbray, Mr. Smith's, a Stakes at Haigh Park.....1

a. Lottery, Mr. Leverage's, 50l. at Tewksbury; Mr. Ballinger's, 50l. at Cheltenham, and 40l. at Stroud and Minchinhampton.....3

a. Maid of All Work, Mr. Farquharson's, 60l. at Blandford, the Hunter's Stakes at Weymouth; and Mr. Farmer's, the Election Cup at Southampton.....1

5. Maid of the Mill, Mr. Smith's, a Stakes at Knighton.....1

a. Morgrame, Mr. Hatton's, 50l. at Weymouth.....1

5. Miss Downs, 47l. and a Silver Cup value 20l., with 30l. in specie, at Knighton.....2

6. Polly Hopkins, Mr. Seaburne's, 65l. 15s. at Hereford, and 46l. at Leominster.....2

0. Pilot, Mr. Bannatyne's, 50l. at Bath and Bristol.....1

0. Pilot, Mr. Dodd's, 40l. at Pytchley Hunt.....1

5. Miss Holland, Mr. Copeland's, 65l. at the Potteries.....1

a. Queen Mab, a Silver Cup at Dorchester.....1

a. Rally, Mr. Sturt's, a Silver Cup, with 6l. in specie at Blandford.....1

a. Raven, Lord Chesterfield's, 50l. at Anson Hunt.....1

0. Roan Horse, Mr. Stanley's, 50l. at Rotherham.....1

0. Sportsman, Mr. Campbell's, 100l. at Ayr.....1

0. Shylock, Mr. Newman's, a Cup value 50l. at Goodwood.....1

a. Stranger, Captain Hardwicke's, 50l. at Dorchester.....1

0. The Major, Lord Kennedy's, 100l. and a Silver Cup, with 45gs. in specie, at Black Hall.....2

a. Teasdale, Lord Chesterfield's, 45l. at Anson Hunt.....1

0. Woodstock, Mr. Field's, 45l. at Wells.....1

0. Violet, Lord Eglington's, 100l. at Ayr.....1

4. Ypsilanti, Mr. Burgess's, 50gs. at Rochester and Chatham.....1

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES, AND GOLD AND SILVER CUPS—1826.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES.

Ascot Heath	Mr. Wyndham's Chateau Margaux, by Whalebone, June 6.— For Hunters, Mr. Shackell's Bashful, by Catton, June 9.
Caledonian Hunt ...	Mr. Howe's Skiff, by Partisan, Oct. 4.
Canterbury	Lord Egremont's b. c. by Warrior, out of Effie Deans, August 23.
Carlisle	Mr. Hudson's Careless, by X. Y. Z., September 26.
Chehmsford	Mr. R. Wilson's Maldonia, by Fungus, July 26.
Chester	Mr. Mytton's Euphrates, by Quiz, May 2.
Doncaster	Mr. Richardson's Brownlock, by Blacklock, September 18.
Edinburgh	Mr. Baird's Robin Hood, by Walton, June 21.
Gulldford	Mr. Heathcote's Nigel, by Election, June 16.
Ipswich	Colonel Wilson's Oscar, by Juniper, July 18.
Lewes	Lord Egremont's Chateau Margaux, by Whalebone, August 2.
Lichfield	Lord Derby's Autocrat, by The Grand Duke, September 12.
Lincoln	Mr. Gascoigne's Elizabeth, by Walton, September 27.
Manchester	Lord Fitzwilliam's Dramatist, by Comus, May 17.
Newcastle	General Sharpe's Canteen, by Waxy Pope, July 14.
Newmark. 1st Spring	Colonel Wilson's Oscar, by Juniper, April 27.
Ditto (for mares)	Mr. H. Scott's Wings, by The Flyer, April 26.
Ditto 1st October	Lord Egremont's Stumps, by Whalebone, October 5.
Nottingham	Mr. Roundthwaite's Governess, by Milo, August 2.
Salisbury	Mr. F. Craven's Cricketer, by Octavius, July 26.
Warwick	Mr. Cook's Miss Forester, by Filho da Puta, September 7.
Weymouth	Mr. Percy's Prosody, by Don Cossack, August 9.
Winchester	Mr. F. Craven's Cricketer, by Octavius, August 7.
York	Lord Darlington's Serab, by Phantom, August 6.

WINNERS OF GOLD CUPS OF THE VALUE OF 50L. AND UPWARDS.

Aberdeen, &c.	Mr. Carnegie's The Major, by Bustler, August 31.
Abingdon	Mr. Gauntlett's Comedian, by Comus, Sept. 12.
Ascot Heath	Capt. Standen's Ilderim, by Comus, June 7.
	Mr. Wyndham's Chateau Margaux, June 8.
Ayr and Caledo- } nian Hunt }	Mr. Baird's Robin Hood, by Walton, Sept. 5.
Ditto	Sir W. Maxwell's Spae Wife, by Soothsayer, Sept. 5.
Basingstoke	Mr. Gauntlett's Gamelia, by Whalebone, Sept. 6.
Beverley	Mr. Richardson's Brownlock, by Blacklock, May 25.
Blandford	Mr. Gauntlett's Comedian, by Comus, August 8.
Brighton	Lord Egremont's Chateau Margaux, by Whalebone, July 29.
Burderop	Lord Palmerston's Luzborough, by Williamson's Ditto, Aug. 22.
Burton-on-Trent	Mr. Yates's Paul Pry, by Paulowitz, Aug. 22.
Buxton	Mr. Mytton's Longwaist, by Whalebone, June 21.
Canterbury	Mr. Gully's Truth, by Catton, Aug. 23.
Carlisle	General Sharpe's Canteen, by Waxy Pope, Sept. 27.
Cheltenham	Mr. C. Day's Burgundy, by Usquebaugh, July 21.
Chester	Mr. Clifton's Brutandorf, by Blacklock, May 2.
Clifton, &c.	Mr. Hick's Trooper, May 15.
Doncaster	Sir M. W. Ridley's Fleur-de-Lis, Sept. 21.
Egham	Lord Mountcharles's Buck's-foot, by Frolic, August 29.
Epsom	General Grosvenor's Crockery, by Rubens, May 23.
Exeter (Turen)	Lord Palmerston's Conquest, by Waterloo, August 23.
Fife	Mr. Maule's T. P., by King David, Sept. 26.
Goodwood	Lord Egremont's Stamps, August 15.
Hampton	Lord W. Lennox's St. Lawrence, by Goodall, July 6.
Hereford	Lord Warwick's Double Entendre, by Comus, August 9.
Hoo (Herts)	Mr. Graeme's Cadiz, April 1.
Huntingdon	Mr. Pettit's Rigmarol, by Soothsayer, August 6.
Inverness	Mr. Fraser's Richmond, by Grey Middleham, September 20.
Kendal	Mr. Smith's Sophy, by Comus, August 2.
Knaresford	Mr. Clifton's Mr. Munn, by Ardrossan, July 25.
Lancaster	Lord Darlington's Barefoot, by Tramp, June 21.

Leeds (Turfen)	Elizabeth, by Walton, June 28.
Ascot Heath.....	Habberley, by Shuttlecock, June 7.
Bath and Bristol } ...	Trooper, by Militiaman, May 15.
Spring Meeting }	
Ditto.....	Prosody, by Don Cossack, July 7.
Caledonian Hunt.....	Robin Hood, by Walton, Oct. 5.
Canterbury	Truth, by Catton, August 24.
Chelmsford	Maldonia, by Fungus, July 26.
Chester.....	Brutandorf, by Blacklock, May 3.
Derby	Arachne, by Filho da Puta, July 26.
Leicester	Cain, by Paulowitz, Sept. 20.
Lichfield	Euphrates, by Quiz, Sept. 12.
Lincoln.....	Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon, Sept. 28.
Manchester	Signiora, by Champion, May 18.
Midland	Newborough, by Mowbray, Sept. 12.
Ditto.....	Cock Robin, by Blacklock, Sept. 13.
Montrose.....	Skiff, by Partisan, August 3.
Newcastle	Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon, Sept. 28.
Newton	Longwaist, by Whalebone, June 14.
Northallerton.....	Bedlamite, by Welbeck, Oct. 13.
Northampton	Shakspeare, by Smolensko, Sept. 13.
Nottingham.....	Signiora, by Champion, August 2.
Oswestry.....	Euphrates, by Quiz, Sept. 28.
Oxford.....	Comedian, by Comus, August 15.
Pontefract	Fanny Davies, by Filho da Puta, Sept. 6.
Preston	Lottery, by Tramp, July 12.
Richmond	Bedlamite, by Welbeck, Oct. 4.
Rotherham	Brownlock, by Blacklock, Sept. 13.
Salisbury.....	Luzborough, by W.'s Ditto, July 27.
Shrewsbury.....	Doctor Faustus, by Filho da Puta, Sept. 20.
Southampton	Toil and Trouble, by Manfred, July 27.
Stamford	Conviction, by Cannon Ball, June 28.
Stockton	Canteen, by Waxy Pope, August 18.
Stourbridge.....	Susan, by Mango, August 30.
Walsall.....	Granby, by Spectre, Sept. 27.
Warwick.....	Longwaist, by Whalebone, Sept. 6.
Winchester.....	Luzborough, by W.'s Ditto, August 9.
Wolverhampton.....	Grenadier, by Waterloo, August 14.
Ditto	Flexible, by Whalebone, August 15.
Worcester	Longwaist, by Whalebone, Aug. 2.
Ditto.....	Double Entendre, by Comus, Aug. 3.
Wrexham	Signiora, by Champion, October 5.
Yarmouth.....	Rigmarole, by Soothsayer, July 25.
York.....	Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon, May 16.
WINNERS OF SILVER CUPS 1826.	
Bath and Bristol.....	Small Hopes, May 15.
Burderop	Chilton, by Coleba, August 3.
Elandford.....	Sturt, August 2.
Dorchester	Queen Mab (in dispute), August 16.
Doncaster (Spring)...	Diana, by Rexby, March 27.
Ditto	Pomfret Cake, by Swordsman, March 28.
Durham	Bucephalus, by Catton, April 27.
Ditto	Forester, by Don Cossack, April 28.
Fife Hunt.....	Skiff, by Partisan, Sept. 26.
Knutsford.....	Collier Lass, July 26.
Manchester.....	Sister to Tawpy, May 16.
Morpeth.....	Lady Easby, by Whisker, Sept. 13.
Newcastle.....	Curity, by Octavian, July 5.
Richmond	Brother to Jack Spigot, Oct. 5.
Salisbury (Bowl).....	Hesperus, by Hollyhock, July 27.
Stockbridge.....	All Fours, by Carlton, June 15.
Taunton	Naughty Tommy, by Smolensko, Sept. 5.
Tarporley Hunt.....	b. g. by Champion, Nov. 2.
Ditto.....	b. g. by Pine Apple, Nov. 2.
Tonbridge (Bowl)...	Syntax, by Amadis, August 9.
Wells	Habberley, by Shuttlecock, July 13.
Wrexham	Hesperus, by Hollyhock, Feb. 4.
Ditto.....	Montgomery Lass, by Young Pavilion, Oct. 4.

The following should have been placed in the LIST of WINNING HORSES given in last Number, after the produce of Leopold (p. 65).

By LANGOLEE.

4. Cheenut Filly (Lemonade), Mr. Rogers's, twice 50l. at Bridgnorth2

By MAGISTRATE (Son of Camillus).

3. Black Colt (dam by Smolensko), Sir E. Dodsworth's, 130 sovs. at Catterick, and 40 sovs. at Stockton2

4. Bestwood, Mr. Charlton's, 50l. at Beverley1

2 Brown Filly, out of Maquella, Mr. Watt's, 50 sovs. at York Spring Meeting1

3. Butterfly, Lord Jersey's, 200 sovs. and 400 sovs. at Newmarket; 50 sovs. 300 sovs. and 40 sovs. at Ascot Heath; and 70l. at Ipswich6

5. Edith, Mr. Davis's, 50l. at Cheltenham; Mr. Berkeley's, 50 sovs. and 45 sovs. at Egham3

3. Fairy, Mr. Jopp's, 50l. at Carlisle...1

3. Gift, Mr. Scott's, 50 sovs. at Catterick1

3. The Constable, Lord Queensberry's, 100 sovs. at York Spring Meeting, and 25gs. at Doncaster2

By MANFRED (Son of Election).

4. Eleanor, Mr. Hickman's, the Cavalry Cup, value 30gs. with 30gs. in specie, at Ludlow1

2. Harriette Wilson, Mr. Mytton's, 40 sovs. at Shrewsbury1

2. Monops, Mr. Greville's, 25 sovs. at Newmarket1

2. Tatler, Mr. Giffard's, 120gs. at Derby, 140 sovs. at Wolverhampton, and 175 sovs. at Burton-upon-Trent3

3. Toil-and-Trouble, Duke of Richmond's, 90 sovs. at Newmarket; and the Gold Cup value 100l. and 50 sovs. at Southampton3

By MANGO (Son of Sorcerer).

4. Elizabeth, Mr. Giffard's, 45 sovs. at Tenbury1

4. Susan, Mr. Gisborne's, 100l. at Newcastle, Staffordshire; 40 sovs. and the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. at Stourbridge; and 40 sovs. at Walsall4

3. Zamiel, Mr. Gisborne's, 50l. and a Sweepstakes at Worcester; also 50gs. at Stafford3

By MASTER JACKIE.

4. Cumberland Jane, Mr. Hind's, a Silver Cup, with 20l. in specie, at Carlisle; Mr. Hudson's, 46l. 5s. and 60gs. at Ingleswood Hunt and Penrith3

By MERLIN (Son of Castrel).

3. Dervise, Duke of Grafton's, 200 sovs. the 2000gs. Stakes of 850 sovs. and 50 sovs. at Newmarket 3

3. Goshawk, Duke of Grafton's, 200 sovs., the Newmarket Stakes of 650 sovs., the Scrub Stakes of 471l. 10s., 100 sovs., 200 sovs., and Mr. Scott's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket6

3. Lamplighter, Colonel Wilson's, 100 sovs. and 100 sovs. at Newmarket; 75 sovs. at Bedford; 50 sovs., 100 sovs., and 250 sovs. at Newmarket6

3. Miss Tree, Mr. Tarleton's, 300 sovs. at Newmarket1

3. Parapluie, Duke of Grafton's 350 sovs. 140 sovs. and 100 sovs. at Newmarket ...3

3. Problem, Duke of Grafton's the 1000gs. Stakes of 800 sovs. at Newmarket1

3. Wamba, Mr. Dilly's, 25 sovs. at Newmarket1

By MILITIAMAN (Son of Tityrus).

a. Trooper, Mr. Hickee's, 40 sovs. at Bath and Bristol Spring Meeting; the Gold Cup value 60gs. at Clifton, &c. Second Spring Meeting; 55 sovs. at Leamington, and 50 sovs. at Gloucester.4

By MILO (Son of Sir Peter).

3. Cestus, Lord Derby's, 70l. at Preston1

3. Chesterfield, Mr. Beardsworth's, 60gs. and 40gs. at Derby, 50l. at Warwick, and 65 sovs. at Rugeley4

3. Governess, Mr. Rounthwaite's, the King's Purse of 100gs. and 70gs. at Nottingham, and the King's Purse (for mares) at York August Meeting3

5. Sarsaparilla, Mr. Painter's, 70l. at Newcastle, Staffordshire, and 60l. at Shrewsbury2

6. Urganda, Lord Derby's, the Grosvenor Stakes of 75l. and the Stanley Stakes of 110l. at Preston 3

By MULEY (Son of Orville).

3. Leviathan, Mr. Giffard's, the Dee Stakes of 425 sovs. and 100 sovs. at Chester; the Wrottesley Stakes of 50 sovs. at Wolverhampton; 45 sovs. and the Bradbury Stakes of 200 sovs. at Burton-on-Trent; 30 sovs. and 90 sovs. at Warwick; the Staffordshire Stakes of 105 sovs. at Lichfield, and the St. Leger Stakes of 120 sovs. at Shrewsbury3

5. Monimia, Mr. Pickford's, 50l. at Epsom, 50l. at Bath and Bristol, and 40 sovs. at Bedford3

4. Muleteer Mr. Rogers's, 50l., 100 sovs. 70 sovs., 40 sovs. and 100 sovs. at Newmarket5

4. Pucelle, Duke of Grafton's, 50l. at Newmarket1

4. The Moor, Mr. O. Gore's, 55 sovs. at Cheltenham1

NOMINATIONS

MADE ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY FOR 1827.

YORK SPRING MEETING, 1827.

STEWARDS:—Lord Kennedy, T. Houldsworth and R. O. Gascoigne, Esqrs.

FIRST DAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for horses of all ages:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 9st.; six, and aged, 9st. 4lb. —4lb. allowed to maiden horses at the time of naming.—Three and four year old fillies allowed 3lb.—Two miles.

Lord Scarbrough's b. f. Pasta, by Catton, 4 yrs old.
Lord Kelburne's bl. h. Jerry, by Smolensko, 6 yrs old.
Mr. Russell's ch. c. Barelegs, by Tramp, 4 yrs old.
Lord Kennedy's ch. c. Bedlamite, by Welbeck, 4 yrs old.
Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. g. Gazebo, Brother to Jack Spigot, 4 yrs old.
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Mulatto, by Catton, 4 yrs old.
Lord Muncaster's b. f. Sister to Elizabeth, by Walton, 4 yrs old.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and three quarters.

Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, dam by Trophonius.
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Hartpury, by Abjer, dam by Ardrossan.
Sir E. Dodsworth's ch. f. Sprite, by Comus, dam by Woful.
Mr. Wormald's b. c. by The Laird, dam by Governor.
Sir W. Milner's ch. c. Malek, Brother to Rufina, by Blacklock.
Mr. Crompton's b. c. Burlador, by Cervantes, dam by Cerberus.
Mr. Haworth's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Cottage Girl.
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Beggar Boy, by Tramp, out of Orvillina.
Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. c. Saucy Dick, Brother to Jack Spigot.
Mr. Wright's b. c. Sampson, by Blacklock.
Lord Sligo's b. c. Roswal, by Bob Booty, out of Lasey, by Swordsman.

The YORK SPRING ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and three quarters.

Lord Scarbrough's br. c. by Comus, out of Byram's dam.
Duke of Leeds's gr. c. Moonshine, by Grey Middleham.
Lord Kelburne's ch. f. Sister to Ringlet, by Whisker.
Mr. J. Scott's b. c. Nonplus, by Catton, dam by Walton.
Lord Milton's b. c. Medoro, by Cervantes, out of Marianne.
Mr. Watt's br. f. by Magistrate, out of Manuella.
Mr. F. Lumley's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Remembrancer.
Major Yarborough's b. c. Laurel, by Blacklock—M'Adam's dam.
Mr. Gascoigne's br. c. by Smolensko, out of Olivera.
Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. Popsy, by Blacklock.
Mr. Gully's br. c. by Cervantes, dam by Smolensko.
Mr. Hopkinson's ch. c. Geloni, by Hazard, dam by Remembrancer.
Lord Sligo's b. c. Pelican, by Oiseau, out of Miss Aidà.

PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—T.Y.C.

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. by Catton, dam by Dick Andrews.
Mr. Ellis's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Maniac.
Lord Milton's ch. f. Slut, by Tramp, out of Ursula.

Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Ridotto, by Reveller, dam by Walton, agst Mr. Russell's gr. f. by Blacklock, dam by Delpini, 8st. 2lb. each, T.Y.C. 200 sovs., h. ft.

Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. by Tramp, out of Neva, 8st. 3lb. agst Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Viscount, out of Georgiana, 8st. T. Y. C. 200 sovs. h. ft.

The Filly SAPLING STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last mile and a half.

Lord Scarbrough's br. Sister to Fair Charlotte.
Mr. Foljambe's blk. by Tiresias, dam by Walton.
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. Dinah, by Dinmont, out of Valentina.

Mr. Gascoigne's ch. Jessy, by Comus, out of Jerry's dam.
 Mr. Armitage's gr. Trinket, by Grey Walton, dam by Remembrances, grandam by Beningbrough.
 Mr. Watt's br. by Magistrate, out of Manuella.

SECOND DAY.—THE SHORTS.—Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile.

Duke of Leeds's gr. c. Moonshine, by Grey Middleham.
 Mr. Petre's ch. c. Tom Jones, by Abjer, out of Leopoldine.
 Lord Milton's b. c. Kit Cat, by Catton, out of Kitten.
 Sir W. Milner's b. c. Liston, by Comus, out of Neva.
 Mr. Darnell's b. f. Nivalis, by Blacklock, out of Snowball.
 Mr. F. Lumley's b. c. by Catton, out of Merlin's dam.
 Mr. Gully's ch. c. by Cervantes, dam by Stamford.
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Pelican, by Oiseau, out of Miss Aida.

SWEEPSTAKES OF 20 SOVS. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 5lb.—Last mile and a half.

Duke of Leeds's bay, by Whisker, dam by Sancho.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. Oriana, by Amadis, out of Gouvernante.
 Mr. Russell's ch. Emma, by Whisker.
 Mr. Watt's ch. by Blacklock, dam by Cerberus.
 Mr. Metcalfe's b. Floscula, by Grey Middleham—Floranthe.

SWEEPSTAKES OF 30 SOVS. each, 10 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Petre's ch. c. The Colonel, by Whisker, out of My Lady's dam.
 Mr. Sykes's ch. c. by Blacklock, dam by Timothy.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. Auchincricueve, by Monreith, dam by Whisker.
 Lord Kelburne's gr. or ch. f. by Viscount, out of Georgiana.
 Lord Kelburne's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Marchesa.
 Mr. Riddell's b. c. Prebend, by Doctor Syntax, out of Jean d'Arc.
 Mr. Bower's b. f. by Reveller, dam by Waxy.
 Mr. S. Lee's ch. c. Plutus, by Catton, out of Masetto's dam.
 Mr. G. Peter's gr. c. The Abbot, by Oiseau, out of Camilla.
 Mr. Milward's br. c. by Tramp, dam by Filho da Puta.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Slut, by Tramp, out of Ursula.
 Lord Milton's br. f. Ballad Singer, by Tramp, out of Clinkerina.
 Mr. Churchill's b. c. Jour Des Noces, by Blacklock—Governor.
 Mr. Churchill's ch. c. Sans Souci, by Blacklock, dam by Sir Malagigi.
 Mr. Claridge's br. c. by Berlin, dam by Bustard.
 Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Sister to Dupont.
 Mr. Kitching's b. c. Murphy, by Filho da Puta, dam by Cervantes.
 Lord Kennedy's br. c. by Whisker, out of Castrella.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. by Champignon, dam by Shuttle.
 Mr. W. Scott's ch. c. Velocipede, Brother to Rufina.
 Lord Muncaster is a Subscriber but did not name.

THE GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. the surplus to be paid in specie, by a Subscription of 20 sovs. each, for horses of all ages:—three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 13lb.—Two miles.

To close and name to Mr. W. Lockwood, at York, or to Messrs. Weatherby, either in London or Newmarket, on or before the 1st day of March next.

LAST DAY.—The third and last year of the **CONSTITUTION STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. of all ages:—three-year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 9st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Whitaker's ch. m. Cinderella, by Walton, 5 yrs old.
 Lord Scarbrough's b. f. Pasta, by Catton, 4 yrs old.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, out of Masquerade, 4 yrs old.
 Lord Kelburne's bl. h. Jerry, by Smolensko, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. Riddale's ch. c. Barelegs, by Tramp, 4 yrs old.
 Lord Milton's b. h. Humphrey Clinker, by Comus, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Comus, dam by Waxy, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. Russell's b. c. by Walton, out of Crowcatcher's dam, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. Crompton's b. c. Burlador, by Cervantes, dam by Cerberus, 3 yrs old.

Mr. B. Peter's b. m. *Fleur de Lis*, by Bourbon, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. c. Saucy Dick, Brother to Jack Spigot, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. Holyoake's b. f. by Whiaker, out of Vicissitude, 3 yrs old.
 Duke of Leeds, Mr. F. Lumley, and Mr. Ferguson are Subscribers, but did not name.

THE COLT SADDLING STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts,
 8st. 3lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Last mile and three-quarters.

Mr. Whaley's ch. *Comus Secundus*, by Chiseller or Ivenhoe.
 Lord Scarbrough's b. by Catton, dam by Luck's-all.
 Duke of Leeds's b. Moth, by Blacklock, out of Helen, by Oberon.
 Mr. Darnell's b. by Walton, dam by Chorus.
 Lord Milton's b. Beggar Boy, by Tramp, out of Orvillina.
 Mr. Watt's ch. by Magistrate, out of Altisidora.
 Mr. Petre's b. by Tiresias, dam by Walton, out of Sailor's dam.

YORK AUGUST MEETING, 1897.

SECOND Year of the GREAT SUBSCRIPTIONS for four years.—A Subscription of 25 sovs. each, divided into three Purses, with 50l. added to each, by the Corporation of the City of York, to be run for by horses, &c. *bona fide* the property of a Subscriber or a declared confederate, on Wednesday, by four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb. Two miles.—On Thursday, by five-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st. Four miles.—On Friday, by four-year-olds, 8st. 3lb. and five, 8st. 10lb. Two miles.

SUBSCRIBERS.		
Fitzwilliam	Queensberry	J. Clifton
Milton	R. Watt	T. O. Powlett
C. Wilson	Leeds	F. Lumley
Wharnccliffe	Muncaster	B. Thompson
J. G. Lambton	R. Milnes	Kennedy
J. G. Lambton	W. Russell	R. O. Gascoigne
E. Petre	F. L. Holyoake	G. Crompton
T. Houldsworth	Scarbrough	T. Whitaker
E. Dodsworth	Devonshire	
Kelburne	Darlington	

Subscribers to pay their annual Subscriptions on or before Tuesday in each race-week, to the Keeper of the Match Book, or pay double. The horses, &c. are to be entered at the Grand Stand, upon Knavesmire, on Saturday preceding the Races, between ten and twelve o'clock in the forenoon.

FIRST DAY.—The GREAT YORKSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile and three-quarters.

Mr. Johnson's ch. c. *Jupiter*, by Tramp, dam by Sorcerer
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Bhurtpore, by Magistrate—Elephant's dam
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whiaker, dam by Trophonius
 Sir E. Dodsworth's ch. f. Sprite, by Comus, dam by Woful
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Medoro, by Cervantes, out of Marianne.
 Mr. Wright's b. c. Sampson, by Blacklock.
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Roswal, by Bob Booty, out of Lissey.

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—3lb. allowed, &c. Four miles.

Mr. Kirby's ch. f. by Welbeck, out of Thomasina.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Mulatto, by Catton.
 Lord Milton's b. c. Tickhill, by Catton, out of Orvillina.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Meeta, by Filho da Puta.
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. His Worship, by Magistrate.

SWEESTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and a half.

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. by Catton, dam by Luck's-all.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. or bl. c. by Magistrate, out of Eleanor.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. (dead) by Comus, out of Clinkerina.
 Mr. Armitage's gr. f. Trinket, by Grey Walton—Remembrancer.

Mr. Petre's b. c. by Tiresias, dam by Wakon, out of Sailor's dam, agst Mr. F. Lumley's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Remembrancer, 100 sovs. each, h. ft. 8st. 2lb. each, last mile and a half.

SECOND DAY.—The PEREGRINE of 50 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last mile and three-quarters.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Coalition, by Magistrate, dam by Filho da Puta, out of Catherine, by Castrel.
 Lord Milton's b. c. Beggar Boy, by Tramp, out of Orvillina.
 Major Yarborough's b. c. Laurel, by Blacklock, out of M^r. Adam's dam.
 Mr. Gully's br. c. by Cervantes, dam by Smolensko.
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Pelican, by Oiseau, out of Miss Aidé.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Terror, by Magistrate, out of Torelli.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Mansfield Lass, Sister to The Miller of Mansfield.
 Lord Melbourne's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Marchesa.
 Mr. G. Peter's gr. c. The Abbot, by Oiseau, out of Camilla.
 Ms. Wilson's b. c. Brother to The Juggler.
 Mr. Petre's b. f. Mabby, by Whisker, out of My Lady.
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Harlequin, by Cervantes, out of Flora.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's br. f. Ballad Singer, by Tramp, out of Clinkerina.
 Lord Milton's ch. f. Mariqueta, by Cervantes, out of Marianne.
 Mr. Churchill's gr. c. Vivian Grey, by Grey Petworth, out of Otis.
 Mr. Watt's b. f. by Whisker, out of a Sister to Dupont.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. by Champignon, dam by Shuttle.
 Mr. W. Scott's ch. c. Velocipede, Brother to Rufina.
 Hon. T. O. Powlett's b. c. Squire Danby, by Abjer—Swinton's dam.
 Mr. Sykes' ch. c. by Blacklock, dam by Timothy.
 Mr. Hopkinson's b. f. Eliza, by Filho da Puta, dam by Vermin.

THIRD DAY.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 5lb.—Last mile and three-quarters.

Lord Scarbrough's br. Sister to Tarrare.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. Leda, Sister to Fanny Davies.
 Duke of Leeds's b. by Whisker, dam by Sancho.
 Mr. T. B. Hodgson's br. Justitia, by Cervantes—Magistrate's dam.
 Mr. Petre's b. Matilda, by Comus.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. Dina, by Dinmont, out of Valentina.

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.—The second horse to have his Stake returned.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Beggar Boy, by Tramp, out of Orvillina.
 Lord Milton's b. c. Kit Cat, by Catton, out of Kitten.
 Lord Milton's br. c. Medora, by Cervantes, out of Marianne.
 Mr. Crompton's ch. f. by Tramp, out of Rosamond.
 Mr. Watt's ch. c. by Magistrate, out of Altisidora.
 Mr. Watt's br. f. by Magistrate, out of Manuela.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Bhurtpore, by Magistrate—Elephant's dam.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Talma, by Filho da Puta, out of Torelli.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. c. Saucy Dick, Brother to Jack Spigot.
 Lord Scarbrough's b. f. by Catton, out of Henrietta.
 Lord Scarbrough's b. c. by Comus, out of Byram's dam.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. f. by Abjer, out of The Duchess.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Thomasina.
 Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. by Tramp, out of Trulla.
 Mr. Whaley's ch. c. Comus Secundus, by Chiseller or Ivanhoe.

FOURTH DAY.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and a quarter.

Mr. Johnson's ch. c. Jupiter, by Tramp, dam by Sorcerer.
 Lord Scarbrough's br. c. by Comus, out of Byram's dam.
 Lord Scarbrough's b. f. Sister to Coronation, by Catton.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Talma, by Filho da Puta, out of Torelli.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Coalition, by Magistrate—Filho da Puta.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. Moth, by Blacklock, out of Helen, by Oberon.

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1827.

19

Duke of Leeds's gr. c. Moonshine, by Grey Middleham.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. f. Sister to Ringlet, by Whisker.
 Mr. Petre's b. f. Matilda, by Comus.
 Mr. Petre's ch. c. Granby, by Cannon Ball.
 Mr. J. Scott's b. c. Nonplus, by Catton.
 Mr. Foljambe's bl. f. by Tiresias, dam by Walton—Marimion's dam.
 Lord Milton's b. c. Kit Cat, by Catton, out of Kitten.
 Sir J. Byng's ch. Pedlar, by Tramp, out of Gadabout.
 Sir W. Milner's b. c. Liston, by Comus, out of Neva.
 Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Comus, dam by Waxy.
 Mr. Crompton's b. c. Burlador, by Cervantes, dam by Cerberus.
 Mr. Haworth's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Cottage Girl.
 Mr. Marria's b. f. by Tiresias, out of Sister to Sir Sampson.
 Mr. F. Lumley's b. c. by Catton, out of Merlin's dam.
 Mr. F. Lumley's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Remembrancer.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. Popsy, by Blacklock.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. c. Saucy Dick, by Ardrossan.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. f. Miss Emma, Sister to Miss Fanny.
 Mr. Gully's ch. c. by Cervantes, dam by Stamford.
 Mr. Gully's b. c. by Cervantes, out of Negotiator's dam.
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Pelican, by Olseau, out of Miss Aidè.

The HORNBY STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year olds:—colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 11lb.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Wyvill's ch. c. The Colonel, by Whisker, out of My Lady's dam.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Viscount, dam by Woful.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. Lambtonian, by Filho da Puta, out of Leopoldine.
 Mr. Petre's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Agatha.
 Mr. Scott's b. f. Mabby, by Whisker, out of My Lady.
 Lord Milton's br. f. Ballad Singer, by Tramp, out of Clinkerina.

SWEETSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds:—colts, 9st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Two miles.

Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Grey Walton, out of Blue Stocking.
 Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Tarrare, Brother to Fair Charlotte.
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. His Worship, by Magistrate.
 Duke of Leeds's gr. f. by Walton, out of Lisette.

Second Year of the TWENTY-FIVE SOVS. SUBSCRIPTION for three years—Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for horses, &c. *bona fide* the property of a Subscriber, or his declared confederate three months before the day of running: three-year-old colts, 7st. 2lb.; fillies, 6st. 11lb.; four-year-olds, 8st. 3lb.; five, 9st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st. Two miles. The horses, &c. to be named to Mr. W. Lockwood, Pavement, on the Wednesday before running, between the hours of four and seven o'clock in the afternoon.

Kelburne
 F. L. Holyoake
 Wm. Russell
 Muncaster
 T. Houldsworth

SUBSCRIBERS.
 Fitzwilliam
 Milton
 Scarbrough
 Leeds
 R. Ridsdale

J. G. Lambton
 E. Petre
 Kennedy
 W. M. Milner.

DONCASTER MEETING, 1827.

STEWARDS.

His Grace the Duke of Devonshire and the Most Noble the Marquis of Titchfield.

MONDAY.—The CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds: colts, 9st. 6lb. and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—From the Red House in. The winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Doncaster Racing Club.

Lord Kelburne's br. c. by Reveller, out of Hell Cat.
 Lord Kelburne's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Marchesa.
 Mr. Riddell's b. c. Rector, by Dr. Syntax, dam by Ardrossan.

Mr. Ridesdale's ch. c. Harlequin, by Cervantes, out of Flora.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's br. f. Ballad Singer, by Tramp—Chinkerina.
 Mr. Petre's ch. c. The Colonel, by Whisker, out of My Lady's dam.
 Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Sister to Dupont.
 Lord Kennedy's br. c. Whisker, out of Castrella.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. Champignon, dam by Shuttle.
 Mr. W. Scott's b. c. Picturesque, by Dr. Syntax—Nonplus's dam.
 Mr. F. Lumley's b. c. Brother to Coronation.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. Squire Danby, by Abjer—Swinton's dam.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. by Jack Spigot, out of Caifacaratadaddera.
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Vanish, by Phantom, out of Treasure.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Mansfield Lass, Sister to the Miller.
 Lord Muncaster's c. by Monreith, out of Nell Meldon.
 Mr. J. B. Brinkman's gr. c. by Viscount, dam by Haphazard—Webb.
 Lord Slige's b. c. Prism, by Langar, out of Miss Aide, by Sir Peter.

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Three pounds allowed, &c.—Four miles.

Mr. Petre's ch. f. Missey, by Catton, out of Agatha.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Tickhill, Brother to Sandbeck.
 Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. Tom, by Walton, out of Jerry's dam.
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. His Worship, by Magistrate.
 Lord Milton's b. f. (dead) by Partisan, out of Chinkerina.

TUESDAY.—The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.

Mr. Johnson's ch. c. Jupiter, by Tramp, dam by Sorcerer.
 Mr. Baird's br. c. Romeo, by Ardrossan, out of Lady Cramfeaser.
 Mr. Baird's b. c. The Corsair, by Champignon, out of Pirate's dam.
 Sir R. K. Dick's b. c. The Cherub, by Champignon, out of Bella.
 Lord Scarbrough's b. c. by Catton, dam by Luck's All.
 Lord Scarbrough's br. c. by Comus, out of Bryam's dam.
 Lord Scarbrough's br. f. Sister to Tarrare.
 Duke of Leeds's gr. c. Moonshine, by Grey Middleham.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. Moth, by Blacklock, out of Helen, by Oberon.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, dam by Trophonius.
 Duke of Leeds's b. f. by Whisker, dam by Sancho.
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. Reviewer, by Abjer, out of Blue Stocking.
 Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Hartpury, by Abjer, dam by Ardrossan.
 Mr. T. B. Hodgson's br. f. Justitia, by Cervantes—Magistrate's dam.
 Lord Wharmcliffe's ch. c. by Comus, out of Octaviana.
 Mr. Wilson's b. c. Brother to The Juggler.
 Duke of Devonshire's ch. c. by Epperston, dam by Stamford.
 Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Nonplus, by Catton, dam by Walton.
 Marquis of Titchfield's b. f. Matilda, by Comus.
 Mr. Petre's ch. c. Granby, by Cannon-Ball, out of Shoehorn.
 Mr. J. Scott's ch. c. Tom Jones, by Abjer, out of Leopoldine.
 Mr. Waddington's ch. f. Sister to Hampden.
 Mr. Ridesdale's ch. f. Lunacy, by Blacklock, out of Maniac.
 Mr. Darnell's b. f. Miavalis, by Blacklock, out of Snowball. by Prime Minister, gran-
 Mr. Darnell's b. c. by Walton, dam by Chorus. [dam, Vesta.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Medoro, by Cervantes, out of Marianne.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Beggar Boy, by Tramp, out of Orrvillina.
 Lord Milton's b. c. Kit Cat, by Catton, out of Kitten.
 Sir J. Byng's ch. c. Pedlar, by Tramp, out of Gadabout.
 Mr. Cradock's br. c. by Tiresias, out of Galatea.
 Sir W. Milner's ch. c. Malek, by Blacklock, out of Rufina's dam, by Juniper.
 Mr. Foljambe's bl. f. by Tiresias, dam by Walton—Marmion's dam.
 Mr. Wormald's b. c. by The Laird, dam by Governor.
 Mr. Russell's ch. f. Emma, by Whisker, out of Gibside Fairy.
 Lord Queensberry's ch. c. by Gustavus, dam by Scud—Cwrrw's dam.
 Mr. Watt's br. f. by Magistrate, out of Manuella.
 Mr. Crompton's b. c. Sancho Panza, by Cervantes.
 Mr. Crompton's b. c. Burlador, by Cervantes, dam by Cerberus.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. by Ardrossan, dam by Delpini.
 Mr. W. Fox's b. c. by Vandyke Junior, out of Selina.
 Mr. Marson's ch. c. by Cardinal Wolsey or Vandyke Junior, dam by Beningbrough.

Mr. Mowbray's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Cottage Girl.
 Mr. F. Lumley's b. c. by Trump, dam by Remembrancer.
 Major Yarborough's b. c. Laurel, by Blacklock—M'Adam's dam.
 Mr. T. Sykes's b. a. by Cervantes, dam by Sir Paul.
 Mr. Gascoigne's br. c. by Smolensko, out of Olivera, by Sir Oliver.
 Colonel Cradock's b. f. Floscula, by Grey Middleham, out of Florantha.
 Mr. Rolling's ch. c. Linton Lock, by Blacklock, dam by Thunderbolt.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. Popey, by Blacklock.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. c. Sancy Dick, Brother to Jack Spigot.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. f. Miss Emma, Sister to Miss Fanny.
 Mr. Gully's br. c. by Cervantes, dam by Smolensko.
 Mr. Gully's ch. c. by Cervantes, dam by Stamford.
 Mr. Gully's b. c. by Cervantes, out of Negotiator's dam.
 Mr. Gully's b. f. by Ardrossan, dam by a Son of Dick Andrews.
 Mr. Wright's b. c. Sampson, by Blacklock.
 Mr. Tarleton's b. f. Sister to Whim.
 Mr. Hopkinson's ch. c. Geloni, by Hazard, dam by Remembrancer.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Talma, by Filho da Puta, out of Torelli.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Leda, Sister to Fanny Davies, by Filho da Puta, out of [Treasurer].
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Coalition, by Magistrate—Filho da Puta.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Bhurtpore, by Magistrate—Elephant's dam.
 Lord Muncaster's gr. c. Toddy, by Viscount, out of Brown Teapot.
 Mr. L. Charlton's ch. c. Braganza, by Octavius—Harriet, by Selim.
 Mr. L. Charlton's b. c. Raymond, by Catton, out of Osmond's dam.
 Mr. Sadler's b. c. Defence, Brother to Dauntless.
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Pelican, by Oiseau, out of Miss Aide.
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Roswal, by Bob Booty, out of Lissey.
 Mr. Gaundlett's b. c. Gamelius, by Whalebone.
 Mr. Payne's br. f. by Whisker, out of Vicissitude.
 Mr. Payne's br. c. by Coalition, by Whalebone, out of Snowdrop.
 Mr. Payne's b. c. by Rainbow, dam by Soothsayer, out of Eliza Teania.
 Mr. Yates's ch. c. Tamworth, by Tiresias.
 Mr. Giffard's b. c. Tatler, by Manfred.
 Lord Clarendon's c. by Partisan, out of Antiope.
 Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Lorraine, by Mountebank.
 Mr. Dilly's b. c. Pandarus, by Whalebone.
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. by Sam, out of Romp's dam.
 Mr. Scott Stenehewer's ch. c. Theorem, Brother to Problem.
 Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Gaberlunzie, Brother to Elfrid.
 Lord Surrey names br. c. Christmas, by Blucher, out of Plover.
 Lord Jersey's b. c. Glenartney, Brother to Middleton.
 Lord Jersey's Mameluke, by Partisan, out of Master Henry's dam.
 Lord Jersey's ch. c. Apollo, Brother to Nicole.
 Lord Jersey's b. c. Chrysalis, by Orville, out of Filagree.
 Mr. Clifton's b. c. Fylde, by Antonio, out of Fadladinida.
 Mr. Mytton's br. c. Ellesmere, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie.
 Mr. Mytton's br. c. Lechlure, by Master Henry or Castel—Mervinia.
 Mr. Forth's ch. c. Spondee, by Interpreter, out of Metre.
 Mr. Forth's b. f. Translation, Sister to Babel.

The Second Year of the RENEWED DONCASTER STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for horses, &c. *bona fide* the property of a subscriber or his declared confederate:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Two miles.—This subscription continues in 1877 and 1878, and the horses to be named on the day of entry for the plates.

Fitzwilliam
 Milton
 Kelburne
 Scarbrough
 Wharnciffe
 C. Wilson
 T. O. Powlett
 M. Pettie
 T. S. Duncombe
 W. M. Milner

SUBSCRIBERS.

W. Ridley
 F. Lumley
 T. Houldsworth
 J. G. Lambton
 R. Watt
 S. Cradock
 R. O. Gascoigne
 Darlington
 T. Whitaker
 R. W. Darnell

Keeney
 W. Russell
 D. Baird
 R. Riddale
 G. Crompton
 F. L. Holyoake
 G. Payne
 Muncaster
 Leeds

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—Red-House 1m.

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. by Catton, dam by Dick Andrews.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. Lambtonian, by Filho da Puta, out of Leopoldine.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Dansinane, out of Rosalind.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Viscount, out of Georgiana.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Mansfield Lass, Sister to The Miller.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Terror, by Magistrate, out of Torelli.
 Lord Muncaster's b. c. by Grey Middleham, dam by Shuttle.
 Lord Milton's ch. f. Mariqueta, by Cervantes, out of Marianne.

WEDNESDAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft. for four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Maiden horses at the time of naming allowed 4lb.—St. Leger Course.

Lord Scarbrough's b. f. Lady Georgiana, by Catton.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Tickhill, by Catton (4lb.)
 Mr. Petre's ch. f. Minsey, by Catton.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Fanny Davies, by Filho da Puta.

The FOAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. Brother to The Juggler, by Comus.
 Lord Scarbrough's br. c. by Comus, out of Byram's dam.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. Raymond, by Catton, out of Osmond's dam.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Thomasina.
 Lord Kelburne's br. c. Reviewer, by Abjer, out of Blue Stocking.
 Mr. Wyvill's ch. g. Smackmoor, Brother to My Lady.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Bhurtpore, by Magistrate—Elephant's dam.
 Mr. Russell's b. f. Niavalis (late Brownlock) by Blacklock.
 Mr. Petre's ch. c. Granby, by Cannon Ball, out of Shoshorn.
 Mr. Yates's b. c. Edmund, by Orville, out of Emmeline.
 Mr. Holyoake's br. f. by Whisker, out of Vicissitude.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. (dead) by Comus, out of Clinkerina.

DONCASTER RACING CLUB STAKES.—A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. of all ages:—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 3lb.—The horses, &c. to be *bona fide* the property of the Members of the Club.—Two miles.

To close on the 1st of March next, and the horses, &c. to be named on or before that day, to Mr. Lockwood, Doncaster; Mr. W. Lockwood, York; or to Messrs. Weatherby, either in London or Newmarket.

THURSDAY.—The GASCOIGNE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, 30 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the Great St. Leger Stakes to carry 5lb. extra.—St. Leger Course.

Duke of Leeds's gr. c. Moonshine, by Grey Middleham.
 Mr. Petre's ch. c. Granby, by Cannon Ball.
 Lord Milton's b. c. Beggar Boy, by Tramp, out of Orrillina.
 Sir W. Milner's ch. c. Malek, by Blacklock, out of Rufina's dam.
 Mr. Russell's ch. f. Emma, by Whisker.
 Mr. Gascoigne's br. c. by Smolensko, out of Olivera, by Sir Oliver.
 Sir J. Byng's ch. c. Pedlar, by Tramp, out of Gadabout.
 Mr. Gully's br. c. by Cervantes, dam by Smolensko.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Coalition, by Magistrate, dam by Filho da Puta.
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Pelican, by Oiseau, out of Miss Aidé.
 Lord Surrey names br. c. Christmas, by Blucher.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.

Mr. Watt's ro. or b. c. by Blacklock, out of Marion.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, dam by Trophonius.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Talma, by Filho da Puta, out of Torelli.
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Marchesa.
 Mr. Petre's ch. f. Sister to Hampden, by Rubens.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Medora, by Cervantes, out of Marianne.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.

Lord Darlington's gr. c. by Jonathan, out of Lady of Vale's dam.

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. by Catton, out of Joseph's dam.
 Lord Kelburne's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Marchesa.
 Mr. Riddell's b. c. Prebend, by Doctor Syntax, out of Jean d'Arc.
 Mr. Riddale's ch. c. Harlequin, by Cervantes, out of Flora.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Mariqueta, Sister to Medoro.
 Sir J. Byng's b. f. Miss Pratt, by Blacklock, out of Gadabout.
 Mr. Milward's br. c. by Tramp, dam by Filho da Puta.
 Mr. Petre's b. f. Mabby, by Whisker, out of My Lady.
 Mr. Darnell's br. c. by Waverley, dam by Sancho, out of Ringtail.
 Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Sister to Dupont.
 Lord Kennedy's br. c. by Whisker, out of Castrella.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. by Champignon, dam by Shuttle.
 Colonel King's br. f. Bessy Bedlam, by Filho da Puta, out of Lunatic.
 Mr. Bower's b. f. by Reveller, dam by Waxy.
 Mr. W. Scott's ch. c. Velocipede, Brother to Rufina.
 Mr. Metcalfe's b. c. Economist, by Whisker, out of Floranthe.
 Mr. Baird's b. c. Brother to The Corsair.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. by Jack Spigot, out of Popsy's dam.
 Mr. Sykes's ch. c. by Blacklock, dam by Timothy.
 Mr. Mopkinson's b. f. Eliza, by Filho da Puta, dam by Vermin.
 Mr. J. Lee's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Miss Paul.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Mansfield Lass, Sister to Miller of Mansfield.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Terror, by Magistrate, out of Torelli.
 Mr. J. B. Brinkman's gr. c. by Viscount, dam by Haphazard—Web.
 Lord Sligo's ch. c. Tax, by Langar, out of Wilful.

FRIDAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—St. Leger Course.

Lord Scarbrough's brown, Sister to Tarrare.
 Duke of Leeds's bay, by Whisker, dam by Sancho.
 Mr. T. B. Hodgson's brown, Justitia, by Cervantes—Magistrate's dam.
 Mr. Riddale's ches. Lunacy, by Blacklock.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's ches. Oriana, by Amadis, out of Gouvernante.
 Lord Milton's bay, Dinah, by Dinmont, out of Valentina.
 Mr. Petre's ches. Sister to Hampden.
 Mr. Russell's ches. Emma, by Whisker.
 Mr. Darnell's bay, Niavalis, by Blacklock.
 Mr. Gascoigne's bay, by Tramp, out of Elizabeth's dam.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's brown, Miss Emma, Sister to Miss Fanny.
 Mr. Tarlton's bay, by Whisker, out of Sister to Wagtail.
 Mr. Houldsworth's brown, Leda, Sister to Fanny Davies.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the St. Leger Stakes to carry 7lb. extra.—The Last Mile.

Mr. Johnson's ch. c. Jupiter, by Tramp, dam by Sorcerer.
 Sir R. K. Dick's b. c. The Cherub, by Champignon, out of Bella.
 Lord Scarbrough's ch. f. Sister to Coronation.
 Lord Scarbrough's br. c. by Comus, out of Byram's dam.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. Moch, by Blacklock, out of Helen.
 Duke of Leeds's gr. c. Moonshine, by Grey Middleham.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. f. Sister to Ringlet.
 Lord Milton's b. c. Kit Cat, by Catton, out of Kitten.
 Sir J. Byng's ch. c. Pedlar, by Tramp, out of Gadabout.
 Sir W. Milner's br. c. Liston, by Comus, out of Neva.
 Mr. Petre's b. f. Matilda, by Comus, out of Juliana.
 Mr. J. Scott's b. c. Nonplus, by Catton, dam by Walton.
 Mr. Watt's br. f. by Magistrate, out of Manuela.
 Mr. Crompton's b. c. Sancho Panza, by Cervantes.
 Mr. W. Fox's b. c. by Vandyke Junior, out of Selma.
 Major Yarborough's b. c. Laurel, by Blacklock.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. Popsy, by Blacklock.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. c. Nancy Dick, Brother to Jack Spigot.
 Mr. Gully's ch. c. by Cervantes, dam by Stamford.
 Mr. Gully's b. c. by Cervantes, out of Negotiator's dam.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Coalition, by Magistrate—Filho da Puta.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Talma, by Filho da Puta, out of Torelli.
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Roegal, by Booty, out of Lassy.

Lord Surrey names br. c. Christmas, by Blueher, out of Plover:
Lord Muncaster is a subscriber, but did not name.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for horses, &c. *bona fide* the property of a subscriber or his declared confederate, three months before the day of naming:—four-year-olds colts, 7st. 5lb.; fillies, 7st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Four miles.—This subscription to continue in 1897 and 1898.—The horses to be named to the Clerk of the Course on Thursday in the race week, before nine o'clock in the evening.

Milton
W. Russell
Leeds
E. Petre

G. Payne
Darlington
T. Houldsworth
W. M. Milner

F. L. Holyoake
Scarborough
T. Whitaker

Mr. Yates's br. c. Fabiana, by Comus, out of Manfred's dam, 8st. 5lb. agst Lord Muncaster's gr. f. Tittle Tattle, by Blacklock, dam by Camillus, 8st. 300 sovs. 80 R.—Last mile.

Mr. Foljambe's bl. f. by Tiresias, dam by Walton, agst Mr. Petre's p. f. Matilda, by Comus, out of Juliana, 8st. 2lb. each, 100, h. ft.—Last mile.

PONTEFRAC T MEETING, 1897.

FIRST DAY.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30gs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three quarters.

Lord Milton's b. c. Beggar Boy, by Tramp, out of Orvillina.
Mr J. Byng's ch. c. Pedlar, by Tramp, out of Gadabout.
Mr. Haworth's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Cottage Girl.
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Bhurtpore, by Magistrate—Elephant's dam.
Mr. Petre's ch. c. Tom Jones, by Abjer, out of Leopoldine.
Lord Slige's b. c. Pelican, by Oiseau, out of Miss Aida.
Lord Scarborough's b. c. by Catton, dam by Luck's-All.
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Hartpury, by Abjer.
Mr. Wormald's b. c. by The Laird, dam by Governor.
Mr. Gully's ch. c. by Cervantes, dam by Stamford.
Mr. Hopkinson's ch. c. Geloni, by Hazard, dam by Remembrance.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft.:—for colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Three pounds allowed, &c.—One mile and three quarters.

Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. Medora, by Cervantes, out of Marianne.
Mr. Wigfull's b. c. by Tramp, out of Holm.
Mr. Houldsworth omitted to declare produce, and Mr. Duncanson did not name.

The ORFORD STAKES (produce) of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Ferguson's b. f. by Jonathan, dam by Sir Paul.
Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Kitty, by Cervantes, out of Kitten.
Mr. Petre's br. f. by Blacklock, out of Agatha.
Colonel Sykes's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Sorcerer.
Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Tramp, out of Fortuna.
Lord Scarborough's b. f. by Catton, out of Aylesbury's dam.
Mr. W. Scott's b. c. by The Laird, dam by Sorcerer—Governor.
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Baggage, by Tramp—Sister to Agnes Sorel.

SECOND DAY.—**The FOAL STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, 10 ft.—Two miles.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. or br. c. Coalition, by Magistrate, 8st.
Sir J. Byng's ch. c. by Catton, out of Ursula, 8st.
Mr. Armitage's gr. f. Trinket, by Grey Walton, dam by Remembrance, granddam by Beningbrough, 7st. 11lb.

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by subscribers of 10gs. each, with 20 added, for all ages:—three-year-olds, 8st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 5lb.—Three miles.

Hawks
Wm. Irby
E. Petre

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wilton
Thos. Houldsworth
C. Wilson

Leeds
Scarborough

The horse, &c. to be named to Mr. John Tute, at Fontenay, on the same day.

THIRD DAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Seven furlongs.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. Miss Pratt, by Blacklock, out of Gadabout.
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Baggage, by Tramp, out of Escape's dam.
Mr. Petre's ch. c. The Colonel, by Whisker, out of My Lady's dam.
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Vanish, by Phantom, out of Treasure.
Mr. J. B. Brinkman's ch. c. by Blacklock or Farlington, out of Evens.
Mr. F. Lumley's b. c. Brother to Coronation.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 2lb. each.—Last mile and a quarter.

Lord Milton's b. Dinah, by Dinmont, out of Valentina.
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. Jessy, by Comus.
Mr. Houldsworth's br. Leda, Sister to Fanny Davies.
Lord Scarborough's b. Sister to Coronation, by Catton.
Mr. Tarlton's b. by Whisker, out of a Sister to Wagtail.

The ALL-AGED STAKES and the LADYBORN STAKES did not fill; but are re-opened, to close on the 1st of March:

MALTON CRAVEN MEETING, 1887.

(The First Week in April.)

THE CRAVEN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages:—two-year-olds, 8st. 2lb.; three, 8st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 11lb.; five, 9st. 1lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 7lb.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Butler's ch. c. Dragoman, by Interpreter, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Catton, out of Alsidora, 3 yrs old.
Colonel King's ch. f. Ultima, by Bourbon, 4 yrs old.
Lord Queensberry's gr. c. Silvery, by Catton, out of Sister to Bourbon, 2 yrs old.
Mr. R. Watson's br. c. by Prime Minister, dam by Dick Andrews, 2 yrs old.
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Humphrey Clinker, by Comus, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Richardson's br. c. Brownlock, by Blacklock, 4 yrs old.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for rising three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three quarters.

Mr. Petre's ch. c. Tom Jones, by Abjer, out of Leopoldine.
Sir T. Sykes's b. c. by Cervantes, dam by Sir Paul.
Mr. Haworth's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Cottage Girl.
Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Sister to Dupont.
Mr. Hopkinson's ch. c. Geloni, by Hazard, dam by Remembrance.

The BARTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for rising three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a half.

Mr. F. Lumley's b. c. by Catton, out of Merlin's dam.
Major Yarborough's b. c. Laurel, by Blacklock.
Mr. Marson's br. f. by Whisker, out of Vicissitude.
Mr. Grompton's b. c. Burlador, by Cervantes.
Mr. Wright's b. c. Sampson, by Blacklock.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for rising two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Half a mile.

Mr. W. Scott's b. c. Picturesque, by Doctor Syntax.—Nouplus's dam.
Colonel King's br. f. Bessy Bealham, by Filho da Puta, out of Lunatic.
Mr. Kitching's b. c. Murphy, by Filho da Puta, dam by Cervantes.
Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Sister to Dupont.
Mr. Hopkinson's K. f. Eliza, by Filho da Puta, dam by Vandy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for rising three-year-old fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile.

Lord Milton's ch. Oriana, by Amath, out of Gouvernante,
 Mr. T. Legard's b. by The Laird, out of Quickly.
 Mr. Morris's b. by Thrasias, out of Sister to Sir Sampson.

EAST RIDING UNION STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, *bona fide* the property of a Subscriber, that have been regularly hunted with Sir T. Sykes's or the Holderness Fox-hounds, and never to have won, paid, or received forfeit, nor been in a training stable before running:—four-year-olds to carry 11st.; five, 11st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Gentlemen riders.—Proper Certificates to be produced before starting, if required, signed by Sir T. Sykes or Thomas Hodgson, Esq.—Two miles.

Mr. Teesdale's bl. c. Sweep, by Bourbon, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Barchead's br. h. Pindar, by Tramp, 6 yrs old.

Mr. Gilbert's ch. h. by Paul, aged.

Mr. R. Bower, Sir Tatten Sykes, Mr. Foulis, Mr. R. Bower, jun., Mr. T. Legard, Mr. H. Legard, and Mr. J. Hall, are subscribers, but did not name.

The **WELHAM STAKES** did not fill.

CATTERICK BRIDGE MEETING, 1897.

WEDNESDAY, April 18.—The **Craven Stakes** of 10 sovs. each:—for two-year-olds, 6st; three, 8st.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st.; six, and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Mile and a quarter.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Lord Kennedy
 Lord Tyrcounel
 Mr. Lambton

Mr. Russell
 Mr. Riddell
 Mr. Rolling

Lord Kelburne
 Hon. E. Petre
 Duke of Leeds

The horses, &c. to be named on the entrance day.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 sovs. ft.:—for colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st. then rising three years old.—Two miles.

Duke of Leeds's b. c. Moth, by Blacklock, dam by Oberon.

Mr. Albion's Ada, by Whisker, out of Annabella.

Mr. Darnell's b. c. by Walton, out of Crowcatcher's dam.

Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. by Octavian, dam by St. George.

Mr. H. B. Loftus's b. f. Nivalis (late Brownlock), by Blacklock.

Mr. J. Ferguson's b. c. Paul Fry, Brother to Sir Anthony.

PRODUCE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, h.ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.

Sir E. Dodsworth's ch. f. Sprite, by Comus, dam by Woful.

Sir E. Dodsworth's b. f. by Walton, dam by Smolensko.

Mr. Claridge's f. by Ardrossan, out of Adelicia.

Mr. Gascoigne's br. f. by Grey Walton, out of Cora.

Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Hartpury, by Abjer, dam by Ardrossan.

Mr. Jacques's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Ringlet's dam.

Mr. J. Ferguson's c. by Jack Spigot, dam by Shuttle.

Mr. J. Ferguson's b. c. Paul Fry, by Octavian.

THE RICHMOND CLUB STAKES of 20 sovs. each, for rising two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile.

Lord Kennedy's b. c. by Champignon, dam by Shuttle.

Lord Kelburne's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Marchesa.

Colonel Cradock's b. c. by Whisker, dam by St. George.

Mr. Whitelock's b. f. by Reveller, out of Gin's dam.

Mr. Darnell's br. c. by Waverley, dam by Sancho, out of Ringtail.

THURSDAY, April 19.—The **Old Stakes** of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft.:—for colts, 8st. 3lb.; and fillies, 8st. rising three years old.—Two miles.

Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, dam by Trophoeus.

Duke of Leeds's b. f. by Whisker, dam by Sancho.

Lord Kennedy's ch. c. Linton Lock, by Blacklock—Thunderbolt.

Mr. Russell's ch. f. Emma, by Whisker, out of Gibside Fairy.
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Octavian, dam by Haphazard.
 Mr. Johnson's ch. c. Jupiter, by Tramp, dam by Sorcerer.
 Sir E. Dodsworth's b. f. by Walton, dam by Smolensko.
 Mr. Shafto's b. c. by Whisker, dam by St. George.
 Mr. Loftus's br. c. by Ardrossan, dam by Remembrancer.
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Roswal, by Bob Booty.
 Mr. Metcalfe's b. f. Floscula, by Grey Middleham, out of Floranthe.
 Mr. Gascoigne's br. c. by Smolensko, out of Olivera.
 Mr. Rounthwaite's b. c. Charley, by Percy, out of Miss Wilks.

THE FILLY STAKES of 20 sovs. each, for fillies, 8st. each.—One mile and a half.

Mr. J. Croft's ch. by Whisker.
 Duke of Leeds's b. by Whisker, dam by Sancho.
 Mr. Wilkinson's ch. by Octavian, out of Lady of the Swale.
 Mr. Metcalfe's b. Floscula, by Grey Middleham, out of Floranthe.
 Mr. Gascoigne's ch. Jessy, by Comus, out of Jerry's dam.

THE YEARLING STAKES of 20 sovs. each:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile.

Mr. Claridge's br. c. by Berlin, dam by Bustard.
 Mr. Riddell's b. c. Rector, by Doctor Syntax, dam by Ardrossan.
 Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Phantom, out of Quickly, by Mowbray.
 Mr. Darnell's ch. c. Game Boy, by Octavian, dam by St. George.
 Colonel Cradock's b. c. by Dunsinane, out of Rosalind.
 Lord Kennedy's br. c. by Whisker, out of Castrella.
 Mr. W. Scott's ch. c. Velocipede, Brother to Rufina.

CHESTER RACES, 1827.

MONDAY, May 7.—TRADESMEN'S CUP, value 100gs. added to a Free Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each: weights to be published on 1st February 1827; 10 sovs. forfeit, and only five sovs. forfeit if declared on or before the 14th February. Three to accept or no race. To start at the Castle Pole, and to run twice round and end at the coming-in chair.

Lord Stamford names b. c. Granby, by Spectre, 4 yrs old.
 Lord Derby's gr. h. Autocrat, by the Grand Duke, 5 yrs old.
 Sir W. Wynne's br. g. Orthodox, by Filho, 6 yrs old.
 Sir W. Wynne's ch. f. Latitat, by Champion, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Chesterfield, by Milo, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Simpson's b. h. Young Corrector, by Corrector, aged.
 Lord Grosvenor's b. g. Glead, by Bustard, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. White's br. c. Euxton, by Rinaldo, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Benson's ch. f. Rhapsody, by Woful, 4 yrs old.
 Sir T. Mostyn's b. m. Invalid, by Whisker, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Fanny Davies, by Filho, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Harriet, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.
 Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. f. Mayfly, by Piscator, 4 yrs old.
 Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. f. by Phantom, out of Breeze, bought of Barnard.
 Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Doctor Faustus, by Filho, 4 yrs old.
 Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. Grenadier, by Waterloo, 6 yrs old.
 Sir T. Stanley's ch. g. by Tiresias, out of Maid of Lorn, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Gleave's b. h. The Miller of Mansfield, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. Geary's br. m. Arachne, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old.
 Lord Grey names gr. m. Fille de Joie, by Filho, 6 yrs old.
 Major O. Gore's br. h. The Moor, by Muley, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. Mytton's br. h. Flexible, by Whalebone, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. Mytton's br. c. Fisherman, by Bustard—Mervinia, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Clifton's b. h. Brutendorf, by Blacklock, 6 yrs old.
 Sir T. Mostyn's br. c. St. David, by Filho, 4 yrs old.
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Pollio, by Orville, out of Blue Stockings, 4 yrs old.

WEDNESDAY, May 9.—The STAND CUP value 100gs. the gift of the Stand Committee, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—

Twice round and a distance.—Three-year-olds, 9st. 10lb.; four, 9st. 8lb.; five, 9st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Geldings and mares allowed 8lb.

Lord Stamford names h. c. by Astrologer, 4 yrs old.
 Sir G. Pigot's b. c. Granby, by Spectre, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Giffard's ch. c. Leviathan, by Muley, 4 yrs old.
 Sir W. Wynne's b. m. Signorina, by Champion, 5 yrs old.
 Sir W. Wynne's ch. m. Rufina, by Blacklock, 6 yrs old.
 Sir W. Wynne's br. g. Orthodox, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. Geary's br. m. Arachne, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. White's br. c. Euxton, by Rinaldo, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Benson's ch. f. Rhapsody, by Woful, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Fanny Davies, by Filho, 4 yrs old.
 Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Mayfly, by Piscator, 4 yrs old.
 Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Doctor Faustus, by Filho, 5 yrs old.
 Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. Grenadier, by Waterloo, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. Mytton's br. h. Flexible, by Whalebone, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. Clifton's br. h. Brutandorf, by Blacklock, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. Clifton's ch. h. Mr. Munn, by Ardrossan, 5 yrs old.
 Sir T. Mostyn's br. c. St. David, by Filho, 4 yrs old.

HUNTERS' STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 sovs. ft., for horses not thoroughbred:—three-year-olds, 9st.; four, 10st. 10lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; aged, 12st.—Any horse having won a Match, Plate, or Sweepstakes, before the day of running, to carry 5lb.; two, 7lb.; three, 10lb. extra.—Two miles.

Mr. Bretherton's ch. f. by Grey Walton, 3 yrs old.
 Sir W. Wynne's b. m. Antiope, late Miss Holland, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. R. Grosvenor's br. g. Thompson, by Buffer, aged.
 Mr. Pickernell's b. g. by Beningbrough, aged.
 Mr. Broadhurst's ch. f. by Young Castrel, 4 yrs old.

THURSDAY.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 9st. 5lb. fillies, 8st.—Three quarters of a mile.—Closed.

Mr. Giffard's b. c. Nimrod, by Bobtail, dam by Marmion.
 Mr. Giffard's b. f. Mischief, by Skin, out of Miss North.
 Lord Grosvenor's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Tempe.
 Mr. Benson's b. f. Ma Belle, by Strephon—Itty Pet.
 Mr. Benson's br. c. Alcester, by Filho, dam Sarsaparilla's dam.
 Mr. Beardsworth's bl. f. Lestelle, by Whalebone or Octavius.
 Mr. Mytton's b. c. Halston, by Banker, out of Olivetta.
 Mr. Yates's b. c. Boy Blue, Brother to Little-Bo-Peep.
 Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. by Teniers, out of Mrs. Suggs.
 Sir T. Mostyn's ch. h. by Teniers, out of Springs.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Mansfield Lass, Sister to the Miller of Mansfield.
 Mr. Massey's b. c. Ithonus, by Duplicate, out of Hercules' dam, by Sir Solomon.

BEVERLEY MEETING, 1897.

(The First Week after York Spring Meeting.)

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, p. p. for three-year-olds:—colts, 9st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Crompton's b. c. Burlador, by Cervantes.
 Mr. W. Fox's b. c. by Vandyke Junior, out of Selma.
 Sir T. Sykes's b. c. by Cervantes, dam by Sir Paul.
 Mr. Hopkinson's ch. c. Geloni, by Hazard, dam by Remembrancer.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, p. p. for two-year-olds: colts, 9st.; fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Horley's b. c. by The Laird, dam by Governor.
 Mr. Brinkman's ch. c. by Blacklock or Parlington, out of Evens.
 Mr. J. Lee's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Miss Paul.
 Col. King's br. f. Bessy Bedlam, by Filho da Puta, out of Lunatic, by Frims Minister, grandam Fulford's dam.
 Mr. W. Wilks's ch. f. by Tramp, dam by Sancho.

The GOLD CUP, the FILLY STAKES, and the ALL-AGED STAKES did not fill but are re-opened, to close on the 1st of March.

HAIGH PARK MEETING, 1827.

SWEEPSTAKES of 90 sovs. each, p. p., for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Turner's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Sister to Sophy.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Kitty, by Cervantes, out of Kitten.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Baggage, by Tramp—Agnes Sorrel's Sister.
 Mr. Petre's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Agatha.
 Mr. Milward's br. c. by Tramp, dam by Filho da Puta.
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. The Colonel, by Whisker—My Lady's dam.
 Mr. W. Scott's b. c. Picturesque, by Dr. Syntax—Nonplus's dam.
 Mr. Gascoigne's bl. c. by Whisker, out of Elizabeth's dam.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. Auchincricave, by Moureith.
 Mr. Hopkinson's b. f. Eliza, by Filho da Puta, dam by Vermin.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Harriet, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Tickhill, by Catton, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Peter's ch. c. Tom Jones, by Abjer, out of Leopoldine, 3 yrs old.

The **GOLD TURNER—SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred—**FILLY STAKES**—and **ST. LEGER STAKES**, for 1827;—the **YEARLING STAKES** for 1828;—and the **FOAL STAKES** for 1829, not having a sufficient number of Subscribers, are re-opened, to close on the 1st of March.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1827.

MONDAY, April 16.—The **CRAVEN STAKES**, a Subscription of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages:—two-year-olds, 6st.; three, 8st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 9lb. A. F.—This subscription to close on the Thursday before running.

The **THIRTEENTH RIDDLESWORTH STAKES** of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1823:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—

Ab. M.—untried mares or untried stallions allowed 3lb.; if both, 5lb.

Mr. Thornhill's f. by Merlin, out of Sheweler.
 Lord Exeter's b. c. by Captain Candid—Augusta's dam.
 Sir J. Shelley's c. Johnny, by Little John, out of Cressida.
 Mr. Greville's b. f. Miriam, by Whalebone—Sister to Castanea.
 Mr. Rush's b. c. by Merlin, out of Rhoda.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Roderick, by Rubens—Prudence.
 Mr. Wyndham's f. by Partisan, out of Silvertail.
 Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Christmas, by Blucher, out of Plover.
 Lord Grosvenor's f. Equivoque, by Blucher, out of Finesse.
 Lord Jersey's c. Mameluke, by Partisan—Master Henry's dam.
 Lord Jersey's b. c. Glenartney, by Phantom, out of Web.
 Lord Clarendon's f. by Partisan, out of Donna Clara.
 Mr. Hunter's b. f. by Orville, out of Canvas.
 Duke of Grafton's f. (dead) by Partisan, out of Minuet.
 Duke of Rutland's f. (dead) by Partisan—Elizabeth.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each:—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb.—D. M.

Mr. Greville's b. c. by Waterloo, out of Orion's dam.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's c. by Partisan, out of Cat.
 Duke of Grafton's br. c. Latimer, by Merlin—Picquet.
 Lord Verulam's b. f. by Orville, out of Miracle's dam.
 Mr. Petre's f. by The Laird, out of My Lady.
 Mr. Uday's c. (dead) Brother to Emilius.

SWEEPSTAKES of 150 sovs. each, 100 ft.:—for colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st. 1lb.; now rising three years old.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Greville's ch. f. Maria, by Waterloo—Belvoirina.
 Sir J. Shelley's b. f. Scornful, by Woful—Scratch's dam.

Mr. Ramsbottom's ro. c. Prison, by Rainbow—Funny's dam.
 Mr. Newell's b. c. by Rainbow, dam by Soothsayer.
 Lord Jersey's b. c. Chrysalis, by Orville, out of Filagree.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Zoffani, by Woful, out of Zaida.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 5lb.—D. M.
 Mr. Greville's, by Waterloo, out of Aladdin's dam.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. by Partisan, out of Mouse.
 Lord Stradbroke's br. Memina, by Smolensko—Jerboa.
 Lord Wharnccliffe's, by Filho da Puta, out of Calypso.
 Mr. Petre's ches. Sister to Hampden.
 Duke of Portland's, by Tiresias, out of Duenna.

Mr. Mills's b. c. Panic, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Greville's ch. f. Elizabeth, 8st. 4lb.
 A. F. 500, h. ft.

General Greenover's ch. f. Spite, by Tiresias, agst Lord Orford's f. by Rainbow,
 out of Eliza, 8st. 5lb. each, T. Y. C. 200, h. ft.

Lord Wharnccliffe's br. c. The Dragon, by Cervantes, agst Lord Orford's b. c. Swiss
 Guide, by Tramp, 8st. 5lb. each, A. F. 200, h. ft.

Mr. Payne's ch. h. Helenus, by Soothsayer, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. agst Lord Wharnccliffe's b. f. Pastime, by Partisan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. D. M. 200, h. ft.

Lord Exeter's br. c. Recruit, by Whalebone, 8st. 3lb. agst Mr. Greville's b. f. Rachel, by Whalebone, 8st. D. M. 200, h. ft.

Mr. Dilly's br. f. by Gainsborough, out of Matilda, 8st. 4lb. recd. 10 sovs. from
 Mr. T. Thornhill's br. f. Christabel, by Woful, out of Harriet, 8st. 7lb. T. Y. C.
 100, h. ft.

TUESDAY, April 17.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb.—those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb.—R. M.

Duke of Grafton's ch. Zoffani, by Woful, out of Zaida.
 Lord Wharnccliffe's, by Comus, out of Octaviana.
 Lord Jersey's b. Chrysalis, by Orville, out of Filagree.
 Mr. Wilson's b. by Comus, out of Juggler's dam.
 Mr. Hunter's ch. by Gustavus, dam by Scud—Cwrw's dam.
 Lord Verulam's ch. Salix, by Mr. Lowe—Vapour's dam.
 Mr. Udny's c. (dead) Brother to Emilius.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 7lb.—those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb.—D. M.

Lord Verulam's b. by Whalebone, out of Varennes.
 Mr. Prendergast's br. by Comus, dam by Shuttle—Eliza.
 Mr. Batson's, by Partisan, out of Jesse.
 Duke of Grafton's b. Crotchett, by Partisan, out of Catgut.
 Duke of Portland's, by Tiresias, out of Duenna.

The BREAKFAST STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. M.—those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb.; if both, 5lb.

Mr. Rogers's bl. c. Chieftain, by Clinker, out of Corinne.
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. by Sam, out of Romp's dam.
 Mr. Dilly's bl. c. by Blacklock, out of Scancataldi.
 Duke of Grafton's br. c. Demon, by Amadis, out of Pawn Junior.
 Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Maresfield, by Antar—Sorcerer.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of untried mares covered by tried stallions, or of tried mares covered by untried stallions :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.

Duke of Portland's b. c. by Tiresias—L'Huile de Venus.
 Duke of Portland's c. by Teasdale or Abjer, out of Pledge.
 Lord Verulam's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Varennes.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Paramour, by Merlin—Parasol.
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Soothsayer, out of Folly.

Lord Orford's ch. c. Protestant, by Tramp, out of Vourneen, agst Lord G. H. Cavendish's ro. c. by Partisan, out of Espagnolle, 8st. 5lb. each. D. M. 500, h. ft.

Lord Orford's br. c. Winkey Boss, agst Mr. Scott Stonehewer's ch. c. Theorem, Brother to Problem, 8st. 5lb. each. D. M. 200, h. ft.

Mr. Rogers's br. c. Monarch, agst Mr. Payne's b. f. Babel, 8st. 4lb. each, first three miles of B. C. 300, h. ft.

Mr. Payne's br. c. Bachelor, by Hollyhock, agst Duke of Grafton's Chloris, by Partisan, 8st. 4lb. each, Ab. M. 100.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. M.

Mr. Rogers's ch. c. Apollo, Brother to Nicolo.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Roderick, by Rubens—Prudence.

Lord Clarendon's c. by Partisan, out of Antiope.

Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Aladdin, out of Doll Tearsheet.

Mr. Smith's bl. c. by Blacklock, dam by Walton.

Lord Jersey's b. c. Chrysalis, by Orville, out of Filagree.

Mr. Wyndham's br. c. Tom Thumb, by Whalebone.

General Grosvenor's b. c. Half Moon, by The Flyer—Moonshine.

Mr. Nowell's b. f. (dead) by Grey Walton, out of Rosanne.

THE OATLAND STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—D, I.

Mr. Wyndham's br. c. Chateau Margaux, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.

Lord Exeter's ch. h. Zealot, by Partisan, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.

Lord Anson's br. c. Sligo, by Waxy Pope, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.

Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Stumps, by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.

Lord Wharnccliffe's b. h. El Dorado, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.

Mr. Gully's br. f. Rigmarole, by Soothsayer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11b.

Mr. Payne's ch. c. Barytes, by Walton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11b.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. Hobgoblin, by Comus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.

Mr. Forth's b. f. Shortwaist, by Interpreter, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.

Lord Anson's b. f. Heroine, by Bustard, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.

Mr. R. Wilson's b. f. Maldonia, by Fungus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. Link Boy, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11b.

Mr. Gully's ch. c. Truth, by Catton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.

General Grosvenor's b. c. Pollio, by Orville, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.

WEDNESDAY, April 18.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.

Mr. J. Rogers's Whimper, Sister to Aline.

Duke of Grafton's b. by Partisan, out of Coquette.

Duke of Grafton's b. by Woful, out of Miltonia.

Lord Clarendon's, by Partisan, out of Donna Clara.

Mr. Nowell's ro. by Rainbow, out of Scheherazade.

Mr. Nowell's b. by Comus, dam by Election—Fair Helen.

Mr. Tarleton's ch. by Selim, dam by Sorcerer or Scud.

Colonel Wilson's ch. by Rubens, out of Tippetwitchet.

Mr. Charlton's br. Sliplop, by Smolensko, out of Old Maid.

Duke of Portland's, by Tiresias, out of Duenna.

General Grosvenor's ro. by The Flyer, dam by Meteor—Niké.

Mr. Haffenden's br. c. Pontiff, by Waxy Pope, out of Pythoness, agst Mr. Smith's ch. f. Blaze, by Cannon Ball, 8st. 7lb. each, 100, h. ft. D. M. Off by consent.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.

Lord Exeter's b. f. by Captain Candid, out of Pantina.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. by Woful, out of Miltonia.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's f. by Partisan, out of Barossa

THURSDAY, April 19.—Renewal of the DINNER STAKES of 300 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1823 :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. f. by Partisan, out of Ridicule.

Mr. Thornhill's f. by Merlin, out of Shovelar.

Duke of Grafton's f. (dead) by Partisan, out of Minuet.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for colts, 8st. 6lb.—D. M.
 Lord Exeter's ch. by Soothsayer, out of Folly.
 Duke of Grafton's br. Latimer, by Merlin, out of Piquet.
 Mr. Nowell's br. Fairlawn, by Comus—Manfred's dam.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—
 Those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb.; if both, 5lb.—D. M.

Duke of Portland's b. c. by Tiresias—L'Huile de Venus.
 Lord Anson's ch. c. by Merlin, dam by Pioneer or Scud, out of Fandango's dam (both untried).
 Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Merlin, dam by Smolensko.
 Mr. Smith's ch. f. Haidee, by Smyrna, out of Madcap (both untried).
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. Souvenir, by Orville, out of Dulcamara (mare untried).
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Zoffani, by Woful, out of Zaida.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Turcoman, by Selim—Pope Joan.
 Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Maresfield, by Antar, dam by Sorcerer, out of Tawny (both untried).
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. (dead) by Grey Walton, out of Rosanne (horse untried). [tried].

The Forfeit Class of the OATLANDS, 10 sovs. each.—D. I.
 Lord Darlington's b. a. Memento, by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. a. Bizarro, by Orville, 6 yrs old, 9st.
 Mr. Payne's ch. h. Helenus, by Soothsayer, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.
 Duke of Portland's br. c. Alderman, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.
 Lord Darlington's b. h. Strab, by Phantom, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.
 Lord Darlington's b. h. Abten, by Whisker, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.
 Mr. Payne's br. c. Belsoni, by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 7st. 18lb.
 Mr. W. Wyndham's b. c. Colleger, by Rubens, 5 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.
 Colonel Yates names b. f. Garcia, by Octavian, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.
 Mr. Greville's b. c. by Woful, out of Frogmore's dam, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.

The CLARET STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. I.—The owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake.
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. Tirallieu, by Captain Candid.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Paul Jones, by Partisan.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Problem, by Merlin.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Dervise, by Merlin.
 Lord Wharnccliffe's b. c. Crusader, by Cervantes.
 Mr. Mills's b. c. Panic, by Spectre.

FRIDAY, April 20.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Untried mares or stallions allowed 3lb.; if both, 5lb.—Ab. M.

Mr. Hunter's b. f. by Orville, out of Canvas.
 Mr. Rush's b. c. by Merlin, out of Rhoda.
 Mr. Goddard's ch. c. by Anticipation, dam by Marmion.
 Lord Verulam's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Varenna.
 Lord Verulam's b. c. Number Nip, by Whalebone.
 Mr. Perkins's b. g. Tick, by Pendulum, dam by Seymour.

THE PORT STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. M. M.—The owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake.

Lord Exeter's br. c. Recruit, by Whalebone.
 Colonel Wilson's b. c. Lamplighter, by Merlin.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. a. Goosehawk, by Merlin.
 Duke of Grafton's br. c. Saracen, by Selim.
 Lord Anson's ch. c. Nouredin, by Aladdin.
 Mr. Greville's b. f. Rachel, by Whalebone.
 Lord Wharnccliffe's br. c. The Dragon, by Cervantes.
 Lord Wharnccliffe's ch. a. The Moslem, by Selim.
 Mr. Thornhill's br. c. The General, by Comus.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. M.

Mr. J. Rogers's br. c. Chieftain, by Clinker, out of Corione.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Turcoman, by Selim—Pope Joan.
 Mr. Greville's b. c. by Merlin, out of Gramarie.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Soothsayer, out of Folly.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's c. by Partisan, out of Cat.
 Duke of Portland's c. by Teasdale or Abjer—Pledge.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb. then rising three years old.—R. M.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Paramour, by Merlin—Parasol.
 Sir J. Shelley's c. Johnny, by Little John—Crossida.
 Lord Anson's b. c. by Magistrate, out of Maid of Orleans.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.

Duke of Portland's, by Tiresias, out of Ambiguity.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's, by Partisan, out of Mouse.
 Lord Orford's, by Rainbow, out of Eliza, by Rubens.
 Duke of Richmond's b. Gulnare, by Smolensko—Medora.
 Mr. Rogers's Whimper, Sister to Aline.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. then rising three years old.—D. M.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Roderick, by Rubens—Prudence.
 Lord Orford's b. c. by Rainbow, out of Miss Witch.
 Mr. J. Rogers's ch. c. Apollo, Brother to Nicolo.
 Lord Jersey's b. c. Glenartney, by Phantom, out of Web.
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Soothsayer, out of Folly.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. R. M.

Duke of Portland's c. by Teasdale or Abjer—Pledge.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Tom Jones, by Abjer—Leopoldine.
 Mr. Wilson's ch. c. Protestant, by Tramp—Reformer's dam.
 Mr. J. Rogers's bl. c. Nonsuit, by Smolensko—Black Diamond.
 General Grosvenor's b. c. Half-Moon, by the Flyer—Moonshine.
 Mr. Smith's ch. f. Blaze, Sister to Conviction, by Cannon-ball.
 Mr. Nowell's br. c. by Comus, out of Young Caprice.
 Mr. Wyndham's c. by Whalebone—Sir Huldibrand's dam.

Mr. Carter's b. c. Pollio, 8st. 7lb. agst. Mr. Pettit's b. c. Wamba, 8st. 3lb. A. F. 100, h. ft.

NO DAY MENTIONED.—SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. 8st. 7lb.—R. M.

Lord Exeter's b. c. by Soothsayer, out of Advance.
 Lord Jersey's c. Mameluke, by Partisan—Master Henry's dam.
 Mr. Greville's b. c. by Waterloo, out of Orion's dam.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's c. by Partisan, out of Pagoda.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1887.

[The Cup may be challenged for on the Monday in this Meeting, to be run for over the B. C. on Tuesday in the First October Meeting.]

MONDAY, April 30.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.; rising three years old.—D. M.

Duke of Richmond's b. f. Gulare, by Smolensko—Medora.
 Lord Orford's b. c. by Rainbow, out of Miss Witch.
 Mr. Prendergast's b. f. by Comus, out of Consul's dam.
 Lord Wharfedale's filly, by Filho da Puta, out of Calypso.

The SECOND CLARENDON STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.

Lord J. Fitzroy's b. c. Paramour, by Merlin—Parasol.
 Mr. Wilson's colt, by Filho da Puta—Gonsalvi's dam.
 Mr. Hunter's b. f. by Orville, out of Canvas.
 Lord Exeter's b. c. by Captain Candid—Augusta's dam.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's c. by Partisan, out of Pagoda.
 Mr. Udry's b. c. (dead) Brother to Emilius.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb. T. Y. G.

Mr. Melony's ch. c. Vivian Gray, by Anticipation—Atalanta.

Mr. Ramsbottom's ro. c. Prism, by Rainbow—Fanny's dam.
 Mr. Prendergast's br. f. by Comus, dam by Shuttle—Eliza.
 Mr. Hunter's ch. f. Soubrette, by Gustavus—Sprightly.
 General Grosvenor's ch. f. Spitz, by Tiresias, out of Sprite.
 Lord Wharnclyffe's b. c. by Catton, out of Bistirpa.
 Mr. Rogers's bl. c. Nonsuit, by Smolensko—Black Diamond.
 Mr. Rogers's b. f. Flounce, by Clinker—Hambletonian.
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. Souvenir, by Orville, out of Dulcamara.
 Mr. Rush's ch. c. by Selim, out of Chintz.

Lord Jersey's c. Mameluke, by Partisan, out of Master Henry's dam, 8st. 7lb. agst Lord Orford's filly, by Merlin, out of Sheveller, 8st. 2lb. 200, h. ft. R. M.

Mr. L. Charlton's ch. c. Braganza, by Octavius, out of Harriet, by Selim, 8st. 3lb. agst Mr. R. Wilson's bl. f. Emma, by Smolensko, out of Mirth, 8st. Clermont Course, 50 sovs.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Zoffani, by Woful, out of Zaida, agst Lord Orford's c. by Merlin, dam by Smolensko, out of Comical's dam, 8st. 5lb. each, D. M. 200, h. ft.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Paul Jones, by Partisan, 8st. 7lb. agst Lord Anson's ch. c. Nooredin, by Aladdin, 8st. 2lb. 300, h. ft. (no Course mentioned.)

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's ch. c. Theorem, Brother to Problem, agst Mr. Greville's b. c. by Waterloo, out of Orion's dam, 8st. 5lb. each, D. M. 100, h. ft.

Mr. Greville's b. f. Rachel, by Whalebone, agst Mr. Rush's b. c. Carthago, by Pioneer, 8st. 5lb. each, D. M. 500, h. ft.

Colonel Wilson's b. c. Lamplighter, by Merlin, 8st. 3lb. agst Mr. R. Wilson's b. f. Maldonia, by Fungus, 8st.—Last three miles of B. C. 200 sovs. h. ft.

TUESDAY, May 1.—The Two THOUSAND GUINEA STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. then rising three years old.—R. M.

Lord Orford's ch. c. Protestant, by Tramp—Reformer's dam.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's ro. c. by Partisan—Espagnolle.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. Atticus, Brother to Attica.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. Brother to Fanatic.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Apollo, Brother to Nicolo.

Lord Jersey's b. c. Chrysalis, by Orville, out of Filagree.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Turcoman, by Selim—Pope Joan.

Duke of Grafton's br. c. Latimer, by Merlin—Piquet.

Mr. Wyndham's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Rectory.

Mr. Gauntlett's br. c. Gamelius, by Whalebone—Beppo's dam.

Mr. H. Jones's b. c. Pandarus, by Whalebone—Bertram's dam.

Mr. Kirby's bl. c. by Blacklock, out of Scancataldi.

Mr. Chifney's bl. c. by Whisker, out of Castrella.

Mr. Mockford's br. c. by Smolensko, dam by Ardrossan.

Mr. Mockford's b. f. Livonia, by Smolensko—Stella.

Mr. Yates's br. c. Fairlawn, by Comus—Manfred's dam.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; then rising three years old, and out of mares that never produced a winner before the day of nomination (May 28, 1825).—D. M.

Mr. Haffenden's br. c. Pontiff, by Waxy Pope—Pythones.

General Grosvenor's b. c. Half Moon, by The Flyer—Moonshine.

Mr. Nowell's bl. c. by Comus, out of Young Caprice, by Waxy.

Duke of Grafton's br. f. by Woful, out of Zeal.

Mr. Wilson's c. by Merlin—Smolensko—Comical's dam.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb. then rising three years old.—B. M.

Mr. Payne's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Snowdrop.

Sir N. Loftus's b. c. Bachelor, by Irish Hollyhock.

Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Comus, dam by Election—Fair Helen.

Mr. Theakston's gr. c. by Quizzer, out of Gessamer.

Mr. Seath's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Vignette.

Sir J. Shelley's br. f. Slipalop, by Smolensko—Old Maid.

Mr. Shard's bl. c. The Black Buck, by Buffalo, out of Enchantress, 8st. 5lb. agst Mr. Thornhill's br. f. Christabel, by Woful, out of Harriet, 8st. 2lb. 100, h. ft. D. M.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four years old.—T.M.M.

Lord Wharnccliffe's b. f. Pastime, by Partisan, 8st. 6lb.

Duke of Rutland's b. f. Adeliza, by Soothsayer, 8st. 4lb.

Mr. Payne's ch. c. Barytes, by Walton, 7st. 12lb.

Mr. Gully's br. f. Rigmorale, by Soothsayer, 7st. 12lb.

WEDNESDAY, May 2.—SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.; now rising three years old.—D. M.

Mr. Nowell's br. f. by Rainbow, out of Brown Duchess.

Mr. L. Charlton's ch. c. Constantine, by Comus—Canvas's dam.

Mr. Payne's b. c. by Octavius, dam by Election—Amazon.

Mr. Greville's b. c. by Merlin, out of Gramarie.

Mr. Milner's ch. f. Millicent, by Comus—Harpooner's dam.

General Grosvenor's ch. c. Braganza, by Octavius—Harriet.

Lord Orford's b. c. by Rainbow, out of Miss Witch.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—A. F.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. Tirailleur, by Captain Candid, 8st. 10lb.

Mr. Payne's br. c. Belzoni, by Blacklock, 8st. 8lb.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. Hobgoblin, by Comus, 8st. 7lb.

Lord Wharnccliffe's br. c. Crusader, by Cervantes, 8st. 5lb.

Mr. Mills's b. c. Panic, by Spectre, 8st. 5lb.

Mr. W. Wyndham's b. c. Colleger, by Rubens, 8st. 5lb.

Mr. Forth's b. f. Shortwaist, by Interpreter, 8st.

Lord Anson's b. f. Heroine, by Bustard, 7st. 12lb.

Colonel Yates's b. f. Garcia, by Octavian, 7st. 11lb.

Mr. Gully's ch. c. Truth, by Catton, 7st. 9lb.

THURSDAY, May 3.—The ONE THOUSAND GUINEA STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D.M.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. by Partisan, out of Barrosa.

Lord Exeter's b. by Woful, out of Phantom.

Lord Exeter's ch. by Soothsayer, out of Bess.

Mr. Batson's, by Partisan, out of Jessy.

Duke of Grafton's br. by Woful, out of Zeal.

Duke of Grafton's ch. Novice, by Selim, out of Rowena.

Duke of Grafton's b. by Woful, out of Miltonia.

Mr. Rogers's b. Whimper, Sister to Aline.

Sir J. Shelley's b. Scornful, by Woful—Scratch's dam.

General Grosvenor's ch. Spite, by Tiresias, out of Sprite.

Mr. Greville's b. Miriam, Sister to Moses.

Mr. Wyndham's b. Sister to Addy.

Mr. Petre's ch. Sister to Hampden.

Mr. Mockford's b. Livonia, by Smolensko—Stella.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's ch. c. Goshawk, by Merlin, 8st. 12lb.

Lord Wharnccliffe's br. c. The Dragon, by Cervantes, 8st. 9lb.

Lord Exeter's br. c. Recruit, by Whalebone, 8st. 4lb.

Mr. Payne's br. c. The General, by Comus, 8st. 2lb.

Mr. Dilly's b. f. Maldonia, by Fungus, 8st. 2lb.

Mr. I. Sadler's Tears, by Woful, 8st.

Mr. Payne's br. c. by Ardrossan, 7st. 12lb.

Col. Wilson's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Tippetwitchet, recd. 100 from Sir J. Shelley's b. f. (dead), by Grey Walton, out of Rosanne, 8st. 3lb. each, R.M. 500, 200 ft.

FRIDAY, May 4.—Third and Last Year of the NEWMARKET STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. D. M.—The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes.

Duke of Portland's c. by Tiresias, out of Oriana.

Duke of Grafton's br. c. Lattimer, by Merlin, out of Piquet.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Zoffani, Brother to Zinc.

Duke of Grafton names Mameluke, by Partisan.
 Duke of Grafton names b. c. Chrysalis, by Orville.
 Mr. Greville's ch. f. Maria, by Waterloo—Belvoirina.
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. Atticus, Brother to Attica.
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Soothsayer, out of Folly.
 Mr. Benson's f. by Partisan, out of Jessy.
 Mr. Russell's b. c. by Merlin, out of Rhoda.
 Mr. Dodington's ch. f. by Woful, dam by Walton—Spindle.
 Mr. Rogers's br. c. Chieftain, by Clunker, out of Corinne.
 Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Christmas, by Bluecher, out of Plover.
 Lord Grosvenor names ro. f. by Rainbow—Scheherazade.
 Mr. J. Dilly names br. c. Gamellias, by Whalebone.
 Mr. J. Dilly names b. c. Pandarus, by Whalebone.
 Lord Warwick names Mr. Kirby's bl. c. by Blacklock.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's c. by Partisan, out of Cat.
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Half-Moon, by The Flyer—Moonshine.
 Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Maresfield, by Antar—Sorcerer.
 Mr. Wyndham's c. Gaberlunzie, Brother to Elfrid.
 Mr. Biggs names Mr. Milner's ch. f. Millicent, by Comus.
 Duke of Rutland names ch. c. by Comus, out of Octaviana.
 Mr. Blagrave names ch. c. Apollo, Brother to Nicolo.
 Mr. Goddard's f. (dead), by Anticipation—Marmion.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. Atticus, by Comus, out of Athenian's dam, 8st. 7lb., agst Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Half-Moon, by The Flyer, out of Moonshine, 8st. 2lb. 200, h. ft. R. M.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1827.

[The Whip may be challenged for on Monday or Tuesday in this Meeting, and the acceptance must be signified or the Whip resigned before the end of the same Meeting.]

MONDAY, May 14.—Lord Darlington's b. h. Memnon, by Whiaker, agst Lord Exeter's ch. h. Enamel, by Phantom, 8st. 7lb. each, A.F. 1000, h. ft.

THURSDAY, May 17.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—First half of A. M.—To close at the end of the Craven Meeting, and name on the Monday before running.

NEWMARKET JULY MEETING, 1827.

MONDAY, July 9.—(First Race.)—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—New T.Y.C.—To be named before dinner on the preceding day. Four subscribers or no race.

Second Year of a Renewal of the JULY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New T.Y.C.

Duke of Grafton's gr. c. by Skim, out of Zeal.
 Duke of Grafton's gr. c. by Skim, out of Rowena.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Merlin, out of Mona.
 Mr. Wilson names b. f. by Blacklock, dam by Cervantes, out of Rhubarb's dam.
 Mr. Greville's ch. f. Elinor, by Gustavus, out of Favorite.
 Mr. Greville names b. f. by Comus, out of Octaviana.
 Lord Anson's ch. c. by Merlin, out of Prue.
 Lord Anson's b. f. by Filho da Pata, out of Elizabeth.
 Mr. Rogers's b. f. Scribe, by Woful, out of Scratch.
 Mr. Rogers's bl. c. Juryman, Brother to Nonsuit.
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. a. Icarus, by The Flyer, dam by Eaton, out of Wing's dam.
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Aladdin, out of Rantipole.
 Mr. Thornhill names Lord Exeter's b. c. by Tramp—Folly.
 Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Sister to Tom Thumb.
 Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Sister to Mignonette.
 Lord Jersey's c. by Anticipation, out of Ariel's dam.

Mr. Hunter's b. f. by Gustavus, out of *Fed-blossom*.
 Mr. Lee names b. c. *Palemon*, by *Vampyre*, out of *Lady Henry*, by *Orville*.
 Mr. Rush's b. f. by *Skim*, out of *Pentagon*.
 Mr. Pettit names ch. c. by *Renovator*, out of *Candia*.
 Mr. Milner's ch. f. *Staughton Lass*, by *Blacklock*, out of *Harpooner's dam*, by *Young Woodpecker*.
 Mr. W. Edwards names b. f. by *Blacklock*, out of *Musidora*.
 Mr. Forth names ch. c. by *Rubens*, out of *Dorina*.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish names Mr. Nowell's b. c. by *Walton*, out of *Conquest's dam*.
 Mr. Newton's a. by *Orville*, dam by *Popinjay*, out of *Medora's dam*.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Paul Jones*, by *Partisan*, 8st. 6lb. agst *Lord Exeter's br. c. Recruit*, by *Whalebone*, 8st. 2lb. D. M. 200, h. ft.

TUESDAY, July 10.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T.Y.C.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. by *Merlin*, out of *Mona*.
 Mr. Greville's ch. f. *Elinor*, by *Gustavus*, out of *Favorite*.
 Lord Orford's f. by *Orville*, out of *Mirandola*.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1837.

MONDAY, October 1.—The TRIAL STAKES, a Subscription of 10 sovs. each:—for three-year-olds, 7st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 2lb.; six and aged, 9st. 6lb.—D. M.—To close on the Thursday before running, and the horses to be entered at the King's Stables, Newmarket, on Saturday, between eleven and one o'clock.

Fifth Renewal of the GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A. F.

Mr. Greville's b. c. by *Waterloo*, out of *Orion's dam*.
 Mr. Greville's b. f. *Miriam*, Sister to *Rachel*.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Turcoman*, by *Selim*—*Pope Joan*.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Zoffani*, Brother to *Zinc*.
 Duke of Portland's b. c. by *Tiresias*—*L'Huile de Venus*.
 Lord Jersey's *Mameluke*, by *Partisan*—*Master Henry's dam*.
 Lord Jersey's b. c. *Glenartney*, Brother to *Middleton*.
 Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Apollo*, Brother to *Nicolo*.
 Mr. Payne's br. c. by *Whalebone*, out of *Snowdrop*.
 Lord Orford's ch. c. *Protestant*, by *Tramp*, out of *Vourneen*.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's re. c. by *Partisan*—*Espagnolle*.
 Mr. Wyndham's *Gaberlunzia*, Brother to *Elfrid*.

WEDNESDAY, October 3.—The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.

Mr. Haffenden's b. c. *Trumpeter*, by *Waxy Pope*.
 Mr. Payne's br. c. by *Whalebone*, out of *Snowdrop*.
 Mr. Payne's b. c. by *Rainbow*—*Soothsayer*—*Eliza Teazle*.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Roderick*, by *Rubens*.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Turcoman*, by *Selim*.
 Duke of Grafton's br. c. *Latimer*, by *Merlin*.
 Lord Clarendon's c. by *Partisan*, out of *Antiope*.
 Lord Grosvenor's *Equivoque*, by *Blucher*, out of *Finesse*.
 Lord Jersey's b. c. *Glenartney*, Brother to *Middleton*.
 Lord Jersey's *Mameluke*, by *Partisan*.
 Lord Wharnccliffe's br. f. by *Filho da Puta*—*Calypso*.
 Mr. Pettit's ch. c. by *Waxy Pope*—*Cervantes*—*Miss Brocket*.
 Lord Tavistock's b. c. *Half Moon*, by *The Flyer*.
 Mr. Scott Stonehewer's b. c. *Theorem*, Brother to *Problem*.
 Mr. Wyndham's b. c. *Tom Thumb*, by *Whalebone*.

THURSDAY, October 4.—Mr. Greville's b. f. *Miriam*, by *Whalebone*, out of a Sister to *Castanea*, 8st. 4lb. agst Duke of Grafton's b. f. by *Woful*, out of *Mil-tonia*, 8st. 100 sovs. h. ft.

Lord Orford's b. c. by *Rainbow*, out of *Miss Witch*, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Payne's re. c. by *Rainbow*, out of *Scheherazade*, 8st. 4lb. 500 sovs. R. M. 300 ft. OK by consent.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1897.

MONDAY, October 13.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Str J. Shelley's b. c. Barnardo, by Bufard, 8st. 7lb.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Merlin, out of Mona, 8st. 7lb.
 Lord Wharnccliffe's f. by Whisker, out of Proponis, 8st. 4lb.
 Mr. Greville's ch. f. Elinor, by Gustavus, 8st. 4lb.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Chloris, Sister to Paul-Jones, agst Mr. Scott Stonehewer's b. f. Souvenir, by Orville, out of Dulcamara, 8st. 5lb. each, D. I. 200, h. ft.

One-third of a Subscription of 25 sovs. each, for four-year olds:—colts, 8st. 10lb.; and fillies, 8st. 7lb.—D. I.—*Bona fide* the property of subscribers.

SUBSCRIBERS.		
Col. Wilson	Lord Wharnccliffe	Mr. Greville
Duke of Grafton	Lord Jersey	Lord Egremont
Duke of Grafton		

To be entered at the King's stables, Newmarket, between eleven and one o'clock on the day before running.

RENEWAL of the CLEARWELL STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—The winner of the July Stakes to carry 7lb. extra.

Mr. Haffenden's br. f. by Bobadil, out of Pythoness
 Mr. Riddale's b. f. Ridotto, by Reveller, dam by Walton.
 Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Waterloo, out of Sister to Adeliza.
 Mr. J. Rogers's br. c. Medallist, by Tiresias, out of Bronze.
 Mr. J. Rogers's b. f. Zoe, by Orville, out of Nina.
 Mr. Powell's ch. c. by Merlin—Election—Marianne.
 Mr. Payne's b. c. by Merlin—Dick Andrews—Donna Clara.
 Mr. Maberley's ch. c. by Walton, out of Grey Duchess.
 Colonel Wilson's gr. c. by Young Gohanna, out of Spotless.
 Mr. J. Dilly's b. c. Bielskoie, Brother to Bertram.
 Mr. J. Dilly's ch. f. Zuxis, by Rubens, out of Zuleika.
 Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Walton—Election—Fair Helen.
 Mr. Gully's b. c. by Reveller, dam by Walton—Shuttle.
 Mr. Scott Stonehewer's bl. c. Don Miguel, by Whalebone, dam by Haphazard, out of [Sister to Bourbon].
 Mr. Wyndham's ch. f. Urganda, by Tiresias—Silvertail.
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. by Merlin, out of Quail.

FRIDAY, October 17.—RENEWAL of the PRENDERGAST STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Prendergast's c. by Regent, out of Janette.
 Duke of Grafton's gr. c. by Skim, out of Zeal.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Sister to Goshawk.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Merlin, out of Mona.
 Lord Exeter's b. c. by Tramp, out of Folly.
 Lord Exeter's b. f. by Tramp, out of Bess.
 Mr. Rogers's br. f. Scribe, by Woful, out of Scratch.
 Mr. Rogers's br. c. Medallist, by Tiresias, out of Bronze.
 Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Walton, dam by Election—Fair Helen.
 Mr. Greville's ch. f. Elinor, by Gustavus, out of Favorite.
 Mr. Rush's b. c. by Merlin, out of Romp's dam.
 Mr. Payne's b. a. by Merlin, dam by Dick Andrews.
 Mr. Pettit's ch. f. by Woful, out of Harriet's dam.
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Maniac.
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. by Merlin, out of Quail.
 Mr. Wyndham's f. Urganda, by Tiresias, out of Silvertail.
 General Grosvenor's b. c. Mæcenis, by Waterloo.
 Mr. Dilly's b. c. Bielskoie, Brother to Bertram.
 Mr. Dilly's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Helenus's dam.
 Lord Wharnccliffe's b. f. by Comus, out of Octaviana.
 Mr. Gully's b. c. by Reveller, dam by Walton—Shuttle.
 Lord Verulam's f. Laureola, by Orville, out of Laurel Leaf.

Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Ridotto, by Reveller.
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. by Blacklock, dam by Cervantes.
 Mr. Milner's ch. f. Staughton Lass, by Blacklock.
 Mr. W. Lumley's ch. c. by Walton, out of Grey Duchess.
 Mr. W. Lumley's b. c. by Smolensako, out of Olivera.

NO DAY MENTIONED.—The **FROGMORE STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, 60 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. I.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Turcoman, by Selim—Pope Joan.
 Duke of Grafton's b. f. by Woful, out of Miltonia.
 Duke of Portland's c. by Tiresias or Abjer, out of Pledge.
 Lord Jersey's b. c. Glenartney, Brother to Middleton.
 Lord Orford's b. c. by Rainbow, out of Miss Witch.
 Lord Anson's ch. c. by Merlin, dam by Scud or Pioneer.
 General Grosvenor's bl. c. Sparkler, by Blacklock.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's ro. c. by Partisan, out of Espagnolle.
 Lord Vernham names b. c. Chrysalis, by Orville.
 Lord Exeter's b. c. by Captain Candid—Augusta's dam.
 Mr. Wilson's ch. c. Protestant, by Tramp, out of Vourneen.
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Comus, dam by Election—Fair Helen.
 Mr. Wyadham's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Rectory.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING, 1827.

MONDAY, October 29.—**MATCH** for 200, T. Y. C.—No weights mentioned.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Barnardo, by Bustard (bought of Barnard).
 Mr. Payne's bl. c. by Smolensako, out of Lady Ern.

One-third of a **SUBSCRIPTION** of 25 sovs. each:—for five-year-olds, 8st. 8lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 3lb.—B. C.—*Bona fide* the property of subscribers.

SUBSCRIBERS.		
Col. Wilson	Lord Wharmcliffe	Mr. Greville
Duke of Grafton	Lord Jersey	Lord Egremont
Duke of Grafton		

To be entered at the King's Stables, Newmarket, between eleven and one o'clock on the Saturday before running.

TUESDAY, October 30.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 300 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—A. F.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Johnny, by Little John—Cressida.
 Mr. Thornhill's f. by Merlin, out of Shoveller.
 Lord Exeter's b. c. by Soothsayer, out of Advance.
 Mr. Thornhill's f. (dead) by Merlin, out of Sall.
 Mr. Udney's b. c. (dead) by Orville, out of Emily (to pay 40 sovs. ft.)

PRESTON MEETING, 1827.

SECOND DAY.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares allowed 3lb.—The winner of the Preston Cup in any year to carry 5lb. extra.—Three miles and a distance.

Lord Derby's gr. h. Autocrat, by Grand Duke, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. Clifton's b. h. Brutandorf, by Blacklock, 6 yrs old.
 Sir W. Wynne's br. m. Signiorina, by Champion, 5 yrs old.
 Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. Grenadier, by Waterloo, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. Thompson's ch. h. Cymbeline, by Octavian, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. Townley's br. f. Harriet, by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old.
 Sir J. Fitzgerald's b. g. Bardsea, by Cavendo, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Seel's ch. m. Rufina, by Blacklock, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. Stanley's ch. h. Mr. Munn, by Ardrossan, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. Wood's br. h. Brownlock, by Blacklock, 5 yrs old.
 Lord Wilton's b. h. Dr. Faustus, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old.

Mr. Brockhole's ch. m. Cinderella, by Walton, 5 yrs old.
 General Sharpe's b. h. Canteen, by Waxy Pope, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. Whitaker's b. c. Pat, by Cervantes, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. H. Hornby's ch. f. Latitat, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Yates's b. c. Paul Pry, by Paulowitz, 4 yrs old.
 M^{rs}. E. G. Hornby's b. m. Fleur de Lis, 5 yrs old.
 Duke of Leeds's b. h. Crowcatcher, by Blacklock, 5 yrs old.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. h. Actæon, by Scud, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. Mytton's ch. h. Euphrates, by Quiz, aged.

YORK AUGUST MEETING, 1827.

THE FITZWILLIAM STAKES (Handicap) of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for five-year olds, and upwards.—Last mile and three quarters.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. Humphrey Clinker, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.
 General Sharpe's b. h. Canteen, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.
 Lord Darlington's b. h. Serab, by Phantom, 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.
 Lord Darlington's b. h. Abton, by Whisker, 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.
 Mr. Richardson's br. h. Brownlock, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.
 Duke of Leeds's b. h. Crowcatcher, 5 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.
 Mr. Petre's b. h. Saladin, by Selim, 5 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.

THE KNAVESWIRE STAKES (Handicap) of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for four-year-olds.—Last mile and a half.

Lord Kennedy's ch. c. Bedlamite, by Welbeck, 8st. 10lb.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Tickhill, by Catton, 8st. 4lb.
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Barelegs, by Tramp, 8st. 1lb.
 Duke of Leeds's br. c. by Whisker—Masquerade, 8st. 1lb.
 Mr. Stephenson's br. c. Billy Watson, by Walton, 7st. 12lb.
 Mr. Butler's ch. c. Dragoman, by Interpreter, 7st. 11lb.

DONCASTER MEETING, 1827.

THE DONCASTER RACING CLUB STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Two miles.

Lord Kelburne's ch. h. Actæon, by Scud, 5 yrs old.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. Florismart, by Amadis, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. Baird's br. c. Romeo, by Ardrossan, 3 yrs old.
 Lord Kennedy's ch. c. Bedlamite, by Welbeck, 4 yrs old.
 Lord Muncaster is a subscriber, but did not name.

LEEDS MEETING, 1827.

THE GOLD TUREN, or Piece of Plate, value 100 sovs., by subscribers of 20 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added:—three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of the Cup at York or Manchester to carry 3lb. extra.—About two miles.

Lord Milton's b. h. Florismart, by Amadis, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Harriet, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Petre's ch. c. Barelegs, by Tramp, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Richardson's br. h. Brownlock, by Blacklock, 5 yrs old.

The FILLY STAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb. One mile and a half.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. Gift, by Filho da Puta.
 Mr. Petre's b. by The Laird, out of Quickly.
 Mr. Marris's b. by Tiresias, out of Sister to Sir Sampson.

CHESTER MEETING, 1827.

STEWARDS :—Earl Kilmorey and John Tollemache, Esq.

MONDAY, May 7.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 4lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Those marked (*) allowed 3lb. &c.—Two miles.
 Mr. Mytton's br. f. Lark, by Rubens, out of Stella.
 *Mr. Houldsworth's bl. c. Raven, by Magistrate—Eleanor.
 Sir W. Wynne's b. f. by Catton, out of Fanina.
 Sir W. Wynne's b. f. Brenda, by Catton, out of Banshee.
 Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Burlesque, by Blucher—Roadicea.
 *Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Gros de Naples, by Blucher.
 Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by Catton, out of Maid of Lorn.
 *Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Grand Duke—Hooton's dam.
 Sir T. Mostyn's br. c. (dead) by Woful, out of Lupino.
 Sir G. Pigot did not name.

The GROSVENOR STAKES of 15 sovs. each, for all ages :—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb. ; four, 8st. 4lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares allowed 2lb.—To run the Grosvenor Course, about one mile and a quarter.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Lord Derby. | Sir William Wynne. | Sir Thomas Stanley. | Mr. Clifton.
 To name on the day of entry for the Plates.

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, for horses that never won before the 1st of May, 1827 :—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six, 9st. ; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares to be allowed 3lb.—Two miles.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Lord Chesterfield. | Sir William Wynn. | Mr. Thompson. | Mr. Clifton.

The TRADESMAN'S CUP, value 100gs., added to a Free Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and five sovs. ft. only, if declared, &c.—To start at the Castle-Pole, and to run twice round, and end at the Coming-in-chair.

Mr. Clifton's b. h. Brutanderf, by Blacklock, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.
 Mr. Gleave's b. h. The Miller of Mansfield, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.
 Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. Grenadier, by Waterloo, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.
 Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Doctor Faustus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.
 Mr. Mytton's br. h. Flexible, by Whalebone, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.
 Mr. Simpson's b. h. Young Corrector, aged, 8st. 7lb.
 Sir W. Wynne's br. g. Orthodox, by Filho, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.
 Lord Derby's gr. h. Autocrat, by The Grand Duke, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.
 Lord Grey names Mr. Yates's gr. m. Fille de Joie, 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.
 Sir T. Mostyn's b. m. Invalid, by Whisker, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.
 Lord Grosvenor's b. g. Glead, by Bustard, 6 yrs old, 8st.
 Mr. White's br. c. Euxton, by Rinaldo, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.
 Mr. Benson's ch. f. Rhapsody, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.
 Lord Stamford names b. c. Granby, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.
 Sir T. Mostyn's br. c. St. David, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.
 Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Mayfly, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Pollio, by Orville, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.
 Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Chesterfield, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.
 Mr. Mytton's br. c. Fisherman, by Bustard, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.
 Sir W. Wynne's ch. f. Latitat, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Harriet, by Filho, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.
 Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. f. by Phantom, out of Breeze, 4 yrs old, 7st.

The following horses, having declared ft. by the time prescribed, are to pay but five sovs. each :—Sir T. Stanley's ch. g. by Tiresias, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ; Mr. Geary's Aradne, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ; Mr. Gore's br. h. The Moor, 5 yrs old, 8st. ; and Mr. Houldsworth's Fanny Davies, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.

TUESDAY, May 8.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb. each.—Once round, and a distance.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Sir G. Pigot. | Mr. Houldsworth. | Sir T. Mostyn.
To name on the day of entrance for the Plates, being Thursday previous to the races.

HANDICAP STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., for three and four year olds.—Once round, and a distance.

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Mayfly, by Piscator, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.
Sir W. Wynne's b. c. Sancredo, by Filho, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Harriet, by Filho, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Chesterfield, by Milo, 4 yrs old, 8st.
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Wenlock, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. f. by Phantom, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.
Major O. Gore's ch. c. Tin, by Oiseau, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.
Mr. Bretherton's b. f. by Young Castrel, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Bradford, by Blucher, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb.
Mr. Giffard's b. c. Billy Lack-a-day, by Spectre, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb.

WEDNESDAY, May 9.—The DUE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Once round, and a distance.—The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. of the Stakes.

Lord Derby's br. c. Necromancer, Brother to Urganda.
Lord Derby's ch. c. Phœbus, by Milo, out of Phœbe.
Sir W. Wynne's b. f. by Catton, out of Fanina.
Sir W. Wynne's b. f. by Smolensko, dam by Benningbrough.
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Mavrocordato, by Blucher—Larissa.
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by Catton, out of General Mina's dam.
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by Catton, out of Maid of Lorn.
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Talma, by Filho da Puta—Torelli.
Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Ieda, Sister to Palatine.
Mr. Massey's b. c. Hercules, Brother to Claudia.
Mr. Mytton's br. c. Kilsmere, by Filho da Puta.
Mr. Mytton's br. c. Lechmere, by Master Henry or Castrel.
Sir T. Mostyn's ch. f. Bodlondeb, by Teniera.
Mr. Clifton's b. c. Pat, by Cervantes—Doctor Syntax's dam.
Mr. Clifton's b. c. Silverlock, by Blacklock—Sheba's Queen.

The STAND CUP, value 100gs., the gift of the Stand Committee, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Twice round, and a distance.

Lord Stamford names Sir G. Pigot's b. c. by Astrologer, 4 yrs old.
Sir G. Pigot's b. c. Granby, by Spectre, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Giffard's ch. c. Leviathan, by Muley, 4 yrs old.
Sir W. Wynne's b. m. Signiora, by Champion, 5 yrs old.
Sir W. Wynne's ch. m. Rufina, by Blacklock, 6 yrs old.
Sir W. Wynne's br. g. Orthodox, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old.
Mr. Geary's br. m. Arachne, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old.
Mr. White's br. c. Euxton, by Rinaldo, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Benson's ch. f. Rhapsody, by Woful, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Fanny Davies, by Filho, 4 yrs old.
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Mayfly, by Piscator, 4 yrs old.
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Doctor Faustus, by Filho, 5 yrs old.
Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. Grenadier, by Waterloo, 6 yrs old.
Mr. Mytton's br. h. Flexible, by Whalebone, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Clifton's b. h. Brutandorf, by Blacklock, 6 yrs old.
Mr. Clifton's ch. h. Mr. Munn, by Ardrossan, 5 yrs old.
Sir T. Mostyn's br. c. St. David, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.

HUNTERS' STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for horses not thorough-bred:—three-year-olds, 9st; four, 10st. 10lb.; five, 11st. 5lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Any horse having won a Match, Plate, or Sweepstakes,

before the day of running, to carry 5lb. ; two, 7lb. ; three, 10lb. extra.—
Two miles.

Mr. Bretherton's ch. f. by Grey Walton, 3 yrs old.
Sir W. Wynne's b. m. Antiope (late Miss Holland), 6 yrs old.
Mr. E. Grosvenor's gr. g. Thompson, by Buffer, aged.
Mr. Pickernell's b. g. by Beningsbrough, aged.
Mr. Broadhurst's ch. f. by Young Castrel, 4 yrs old.

THURSDAY, May 10.—The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb. ; *bona fide* the property of the subscribers.—Once round, and a distance.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Lord Derby
Sir T. Stanley
Mr. Mytton

Mr. Yates
Mr. Giffard

Mr. Beardsworth
Mr. Clifton

To name on the day of entry for the Plates.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Giffard's b. c. Nimrod, by Bobadil, dam by Marmion.
Mr. Giffard's b. f. Mischief, by Skim, out of Miss Mirth.
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Tempe.
Mr. Benson's b. f. Ma Belle, by Strephon, out of Itty Pet.
Mr. Benson's br. c. Alcaston, by Filho—Sarsaparilla's dam.
Mr. Beardsworth's bl. f. Lestelle, by Whalebone or Octavius.
Mr. Mytton's b. c. Halaton, by Banker, out of Olivetta.
Mr. Yates's f. c. Boy Blue, Brother to Little Bo-Peep.
Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. Ultimatum, by Teniers—Mrs. Suggs.
Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. Sine-quâ-non, by Teniers—Springe.
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Mansfield Lass, Sister to the Miller.
Mr. Massey's b. c. Ithonus, by Duplicate—Hercules' dam.

HANDICAP STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for five, six, and aged horses.—
Two miles.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. Grenadier, by Waterloo, 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.
Mr. Gleave's b. h. Miller of Mansfield, 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.
Sir W. Wynne's b. m. Signiora, by Champion, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.
Mr. Gisborne's br. h. Cinder, by Woful, aged, 8st. 4lb.
Mr. Yates's gr. m. Fille de Joie, by Filho, 6 yrs old, 8st.
Sir W. Wynne's br. g. Orthodox, by Filho, 6 yrs old, 8st.
Mr. Thompson's ch. h. Cymbeline, by Octavian, 5 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.
Lord Grosvenor's b. g. Glead, by Bustard, 6 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.

FRIDAY, May 11.—The PALATINE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—3lb. allowed, &c. if both, 5lb.—To start at the Castle Pole, and go once round.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stakes.

Lord Derby's ch. c. Phœbus, by Milo, out of Phœbe (3lb.)
Sir W. Wynne's br. f. by Hëbgoblin—Signiora's dam (3lb.)
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Gros de Naples, by Blucher (3lb.)
Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. by Strephon, dam by Fitzjames (5lb.)
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Sir Oliver, out of Racket (3lb.)
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Talma, by Filho da Puta (3lb.)
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Gift, by Filho da Puta—Rubens (3lb.)
Mr. Mytton's b. c. by Comus, out of Dodona.
Mr. Mytton's br. f. Lark, by Rubens, out of Stella.
Mr. Mytton's br. c. Lechmere, by Master Henry or Castrel.
Mr. Clifton's b. c. Fyde, by Antonic—Fadladinida (4lb.)

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for horses the property of subscribers:—

four-year-olds, 8st. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six, 9st. 2lb. ; and aged, 9st. 5lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Mytton | Mr. Houldsworth | Sir T. Stanley | Mr. Giffard

RACES PAST.

WARWICK SPRING MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, March 14.—The LEAMINGTON STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, which had been regularly hunted at least seven times this season with the Warwickshire hounds, and were the property of Gentlemen resident at Leamington, 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Eighteen subscribers.

Mr. Anderson's br. g. <i>Tarquin</i> , by Seagrave (Sir J. Gerard)	1	1	Mr. Davidson's b. g. <i>Symmetry</i>	0	4
Mr. Maher named ch. h. <i>Talma</i>	2	2	Mr. Caulfield's b. g. <i>Artist</i>	0	5
Mr. Oliver's br. g. <i>Deception</i> , aged... 0	3		Mr. Maxwell's ch. m. <i>Caroline</i>	3	0
The following also started but were not placed :					
Mr. Maxwell's bl. m. <i>Columbine</i> ...	0	0	Chanter, 5 yrs old.....	0	0
Mr. Woodmas's b. g. <i>Conqueror</i>	0	0	Mr. Becher's b. g. <i>The Bantam</i> ...	0	dr.
Mr. Graham's b. g. <i>Cigar</i>	0	0	Mr. Becher's ch. g. <i>Yorick</i>	0	dr.
Captain Gould's b. g. <i>Chorister</i> , by					

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for regular hunters, not thorough-bred.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Mallory's br. g. <i>Cardinal</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. (Captain Russell)	1	Mr. B. King's b. g. <i>Cayenne</i> , 12st. 4lb. 2
		Mr. Becher's gr. m. <i>Chance</i> , 12st. 4lb. ...
The following also started but were not placed :		
Mr. F. Charlton's b. g. <i>Baker</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb.	0	Mr. Shelden's br. g. <i>Chesterfield</i> , 11st. 11lb.
		0

Mr. Wightwick's ch. g. *Fitz-jack*, 12st. beat Mr. M'Tavish's ch. g. *Goldfinch*, 11st. 7lb. One mile, 50 sovs. h. ft.

The **FARMERS' PLATE** of 50 sovs. and 10 sovs. for the second horse, for horses the property for one month before running of farmers or tradesmen residing within the limits of the Warwickshire Hunt, and which had been hunted seven times this season with the Warwickshire hounds :—three-year-olds, 10st. 2lb. ; four, 11st. ; five, 11st. 9lb. ; six, and aged, 12st. 2lb. —Winners carrying 5lb. extra.—Ridden by farmers.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Brown's ch. f. <i>Pandora</i> , 4 yrs old (Owner).....	1	1	Mr. Reading's gr. m. by Grimaldi, 6 yrs old	5	3
Mr. Kent's br. f. <i>Fanny Walton</i> , 4 yrs old	2	2	Mr. Lucas's ch. c. <i>Burgundy</i> , 4 yrs old	6	4
Mr. Horley's bl. f. <i>Crazy Jane</i> , 4				4	5
Three others also started but were not placed.					

A FORCED HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each.—One mile.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Pickernell's br. c. <i>Zaniel</i> , by Man- go, 3 yrs old, 11st. (H. Arthur)	1	Mr. F. Robins's b. f. <i>Princess Royal</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st.	3
Mr. Browne's ch. g. <i>Moses</i> (late Kanga- roo) 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.	2	Mr. Becher's gr. m. <i>Chance</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st.	4

INDEX.

- ACCIDENTS**, sporting, 159, 215.
- America*, travelling in, 39.
- Anecdotes*—the late Duke of Norfolk, 40. James Hirst, 45. of a squirrel, 63. a shooting, 94. Tom Wingfield, 95. of a country Squire, 101. a road, 104. of a *garde-de-chasse*, 115. of the power of punctuation, 227. Old Corcoran, 228. remarkable sporting, 256, 320. Mr. R. Tattersall, 280. of a Calvinist, 295.
- Anticipation*, superior as a race-horse to Master Henry, 247.
- Archery*, 53.
- Battue*—shooting condemned, 342.
- Beagles* for sale, 316.
- Beaufort*, Duke of, list of his hounds, 306.
- Berkeley*, Colonel, gold cup presented to, by the Members of the Hunt, 209, 230, 269.
- Berkeley* stag-hounds, gallant leap with, 61, 234, 353. sport with, 200, 390.
- Betting*, evils of high, 149, 349.
- Bettings* at Tattersall's, 47, 150, 205, 264, 331, 388.
- Blood-stock*, causes of its degeneracy, 147.
- Breed* of hunters, Cocktail Stakes not calculated to improve the, 148. of race-horses, 301.
- Breeding*, remarks on, 73, 80, 300. a letter from a North Countryman on, 362. inquiries respecting, 379. of dogs, 196.
- Breton* bidets, great capability of, in enduring fatigue, 38, 93, 197.
- Cambridge*, a trip to, 109.
- Caps* (copper), remarkable occurrence with, 71. hints on, 341.
- Carp*, inquiry as to method of catching, 232. reply 353.
- Cattle*, advantages of feeding in the stable, 14. food for, 69, 225.
- Champion* (greyhound), remarks on, 83.
- Chase*, the, 49, 154, 208, 266, 327, 339. extraordinary, at Temple Belwood, 210.
- Clipping* hunters, remarks on, for and against the system, 48, 226, 347.
- Coach*, "The Nimrod," to Southampton, start of, 327, 376.
- Coaches*, first introduction of, 121.
- Coaching*, a hint for improvement in, 233.
- Coachmen*, modern, qualities of, canvassed, 19, 90. on the North road, 219.
- Cocking*, 334, 394.
- Controversy* between Nimrod and Mr. J. Lawrence concluded, with remarks on by different correspondents, 95, 130, 187, 319, 345.
- Cook*, Colonel, remarks on his book, 247.
- Coursing*, a fox-hunter's opinion of, 233. reply to, 309.
- Coursing* meetings—Holywell Hunt, 41. Amesbury, 62, 263. Drayton, 64. Louth, 104. Ashdown, 108, 322. Malton, 112, 387. Wensleydale, 112. Altcar, 135, 322. Ilsey, 157. Newmarket, 172. Bowers, 183. East Ilsey, 186. Highclere, 193. Deptford, 207. Chesterford, 238, 359. Swaffham, 242. Kilfane, 257. Lambourn, 259. Union Deptford, 375. Burton-upon-Trent, 377. Epsom, 339. Derbyshire, 385.
- Coursing* rules, 76, 239. remarks on, 83.
- Cowes* Regatta, account of, 40.
- Deaths* by fighting, 402.
- Devon* (North) stag-hounds, 64.
- Distemper* in dogs, cure for the, 244, 318.
- Dogs*, training, 86, 197, 202. cure for lice in, 172, 379. mangel-wurzel a good food for, 237.
- Doncaster* races, remarks on, 31, 38. concluded, 42. comparative statement of the value of different races at, for 1825 and 1826, 50.
- Emerald*, pedigree of, 161.
- Epigrams* on fall of the Guards' Club house, 158.
- Epsom*, sport increased at, 330, 372.
- Essex* hounds, an excellent run with thirty years ago, 312.

INDEX.

- Fagg*, Sir John, his turn-out on the road excellent, 17. a lover of fox-hunting, 225.
- Fillicies*, spaying of, out of use, 32. a hazardous enterprise, 39.
- Firing*, remarks on, 29, 33, 133, 347.
- FORESTER, THE OLD*, communications from, 38, 136, 293.
- Fox*, vindication of the, 177, 245.
- Foxes*, destruction of, in Devonshire, condemned, 231. defended, 351. digging out, unsportsmanlike, 237. hints to preserve them, 341.
- Fox-hounds*—the Hertfordshire, 71, 217. New Forest and Hambledon, 163, 228, 325. Mr. Farquharson's, 166. Lord Anson's, 169, 229. Mr. Podes's, 175, 343. the Worcestershire, 192, 230. the Surrey and Sir R. Puleston's, 209. Mr. Hanbury's, 217, 361. Lord Lonsdale's, 267. Sir T. Sykes', 268. the East Lothian, 232. the Monmouthshire, 267. Colonel Jolliffe's, 304. the Duke of Beaufort's, 306. Sir T. Mostyn's, 327. Lord Petre's, 185, 328. the Northumberland, 374.
- Fox-hunting* in Hants, 88.
- France*, field sports of, 114.
- French horses*, powers of, 84, 162, 319. travelling 163. shooting, 183.
- Game*, causes of the scarcity of, and hints for its preservation, 65, 202. effects of legalized sale of, 326.
- Game Laws*, anomaly in, and alterations suggested, 179, 245, 381. proposal for new, 235. *Nimrod's* fifth and last letter on the, 281. observations on that letter, 337.
- Gamekeepers*, duty of, 67, 204.
- Gaming*, an antidote to sporting, and destructive of racing, 349.
- Gaxington pack*, hunting by, given up, 14.
- Grant*, Tom, huntsman to the late Duke of Richmond, biography of, 273.
- Greyhounds*, on the breeding of, 77. list of stallions, 90, 134, 334. in Ireland, 259.
- Grosvenor*, General, a staunch friend to the turf, 279.
- Guns*, improvements in, 24, 105, 174, 258, 341.
- Hambledon hunt*, 165.
- Harmony*, a celebrated fox-hound, 217.
- Harriers*, the Connock, 237. Mr. Trafford's, 359. Mr. Treby's, 343.
- Highlander* and Magnus Troil, comparative merits of, 322.
- Hirst*, James, his singular set-out at Doncaster races, and eccentricities, 45.
- Holywell hunt*, account of the sport at, 41.
- Horse*, thorough-bred, what constitutes, 30. letter from Baron de Burgdorf on, 77. remarks on, 80, 93. by *The Old Forester*, 146. passions of the, 393.
- Horse-collar*, a new, 52.
- Horse-provender*, expense of, lessened by a plan proposed and adopted by Mr. Sully, of Wiveliscombe, 14, 69, 133. mellilot trefoil recommended, 27. also grass stacked with straw in alternate layers, 29.
- Horses* turned to grass, abolished in Continental armies, 10. mortality of in India occasioned by giving them green food, *ib.* economical food for, 69. powers of French, 84, 162, 319. dropping in the fore-leg, 178.
- Hubert, St.*, the feast of, 194.
- Hunters' stakes*, how to prevent disputes in, 147. treatment of, 316.
- Hunting countries*, changes in, 326, 330.
- Huntsman*, his qualifications described, 276.
- Jockey Club*, decision of, on Durham Welter Cup, 152.
- Jones*, William, Mr. T. W. Coke's celebrated huntsman, biography of, 310.
- Inflammation* in the bowels of horses, cure for, 342.
- Keeper*, his duties, 67, 204.
- Lamps*, coach, history of, 116. observations on, 191, 230, 277.
- Lea*, views on the, 73, 266, 324.
- Lice* in dogs, cure for, 172.
- Long*, William, successor to Philip Payne, 324.
- Manfred*, a perfect animal, 247.
- Mange*, the red, cure for, 244.
- Master Henry*, his qualifications investigated, 246.
- Moses*, his relative merits as a racer and stallion, 279.
- Natural History*, 55, 189, 212, 395.
- New Forest hunt*, 163.

INDEX.

Newmarket, First October meeting.
3. Second, 6. Houghton, 58.

Newtown races, 70.

Nicoll, Mr., his hounds, 164, 226, 225.

NIMROD—a few lines from, 91, 225, 226. his system of summering horses advocated by Count Veltheim, 9. on "the Road," 115. his fifth and last letter on the Game Laws, 281. observations on that letter, 357. extraordinary charge against, 321. his history of the saddle, 355. a poetic address to, 373.

Northumberland fox-hounds, sport with, 374.

Obituary, sporting, 166, 215.

Observations on fox-hunting, &c. by Colonel Cook, remarks on, 247.

Oxford cup, nominations for, 270.

Parasol, pedigree and performances of, 337.

Payne, Philip, biography of, 61.

Pedestrianism, 53, 159, 394.

Pembrokeshire hunt annual meeting, 245.

Percussion guns, their celebrity on the decline, 334. hints respecting copper caps for, 341.

Peterburgh, races at, 50.

Pheasants, breeding of, a curious circumstance attending, 238.

Play or pay bets detrimental to the turf, 351.

Peaching, 213, 396. extent of, 235, 298.

Pode, Mr., run with his hounds, 175, 343.

POETRY—Death among the hunters, 74. elegy in a grass field, 103. lamentation of a hunter summered in the stable, 201. ode from "Horace in Cambridge," 305. the hunter's revelry, 308. address to Nimrod, 373. a fox-hunter's wishes, 374.

Pointer, training the, 86. the French, 185.

Posting, remarks on, 79, 197.

PUGILISM—match made for the championship, 56. Gaynor and Sharpe, 214. Sampson and O'Neal, 214. Crawley and Ward, 260. Gas and Robinson, 271. O'Neal and Cannon, 335. Dick Curtis and Barney Aaron, 397. Young Dutch Sam

and Gypsy Cooper, 400. Wallace and Savage, 401. Dobell and Bailey, 401. Abbott and Larkins, 402. Jones and Raines, 402.

Race horses, hints to owners of, 146. on the breeding of, 300.

Racer, the English, as derived from the Barb and Arab, remarks on, 382.

Remus, pedigree and descendants of, 384, 403.

ROAD, THE, by Nimrod, 115. Mr. M'Adam's improvement of, 119.

Saddle, new patent, highly recommended, 21, 226. history of the, 355.

Setter puppy, singular precocity of a, 113.

Shooting, 158, 203, 212, 334, 393. in France, 183.

Smith, Mr. T., his hounds, 165, 226.

Southampton Union coach, strictures on the, 22.

Speed, the *sine qua non* of racing, driving, and sporting, 302.

Sports, national, advocated, 296. on the ice, 394.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE, 49, 151, 208, 265, 327, 389.

Sporting in Scotland, 83. in Norfolk, 202.

Squirrel, anecdote of, 63.

Stag, death of the, from Rubens, 19.

Stag-hounds, North Devon, 64. gallant leap with the Berkeley, 61. a week's hunting with his Majesty's and the Berkeley, 199.

Stallions for 1827, 222, 331, 393. a survey on the efficiency of in England, 365.

Steeple-chase, 155.

Stud-sales—Mr. Shard's, 50. at Bledston, 51. Lord Verulam's, *ib.* General Grosvenor's, *ib.*, 163. Mr. Nowell's, 51. Duke of Grafton's, 152. Lord Lowther's, *ib.* Lord Verulam's, 153. Mr. Mytton's, *ib.* Mr. Russell's, 154. Duke of York's, 211, 270, 278, 333. Mr. Bodenham's, 236. Mr. Forester's, 393.

Summering the hunter, remarks for and against, by different correspondents, 9, 23, 32, 36, 39, 49, 73, 89, 103, 127, 167, 201, 225, 226, 317, 320, 322, 345.

Ticks in dog-kennel, inquiry as to destroying, 259, 378.

INDEX.

- Tiverton* races of, account of, 67.
Travelling in America, 39. in Scotland, 62. in France, 163. in the olden times, 191.
Turf, the, 49, 151, 211, 270, 330, 392. retrospective glance of the sport afforded by, in 1826, by *The Old Forester*, 136. present state of, 187, 229, 277, 280.
Vanity, a celebrated greyhound bitch, pedigree of, 113.
Vellheim, Count, on summering horses abroad, 9. reply to, 127.
Ward, James, Esq. R.A., list of some of his works, 1, 103.
Wheat, an economical food for horses, 47.
Whip, use of, 123. management of, 219.
Whist, queries at, 205.
Williamson, huntsman to East Lothian hounds, 232.
Woodcocks, scarcity of, 113.
Wrestling between Cann and Polkinhorn, 55, 215. relative merits of, 314, 344.

RACING MEETINGS.

Aberdeen, &c.	16	Gogherddan	18	Pontefract	19
Abingdon	25	Goodwood	1	Richmond	42
Ashford	24	Hastings	24	Rotherham	32
Basingstoke	21	Holywell Hunt	53	Rugeley	30
Bedford	14	Ingleswood Hunt	46	Shrewsbury	24
Brecon	33	Leicester	30	Stafford	47
Burderop	5	Leominster	16	Stockton	4
Burton-on-Trent	6	Lichfield	27	Stourbridge	15
Caldonian	44	Lincoln	37	Swaffham	8
Canterbury	5	Midland	21	Tarporley	59
Carlisle	34	Monmouth	46	Taunton	30
Chesterfield	36	Morpeth	23	Tavistock	23
Doncaster	10	Newmarket First Oct.	40	Tewkesbury	33
Dorchester	3	Newmarket Second	49	Thanet (Isle of)	33
Dumfries	47	Newmarket Houghton	55	Tonbridge Wells	24
Egham	8	Northallerton	48	Walsall	37
Exeter	7	Northampton	26	Warwick (1827)	104
Fife Hunt	35	Northern	30	Western	17
Glamorganshire	29	Oswestry	33	Worcester Autumn	54
Gloucester	40	Oxford	2	Wrexham	44

ALPHABETICAL LIST of the Winning Horses, &c. in England, Scotland, and Wales.....59, 74
 WINNERS of Royal Purses, and Gold and Silver Cups.....72

NOMINATIONS FOR 1827.

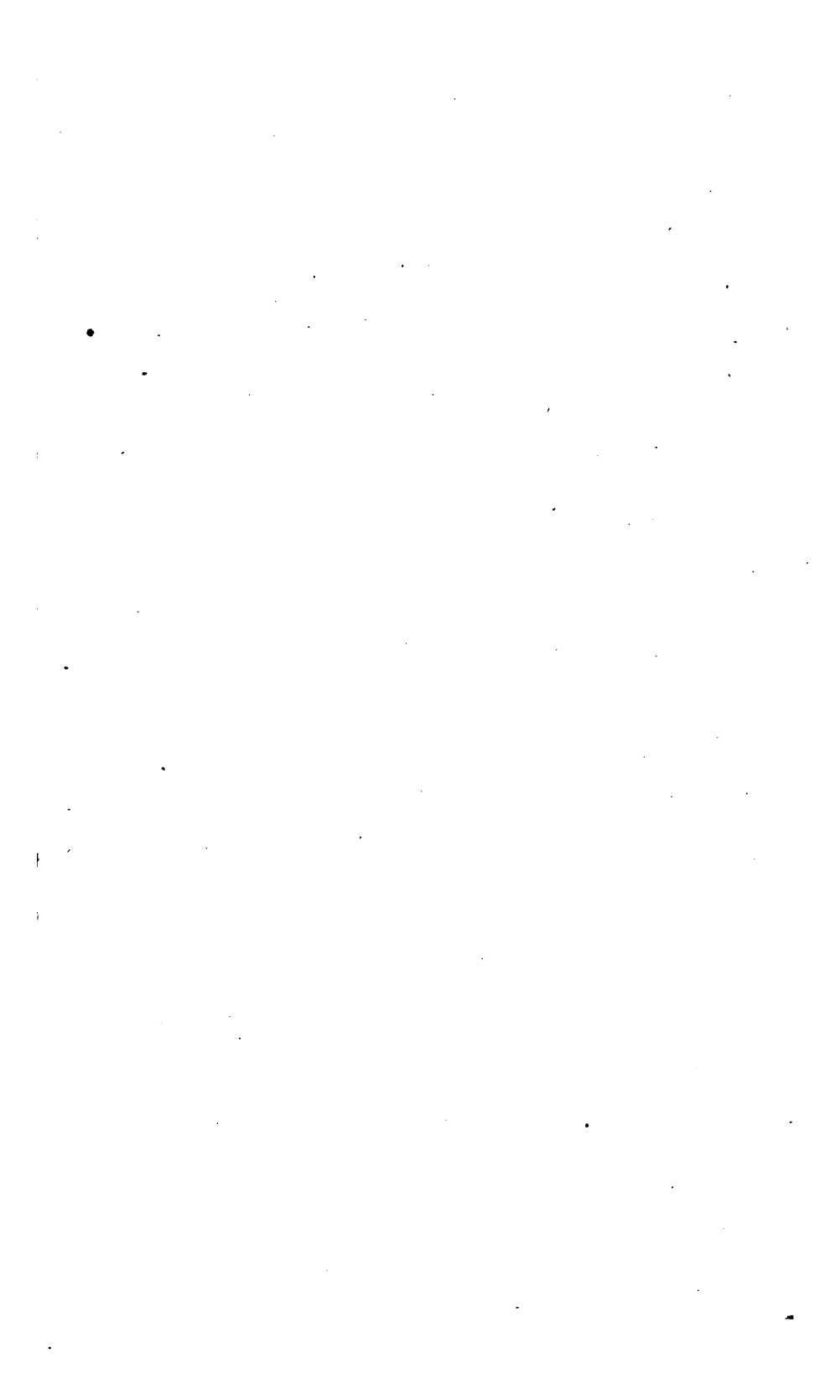
Beverley.....	88	Malton	85	Newmarket Second	98
Catterick Bridge	85	Newmarket Craven	89	Newmarket Houghton	99
Chester	87, 101	Newmarket First Spring, 93	93	Pontefract	84
Doncaster	79, 100	Newmarket Second	96	Preston	99
High Park	89	Newmarket July	96	York Spring	75
Leeds.....	100	Newmarket First Oct.	97	York August.....	77, 100

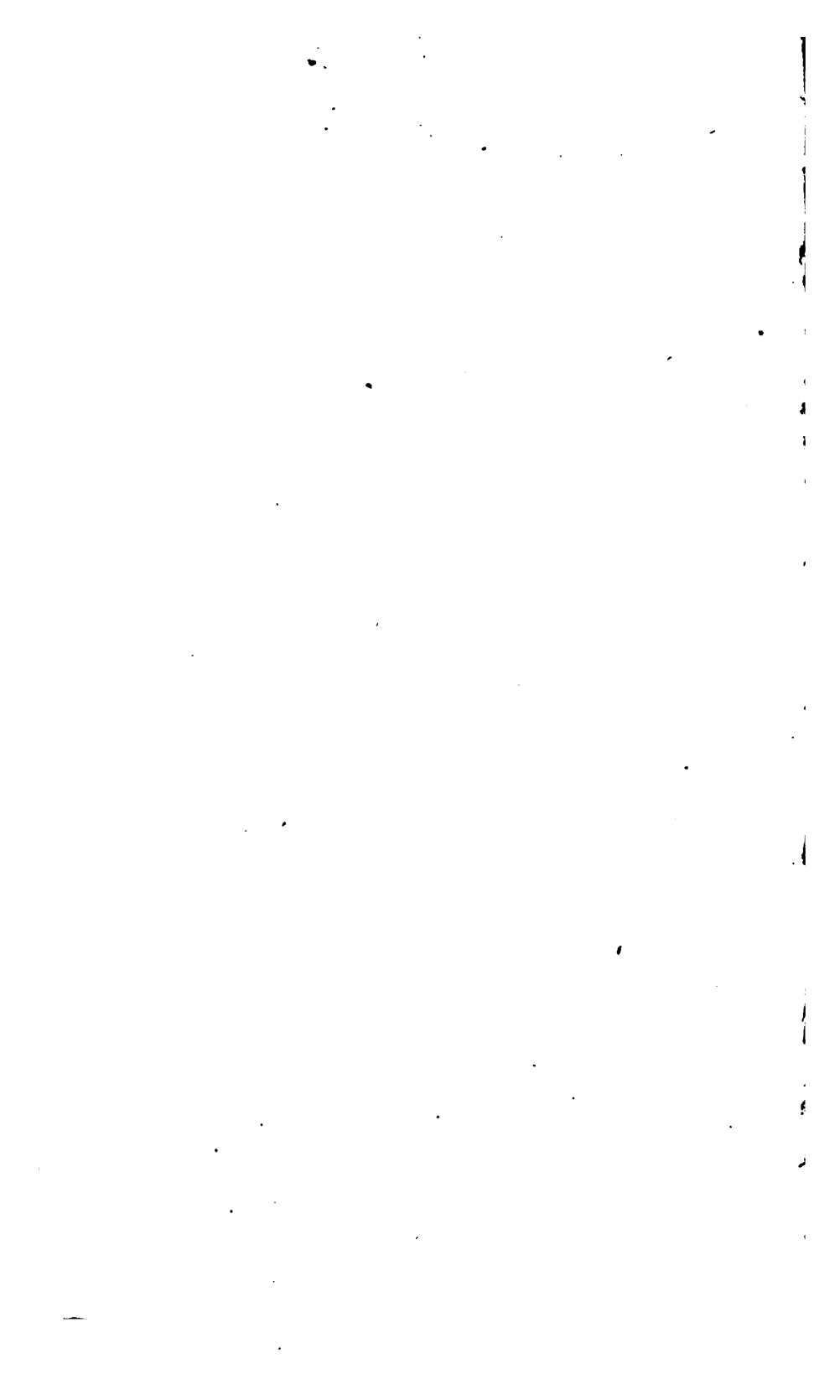
DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

Portrait of James Ward, Esq. R.A. to face page 1	161	Emerald	161
Death of the Stag	19	Fox Breaking Covert.....	194
Portrait of Philip Payne	61	Harmony	217
North Devon Stag Hounds	64	The Crown, Broxbourne.....	235
The King's Arms, Rye House, River Lea.....	73	Portrait of Tom Grant	273
Vanity	113	Dead Game.....	321
		Parasol.....	337
		Remus	364

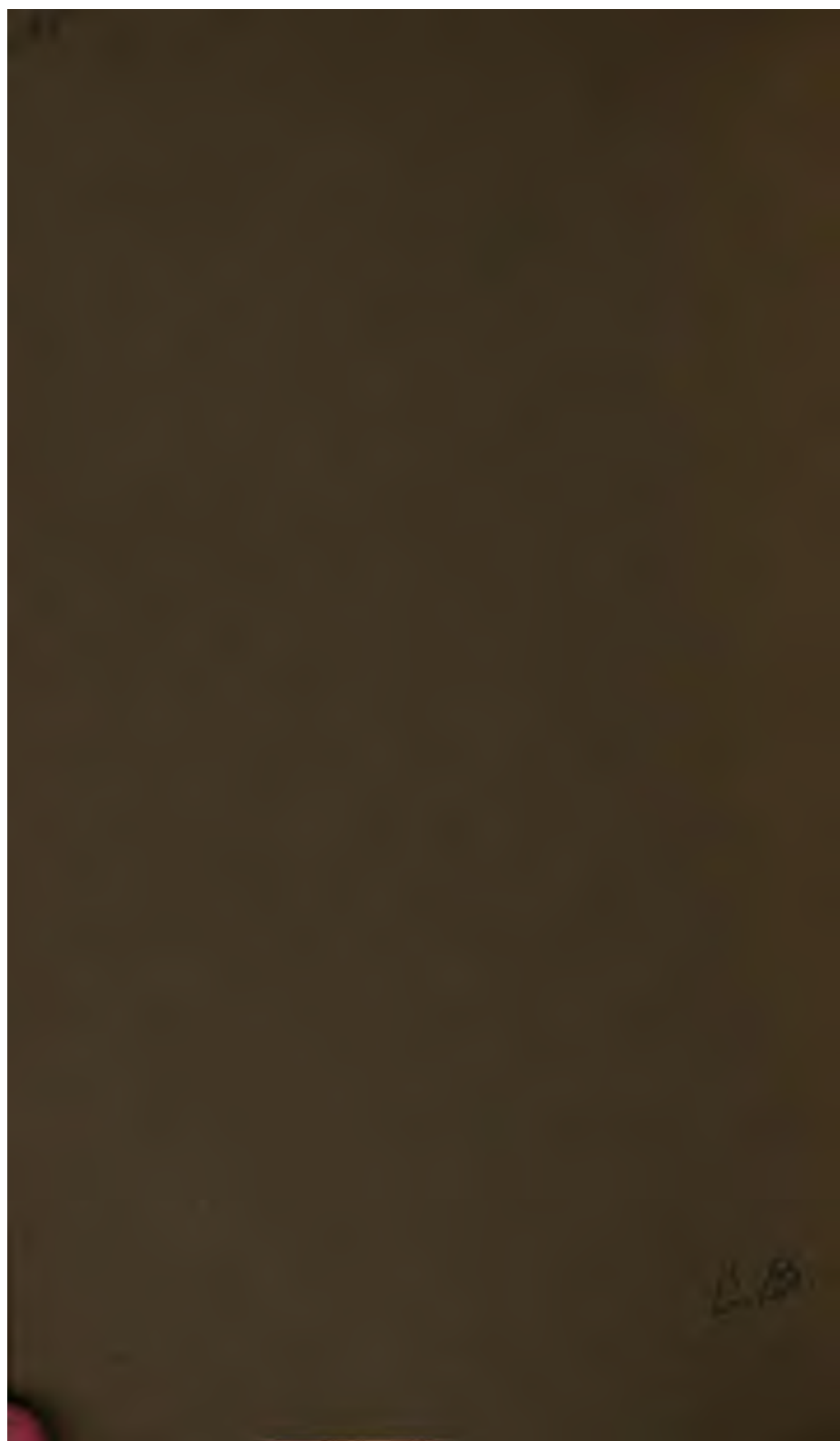
END OF VOL. XIX. NEW SERIES.

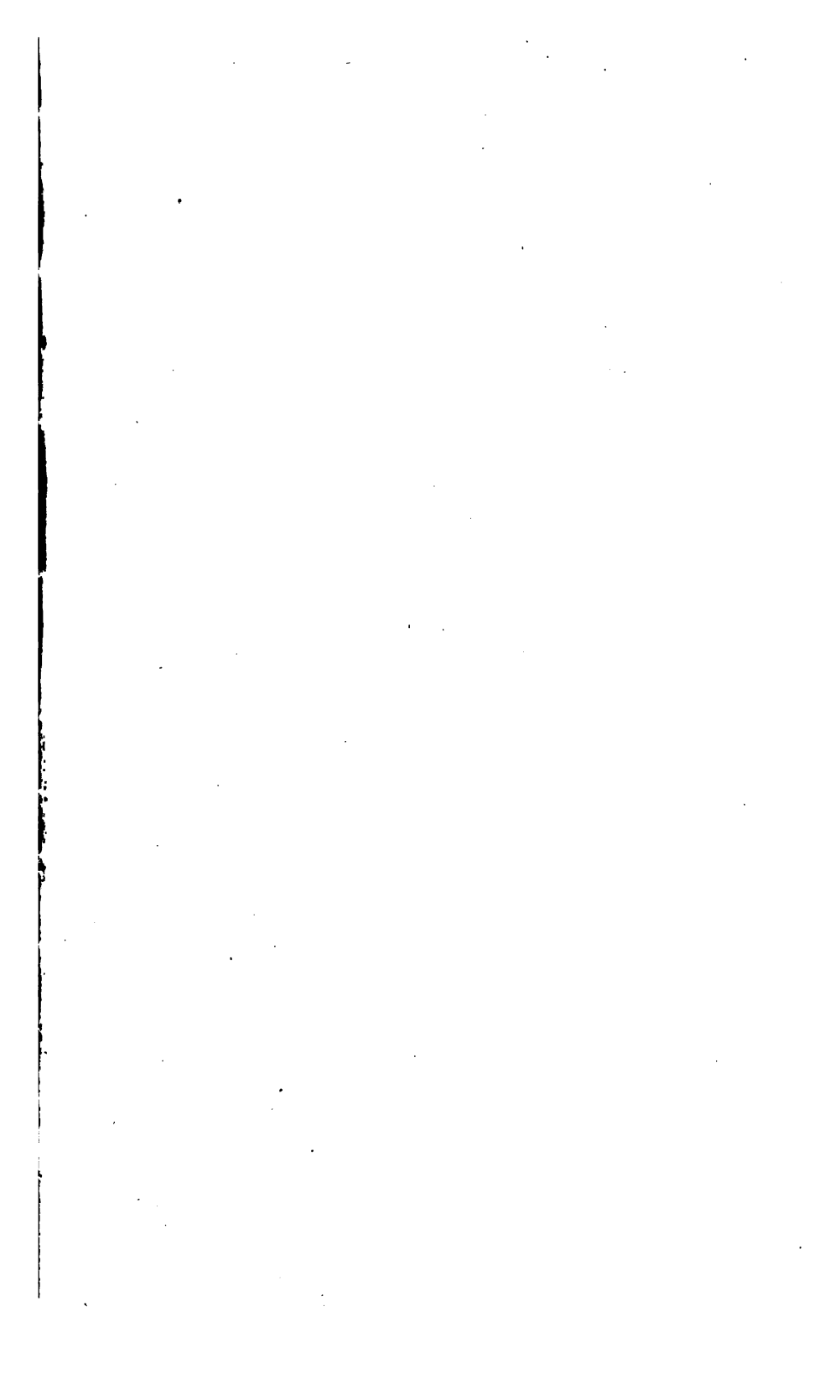
Printed by J. Pittman, Warwick-square, London.

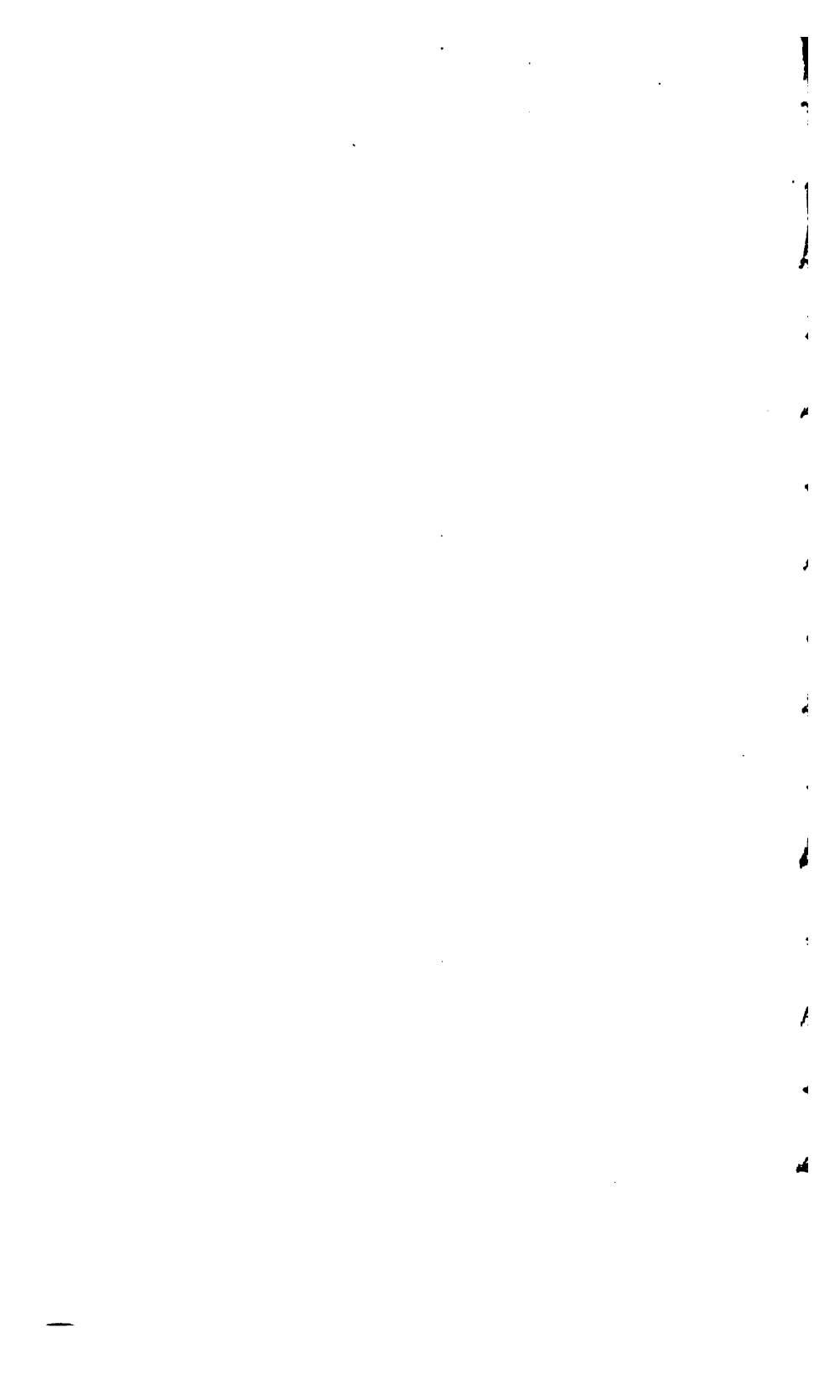


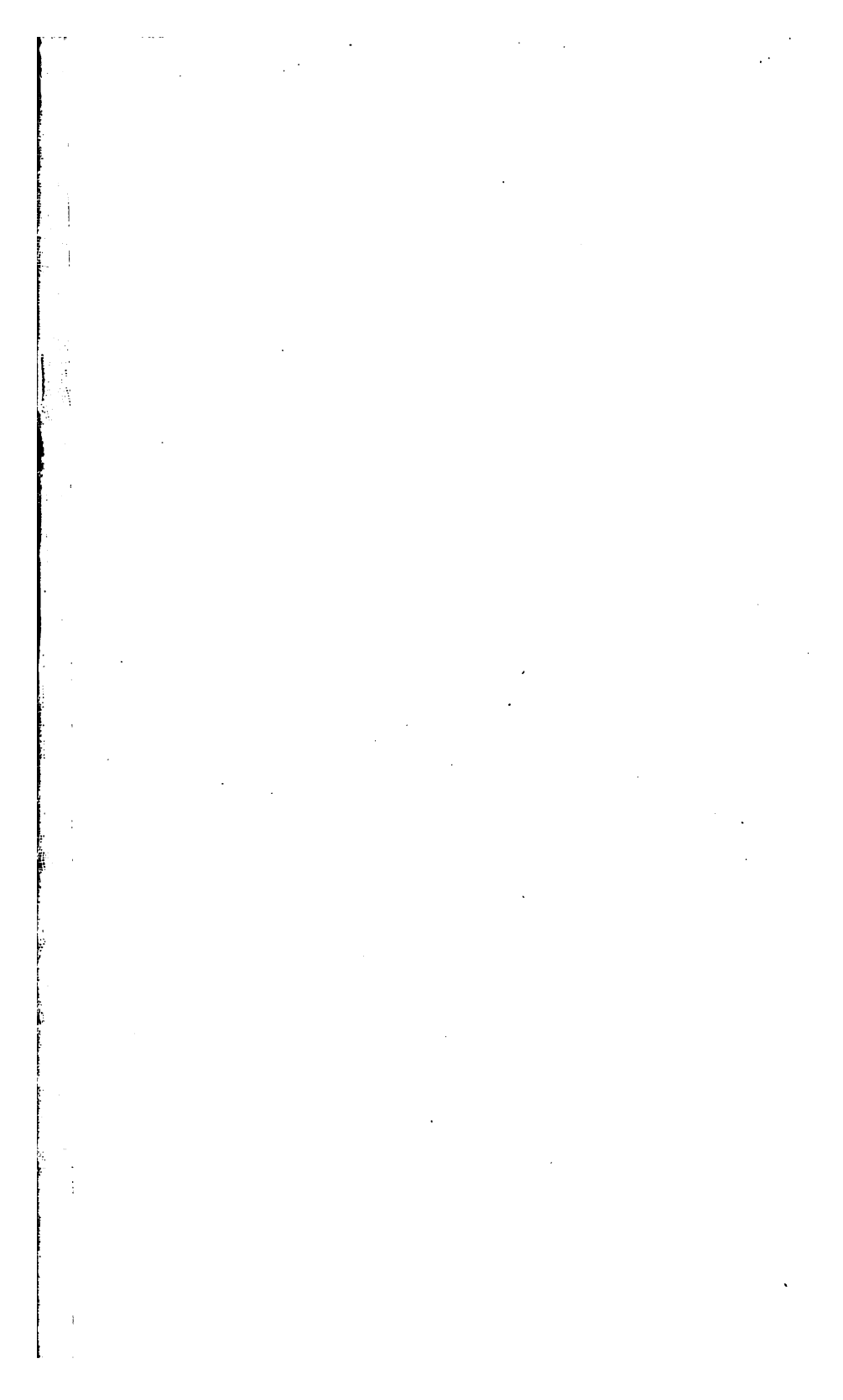












**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]

1950-1951

